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THE

# Metropolitan,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

Religion, Education, Literature,

*AND GENERAL INFORMATION.*

Edited by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen.

VOLUME IV.—1856.

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## TO OUR PATRONS.

*In introducing the fourth volume of the Metropolitan to its numerous patrons, we feel that we can refer with no small degree of pleasure to the general Table of Contents, where the reader will find a variety of subjects worthy the attention of every intelligent Catholic, and creditable alike to the authors and to Catholic literature.*

*For our editorial labors we claim little else than a careful and scrupulous selection of subjects, in order to render the work not only a periodical devoted to the interests of religion, but also a periodical of general literature, governed and controlled by Catholic tone and sentiment. Under the Review of Current Literature, we have given a candid expression of our opinion on the merits of the current literature of the day. The Record of Events, though little more than an imperfect chronological table, will show itself more useful as time shall more or less erase the events from the memory.*

*Further than this, we claim nothing for ourselves. Of our contributors, many of whom occupy distinguished positions in the Church and in the secular walks of life, it is unnecessary to speak; their praise will be found inscribed on the many able articles which fill the pages of the present volume. For the valuable services they have rendered to the work, we tender the warmest expression of our gratitude.*

*Without disparagement to any, we deem it but just to pay a passing tribute to the Biographical Sketches of Eminent American Catholics, from the pen of one of the most promising Catholic writers in the country. These sketches, somewhat extended as they may be hereafter, rank with the best of our national literature, and will rescue many valuable names, perhaps from obscurity, if not from oblivion.*

*It is a subject of congratulation to us, and must be equally so to our patrons, to know that the course of the Metropolitan has merited the approbation of those whose judgment is worthy of our highest esteem, and that the work is not only extending its circulation, but also its reputation and influence.*

*Of the future we will not speak. We have in our mind a grand programme for the coming volume, but we prefer not to disclose its outlines. We can only assure our readers, that if they have heretofore found the work worthy of their confidence and support, the future of the Metropolitan shall be such as to deserve a continuation of their liberal patronage.*

EDITORS.







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INTRODUCTION.

WHEN we closed our editorial labors upon the third volume of the *Metropolitan*, we instinctively threw ourselves back in our arm chair, drew a long breath as if the labor of a life-time was over, and prepared to take a respite from our toils. But no: another editorial year comes upon the past, just as one month follows another, and we find ourselves again upon the beaten track. We are once more at the helm of the *Metropolitan*, and with cheerful heart and firm resolve, determined to do our part towards realizing the high and important objects for which the work was undertaken, and rendering it a periodical worthy of its wide-spread and increasing patronage.

It may be due from us to say to our numerous readers, that for the coming year we will introduce some marked improvements in the arrangement and diversity of our materials; we do claim for the past, that we have given an amount of substantial and valuable reading matter equal to any to be found collected in the same compass, and at a price which places it within the reach of all classes. At the same time, however, we have thought an advantageous change might be made by introducing more light reading, which will amuse while it instructs the young minds around the domestic fireside. We shall devote, for this purpose, a certain number of pages of each number to excerpts from general history, to historical and other anecdotes, and as far as practicable, to short and pointed paragraphs upon all suitable subjects likely to prove interesting. Particular attention will be paid to the introduction of *Illustrations*, of such a character, as will be both pleasing and instructive.

Otherwise, we will make some minor changes which will soon speak for themselves; among other things the *Record of Events* will



be kept up with the strictest fidelity. Our readers will readily understand that a magazine of this kind does not purport to be a *newspaper*; it is rather a repository of valuable knowledge worth retaining, and, as it were, a sort of portfolio, where fugitive literature of the better class is conveniently preserved for reading at leisure, and for permanent reference.

We can confidently promise that the Metropolitan for the coming year will be well stored with original and selected articles, which must make it a welcome as well as a profitable visitor in every Catholic family. We cannot promise that there will be nothing in it subject to the keen shafts of criticism, for, of course, every defect is fair game for the critic, and we are willing always to bear just criticism, and to profit by it; yet we cannot but deprecate the captious spirit which makes trivial defects matters of serious moment. Among the varied articles which fill our pages, it holds to reason that some must be better, some worse; but even uniform perfection, if attainable, would not escape the assaults of those whose genius runs exclusively in the line of fault-finding.

While then we promise many excellencies, we have not the assurance to say that there may not be some accompanying defects, but it will be our part to see that these defects shall carry with them no evil, and shall leave no sting behind. We trust then to the generosity and the leniency of our readers; so far, we have had their approbation to an extent which gives us every encouragement, and we hope that our increased efforts to please will be met on their part with corresponding satisfaction. We may say in conclusion, that we have arranged for a regular series of *Biographical* and *Historical Sketches of Eminent American Catholics*, and others who have been distinguished in the history of this country. We subjoin the names of a few, that our readers may judge of the interest which the whole series will impart:

Father Andrew White; Gov. Leonard Calvert; Abp. Carroll; Charles Carroll, of Carrollton; Commodore John Barry, U. S. N.; Stephen Mayland, Quarter Master General to the Army of the Revolution; Cardinal Cheverus; Rev. Charles Nerincks; Abp. Leonard Neale; Rt. Rev. Edward Fenwick, Bishop of Cincinnati; Bishop Benedict Joseph Fenwick; Bishop Benedict Joseph Flaget; Bishop Simon Gabriel Bruté; Abp. Dubourg; Abp. Whitfield; Abp. Marechal; V. Rev. Gabriel Richard; Mother Seton; Bishop Chanche; V. Rev. S. Badin; Rev. Joseph Marcoux; Rev. Anthony Rey; Rev. Isaac Jogues; Rev. Gabriel de la Rabourde; Fathers Du Poisson, Souel and Sénat; V. Rev. Anthony Garnier; Judge Gaston, of N. Carolina; Bishop England; V. Rev. William Matthews; Rev. Father Molyneux, and several other eminent clergymen and laymen.



## RISE AND WANE OF FREEDOM.

*The Day-Star of American Freedom; or, the Birth and Early Growth of Toleration in the Province of Maryland, &c.* By GEORGE LYNN-LACHLAN DAVIS, of the Bar of Baltimore. New York: C. Scribner. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

WHATEVER truth there may be in the maxim, that "history is philosophy teaching by example," it cannot be said that mankind in general are disposed to profit by the great practical lessons which it delivers. After the long series of revolutions that have changed the face of the earth; after the successive convulsions that have destroyed empires and raised up others in their stead; after all the significant warnings of experience, with the immense advancement of civilization, the general diffusion of knowledge, and the universal intercourse of nations, the bad passions of men seem to be as actively and extensively at work as ever, in sowing the seed of discord and invoking the calamities of war. The last seventy years have exhibited civil feuds and conflicts of people against people, as fierce and sanguinary perhaps as any that have been recorded of barbarous and heathen times; and the wars and rumors of wars that now agitate society, the unrest of governments, the elements of confusion and strife that are secretly working throughout the whole political world, like the smouldering fires of the volcano, which inspire a continual dread of some fearful eruption, are unquestionable evidences of the fact, that although nations have received constant and solemn instruction from the past, they are but little, if in any degree, chastened or rendered more wise by the teachings of experience.

Such is the effect of man's shortsightedness, but still more of that weakness which so merges his thoughts and faculties in the actualities of life, as to render him unmindful or regardless of the impressive lessons conveyed by the history of by-gone days. Confining his views within the narrow compass of the present, he perceives not the general results which he is contributing to accomplish: he sees not how the disregard of established principles, into which he is insensibly drawn by the ardor of passion or the pursuit of interest, will inevitably produce a repetition of past disaster, and involve him, as it did those before him, in the very destruction which he is so solicitous to avert. Thus is the old saying verified: *Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*. By the abuse of free-will, which God has conferred upon man for the election of good, he co-operates in his own ruin, in the fulfilment of that universal law by which Divine Providence brings to nought the structures of human folly, and causes the star of a people's power and prosperity to set forever. "When the vices of men," says Dr. Blair, "require punishment to be inflicted, the Almighty is at no loss for ministers of justice. A thousand instruments of vengeance are at his command: innumerable arrows are always in his quiver. But such is the profound wisdom of his plan, that no peculiar interposals of power are requisite. He has no occasion to step from his throne, and to interrupt the order of nature. With the majesty and solemnity which befit Omnipotence, he pronounces, 'Ephraim has gone to his idols, let him alone.'"\* In more imposing language has the eloquent Bossuet proclaimed the same truth: "God holds on high the balance of all kingdoms—all hearts are in his hands: sometimes he lets loose the passions—sometimes he restrains them; by these means he moves the whole human race. . . . Does he wish to raise up legislators—he

\* Serm. 14.



pours into their minds the spirit of foresight and wisdom. He causes them to foresee the evils which menace the State, and to lay deep in wisdom the foundation of public tranquillity. He knows that human intellect is ever contracted in some particulars. He then draws the film from its eyes, extends its views, and afterwards abandons it to itself—blinds it, precipitates it to destruction. Its precautions become the snare that entraps; its foresight the subtlety that destroys it. In this way does God exercise his redoubtable judgments according to the immutable laws of eternal justice. . . . When he wishes to pour out the vials of his wrath, and overturn empires, all becomes weak and vacillating in their conduct. Egypt, once so wise, became intoxicated, and faltered at every step, because the Most High had poured the spirit of madness into its counsels. It no longer knew what step to take; it faltered, it perished.”\*

The attentive observer is easily led into this train of thought, by the events that are transpiring in our midst, and, if any instruction can be derived from the philosophy of history, which unfolds to us the causes of a nation's greatness or degradation, he cannot resist the conviction, that the factious elements which have been suffered of late to invade the sphere of political discussion, and confound the efforts of legislative wisdom, bode no good to our common country. When men take counsel from party considerations, selfish views, religious bigotry, instead of following for the public good that light of experience which for three-quarters of a century has displayed the secret of our national growth and prosperity, it is evident that a radical change is working in the original order of things; that tyranny, sooner or later, will usurp the place of freedom; and that this boasted land of enlightened republicanism, shorn of its characteristic glory, will fall back into that very state of political oppression which it once cast off. Amid the confusion of ideas and the excitement of minds that have been generated by the conflict of interests and the heat of passion, the *Day-Star of American Freedom* appears with an opportune splendor, and is destined, we hope, to dissipate much of the darkness that overhangs the political horizon. It is the production of a true son of Maryland, a distinguished member of the legal profession, and a staunch Protestant, who unwilling to be a victim of clamorous bigotry, or to sacrifice the lessons of experience to the suggestions of a bastard patriotism, points to one of the great beacon-lights of history, and displays to the admiration of his countrymen the noble example of the Catholic founders of Maryland. The work of Mr. Davis is the result of considerable research, and shows conclusively from the evidence of original documents, which is presented in great detail, that the spirit of the Maryland colonists affords a most useful subject of meditation for the statesmen and legislators of the present day.

“Our ancestors had seen the evils of intolerance; they had tasted the bitter cup of persecution. Happy is he whose moral sense has not been corrupted by bigotry, whose heart is not hardened by misfortune, whose soul (the spring of generous impulse) has never been dried up by the parching adversities of life! They brought with them in ‘The Ark’ and ‘The Dove,’ the elements of that liberty they had so much desired, themselves, in the old world, and which to others in the new, of a different faith, they were too good and too just to deny. Upon the banks of the St. Mary's, in the soil of Maryland, amid the wilderness of America, they planted that seed which has since become a tree of life to the nation, extending its branches and casting its shadows across a whole continent. The records have been carefully searched. No case of persecution occurred during the administration of Governor Leonard Calvert, from the foundation of the settlement at St.

\* Discours sur l'hist. Univ. ad fin.



Mary's, to the year 1647. His policy included the humblest as well as the most exalted; and his maxim was, **PEACE TO ALL—PROSCRIPTION TO NONE. RELIGIOUS LIBERTY WAS A VITAL PART** of the earliest common law of the province." p. 37.

Not many years elapsed before this common law became incorporated in the statutes of the province. By a legislative enactment in 1649, "freedom, in the fullest sense, was secured to all believers in Christianity; to Roman Catholics and Protestants, to Episcopalians and Puritans, to Calvinists and Armenians, and to Christians of every other name coming within the meaning of the Assembly." After enumerating the different points in America and Europe, whence settlers directed their eager steps to the asylum of freedom in Maryland, the author adds:

"I have attempted to trace the birth and early growth of our religious liberty, under its successive phases; showing the harmony between the proprietary and the planters; explaining the legislation of the provincial Assembly according to the rights and obligations springing out of the charter; and sketching the effects of so liberal a system upon the colonization of Maryland. Without reference to the credit due either to the Roman Catholic or to the Protestant Assemblymen of 1649, it is but proper to add, what will be denied by no one at all familiar with the colonial records, that the legislative policy so honorable to our ancestors and so beneficial in its influence, underwent no material change, except a few years later, at the short period of the ascendancy of the Puritans; and in 1689, at the complete overthrow of the proprietary's government—an event which resulted in the establishment of the Anglican Church, and in the persecution of the Roman Catholics." p. 86.

In alluding to this ungrateful return for the liberality received at the hands of the Catholic colonists, Mr. Davis quotes several documents, to show the utter falsehood of the pretexts by which it was attempted to justify it. In the 9th chapter of his work, the reader will find a very interesting sketch of the social condition of Maryland from its foundation to the Protestant revolution in 1689. In the pages that follow, the author furnishes the names of the legislators in the Assembly of 1649, shows the predominance of the Catholic element, and the majority of the Catholic population in the province, paying a just tribute to the zeal of the clergy, (who were real Jesuits,) and to the liberal policy of those under their spiritual charge.

"Before the year 1649, they labored with their lay assistants, in various fields; and around their lives will forever glow a bright and glorious remembrance. Their pathway was through the desert; and their first chapel, the *wigwam* of an Indian. Two of them were here, at the dawn of our history; they came to St. Mary's with the original emigrants; they assisted, by pious rites, in laying the corner-stone of a state; they kindled the torch of civilization in the wilderness; they gave consolation to the grief-stricken pilgrim; they taught the religion of CHRIST to the simple sons of the forest. The history of Maryland presents no better, no purer, no more sublime lesson than the story of the toils, sacrifices, and successes of her early missionaries.

"Looking then at the question, under both of its aspects—regarding the faith, either of the delegates, or of those whom they substantially represented—we cannot but award the chief honor to the members of the Roman Church. To the Roman Catholic freemen of Maryland, is justly due the main credit arising from the establishment, by a solemn legislative act, of religious freedom for all believers in Christianity." p. 159, &c.

This great fact of our colonial history is not without its significance. The dispassionate and reflecting mind cannot fail to perceive, that it conveys an important lesson: that while it claims the grateful recollection of the present generation, it points out the true source of our political wisdom and national happiness. Such is



the conclusion which Mr. Davis draws from his historical labors, and suggests to the candid consideration of his countrymen :

“ Let not the Protestant historian of America give grudgingly. Let him testify, with a warm heart; and pay, with gladness, the tribute so richly due to the memory of our early forefathers. Let their deeds be enshrined in our hearts; and their names repeated in our households. Let them be canonized, in the grateful regards of the American; and handed down, through the lips of a living tradition, to his most remote posterity. In an age of cruelty, like true men, with heroic hearts, they fought the first great battle of religious liberty. And their fame, without reference to their faith, is now the inheritance, not only of Maryland, but also of America.” p. 258.

The voice that utters this language, is evidently a voice for peace, and we trust, it will receive a rich reward: “blessed are the peace-makers.” This voice comes to us as a friendly and patriotic warning, to beware of passing delusions and untried schemes, and to cherish with practical reverence that wisdom which is known to have stood the test of experience, and to have shed the brightest lustre upon our colonial annals. The admonition is the more worthy of regard, as it is heralded with still greater force by the experience of the nation ever since the dawn of the republic. When the most eminent statesmen of the country drafted the constitution of the United States, and the people subsequently adopted it as the basis and guarantee of the national welfare, the chief point of distinction between it and the old colonial governments and the policy of foreign states, was the abolition of religious tests, and the qualification of all the citizens to share in the honors, while it obligated them to bear the burthens of the state. It was this grand feature of our fundamental law, that harmonized all differences, that drew a veil of oblivion over the grievances and feuds of the past, and caused all hearts to throb with one common aspiration for their country’s welfare: and there cannot be a doubt, that this political equality, which constituted the peculiar glory of the confederacy and the essential difference between it and other governments, has also been the main source of its increasing prosperity during the seventy-two years of its existence.

But, now as in preceding ages, here as well as under the most tyrannical governments, fanaticism and religious bigotry have conspired to extinguish the light of experience, and under pretence of guarding the liberties of the nation, would absurdly tear from the political fabric the very elements which have hitherto formed its strength, and alone entitled it to the glorious character of a free republic. It is a trite, yet significant maxim, “let well alone:” and wisdom would teach us, that a policy under which a nation has grown up and become powerful, its boundaries have been enlarged, its commerce extended, its wild wastes made to teem with an industrious population, its people blessed with the means of education, and all left free in the practice of religion, according to their respective views—that a policy like this could not be superseded with impunity, or make way for an opposite system without leading eventually to opposite results. Yet, such is the blindness of the human mind, when swayed by passion or prejudice, that it advocates the most contradictory propositions and commits the most inconsistent acts. The English were once well told by Sydney Smith, that their conduct towards the Irish was like that of a man, “who subscribes to hospitals, weeps at charity sermons, carries out broth and blankets to beggars, and then comes home and beats his wife and children.” They had compassion for the victims of all other oppression and injustice except their own. Such is pretty much the case



amongst us, however strange it may appear. "If the passionate rage of fanaticism and partisan spirit" says President Pierce, "did not force the fact upon our attention, it would be difficult to believe that any considerable portion of the people of this enlightened country could have so surrendered themselves to a fanatical devotion to the supposed interests of the relatively few Africans in the United States, as totally to abandon and disregard the interests of the twenty-five millions of Americans—to trample under foot the injunctions of moral and constitutional obligation—and to engage in plans of vindictive hostility against those who are associated with them in the enjoyment of the common heritage of our national institutions."\* But fanaticism does not reason. We have a superabounding and most ardent zeal for the planting of civil and religious freedom in other lands; but we are not willing to allow people the enjoyment of it at home. Our country has flourished beyond all precedent, owing to the wisdom of those who founded the republic: and we are told by the demagogues and other reformers of the day, that in order to perpetuate this prosperity we must subvert the very policy that created it: that if we wish to maintain the high position the country has acquired among the nations of the earth, we must introduce disaffection, jealousy and contention among the people: that to preserve undimmed the glorious distinction it has obtained in the world, we must eschew the principles of civil and religious freedom, and go back to the old restrictions and persecutions for conscience' sake which prevailed in the colonies!

It is well known, that prior to the revolution religious persecution existed in all the American provinces: the Puritans were disfranchised in Virginia, the Episcopalians in Massachusetts, and the Catholics were everywhere under the ban. The last mentioned were confined chiefly to Maryland, and, says McMahon, "in a colony which was established by Catholics, and grew up to power and happiness under the government of a Catholic, the *Catholic inhabitant was the only victim of intolerance*."† Without enumerating the many grievances under which they labored, it is sufficient to remark that they all grew out of an anti-Catholic bigotry, disguised under various pretexts of danger to the state and to Protestantism. Such is precisely the cry at the present day. Though the wisdom of our republican forefathers scouted these morbid fancies, there are men who pretend to emulate the virtues of their political sires, by reviving the very oppression which it is the glory of the latter to have abolished! It is true that some gentlemen make a distinction between persecution and the deprivation of political office: but, as Sydney Smith well observes,‡ "there is no more distinction between these two things than there is between him who makes the distinction and a booby. If I strip off the relic-covered jacket of a Catholic, and give him twenty stripes . . . I persecute; if I say, every body in the town where you live shall be a candidate for lucrative and honorable offices, but you who are a Catholic, . . . I do not persecute!—What barbarous nonsense is this! as if degradation was not as great an evil as bodily pain, or as severe poverty; as if I could not be as great a tyrant by saying, you shall not enjoy, as by saying—you shall suffer. The English, I believe, are as truly religious as any nation in Europe: I know no greater blessing: but it carries with it this evil in its train, that any villain who will bawl out, "*the Church is in danger*," may get a place and a good pension; and that any administration who will do the same thing may bring a set of men into power,

\* Last Message.

† History of Maryland.

‡ Plymley Letters, Let. 2—addressed to Rev. Abraham Plymley.



who, at a moment of stationary and passive piety, would be hooted at by the boys in the streets. But it is not all religion: it is, in great part, that narrow and exclusive spirit, which delights to keep the common blessings of sun, and air, and freedom from other human beings. 'Your religion has always been degraded; you are in the dust, and I will take care you never rise again. I should enjoy less the possession of an earthly good, by every additional person to whom it was extended.' You may not be aware of it yourself, most reverend Abraham, but you deny their freedom to the Catholics upon the same principle that Sarah your wife refuses to give the receipt of a ham or a gooseberry dumpling: she values her receipts, not because they secure to her a certain flavor, but because they remind her that her neighbors want it—a feeling laughable in a priestess, shameful in a priest; venial, when it withholds the blessings of a ham, tyrannical and execrable when it narrows the boon of religious freedom."

It may not be useless here briefly to inquire, how this anti-Catholic uproar originated. If it has arisen in any degree from the growth of Catholicity in this free country, and from the apprehension of its still wider diffusion, is it not a concession that Protestantism cannot bear the test of enlightened investigation, and that in the fair field of argument the Catholic Church will have the advantage? It would certainly be a strong argument in favor of the Catholic religion, if its adversaries found it necessary, in order to check its progress, to subject its professors to civil disabilities. If the excitement in question has any political grounds; if any man supposes, that Catholicity is incompatible with a free government, or the most tolerant system of policy, let him recall the bright and happy days of the Maryland colony under its Catholic proprietary: let him consult the history of the United States. Are not these undeniable facts, without reference to others, more than sufficient to refute the calumnious imputation? When, for a period of seventy-nine years, the Catholics have been fighting the battles of their country and supporting the common burthens of the state; when they have been distinguished for their valor and patriotism in time of war, and for their faithful citizenship in time of peace; when by their talents and integrity they have maintained the dignity of official station, and yielded to none in industry and the other virtues which adorn the common walks of life; how can any reasonable or honest man entertain the idea that their religious faith is in the slightest degree inconsistent with their allegiance to the government? If the facts just mentioned are certain and indisputable, should they not prevail over the uncertain opinions or idle fears of terrorists and agitators? If the uniform conduct of a body of men during several generations, is not a satisfactory illustration of their principles and intentions, pray then, where is the evidence that any other denomination of Christians will be more loyal than the Catholic?

But, how can a Catholic profess allegiance to the pope, a foreign prince, and be loyal to the civil government under which he lives? The answer to this question is very simple. There is a philosophical axiom which says, that any thing is possible that is already a fact. Now, as the Catholics of this country have never deviated from the profession or the practice of a true loyalty in their civil and political relations, it follows that a man may admit the possibility and even the probability of a true civil allegiance in the Catholic body, without being a believer in mysteries. The fact is, that the allegiance of the Catholics to the pope, has no more to do with their loyalty to the government, than has the allegiance of Presbyterians to their general assembly, or that of Episcopalians to their general convention, or that of the people in general to the Parisian fashions. This is a point



which has long since been decided by the very highest tribunal in the United States. Whether the allegiance of Catholics to the bishop of Rome be consistent with their civil obligations, is a question definitely settled by the Constitution itself, however it may be overlooked amid the clamorings of bigotry or the blindness of party rage. The Constitution of the United States recognizes no distinction of citizens on the ground of religion: consequently, when the American people adopted it, they recognized the compatibility of the Catholic faith with the requirements of citizenship; and therefore, the allegiance of Catholics to the pope being an integral and essential part of the Catholic religion, they decided that this allegiance itself does not conflict with the same obligations. They knew perfectly well, that the pope is a temporal prince as well as a spiritual ruler: but they knew also, that the Catholics of this country have no other relations with him as a temporal prince, than have their fellow-citizens of other Christian denominations. They understood well, that the bishop of Rome is a foreign potentate: but they understood also, that in his *spiritual* capacity, as admitted by Catholics, he is *nowhere* a foreign ruler. In his character of chief pastor, he is indigenous to every part of the world. His supreme headship over the Church being a point of Catholic faith, it follows necessarily that wherever the Catholic Church is established, recognized, or tolerated, that doctrine must be established, recognized, or tolerated also.\* Hence, in placing the members of the Catholic Church on an equality with other Christian denominations, the Constitution of the United States decided the point, that the spiritual supremacy of the pope is in no way at variance with the character and duties of American citizenship. Where then do we see disloyalty? If it is to be found on any side, it is rather among those who, after seventy years of experience which have confirmed the decision of the Constitution, now agitate the question anew, in direct opposition to the theory and facts of the case.

The inference from all this is plain. If any one is so thoughtless as to assert, that the spiritual allegiance of Catholics to the bishop of Rome is inconsistent with their loyalty to the state, let him remember that they hold a prescriptive position and have a right to ask for the proof of the charge. It is not their place to refute it, but it is the duty of those who make the accusation, to substantiate it. If a man has been in quiet possession of a piece of property for fifty or eighty years, what tribunal pretending to the administration of justice would transfer it to a new claimant unless the latter disprove the validity of the possessor's title? It appears to us that when the Hon. Mr. Chandler discussed the Catholic question before the House of Representatives, he did not attach sufficient importance to this view of the subject. When the Hon. member from Massachusetts made bold to intimate, that Catholics were chargeable with an allegiance to the Roman Pontiff inconsistent with their civil obligations, Mr. Chandler should have challenged the proof of the assertion. It was not for him to assume the defensive in the premises: on the contrary, according to all the rules of logic and of law, the *onus probandi* devolved entirely upon his opponents. He and his Catholic fellow-citizens were the accused: and until the charge against them was clearly established, it could have appeared in no other light before an intelligent and discerning public than an atrocious calumny. To prove his point it was not sufficient for Mr. Banks to refer to the "current belief," respecting Catholic doctrine, which has been recently trumped up to suit the purposes of religious and political agitators:

\* Dublin Review, September, 1855.



such a surmise amounts to nothing more than mere assertion. The principles of Catholics are to be learned, not from their adversaries, but from their own profession and practice; and whoso imputes to them doctrines which they disavow, only wins for himself the character of a slanderer. What would Mr. Banks have said, if the Catholic representative had preferred against him and his Protestant colleagues in the house, the charge of latent treason against the country, in virtue of their allegiance to a religious system, which once disfranchised the friends of prelacy, burnt witches, and in our own day would palm its theological dicta upon the national legislature, or cry out, "abolition or disunion?" Would they not have spurned the accusation as an insult, and indignantly demanded an apology for such a misrepresentation of their sentiments? It is certain, however, that Mr. Banks had no more right to touch upon the subject of obnoxious principles among Catholics, without being fully prepared to substantiate his assertions, than Mr. Chandler or any other member had to tax his honorable colleague with the most disloyal and disreputable projects. There is the constitutional decision of the question: there is the history of Catholic patriotism and loyalty from the very origin of the confederacy; and this prescriptive argument is a sufficient interpretation of Catholic principle for any reasonable and sincere mind; nor can it be set aside by bald assertion or gratuitous assumption.

It is a good thing to be loyal to one's country, and even a sacred obligation to defend her interests: but men will never prove their loyalty by being unjust to their fellow-citizens. If they aspire to place and profit, they should pursue these ends by virtuous and honorable means: but to build up their fortune upon the ruin of others; to seek distinction and the spoils of office by the arts of calumny and proscription, is a criminal attempt to sap the very foundations of the republic. There is no lack amongst us of loyal professions. The Union, the Constitution, and other patriotic speeches are on every body's lips: but they too often signify now-a-days little else than *God save the King* among the English some years ago. "God save the King, in these times," says the author already quoted, "too often means, God save my pension and my place, God give my sisters an allowance out of the privy purse—make me clerk of the irons, let me survey the meltings, let me live upon the fruits of other men's industry, and fatten upon the plunder of the public." It is not by such selfish and narrow views that men will deserve well of their country. It is not by encouraging the foolish opinions or bad passions of the times in which they live, that they will guard the liberties of the people or win for themselves an elevated niche in the temple of fame. On the contrary, such a spirit must necessarily carry us back to the days of discord and oppression, and characterise us as the enemies and destroyers of that policy, which gave birth to the brightest and happiest period of the colonies, and has till now been the principle and security of our republican glory. "And now, O ye kings, understand: receive instruction, ye that judge the earth."—*Ps. 2.*



## CATHOLIC BIOGRAPHY.

How sublime, how beautiful is the dogma of our holy religion expressed in those brief words of the *Credo*, "I believe in the communion of saints." How glorious is the privilege which each of us, obscure and humble Christians as we are, enjoys in the membership of that exalted communion! To-day we are soldiers in the church militant, to-morrow, and in eternity, we may be crowned victors in the church triumphant. Time, in which we exist, is but a point; eternity was without beginning before it, and will be without end after it. But from eternity we existed in the mind and the will of God; if we act well our parts in time, we will live with him as his friends and companions for all eternity. Such is now the privileges, such the happiness of our friends and brethren, the saints in heaven. Like us, they were mortal, they were weak, sometimes inconstant, falling and rising, struggling and persevering, and at length conquering. They constitute no order in creation distinct from ourselves. Born in original sin, of the same flesh and blood with us, redeemed by the same Saviour, believing in the same creed, elevated by the same grace, nourished by the same sacraments, and subject to the same death. We are too apt to regard the saints of God as belonging to a distinct order, and partaking of a different nature from ourselves. Our faith in the communion of saints should be more practical, more efficacious. Wonderful as were the lives of the saints, they only prove what great things man is capable of accomplishing by the aid of grace. The supernatural is as possible to us as to them. They have solved the problem of Christian life, and reduced to practice both the precepts and the counsels of the gospel. If we would aspire to the same reward with them, we must merit it in a similar manner. How important is it, therefore, that we should imitate the examples of the saints, and in order to do this, we must study their lives. Not a day do we enjoy that the church in her profound wisdom and economy does not propose to us for our contemplation the virtues of the canonized saints; and besides these, on the beautiful festival of All-Saints, all the holy men and women who have adorned the Christian society by their holiness, and illustrated the gospel by their heroic lives and deaths, are held up to us, not only for our veneration, but also for our imitation. Thus we may all be, nay, we must be, saints, and one day may participate in the glories of this universal festival. If we study intimately the lives of the saints, many most erroneous impressions will be removed from our minds: we will find in them nothing harsh, nothing forbidding, nothing morose, nothing sour. But all is sweetness, joy, gentleness, humility, charity and love. Anchorites, hermits and penitents, preëminent though they be, have not been the only saints. Nor have penitential and rigid lives been confined to the desert and the cell. St. Louis of France was at once a king, a legislator, a chivalrous knight, a soldier, and a saint. St. Elizabeth of Hungary was at once a dutchess, a wife, a mother, and a saint. But we need not look exclusively to the high standard of the calendar, for in using the term saints we do not confine it to the canonized saints, but apply it in a more general sense to all the just and holy members of the Church of Christ. No age, no country, no condition, is without its saints. We live in the midst of saints, our friends, companions and neighbors; for the church is never unproductive in saintly lives and heroic deaths. In order to profit by such examples, we must cultivate the habit of reading and studying pious lives. The study of history commends itself to the curious student, because he has a sympathy with the actors



and learns thus the condition and great leading movements of his own race. So also the Christian may be actuated by a commendable curiosity in studying the histories of the heroes of the faith. We feel confirmed in our belief and encouraged in our good works, when we see how our ancestors have generously suffered and combatted for the one, and devoutly practiced the other. The path to virtue is long by precept, short by example.

How important a branch, therefore, of Christian literature is Catholic biography ! It has justly been said that the proper study of mankind is man. Not that man, or any thing he can do, possesses any merit of itself ; but because the lives of men illustrate the ways of God, and demonstrate, what atheists and materialists are now more than ever endeavoring to discredit, the government of the world by an all-wise and all-bountiful Providence. Abstract duties, while they receive the full and unqualified assent of the mind, do not always, by virtue of their moral force, impress themselves upon the outward life and conduct of mankind. Nothing is more frequent, even among well-meaning persons, than the remark, that such a thing is recognized by them as a binding and solemn duty, but is most difficult of performance. Nor is anything more constantly confirmed by our daily observation than the fact that there is, alas ! too frequently a vast difference between the professions and the practices of men. The apprehension that the performance of duty and the practice of virtue are hard tasks, deters thousands from the efforts to reduce their principles to practice. But present facts to candid minds. Point men to the lives of their fellow men, who were surrounded by the same obstacles, difficulties and temptations with themselves, who occupied the same positions in life, and had the same duties to perform, and did perform them with heroic courage and unyielding perseverance, then you have at once, first convinced them that they too have it in their power to lead good and pious lives ; and secondly, you have by the force of example inspired them with a generous spirit of emulation. Such is the pleasing task, such the high and useful province of religious biography ; to portray good men as they have lived—to analyze and exhibit the inner life as manifested in the outward—to exhibit examples of fidelity in all the walks and vocations of life—to show the correspondence with grace—to prove that the supernatural order does not supersede the natural law by which man is made a member of society—that active life in the world does not, or rather should not, exclude the practice of the highest virtues, the cultivation of the most profound religious sentiments, the most tender and sensitive piety, and the firmest faith.

It has been well said in politics that men constitute the state ; but not only this, men constitute the Church of Christ ; men constitute the visible body, of which our Saviour is the head ; men constitute the saints of God. Biography, while contemplating their high dignity, should not draw the portraits of the saints after too rigid and stiff a study, as if exhibiting the cold abstractions or the favorite ideals of the authors, rather than the exact lives of men, as if exhibiting the saintly standard in the supernatural order to which we should aspire, rather than the actual achievements of our fellow mortals by the aid of grace. In such biographies, which we regret to find too common, we see the saint, but lose sight of the man. The saints themselves are not fairly dealt with thus, because their true lives are not presented. We learn a great deal about the supernatural, but do not practically imbibe the lesson that our fellow men on earth and in society attained such heights of sanctity. Thus all sympathy is cut off between the hero and the reader, and biography loses more than half its effect. But a better era is now dawning upon this most interesting branch of religious literature, as evidences of



which we may cite Count de Montalambert, life of Saint Elizabeth, and Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola*, or the Church of the Catacombs, which, though of different classes, are models of the manner and style in which the lives and characters of the saints should be delineated. Our church possesses a rich, an exhaustless inheritance in the merits of her saintly children. These are the treasures she prizes more than gold, the jewels she esteems more than diamonds. By virtue of the keys, which she holds by divine commission, she applies these untold merits to the great purposes of salvation; but in her supreme wisdom and economy, she uses them as powerful engines of good in other ways, and especially by presenting the lives of the just made perfect as examples for the imitation of the faithful. No appeal can be made to generous and heroic hearts more powerful than this. Whenever the mind contemplates a beautiful model of virtue, the conscience at once speaks and commands, "Go thou and do likewise." Examples generate emulation. Such is the peculiarly practical tendency of religious biographical reading. We may safely affirm that no sort of religious reading produces better practical results in the mind, the character and the life of man, than the reading of pious lives. As the insect borrows the richness and beauty of its hues from the plant it feeds upon, so does the human mind gather loveliness and grace from the study of the lives of holy men. The Church proposes such lives to us for our imitation and emulation. Humbly desiring to coöperate in the great action of the church upon society by instructing the minds and improving the hearts of our readers, nothing could more appropriately enter into the purposes of our Magazine, than by commemorating the lives of the good and great, and by appealing to the history of the great and glorious past, to aid in ameliorating and elevating the present. For in contemplating the communion of saints, the mind revels in boundless delight and admiration, and feels a generous pride in that common heritage of glory, which belongs to all the church. No distinctions of age, race, degree or nationality, are admitted to disturb the universal harmony. The church is *one* in love and harmony as she is *one* in faith. But when there is a practical question of good to be accomplished among men, special aids are found in human sympathies and associations. In this point of view the love of country may be made an instrument of good. Where is the Frenchman whose heart exults not with pride at the mention of the glories of the great and illustrious St. Louis? Where is the son of Erin who does not thank his God and bless his native country whenever he contemplates the virtues of the glorious St. Patrick? Where is the English Catholic whose soul thrills not at the mention of the names of a venerable Bede, a Becket, an Anselm? The grateful thought that this western world of ours has its saint, recognized by the universal church, has been strongly illustrated in the interest awakened by the recent publication of the life of St. Rose of Lima. But, as we have already intimated, when we use the word *saints*, we do not confine its application to those who have been officially recognized as such by the church, but we apply it in a more general sense to all the holy and illustrious persons who have gained conquests for the faith by their zeal, illustrated and adorned the society of the faithful by their holy lives, and increased the treasures of the church by their virtues. Although our country cannot, like the older and Catholic countries, trace back her long line of sainted apostles, bishops, hermits, martyrs, confessors and virgins, who are venerated and invoked by name throughout the Christian world, still the annals of the faith in America have not been barren of saints, apostles, martyrs and confessors. In the church, in the state, and in the walks of private life, we can point to Catholic names of which every Catholic and



every American may well be proud. That unrivalled achievement, the discovery of America by Columbus, is but a Catholic chapter in the history of the world. When Catholic Europe was agitated throughout its length and breadth by the desire of emigration, and the thirst of adventure in the newly discovered continent, it was no idle word that assigned, as the leading motive, the carrying of the cross to heathen people and a thirst for the salvation of souls. The Catholic statesmen, under whose auspices colonies were planted in America, regarded the humble missionaries as indispensable members of those pioneer bands. Melendez in Florida, Calvert in Maryland, and Champlain in Canada, are examples to prove how the Catholic founders of states in America regarded religion as the only sure basis of commonwealth, and regarded their own efforts as incomplete without the coöperation of the men of God. The missionaries themselves sought with enthusiastic ardor permission to labor in those distant and dangerous fields. No sooner were the difficulties of the Atlantic conquered by science and valor, than hosts of apostolic men were seen announcing the word of God, with wonderful success, to the children of the forest, penetrating far into the interior, exploring the sources of mighty rivers, compiling the geography of the country as they advanced, visiting and founding missions in the Indian villages, acquiring the native languages and compiling Indian dictionaries, grammars and catechisms, instilling into the minds of the natives friendship for the white man, and planting the cross in triumph where neither the thirst for wealth, the temptations of trade, nor the allurements of ambition, could at that early day induce the hardy settler to venture. The Dominicans, Franciscans and Jesuits, have thus been the pioneers of civilization in America. The lay adventurers at first timidly settled along the margin of the vast continent, announcing their advent by the cannon's thunder, and addressing themselves immediately to the erection of a fort for defence. But the missionaries, armed with truth and zeal, plunged at once into the depths of the forest; their salutation to the red man was the announcement of glad tidings of great joy, their only weapon was the crucifix. Their steps have since been followed by the European settlers, and it is a high tribute to the wisdom and discernment of the missionaries that their missionary stations have been selected for the sites of many of the great and growing cities of our republic. The hardships, the privations and the sufferings endured by these holy men, in most cases, are unknown to us, and are only recorded in the book of eternal life. When they first planted the cross in America, the country was possessed by innumerable savage and warlike tribes, ignorant and superstitious, devoid of all cultivation and letters, waging incessant war upon each other, cruel, treacherous and licentious, roving in their habits, enslaving woman, devoted to demon-worship, and hostile to the approach of strangers. Such was the field which these devoted priests so ardently coveted to enter. Religion supplied the motive and triumphantly sustained them in the encounter. Pains, hunger, thirst, imprisonment, cruelties and martyrdom did not intimidate; they only stimulated. It has well been written, by the worthy author of the *History of the Catholic Missions*, that "the American Catholic Missions are unparalleled for heroic self-devotedness, energy of purpose, purity of motive, or holiness of design. Nowhere can be found more that is sublime even to eyes blinded by the glare of human greatness. Nowhere can we show more triumphant proof of the power of religion, even for the temporal well-being of nations." The day cannot be far distant, in view of the impetus given in recent years to historical investigations in this country, when the American public will acknowledge their indebtedness to the Catholic Missionaries for the services they have rendered



to society. The church has never ceased to praise their actions and honor their memories. And though their names have not been placed in the lists of the canonized saints, they share largely in the honors paid by the church to all the saints. From the earliest days of colonization to the present moment, there have not been wanting in the American church the most beautiful examples of missionary zeal and disinterested devotion. With the gigantic strides of the Republic the church has kept pace, and where once stood the Indian bark chapel, now the massive gothic cathedral rears heavenward its glittering spires. Where the red men are now found, though few and dejected, there is also found the missionary laboring for their salvation with a zeal not inferior to that of his illustrious precursors. The ranks of the American clergy have produced priests, orators and divines, of whose virtues and learning any country might well be proud. The church has been organized into a hierarchy adorned from the beginning by illustrious prelates. Among the Catholic laity there have been citizens who adorned all the walks of social and public life, and have been benefactors of their race.

It is from such materials, varied and copious, that the Catholic biographer has to perform the task of improving, edifying and entertaining our countrymen. American Catholic Biography is a branch of religious literature which has never received the attention its importance merits. Rich in historic incidents, examples, morals, philosophy, statesmanship and devotion, our Catholic history strikingly and beautifully illustrates all that is valuable or admirable in church or state, while the new and vigorous character of the country and the people add a charm and thrilling interest to their history. The great results amidst which we live, and which we enjoy, will fill our souls with wonder and our hearts with gratitude, when traced back to their humble and modest beginnings. Not only may it be said that our Protestant fellow-citizens are not informed how much the country owes to Catholic principles and heroism, but Catholics themselves are not as well informed as they should be, as to the part their religion has taken in building up the fair proportions of the republic. Far be it from us to make comparisons, or to claim for our church officially any intervention, past or prospective, in the political or secular affairs of the country; but where Catholic principles and Catholic devotion have contributed to mould the destinies and promote the fortunes of the nation, we claim credit therefore for the Catholic body, as an answer to the ungenerous and unfounded assumption that this is a Protestant country, and to regulate the claim that Catholics enjoy here equal rights with Protestants by Protestant concession or toleration. We think that Catholics ought to be made to feel more at home here, by learning what Catholics have done and suffered for the commonwealth. With this view we propose to present to our readers in the future numbers of the Metropolitan brief and familiar biographical notices of eminent Catholics from the colonial times to our own.

Thus we hope to invest Catholic biography with a peculiar interest, by bringing it home to the affections of our readers. The increase of piety, zeal for religion, attachment to the interests of the church, and courage in the practice of religious duties, are the fruits we covet from our humble labors. We also cherish another motive, which is to honor the saints and friends of God.

R. H. C.



## OUR CONVENTS.—IV.

### THE URSULINES.

Few orders of women have spread so widely as that dedicated to St. Ursuline and her companions, and few have divided into so many different congregations, retaining the same name and general outline, but differing in many essential points. To give an idea of the origin of the houses in this country we must enter into considerable details.

St. Angela Merici, revered as the foundress of the various Ursuline communities, was born at Dezenzano, on the lake of Garda, in Italy, about the year 1470, of pious parents, and after a childhood marked by singular piety, edified all Christian maidens by the virtues of more mature years. Anxious to be at liberty to follow the attraction of her devotion without reprehension, she received the habit of the third order of St. Francis of Assisi. Her life was one of devotion: like the patriarch of the Friars Minors and the founder of the Society of Jesus, she made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, she visited Rome, and at last in 1537, at Brescia, founded a congregation of devout females, suited to the wants of the time. The impiety announced by Luther and other reformers, had ruined the monasteries and convents of many countries in Europe, and had thrown discredit even on such as remained. The cloistered orders of females, and the monastic orders of men seemed now less fitted for the wants of the church, and were replaced by orders of regular clerks and congregations of sisters. Of all these latter, now so numerous, who, not confined to cloisters, but mingling in the midst of the world, relieve every want, and are found in the prison, the hospital, the poorhouse, the garrets and cellars of poverty, as well as in the schools; of all these St. Angela may be well considered the patriarch, as having first developed the idea. She gathered around her seventy-three maidens, who embraced the rule which she drew up, under the invocation of St. Ursula, and living each in her own home, devoted themselves to comforting the afflicted, visiting the sick and poor, instructing the ignorant, in fact undertaking any work of mercy that might present itself. She contemplated the possibility of their subsequently adopting the community life, but having renewed the face of religion in Brescia, she died on the 21st of March, 1540, and four years after Pope Paul III solemnly confirmed the order as instituted by St. Angela.\*

Soon after the death of the holy foundress, St. Charles Borromeo invited the Ursulines to found a house at Milan, and took such an interest in the new institute that it rapidly extended in his diocese, in consequence of which he obtained a new approval of it from Pope Gregory XIII in 1571. The order now spread to other countries, and in a few years was established at Avignon, in France. Frances de Bermond, the accomplished daughter of a treasurer of France for Provence, was born in 1572, and after a pious and careful education, for a time gave way to vanity and light reading, but converted by the example of a pious aunt at the age of fourteen, she became a model of piety, and not only stood the ridicule of her former companions, but won many to join her in her good works, her exercises of piety, instruction of the poor, and visits to the sick poor. The first thought of becoming Ursulines, like those of Italy, was suggested to her and her

\* Rohrbacker, *Viedes Saints*.



companions, by Dominic Grimaldi, Archbishop of Avignon, and a copy of the constitution of the Ursulines of Milan having been furnished them by Father Romillon, of the Christian Doctrine, they resolved to embrace it, and though opposed by many, persevered. At the instance of the venerable Father Cæsar de Bus, the founder of the Association of the Christian Doctrine; they resolved to live in community, and in 1596 hired a house at Lille, in Venaissin, the young Baroness de Naucleuse, who followed the rule, furnishing the house, paying the rent, and promising to join them. Their number at first was twenty-five, making a vow of obedience in the hands of Father Romillon as their superior, and receiving their rule of community life from him.

The Ursuline order in the second form, spread rapidly over France, and Mother de Bermond founded houses in various parts, at Aix, Marseilles, Pont St. Esprit, Lyons, and other places. While at Marseilles, whither she had travelled in all humility, she was invited to Paris to form to the Ursuline rule, a community of young women connected with the Carmelites, and collected in the suburb St. Jacques, by St. Mary of the Incarnation, the foundress of the French Carmelites; and which had fortunately obtained the protection of the charitable Madame de St. Beuve as foundress. Scarcely however had this community been duly established in a new convent erected by the pious Madame de St. Beuve, in 1610, than she declared it had been her intention to found a monastery or house where the sisters would be cloistered and take solemn vows. To obtain this, she had an institute drawn up by some Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and solicited an approval from Pope Paul V, which he granted by his bull of June 13th, 1612, and the Ursulines thus assumed the third form, that of a cloistered religious order.

To form the sisters to the religious state, Madame de St. Beuve and St. Mary of the Incarnation, chose Anne de Roussy, Abbess of St. Stephen at Soissons, who willingly undertook the task. Such as did not wish to adopt the new rule left, others were found unsuited to the order, and after chanting the *Te Deum*, the institute was juridically established, and twelve ladies began their noviceship on the 11th of November, 1612.

The step taken by the congregation of Paris, was speedily followed by the various communities founded in other parts of France, under the rule of St. Angela, and Mother de Bermond, the first Ursuline, established the cloister in her congregation of Lyons in 1619, and obtained a formal approbation of her rule from the Holy See. Those of Toulouse, founded by Mother Margaret de Vigier, assumed the cloister in 1615, and were approved by Pope Paul V: those of Bordeaux, founded by Mother Frances de Cazères, of the Holy Cross, followed three years later, and obtained an approval of their rule from the same pope. Those of Dijon, Tulle, Arles and Burgundy, with the Ursulines of the Presentation, each became cloistered nuns with peculiar rules, the last named having been established as an order by Pope Urban VIII in 1637, at the instance of Mother Lucretia de Gastineau, a member of the house of Pont St. Esprit, who had founded a house at Avignon, and some years after induced her community to follow the example of other Ursuline communities.

The Ursulines of these various rules spread over France with great rapidity: their utility as teachers being unquestioned, and the strong opposition to education of externs by cloistered religious having been overcome.

Of these various congregations, however, that of Bordeaux was by far the most numerous, and having in 1622 communicated its bulls and rules to a house at



Liege, extended not only to Flanders, the Rhenish provinces, but also to Austria and Bohemia.

A convent of this congregation was founded about 1629 at Tours, by the venerable Mother of the Holy Cross, and one of the first religious, Mother Mary of the Incarnation, received a supernatural vocation to establish a house of her order in Canada. Soon after, Madame Magdalen de Chauvigny, widow of the Sieur de la Peltrie, having resolved to found an Ursuline convent at Quebec, applied to the convent of Tours, and Mother Mary of the Incarnation, with Mother Mary of St. Joseph, were selected to found the new house. They proceeded to Dieppe in 1639, and while at the Ursuline Convent there, a filiation of the house of Paris, were joined by Mother Cecelia, of the Holy Cross, and on the 4th of May embarked for this country with three hospital nuns, and Father Vimond, the superior of the Jesuits in Canada.\* Her convent was more than once burnt to the ground, still it as often arose, and the community still subsists, and has been intimately connected with those in this country, of which it is particularly our purpose to speak. Mother Mary, of the Incarnation, has been styled the Theresa of France: in sanctity she rivalled her sainted namesake; and her life, written by her son, a learned Benedictine, and subsequently by Father Charlevoix, cannot be read without deep interest. Till 1850 a venerable ash tree stood in Quebec, beneath which, for thirty years and more, Mary of the Incarnation, "so famed for chastened piety, genius and good judgment" † instructed in the truths of religion her groups of Indian girls.

These Ursulines, being partly of the congregation of Bordeaux, and partly of that of Paris, lived at first under a rule drawn up by Father Jerome Lalemant in 1647, but twenty-five years later, in 1682, formed a union with the congregation of Paris. ‡ They have a filiation at Three Rivers, founded in 1697.

When the colony of Louisiana was at last established in a permanent form, Father de Beaubois, an excellent Jesuit missionary, who had already labored for some years in Illinois, set out for France, to obtain if possible subjects and means to found at New Orleans an establishment of his own order, and a house of Ursuline nuns. His zeal for God's glory was not fruitless, he addressed himself to an Ursuline of unbounded zeal, Mother Marie Franchepain de St. Augustin, one of those heroic souls whom God so often draws from the midst of heresy, and in spite of obstacles of every kind, they succeeded by the assistance of Mother Catharine de Beausobré de St. Amant, superior of the Ursulines of France, in arranging with the West India Company the treaty of foundation, and obtained the royal approbation for the new convent. § Some bishops opposed the project, but at last, on the 12th of January, 1727, Mother Marie Franchepain de St. Augustin, a convert, who had been confirmed as Superior by the Bishop of Quebec, assembled around her in the infirmary of Hennebon, Sister Margaret Judde de St. Jean l'Evangéliste, and Sister Marianne Boulanger de St. Angélique, both of the community of Rouen; Sister Magdalen de Mahieu de St. François Xavier, of that of Havre; Sister Renée Guiguel de St. Marie, from that of Vannes; Sister Margaret de Salaon de St. Therese, of that of Ploermel; Sister Cecilia Cavelier de St. Joseph, from that of Elboeuf; and Sister Marianne Dain, of the house of

\* Charlevoix, *Vie de la Mère Marie de l'Incarnation*—Paris, 1724, p. 258.

† Bancroft, *History of the United States*—iii, 127.

‡ H. de Courcy, *Les Servantes de Dieu en Canada*, 25.

§ The Royal approbation is dated September 18, 1726. *Brevet en faveur des Religieuses Ursulines de la Louisiane*.



Hennebon, with the novice Marie Hachard de St. Stanislas, and two lay sisters, all except Sister St. Mary of the congregation of Paris, which she also joined.\*

They embarked at L'Orient on the 22d of February, in the same vessel with Fathers Doutrebau and Tartarin, Jesuit missionaries, destined also for Louisiana. Their voyage was one of danger and misfortunes, and also of hardship, for they suffered much from the brutal treatment of the captain, and after being tossed by tempests, driven into Madeira, chased by pirates, they ran ashore soon after entering the gulf, and reached the port of Balize, at the mouth of the Mississippi, only on the 23d of July, five months after their departure. While landing here they were all nearly drowned, as a storm came on at a moment when their boats were heavily laden and the sailors intoxicated: after reaching land they received letters from Father de Beaubois, who was impatiently awaiting their arrival, and had prepared a residence for them. They accordingly embarked in periauguas, and on the 6th of August reached New Orleans and took possession of a house hired for them by the company.†

By the treaty concluded between the Ursulines and the company, the latter were to build a monastery, to maintain six religious, and pay their passage and that of four servants; the Ursulines undertaking to direct the military hospital and poor schools. In accordance with this agreement the company began to erect a monastery, but the work was neglected, and six years elapsed before it was ready to receive them. Exposed as they were to great inconvenience, the good sisters bore up against these trials and devoted themselves to the faithful observance of their holy rule.

While thus situated they were at a distance from the hospital, and unable to attend it, but they took charge of orphans, opened a school and undertook the instruction of poor children.‡ A number of orphans claimed their motherly care almost immediately after their arrival. The Natchez, a powerful tribe of Indians, who dwelt where the city of that name now stands, provoked by the tyranny of Chopart, the commandant of the neighboring French post, rose in 1728, and massacring the men, reduced the women and children to slavery. Many of the latter were rescued, and the orphans confided to the care of the Ursulines. Father Le Petit, in his letter of July 12, 1730, thus speaks of them: "The little girls whom none of the inhabitants wish to adopt, have greatly enlarged the interesting company of orphans whom the nuns are bringing up. The great number of these children only serves to increase their charity and attention. They have formed them into a separate class, and have appointed two special matrons for their care. There is not one of this holy sisterhood but is delighted at having crossed the ocean, nor do they seek here any other happiness, than that of preserving those children in their innocence, and giving a polite and Christian education to these young French girls, who are in danger of being almost as degraded as the slaves. We may hope with regard to these holy women, that before the end of the year they will occupy the new mansion which is intended for them and for which they have waited so long. Once settled there they will add to the instruction of the boarders, day scholars, orphans and colored women, the care of the sick in

\* *Cronique des Ursulines de la Nouvelle Orleans. Ms.*

† *Relation du Voyage des fondatrices de la Nouvelle Orleans écrite aux Ursulines de France, par la Mère St. Augustin. Ms. Lettres Circulaires. Ms.*

‡ Dumont in *Louisiana, Hist. Coll. v. 26. Gayarre, Histoire de la Louisiane, i. 223. Id. Louisiana, its Colonial History, 384. Charlevoix, Histoire de la Nouvelle France. iv, 239.*



the hospital, and of an asylum for penitent women. . . . So many works of charity would in France be sufficient to occupy many associations, and different institutions. But what cannot zeal effect? These different labors do not terrify seven Ursulines, and by God's grace they accomplish them without interfering with the observance of their rule. Yet for my own part I fear greatly, that unless assistants arrive, they will succumb beneath the hardship. Those who here ignorantly said at first that the nuns came too soon, and too many, have changed their language and ideas: witnessing their edifying lives and their immense service to the colony, they find now that they did not arrive soon enough, and that too many, of their virtue and merit, cannot come."\*

The next year Father D'avaugour, the procurator of the Jesuit missions in Louisiana, presented a memorial to the government, in which he detailed the advantages of the institution, and besought the government to send six additional sisters, and to grant the convent at New Orleans the privileges which the order enjoyed in France.†

A few years later while laboring, as best they could, for their own salvation and the temporal and spiritual works of mercy which they had undertaken, so far as their temporary accommodations permitted, the community beheld three of its dear members taken from them by death, the saintly Sister Magdalen of St. Francis Xavier, Sister Margaret de St. Therese, and Sister Margaret de St. Jean. A more severe blow awaited them still: she who had been their directress, guide and mother, their beloved Superior, expired amid her remaining children in November, 1733.

Chosen by God's mercy from the very centre of a Protestant family and Protestant society, Mlle. Franchepain felt herself drawn to the faith, and yielding to the attraction of grace, made her abjuration at the Ursuline Convent at Rouen, in which some years later (1699) she was received as a novice. Her most ardent wish was to be sent on some foreign mission, but she learnt interiorly that this favor was only to be purchased by crosses of every kind. Her joyful acceptance of Father de Beaubois' offer was in full consciousness of the trials that awaited her: and few could have triumphed over so many obstacles as she did in gathering companions around her and in reaching the Mississippi. Her piety, however, was tender and solid; her faith and hope unmovable, and her charity all-embracing. She possessed too, in an eminent degree, all the qualities necessary for a superior, and all that is needed to make one respected even by those whom virtue touches the least. Her mind was quick and penetrating, her manners accomplished, her conversation lively, but always seasoned with holy thoughts. On St. Ursulas' day, in 1733, she was seized with violent pains and vomiting, but did not yield to the violence of the disease or cease from performing her regular duties. In another day, however, she was entirely prostrated, and unable to leave her couch: she now prepared for her last passage, and having been permitted to receive the last sacraments from the hands of her holy director, Father de Beaubois, she died after an illness of eighteen days.

On the 17th of July, 1734, the Ursulines, whose numbers had been increased by new arrivals, and who were now directed by Mother St. André, a professed Sister from Caen, took possession of their new house, a brick convent, which still subsists on Condé street, between Barrack and Hospital. The ceremony was one of

\* *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses*—xx, 100. Kip's *Jesuit Missions*, p. 301.

† *Louisiana Historical Collections*, i, 68.



great pomp and solemnity : the Governor, with his staff, the civil and military officers, and the troops, all taking part in the procession. Nine religious entered the new monastery, but of these only three were of the number of the original founders ; Mother St. Mary of Vannes, Mother St. Joseph of Elboeuf, and Mother St. Stanislas, undeterred by the death of the others, and the return of one more, had persevered, and joined by others from Caen, Bayeux and Dieppe, and by postulants in the colony itself, now saw all their hopes realized.\*

The hospital was not quite finished, but the sick were transported to it on the 26th of August, and the nuns took charge of them, as well as of the orphans, Sister St. Xavier having the honor of being the first *hospitalière*. Fifty sick soldiers soon demanded their care, and it was never wanting.

The children of the hapless Acadians soon after called for their care, and their house was open to the afflicted, receiving the orphans whom England had deprived of parents. One of these remained as portress in the house, and lived more than a century, almost to our own day.

Troubles occurred about the middle of the last century at New Orleans between the various ecclesiastics there, and the Ursulines, to their regret, beheld the venerable Father Beaubois suspended : the bishop of Quebec, unable from the great distance to visit New Orleans, or obtain exact information, could only sympathise with the good nuns. When Louis XV basely yielded his possessions in America to Britain and Spain, the bishop of Quebec rejoiced to see New Orleans pass under the protection of a Catholic power, and congratulated the excellent nuns on being now subject to the bishop of Havana, hoping that a remedy would at last be brought to the evils under which they had so long suffered.†

Soon after the cession, however, several sisters died, and in consequence of the small number of nuns, they were compelled to relinquish the care of the military hospital on the first of January, 1770. Some years after, Mother Marie Therese Landelle de St. Jacques, who was fifteen years superior during her last term, begged some French clergymen returning home, to obtain if possible some sisters from that country, and also wrote in 1783 to a Jesuit missionary in France, who had long been in Louisiana. The latter applied at once to the Ursuline Convent of the Presentation of our Lady at Pont St. Esprit. Sister Mary Theresa Farjon, a native of the environs of Avignon, known as Mother St. Francis Xavier, on hearing the letter read, offered to go, and was joined by two younger sisters, St. Felicité and St. André. They left their convent on the 25th of September, 1785, little supposing that in a few years it would be all desolate, and on the 11th of February, 1786, reached New Orleans. Here a sudden trouble arose. Mother St. Monica, a Spanish religious, was superior : she refused to receive the French sisters, and showed a letter from the Rt. Rev. Cyril de Tricaly, bishop of Havana, ordering them to be ranked after all the other professed. To this, Mother St. Francis Xavier and her companions submitted, but a new letter of the bishop, condemning Mother St. Jacques, announced that the sisters must await the order of the Spanish court. The king of Spain had, however, already approved their going, and ordered their proper rank to be assigned to them.

During the succeeding years of the Spanish rule, the convent enjoyed great

\* The first American was the lay sister Mary Turpin de St. Marthe, born in Illinois, of a Canadian father and an Indian mother. After a life of great piety she died in 1761, at the age of fifty-two.

† *Lettre de Mgr. Briand*, for which I am indebted to H. de Courcy, Esq.



peace and prosperity; and a wealthy gentleman named Almonaster, built them, at his own expense, a church, choir and day school for their use.\*

Another change of government however soon followed. The French revolution had annihilated the sanctuaries of religion in France, and ere long brought Spain to a state bordering on dependence. Forced by circumstances, Spain in 1802 ceded back to France the colony of Louisiana. The news of this cession filled the nuns at New Orleans with alarm: all considered their dispersion certain, and some saw no alternative but to sell all and provide means of support: and of nineteen professed, only six were willing to remain even if the French government would protect them, the rest wished the property sold and their dowries returned to enable them to go to Havana. The prefect, Mr. Laussat, arrived on the 26th of March, 1803, and calmed all fears by declaring that the sisters might lay aside all fear, that they could remain undisturbed as they were. The city flocked to the convent to congratulate them, but the Spanish party still wished to leave, and as the Marquis de Casacalvo, the commissioner of his Catholic majesty, declared that the king would support such as chose to go to Havana, Mother St. Monica, the superior, Sisters St. Augustine, Michael, Raphael, Louis de Gonzague, Ursula, Clare and Rose, Spaniards; Mother St. Ignatius, a French woman; Sisters St. Solange and Avoye, Louisianians; and Sister St. Angela, a native of Scotland, with four lay sisters, departed through the church door on the 29th of May, 1803. Six months after the French prefect transferred the colony to the United States, and the remaining sisters thus passed under a new and un-Catholic government.

At this epoch the community consisted only of Mothers St. Xavier, superior, St. Felicité, depositary, and St. André, all three professed of the Ursulines of the Presentation of Our Lady, Mothers St. Mary, assistant, St. Scholastica and St. Charles, natives of this country, and two lay sisters. They had, however, notwithstanding their number, never ceased their labors, singing their office in choir, taking care of the orphans, conducting the school, and on Sundays and Holidays instructing the colored people, for the priests were so few that but for these good nuns the negroes would have been as vicious and ignorant as in many parts of the country of English origin.

A new trouble now arose, for it was openly announced that the new government would not permit the nuns to receive any novices in future, and that on the death of the last survivor, the State would take possession of their convent.† Alarmed at this, Mother St. Xavier addressed a letter to Bishop Carroll, and encouraged by him, appealed, with her eleven sisters, for more had joined her, in 1804, to Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States, asking a legislative confirmation of their title, not for their own sake, but for those in whose cause they labored; Governor Clayborne, of Louisiana, had already assured them that they should not be disturbed, and the President himself in a letter to them, assured the "holy sisters," for so he styled them, that "the principles of the constitution and the government of the United States were a sure guarantee that their convent would be preserved to them sacred and inviolate." The Secretary of State, James Madison, also wrote to Bishop Carroll, expressing the most kindly sentiments; but the Ursulines did not attain their object, and being subsequently subjected to annoyance, applied to the Louisiana legislature, and obtained a statute confirming their privileges and immunities.

\* *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi.* I, ii, 46.

† *Ashe's Travels.*



Mother St. Xavier, anxious to increase the number of her community, had written to France to the dispersed members of her old convent, urgently inviting them to come to her aid, and above all, to Sister de St. Michael Gensoul, then at Marseilles. That devout nun then conducted a school, and having obtained twelve young ladies to join her, sought to proceed to New Orleans, but her bishop opposed it, and it was only by applying to his Holiness, Pope Pius VII, in 1809, under the invocation of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, to whom she had great devotion, that she obtained the necessary permission. "His Holiness," says Cardinal di Pietro, "in reply, formally approves your condescension to the repeated invitations of your dear sisters in Louisiana, and the desires of the estimable proselytes, whom by divine grace you have inspired with so lively an ardor for so excellent a vocation." Thus encouraged Mother Gensoul sailed to New Orleans, and arrived there on the 30th of December, 1810, with seven postulants, one of whom was Mother St. Vincent, so remarkable for her humility. It was indeed a day of joy and happiness to the little community, which could not sufficiently thank God for so great a grace.

This house had been founded, as we have seen, by the Ursulines of Paris, but now all the elder religious were of the congregation of the Presentation of Our Lady, and naturally preferred its rule, which was indeed better adapted to the necessities of the convent, not being obliged to choir duty. They accordingly applied to Bishop Dubourg, then administrator of the diocese, for leave to take the title of Presentation of Our Lady, and adopt its rules with some modifications. To this, after mature deliberation, he consented, and the change was finally effected on the 16th of January, 1813.

When the English army was advancing on New Orleans to the cry of "booty and beauty," in 1815, the nuns placed on their altar the "statute of Our Lady of Prompt Succor," which Mother Gensoul had had blessed in her time of trial in France, and had brought with her. Around this token of divine favor they, with many of the pious of the city, ladies and poor negresses, knelt, imploring the God of armies to bless the American cause and nerve the arm of our soldiers. After the illustrious Jackson had repulsed with slaughter the foreign invader, the daughters of St. Angela turned their school rooms into an hospital for the sick and wounded soldiers, and for three months lavished on them every care.

Insensible to this, a Judge wished to compel some of the community to appear as witnesses in court: in vain the Ursulines pleaded their rights guaranteed by treaties; they were fined for contempt of court! Mother Gensoul applied to the legislature, and on the 23d of January, 1818, an act was passed guaranteeing their rights and privileges, and prescribing the mode in which their depositions should be taken.

Meanwhile Bishop Dubourg, then in France, sought postulants for their house, and the nuns, to their great joy, beheld nine arrive in January, 1817. Yet a schism then distracted the Catholics of New Orleans, and the Ursulines were about to abandon it, but consoled by a letter from Pope Pius VII himself, remained.

The city had now grown around their convent: its precincts were repeatedly invaded, especially from a neighboring military hospital, and in spite of their appeals to government the evil augmented. To complete their embarrassment, a street was run through their grounds in 1821. On this they resolved to erect a new convent elsewhere, and selecting a spot three miles below the city, built their present house, into which they entered in September, 1824, one aged religious



who had not passed out of her cloister since her entrance into it in 1766, weeping all the way.

Meanwhile their numbers increased, so that in 1822 there were fifteen or sixteen professed, and a number of novices and postulants,\* but as Bishop Dubourg remarked in a letter to the Rt. Rev. J. O. Plessis, bishop of Quebec: "The house in point of numbers, might seem now to give no cause of alarm: but when I consider the age of the ancient pillars of that edifice, and that at the moment, perhaps not remote, of their fall, there will remain only feeble reeds to replace them, I cannot be tranquil as to the consequences." Anxious to save from extinction a house which he styled elsewhere the "base of religion in Louisiana," the bishop of New Orleans called upon the Ursulines of Quebec to aid their sister convent. "It would seem indispenably necessary to draw here three or four nuns, already professed, of mature age, of tried judgment and virtue, who would fill up the interval which separates the old from the young." The daughters of Mother Mary of the Incarnation responded to their call, and on the 5th of December, 1823, the convent at New Orleans welcomed the arrival of Sisters Felicité Borne de St. Charles, Mary Angélique Bougie de St. Louis Gonzague, and Marie Pelagie Morin de St. Etienne.†

Since that time the convent has continued in great prosperity: educating rich and poor, and affording a home to the orphan, for though the city erected an asylum in December, 1824, the convent still supports many. Since its foundation it has had eighteen superiors: eighty-three professions have been made in it: and thirty-six have joined it from other houses: sixty-three have died, eleven of whom exceeded the age of eighty. The community now under the worthy Mother St. Seraphine, who has been eighteen years superior, consists of thirty-four members, twenty-one choir nuns, and one novice; ten lay sisters and one novice. Their school contains generally over a hundred boarders, and at least thirty-four or forty orphans. Their chaplain and spiritual guide is the well known and excellent Abbé Perché.‡

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Nor fame I slight, nor for her favors call;  
 She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.  
 But if the purchase cost so dear a price,  
 As soothing folly, or exalting vice;  
 And if the muse must flatter lawless sway,  
 And follow still where fortune leads the way;  
 Or, if no basis bear my rising name;  
 But the fallen ruins of another's fame;  
 Then teach me, heaven, to scorn the guilty bays,  
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise.  
 Unblemished let me live, or die unknown;  
 Or grant me honest fame, or grant me none.

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\* De Courcy. *Les Servantes de Dieu en Canada*—Montreal, 1855, p. 28.

† *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*. I, i, 25. *Laity's Directory*, 1822, p. 113.

‡ For the most important facts in relation to this house, the writer is indebted to the kindness of Mother St. Seraphine, the worthy superior, who, at his request, furnished him and Mr. De Courcy with copious extracts from their most edifying and pious annals. He takes this opportunity of returning his sincere thanks.



## THE LEGEND OF HUGO, MARQUIS OF TUSCANY.

FLORENCE was not always the beautiful city which she became under the fostering care of the lavish and splendid Medici, nor was the valley of the Arno always a smiling field of olives, vines, oranges and flowers, studded here and there with gorgeous villas and elegant casinos. The environs of Florence, now so beautiful and so populous, were covered with thick and tangled wild-wood in the days when our story begins. The light of the sun as it fell upon the silent soil, was broken and chequered by the branches of a primeval forest, and the huntsman often dismounted and warily led his steed through briery copsewood, or across marshy meadowland, traversed only by narrow and straggling paths. Along one of these rustic avenues, somewhat broader and straighter than the rest, a noble horseman rode slowly one sultry summer afternoon. He had followed the chase, which was his favorite pastime, through the wilds of Valdarno for several hours, until panting from the heat of the season, weary of exertion, and parched with thirst, he paced gently along in the hope of hearing a grateful promise of refreshment in the song of some lonely cottager, or the bubbling sound of a mountain rill. The noble mien and lofty bearing of the cavalier would have led to the conclusion that he was a person of rank and consequence, nor did his distinguished appearance belie him, for he was the Marquis Hugo, Lord of Florence and its Seignory. He was led onward, on the occasion we speak of, without being himself aware of the fact, by a heavenly guide. Wholesome warning was much needed by the erring prince for his own good and for the good of his vassals; and he was on that day to receive it.

The Marquis was a grandson of the renowned Hugo of Provence, second king of Italy after the downfall of the Emperor Berengarius. He was a powerful chief, a gallant soldier, and during the early part of his career he delighted in the practice of every virtue becoming a Christian prince. The teachings and examples of a pious mother, to whom he was fondly attached, had impressed themselves at an early age upon his generous and feeling heart, and none more so than her often repeated injunction that he should ever be faithful in his devotion to Mary. Deeply and sincerely did the young prince mourn his bereavement when his affectionate parent was called from the scenes of her virtuous life upon earth to receive a well earned crown in heaven. His loss was even greater than the young nobleman fairly understood it to be. For when the gentle voice of his mother had ceased to breathe the timely warnings which had hitherto guided his steps, he began little by little to swerve from the straight path along which duty is present and certain at every point, while happiness may be reached only at the journey's end.

Hugo changed rapidly, and for the worse. Yet such is the inconsistency of human nature! although he soon neglected and forgot the counsels of his mother concerning the fulfilment of the ordinary practices of Christian virtue, he cherished what was most pure and refined in the course she wished him to pursue, namely: love and devotion towards the queen of angels and virgins. The daily increase of influence and power, the noisy occupations of medieval warfare and the society of worthless associates, deprived the young prince to such a degree that nothing was left save veneration for her name, and the practice of certain devotions in her honor, to distinguish him from the crowd of ruthless and corrupt chieftains who



larded it over Italy at the time in which he lived. He became a heartless oppressor of his people, and the excesses of his private life were the scandal of all who had access to the court. Such was the conduct of the noble Marquis, who professed tender devotion towards the Blessed Virgin, and who now rode along through the forests of Valdarno, cursing the heat of the season, and the thirst which parched his lips after the labors of the chase.

Suddenly and unexpectedly a person met him on his way, and what was his delight when he perceived that it was a woman, bearing in her hands a salver of the freshest and most delicious fruits. It was a little mound of autumnal treasures, such as Domenichino or Carracci loved to paint to the life, and such as the traveller beholds in the banquet halls of Italian villas, as he gazes with astonishment at a counterfeit that stands forth from the canvass more real than reality, more natural than nature itself. Piled up before the eyes of the prince, dying of thirst, there were slices of fresh watermelon, large ripe figs, mellow apples, juicy pomegranates, luscious pears and downy peaches, crowned and festooned with heavy bunches of blue and amber-colored grapes, bursting with very ripeness. Eagerly did he stretch forth his glowing hand to this rich treasure, for which he would have paid its weight in gold;—but how great was his annoyance when he perceived that these tempting fruits were all besmeared with filth. He withdrew his hand. Yet burning thirst is not apt to be delicate and fastidious. Again he plunged his hand among the little mountain of fruits, but it emitted such a nauseous odor that he hastily drew back again and turned his head, overcome by a sense of sickening disgust that well-nigh caused him to faint. He now gazed upon the bearer of this strange burden, so tempting to the sight and so repulsive to the smell. She was a comely matron of august mien and majestic bearing, and the salver she bore in her hands seemed to the astonished nobleman to be made of burnished gold. Before he could give utterance to his surprise or demand an explanation, a steady and searching glance was bent upon him, and he thrilled with awe at the words of reproof which fell upon his ear. "*Thou seest in these fruits an emblem of the devotion thou claimest to hold so dear. It is indeed beautiful and good in itself, but so defiled by thy wicked life as to be unworthy of acceptance in the sight of heaven.*" Such was the warning given Hugo when he had declined to partake of the fruit, after which the vision disappeared from his sight and he found himself alone in the forest.

The mildness of the rebuke he had miraculously received went to the very soul of the young prince and overwhelmed him with shame and remorse. He thought of the peace and happiness of his innocent boyhood—he remembered the gentle tones of his mother's voice—he thought of the promises made so often that he would be a faithful servant of Blessed Mary, the Mother of Holy Purity. Then rose up before him the extravagance and dissipation, the heartlessness and unchastity of the life he had been leading of late with his roystering comrades, and he shed tears of grief and bitter self-reproach. He promised speedy amendment—he purposed and he planned—and turned his horse's head towards the gates of Florence, with the full conviction that the morrow would find him a new man. Such were the resolves of Hugo, Marquis of Tuscany, as he reached his palace on the evening of that eventful day; but, alas for poor human nature! they were not destined to be honored in the observance. The old chronicle tells us that the young prince purposed reform indeed, but that he did not comply with his duties, nor fortify himself with the aids of grace, and that what was still worse, he failed to avoid the occasions which had already proved so fatal to his virtue. A few



taunts and jeers from his youthful associates soon banished all traces of serious thought from his brow, a few merry bouts drowned all recollection of the vision in the forest, and the mild rebuke with which it was accompanied. Hugo soon became as stout a wassailer, and as noisy a rioter as the best, or rather the worst of them—to use a still more forcible comparison, he shortly became as wicked a scape-grace as he had been before. A new reprimand was needed to recall him to his senses, which were now the very reverse of sober, a reprimand he should not so easily forget—and it came.

The game-keepers of the Marquis had come upon the trail of a wild-boar, in the woods that skirted the foot of Monte Senario, and swept up its bold and rocky sides, and all the court had turned out in high spirits to enjoy the sport and give chase to the formidable savage. None of the princely cavalcade was more eager in pursuit that day than the bold and adventurous young Marquis, but when a view was finally got of the chase, he grew wild with excitement and hung upon the rear of the flying enemy with such ardor that he followed him into the most wild and dreary fastnesses of the mountain. Here at length he paused and reined in his steed, which was covered with foam and panting with fatigue. He became aware that he had distanced his retinue, and sought vainly around to discover even one of his straggling attendants. The atmosphere, which had been sultry and moist, had grown close and dark, portending the gathering of a storm. All was still as death in the gloomy forest, then as the prince looked up at the clouds stretched like a mass of black marble overhead, a few thick, heavy drops pattered on the leaves of the trees, and even dashed upon his face and hands. Anon were heard the first hoarse rumblings of thunder struggling to break forth from its dungeon. Then came a loud crash like the bursting of an earthquake—the mountain seemed to tremble on its base; the oaks tossed their giant branches in the fury of the blast; the tall pines rocked wildly to and fro; wierd glimmering lightning lit up the trees and rocks with a lurid blaze, then all was dark again, and finally down poured the rain in heavy torrents, deluging the whole scene, gathering and gurgling from rock and gully, and foaming madly in yellow cascades down the steep sides of the mountain.

The brave prince, though he was no stranger to alpine thunder-storms, thought he had never seen one so furiously violent as this. Nothing makes a coward, even of a brave man, so quick as to be suddenly drenched with cold water from head to foot, and he looked wildly around for some place of shelter. He discovered at length the outlet of a cavern in the rock, and thither he spurred his jaded and terrified steed. The prince dismounted and entered, leading his horse under the brow of the overhanging rock, when a spectacle met his view which transfixed him with terror to the spot. The sides and summit of a wide and deep cavern were filled with black volumes of smoke, in the centre of which blazed and labored a fiery forge, looking like a picture of hell with midnight for its frame. In front of the forge rose a large anvil, and around it stood several swarthy, half-naked figures, whose fiendish eyes and grinning teeth were lit up by the red glare that shot from the mouth of the furnace. These satanic smiths were busy in drawing forth from the fire and pounding with heavy blows on the anvil, not bars of iron or steel, but arms, heads, hearts, and other portions of human bodies. . . . . The Marquis gazed with fear and horror on the appalling scene; but the thought struck him that the monsters before him must be necromancers, who had retired to these wilds in order to practice, unwhipt of justice, the abominable orgies of their craft. For this class of malefactors he had always entertained a feeling of



indignant aversion. With the courage which formed a remarkable trait in his character, he lifted up his voice, rating them in no measured terms, and threatening them with the severest penalties for their crimes. He had not yet ceased speaking, when one of the ugly caitiffs drew near to the mouth of the cave and cut short his address by saying fiercely: "Not so fast, good sir, an its please you. We are not the wizards you take us for, but ministers of Divine justice, who punish in the manner you behold a number of lewd varlets consigned to our hands. All we wait for now is one Hugo Signor, of the surrounding country, who, if we fasten one grip upon him, will pay well for his lecheries on yon anvil." Never, in his happiest days, had the poor Marquis invoked the Blessed Virgin so devoutly as he did at that moment. Detesting his bad life and promising to do penance, firmly enough this time, he prayed to God to save him from the fiery demons before him. He blessed himself devoutly, and at the sign of the cross they vanished.

Hugo left the cave a far different man from what he was when he entered it. He discovered close at hand a little hermitage, the tenant of which was a man of God, named Eugenius. He spent the whole night with this venerable recluse in discourse touching his conversion, and the acts of virtue he proposed to perform. In the morning he returned to the city, and going to Eustace, Archbishop of Florence, he gave him a full account of his wonderful adventure. He set about repairing the scandals he had given, by a public example of penance and humiliation. On a solemn festival he proceeded to the great church of the Duomo, accompanied by Eustace and the Archbishop of Ravenna, Legate of the Holy See, to make a public confession of his errors. With tears in his eyes he repeated continually to the crowd of people through which he passed: "Hugo will be Hugo no longer. Ugo non sarà più Ugo—Ugo non sarà più Ugo."

History bears witness that he was true to his promise. Although one of the most warlike barons of his day, he avoided the brawls in which his neighbors were unceasingly engaged, nor do we know that he unsheathed the sword, unless for the protection of the innocent, or the punishment of bandits and evil-doers. He built several monasteries, and among them the celebrated Benedictine Abbey of Sante Maria in Florence, and was so much beloved by his subjects for his justice and moderation, that they honored him with the surname of "l'Ottimo," or "the Excellent."

The history of his miraculous conversion has been handed down by tradition, and is often repeated among the people of Italy, even at the present day. Their child-like devotion and beautiful taste has led them to dedicate the month of May, the sweet season of sunbeams, zephyrs and flowers, to the special honor of "La Madonna Santissima," the mother of the Saviour, the queen of Purity and Love. Often, during that lovely month, when the "Padre Direttore" instructs his youthful flock, whom he affectionately addresses as "children of Mary," he tells them that no devotion is grateful to their gentle patroness unless it be accompanied with the practice of true Christian virtue; and on such occasions he is heard not unfrequently to illustrate the truth of his assertion by quoting the legend of Hugo, Marquis of Tuscany.



## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

WHILE the temple of the Lord smoked with the holocausts offered to the Almighty, to commemorate the giving of the law to Moses on Sinai,

Where erst on Israel's awe struck ear  
The voice exceeding loud,  
The trump that angels quake to hear,  
Thrilled from the deep dark cloud,

While the faithful were offering in thanksgiving the fruits of the earth, our Lord delivered those beautiful instructions which St. Luke has recorded. Above all he warned them of avarice, of covetousness, and even of over anxiety for the necessities of life: as in the sermon on the mountain, he exclaimed: "Consider



the lilies how they grow, they labor not, neither do they spin: but I say to you, neither Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of these. And if the grass that to-day is in the field and to-morrow is cast into the oven, God so clotheth, how much more you, O ye of little faith? and you, do not seek what you shall eat or what you shall drink, and be not lifted up on high, for all these things the nations of the world do seek, but your father knoweth that you have need of these things. But seek first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be given you besides. Fear not, little flock, for it hath pleased your father to give you a kingdom. Sell the things that you possess and give alms.”\*

When the festival drew to a close our Lord returned again to Capharnaum, and again on a Sabbath day showed his miraculous power, curing a woman,

\* St. Luke xii, 1-32.



who for eighteen years had been a cripple, bowed together by the power of Satan, and soon after cured a dropsical man also on the Sabbath. The leaders of the synagogue were angry at what they deemed a violation of the law, but our Lord rebuked them by a simple question: "Doth not every one of you lead his ox or his ass to water on the Sabbath day?" He then announced again the kingdom of God, that Church which he was so soon to found, and which like the mustard or the leaven was to increase beyond all human possibility.

Amid his teaching the Pharisees sought to alarm him by announcing that Herod sought his life: but he well knowing that he was to die not by Herod's hands but theirs, replied: "It cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem."\*

Inculcating the same disengagements from earthly things as the foundation of his kingdom, he urged all to use their wealth not in idle extravagance and sumptuous banquets, but in relieving the poor: if they would set beside him in the great banquet of heaven. Following up this thought he compared the kingdom of heaven to a wedding banquet which a king made for his son, but to which the invited guests declined to come, one from business, another from pleasure, another



*The Halt and the Lame.*

from contempt. The king then sent his servants to bring in the poor and the feeble and the blind and the lame, compelling them to come in, put on the wedding garments and enjoy the feast. Even so would the Almighty do with regard to



the Church, the banquet ever spread : our Lord was now inviting the Jews, and would soon by his apostles call them to the ready banquet : and on their refusal he would bring in the idolatrous nations of the earth, till then the outcasts of grace : but he warns us, children of the Gentiles, that when invited we must not fail as we enter to purify ourselves and put on the wedding garments, which are ever ready, lest we be cast out and our last state become worse than our first : even as in our day we see Christians falling in belief and life lower than the pagans of old.

Our Saviour did not merely preach, he taught by his actions : he ever sought the poor, the outcast, the despised sinner, the condemned publican. The Scribes and Pharisees murmured, but he taught them of God's mercy, of his willingness



*The Prodigal Son.*

to receive the repenting sinner, by the parable of the prodigal son, who leaving a fond and affectionate father, went abroad, plunged into every dissipation till his wealth was exhausted, and as famine afflicted the land, the friends of his pleasures forsook him, and he became a wretched swineherd. Thus destitute, forsaken and despised, he entered into himself, and remembering his father's house, where the lowest menial actually rolled in luxury compared to his abject state, he



exclaimed: "I will arise and go to my father, and say to him: Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee: I am not now worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants." Nor was it a passing thought, an idle resolution: he set out for that house that he had abandoned, and his father seeing him afar, recognized him for all his misery, and ran out to meet him. This was not all, the good father embraced his repentant son with many tears, he dressed him in his best robes, he spread a banquet and filled his house with joy.\*

When the period of the feast of tabernacles approached, that is towards October, our Lord again prepared to visit the Holy City, passing through the midst of Samaria and Galilee, and the country beyond the Jordan. On the way he gave many instructions, which St. Luke has recorded, on divorce, alms, scandal, and other topics. As the festival day drew nearer his brethren urged him to go up to the city. He intended to go, he had even told the Pharisees,



*Our Lord declining to go to the Feast of Tabernacles.*

who sought his life, that they should not see him again in Jerusalem till the close of that solemnity:† but as he did not intend to be present at the beginning of it, and thus go up with them, he said: "Go you up to this festival day; but I go not up to this festival day, because my time is not accomplished," and he remained in Galilee: but some days after proceeded in secret to the Holy City. The Jews from all parts had entered bearing the branches, and the bowers had been made to commemorate the tents of the children of Israel in the desert: all were engaged in the solemnities, and our Redeemer, for whom all were inquiring, whose doctrine all were discussing, was not perceived till he rose

\* St. Luke xv, 11-32.

† St. Luke xiii, 35.



in the temple to teach. Then the people again began to discuss whether he was the Messiah, and they wondered that the rulers who had sought to kill him, now allowed him to preach his doctrine openly, and avow that his doctrine was of God: "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me. He that sent me is true: whom you know not: but whom I know, because I am from him, and he hath sent me. Yet a little while I am with you: and then I go to him that sent me." On the last and great day of the festivity, the Hosanna Rabba, while all waving the branches of palm, osier and myrtle, chanted the words of the 117th Psalm: "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord," Jesus stood and cried: "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink. He that believeth in me, as the scripture saith, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." Many now convinced by his doctrine cried out: "This is indeed the Messiah," and the chief priests resolved to apprehend him: but when the officers approached, they durst not lay hands on him, and returned to those that sent them, saying: "Never did there man so speak as this man." "Are you also seduced," said the Pharisees contemptuously; and though Nicodemus urged them to examine his claim before condemning him, they persisted in their design to effect his death.\*

Towards evening our Lord retired to Mount Olivet, and having spent the night there, returned to the temple, where he sat down and taught the people. The Scribes and Pharisees had consulted for some plan to entrap him, and as a woman had just been taken in adultery, they brought her before our Lord to ask what should be done with her, as by the law she should be punished by death. This law had long been obsolete, but they hoped now to make our Divine Redeemer appear either as a lax follower of the law if he advised a less punishment, or a man of blood if he sought to revive the ancient law. "Master," said they, "this woman was even now taken in adultery, and Moses in the law commanded



*Jesus writing on the dust.*



us to stone such an one." But Jesus stooping down wrote with his finger in the sand; regardless of what he wrote, they repeated the question, and rising full of majesty, he said: "He that is without sin among you, let him first throw the stone at her," and again stooping down he wrote as before. Baffled by this answer the eldest silently withdrew, and one by one all went out leaving Jesus and the woman alone amid the crowds whom he had been instructing. When Jesus, lifting himself up, said to her: "Woman, where are they that accused thee? Hath no man condemned thee?" She answered: "No man, O Lord;" then as she sank before him, Jesus pronounced the consoling words: "Neither will I condemn thee; go, and now sin no more."

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### THE HOLY FAMILY.—MURILLO.

THE accomplished painter of the original picture of the Holy Family, was born at Seville, on the 1st of January, 1613, of poor parents; and in the face of many difficulties, our young genius had to fight his way up to that high eminence which he ultimately reached in the fine arts. His biographer remarks that a visit to the studio of a relative first gave him the determination to be a painter. Juan de Castillo was the honored name of that relative, who taught our young artist the rudiments of the sublime science. Juan removed to Cadiz, and Murillo was obliged to earn a subsistence, while pursuing his studies, by painting banners and small pictures for exportation to South America. He labored on for many years, overcoming all the difficulties which met him on his road to eminence,—like a man should do who is determined to conquer. He had seen some of the productions of Vandyke, and was struck with the beauty of their coloring: and forthwith he resolved to study in the same school, and at once to repair to Rome, the nurse of the arts and sciences. But, alas! he was poor; his friends endeavored to persuade him from his purpose, and pronounced his scheme wild and Utopian. Murillo, nothing daunted, bought a quantity of canvass, divided it into small squares, and labored early and late until he had produced a quantity of beautiful sacred pictures, and then set off to Rome, selling his pictures for bread as he proceeded. On his arrival at Rome, he met with kind friends, and labored on until he excelled the works of his masters. The princes and prelates of the Church, in both Spain and Rome, as also several of the monastic orders, engaged his pencil in the production of sacred pictures for their churches; hence have we many of those masterpieces of genius, which are invaluable and unrivalled, to-day. Amongst his productions was the History of St. Francis, which he painted for the convent of Franciscans at Seville, which excited the admiration of everybody. His pictures of St. Clara and St. James established his fame, and orders flowed in upon him from all quarters. Another celebrated picture was his Marriage of St. Catherine, over the grand altar of the Capuchin church at Cadiz; while painting this he fell, and so much injured himself, that he never thoroughly recovered the effects until death relieved him, in April, 1682. His other paintings are very numerous; and if they do not elevate him to the dignity of a Raphael, or the grandeur of a Caracci, or the grace of Correggio, his great talents place him in the first rank amongst the painters of every school.



# MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.\**

BY PETER PINKIE.

*Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.*

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

DURING Mr. Weeks' long and secret conference with the negro (for Mrs. Motherly was carefully excluded from the room), Hardwinkle still remained closeted with the officer of constabulary at Crohan House, devising plans for the immediate committal of Randall Barry to Lifford jail. A difficulty, however, presented itself, which Mr. Hardwinkle had entirely overlooked in his zeal for the safety of the state—namely, the presence of Captain Petersham of Castle Gregory, who as senior magistrate of the barony, was very much in the habit of taking such cases into his own hands, and disposing of them according to his own peculiar views of the law thereunto made and provided. Mr. Hardwinkle, it appears, in order to avoid unnecessary delay, was for having the prisoner brought before himself and committed forthwith—but the officer demurred on the ground that the Captain had already, in anticipation of Barry's arrest, given strict orders to have the prisoner brought before *him*, and no other. Hardwinkle denied Captain Petersham's right to issue such orders, inasmuch as the crime charged against Barry was a capital offence, requiring prompt and summary action by the nearest of her majesty's justices of the peace, without distinction of rank. Furthermore, he contended that Captain Petersham, from his well known disaffection to the government, and his notorious opposition to its measures for the "amelioration" of Ireland, was neither a fit or proper person to try the case at all. Still more,—he assured the officer that the Captain's anxiety to take Barry into his own hands was but the consequence of a secret determination on his part to let the young rebel escape, if he could possibly do so, on some pretence or other, and therefore to trust such a man with the case was virtually to defeat the law, and frustrate the designs of the government.

These remonstrances, however, seemed to produce but little effect on the police officer, who still persisted in his determination of bringing the prisoner before the senior magistrate as in duty bound—adding by way of makeweight, that he valued his life too highly to risk it by an act of premeditate disobedience to the orders of such a madman and fire-eater as Captain Tom Petersham of Castle Gregory.

At length, after various plans and schemes had been proposed and rejected, it was finally agreed that nothing could be done for the present, but that early on the following morning Mr. Hardwinkle should despatch his servants post-haste to certain magistrates of the neighborhood, on whose loyalty he could depend, requesting their presence next day on the Petit Sessions bench, in order to neutralize any

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efforts that might be made by Captain Petersham to free the prisoner. In the mean time the barracks should be well guarded, particularly through the night, and every possible precaution taken against any attempt to rescue by the friends and abettors of the young outlaw. With this understanding the two zealous defenders of church and state separated, each congratulating the other on having secured at last the person of so dangerous and malignant a traitor as Randall Barry.

Whilst the above consultation was going on, Mr. Weeks had quite recovered from the consternation he felt on recognizing the negro in Mr. Guirkie's parlor, and, after leaving his message with Mrs. Motherly, was now proceeding on his way to Castle Gregory, looking as grave and composed as if nothing had occurred to disturb his equanimity. The animal on which he rode—we have said already—was by no means remarkable either for his beauty of shape or swiftness of foot, and so low withal that his rider's feet almost touched the ground as he jogged along. Still the animal, though of low stature, was nevertheless remarkably thick set and stout, and looked strong enough to carry a much heavier load if he only made up his mind to do it. We add this saving clause, because the little fellow happened to belong to the species of horse called the "Rahery or Rathlin poney," well known in the north of Ireland, and famous not only for its great strength, but also for its inveterate habit of resisting all attempts at coercion, so that "as wrong-headed as a Rahery" had long become a common expression throughout the province.

Mr. Weeks, when he first took a notion to try the horse for a morning's ride, was cautioned by his Crohan friends not to trust him too far. Rebecca especially took great pains to acquaint her good cousin with the poney's bad habits, and to put him on his guard. But Weeks, confident of his superior horsemanship, and anxious to verify the truth of his favorite saying, "that no living critter could come it over him," would listen neither to advice or caution.

The little Rahery, as we have before observed, being neither fast nor handsome, and having little therefore to feel proud of, contented himself with trotting along in his own quiet way, without the least pretension in the world, and caring just as little for the opinions of his neighbors as he did for the spurs of the rider.

Notwithstanding all our hero's boasting, however, it was quite evident he knew little how to govern the horse he rode just then, whatever he might have been able to do at home in New England, for he kept tugging at the reins and pricking the creature's sides with a constant uniform motion, as if the double movement of hand and heel constituted an essential part of the exercise. Whether the gruff, bull-headed little brute felt he had a green-horn on his back, or whether he resolved "to hold the even tenor of his way" despite bridle and spur, rather than quicken his pace, is difficult to tell. But certain it is, Mr. Weeks' efforts seemed to mend the matter but very little. In this fashion, however, he managed to dodge along for a mile or two, his legs swinging to and fro under the horse's belly, and his left hand jerking the bridle at every step, when all of a sudden the poney came to a dead halt, and absolutely refused to proceed another inch in that direction.

Mr. Weeks, who had ridden the horse half a dozen times before, and never had any difficulty with him, was rather surprized at his conduct, and took good care to express himself accordingly, both in word and deed. After spurring for a while, without any effect, it occurred to him the saddle gear might have got out of place, and he instantly dismounted to examine. But to his great disappointment he found himself mistaken. Every thing was exactly where it ought to be. Taking the reins then, he tried to lead the poney past the spot, but the poney absolutely and



decidedly refused to lift a foot. It was very provoking to Mr. Weeks to find himself there "on the public highway" beating and shouting at the perverse little brute, and everybody laughing at him as they passed by. It was unpleasant, to say the least of it, and Mr. Weeks, as might be expected, felt very uncomfortable indeed. At length when he tried and tried in vain, and saw no likelihood of succeeding by ordinary means, he drew a knife from his pocket, cut a stout ash sapling from a tree by the road side, and then mounting again laid on the poney with might and main, determined that if he still refused to proceed, it should not be for want of urging. The animal finding matters growing serious, but resolved notwithstanding to have his own way, still took the bridle bit between his teeth, and poking down his head, wheeled round, and started off to Crohan House at full gallop. Weeks, unable to manage the sapling any longer, threw it from him, and seized the reins with both hands to haul him up, but alas! he might as well have seized the horns of a buffalo—on drove the head-strong little Rahery at the top of his speed, and apparently with as much ease as if he carried a child on his back.

"Hoa! hoa!" shouted Weeks, "hoa, ye darned critter."

The poney unaccustomed to the Yankee manner of address, mistook it probably for a command to go the faster, and on he drove accordingly.

"Tarnation to ye!" cried Weeks again as his hat flew off, and his long sandy hair floated back on the breeze. "Tarnation to ye! hav'nt ye got no mouth on ye nor nothing, hoa! then hoa!! I say. Oh, merciful heavens! such a country."

At this moment a party of gentlemen and ladies, some five or six in number, came riding up, meeting him at a smart trot, and Weeks seeing their approach motioned to stop his horse. One of the riders crossed the road for that purpose, and waved his handkerchief, but the mischievous animal on seeing his way blocked up, instead of coming to a sudden halt, wheeled off sideways, and ran, or rather tumbled down a steep bank by the road side, right into a farmer's kitchen, with the rider's arms clasped round his neck. The blind impetuosity with which the animal drove on, and the nearness of the house, left him no time to choose, so that rider and horse were both in the man's house before they knew it. Then came the catastrophe, for the poney unable to stop his speed down the bank, not only passed through the door with resistless force, but came full tilt against the "dresser" which stood opposite, breaking at a single crash every article of delph on its shelves, and confounding man, horse and dishes in one common disaster.

The confusion which instantaneously followed was amusing. The man's wife ran out with a child in her arms, screaming murder and robbery, half a dozen little boys and girls ran after her yelling, and crying for help, the poney backed out after doing the mischief, and scampered off to his manger, and the owner of the house made his appearance in his shirt sleeves at the door with a pitch-fork in his hand, swearing all sorts of instant vengeance against the "murderin" villian in the kitchen.

"Stop, stop, my good fellow," said one of the party on horseback, who seeing how matters stood, had dismounted and arrested the weapon as the fellow flourished it at the door. "Stop, this is a mere accident, my good man."

"Away—out i' my road," shouted the farmer. "Stand off and let me at him this minit, or by —"

But here he paused and swallowed the oath, for on looking over his shoulder he found himself in the hands of Captain Petersham.

"I beg yer honor's pardon, sir."



"Well silence then, you rascal," commanded the Captain.

"I can't nor I won't, sir; look at the wrack he made, the murderin villian! I'll train him this minit. I'll smash ——"

"Listen to me, sir."

"Flesh and blood cud'nt stan it. Let me at him."

"Stop this instant, or by —— I'll horsewhip you within an inch of your life."

"The thievin vagabond, where is he, till I melt him."

"Will you not listen to me, you dog?"

"The bloody cut-throat, I'll have his life."

"Robert, ho, there Robert hand the reins to Mr. Whately. Quick sir, and you, Mr. Johnson, help him to gag this blundering fool, while I go in and see what the matter is."

"Bekase he's one i' the quality, he has lave to do what he lakes, but I'll tache him the difference."

"Who is he, Mr. Whately?" inquired one of the ladies, whose horse kept prancing in front of the door.

"Is the unfortunate man of this neighborhood?" demanded another.

"Is he much hurt?" said a third, addressing the farmer's wife, who was now making her way through the crowd of horses with the child still in her arms.

"How can I tell yer ladyship whither he's hurt or not. But the sorra's cure to him any way, the dirty gomeril—to smash our bits in plenishin, that I bought only last week in Francy McGarvey's with the dlibs i' money I earned hard with my own four bones. Bad luck to him every day he rises."

By this time Captain Petersham succeeded in making his way through the kitchen over broken plates and dishes, and there found the hero of the tragedy with his hands thrust down into his breeches pocket, standing in the midst of the ruins he had made.

"What's the damage, Major?" said he, shaking up the silver as the Captain approached him, "what's the damage? I'll foot the bill. Good lord, such a country!" he muttered to himself. "Oh, if I were only once—say, what's the damage?"

"Damage!"

"Yes—hold on though, you ai'nt boss of the shanty, are you?"

"I, no, sir. Why, my heavens! is this you?"

"Well yes, I guess I'm that particular individual."

"Mr. Weeks of Drakesville, eh?"

"No, sir, it ai'nt—Ducksville, if you please."

"Yes, yes, I recollect—Ducksville. I'm really very sorry, Mr. Weeks. On my honor, my dear fellow, I'm exceedingly sorry for you."

"Why who the thunder are you? Hold on. As I live, Captain Petersham of Castle Gregory! How do, Captain. Glad to see you. Got into a kinder snarl here, eh?"

"Ha! ha! you're not accustomed to our Irish horses yet; got hurt, eh?"

"No, sir, not a mite—got my coat torn and lost my hat—that's all."

"Well, never mind—it might have been worse. So come with me, some friends of mine here are anxious to see you. And I've a horse at the door too to carry you to Castle Gregory. You'll come and dine with us, of course."

"Well, the fact is, I was agoin there when this confounded ——"

"Thank you. Just so," interrupted the Captain, "come then. I'll settle all this for you to-morrow."



Whilst the foregoing colloquy was taking place, the owner of the house had been gradually quieted down by the Captain's friends outside, and the Captain himself had succeeded in leading Mr. Weeks to the door, where his servant's horse awaited him to mount. As the latter, ashamed and discomfited, slowly advanced to the door and looked up, he felt "kinder uncomfortable," to use one of his own phrases, at seeing so many eyes fixed on him. But the confusion lasted only a moment, for, like his countrymen, Mr. Weeks' recuperative powers were always at hand, ready when called for.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the Captain, by way of a passing introduction, "this is Mr. Drake, of Weeksville, Connecticut, United —"

"Mr. Weeks, if you please"—and the speaker drew forth a card from his silver case, and presented it respectfully to his friend. "My name, sir, you will perceive, is Weeks, Mr. Ephraim C. B. Weeks, Ducksville, Connecticut, United States."

"Just so, Mr. Weeks. Excuse me, my dear fellow; I'm the most confounded blunderer imaginable. Hang it, I'm always blunderin about that name some how, and can't tell how it happens."

"Never mind the name," said one of the ladies on horseback, "mount this horse here, and come with us to Castle Gregory," and the speaker touching the spirited animal she rode on the flank with her riding whip, broke through the crowd, and prancing up to the door, stretched out her hand to the American, "come, sir, I've been long wishing to see you; and now you and I must ride together and have a chat in advance of the party."

"Who is she, Captain?" whispered Weeks, after he had touched the lady's hand.

"That lady—why, that's my sister—Kate Petersham."

"You don't say!"

"Never saw her before, I presume?"

"No—often heard of her, though. Kinder smart, ai'nt she?"

"Yes, sometimes—when she takes the notion."

"She looks sorter smart—rides well, I guess?"

"Yes; does pretty fair at a fox hunt. Like to cross a ditch or too with her, eh? You can have any of my horses you please."

"No, I thank you; I should rather not at present. That's a pretty piece of horse flesh she rides, ai'nt it?"

"Yes, sir; that's the best mare of her inches in the province of Ulster. I'll back her against any thing of her age and weight in Ireland, for a thousand."

"Should like to own that critter."

"Can't sir; Kate would as soon part with her right hand, as part with 'Moll Pitcher.' See how she dances—she's mad to get off."

"What detains you, Mr. Weeks?" cried Kate.

"Excuse me for a moment; I'll be with you presently."

"Make haste then," exclaimed the Captain, "Kate will be quite offended if you keep her waiting."

"Here my good woman," said Weeks, taking a couple of sovereigns from his purse, and handing them to the farmer's wife, "here take these and replenish your shelves."

"You seem to be in a great hurry to repair the damage, Mr. Weeks," observed the Captain.

"Well I guess it's just as well, ai'nt it?"

"To-morrow had been quite time enough."



"To-morrow! by jingo, I should'n't wonder if that crazy coon, her husband, would have my life before to-morrow. These countrymen of yours, Captain, ai'nt to be trusted."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Captain. "I see you're not much acquainted with the disposition of the Irish."

"Ai'nt I though. By crackie if I ai'nt then, for my short time amongst them, I don't know who is. Say, my good woman, hai'nt you got a hat in the house I could have for a day or so? fly around and see if you can find one."

"Mr. Weeks, Mr. Weeks," cried Kate again—"here I am waiting for you all this time, and Moll Pitcher's so restive that I can hardly manage her."

"Never mind the hat," said the Captain, dragging Weeks by the arm—"never mind it now, we'll pick up your own on the road."

"Hold on a second—hurry up my good woman," exclaimed Weeks, "let me have something to cover my head. Hilloa, what's that?" he demanded, as she handed him a cap made of hair or rabbit skin. "What the thunder is this? Hai'nt I seen that cap before?"

"No matter; put it on," cried the Captain, "and let's be off."

"Wait a minute—what's this in the bottom of it?—a letter, by crackie, and to Miss Kate Petersham too. Why, how's this?"

"Who owns the cap?" demanded the Captain, "or how comes this letter in it, addressed to Miss Petersham?"

"I own it," said a new comer, issuing from the door of a little room behind the dresser. "I own it and claim it too."

"Lanty Hanlon!—by thunder it is."

"Let me have the cap, sir—here's one to replace it," said Lanty, handing Weeks another of nearly the same description, and taking his own without the least ceremony from the hands of the astonished Yankee.

"Well there—say Captain, can you tell me how many duplicates of this individual are to be found in the deestrick, or in other words, is he really the devil himself?"

"Lanty Hanlon, how came you by this letter?" demanded the Captain.

"Don't trouble yourself about it, Captain," cried Kate, "it's only a love letter. Keep it safe for me, Lanty. I'll meet you at the *place you know*, this evening. Be punctual now, or I'll discard you."

"Niver fear, my lady; I'll be there at four o'clock, but mind if you don't be up to time yourself, we must break the engagement. Yer sarvint genteels," and throwing the cap on his head, he disappeared as he came.

"I see Captain, you know that fellow."

"Oh yes; I have known Lanty for years."

"Well, he's a tarnation villain, let me tell you that."

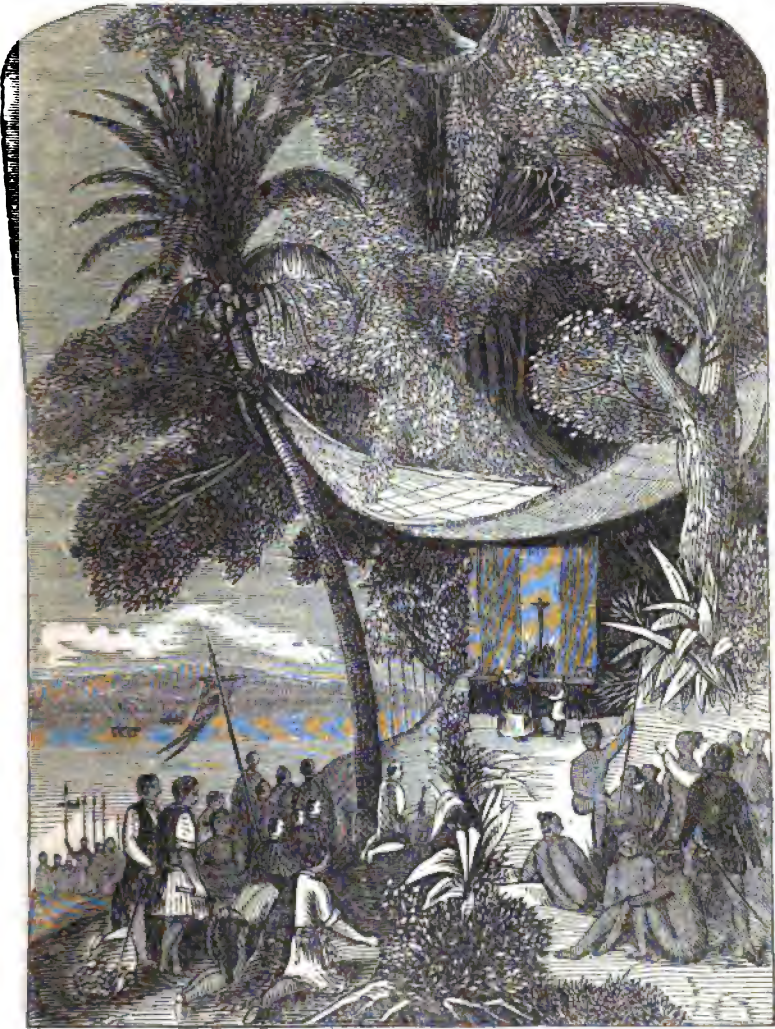
"Lanty, ha! ha! Oh no, he's not a bad fellow. He's only fond of playing tricks, that's all."

"Tricks—he's the darndest rascal unhung."

Weeks now mounted the groom's horse, which proved to be a gentle, well disposed animal, and with the Captain on one side and Kate on the other, rode in front of the procession, his rabbit skin cap jauntily set on the side of his head, and his hands and feet jerking and swinging as before, to the no small amusement of the party.

*To be continued.*





### THE FIRST MASS IN AMERICA.

**EVERY** incident in the life of the great discoverer of the New World is full of interest and instruction, but none more so than the one which the above illustration recalls. It is one of those grand events connected with the history of Catholicity in this vast continent, to which the Catholic can turn with feelings of peculiar pleasure.

Columbus in his life beautifully illustrated the faith he professed. Catholic, not only in name, but in the fervor of his practice, he sought in every action the greater glory of God, and the interest of religion. Having at length, after years of disappointment and delay, obtained the sanction of the Spanish government to his undertaking, he hastened to obtain the benediction of the Sovereign Pontiff upon his voyage, and made heaven the object of his enterprise; and when it



pleased a benign Providence to crown his efforts with success, his first thoughts were to return his grateful acknowledgments to Him, who had preserved him amid the innumerable dangers to which he had been exposed.

Among the companions of Columbus there may have been those who were actuated by motives of interest or fame—the high-spirited cavalier bound on a romantic enterprise, the hardy navigator ambitious of acquiring new laurels in unknown seas, the roving adventurer seeking novelty and excitement;—but the Church, which had blessed the undertaking, sought in the enterprise a higher and nobler end. Beside the robust and hardy mariner stood the meek and zealous missionary, whose sole ambition was to extend the domain of religion, and to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the inhabitants of the regions that might be discovered. Friar Boyle of the Dominican Order, with twelve companions, composed the religious portion of the crew of Columbus.

As the last act of the pious navigator before leaving the port of Palos in Spain, was to invoke the blessing of heaven upon his expedition, his first act on setting his foot upon the New World, was an offering of thanksgiving to God, who had conducted his voyage to so happy an issue. Falling to the ground, which he had so long and so anxiously looked for, he kissed it with tears of joy, then raising his eyes and hands to heaven, he uttered that beautiful prayer commencing: *Domine Deus æternæ et omnipotens*, which was afterwards repeated by all subsequent Catholic discoverers. His example was followed by his companions, who in the fervor of their hearts thanked heaven for their preservation, and moistened the earth with their tears. This act of thanksgiving was followed by another still more solemn. Selecting an elevated spot, an altar was erected beneath a rude canopy, and there for the first time the august Sacrifice of the Mass was offered on the shores of America. Here for the first time on this vast continent, the priest of the Most High repeated the mystic words of consecration, and broke the bread of life. Here amidst the wiles and beauties of nature, was laid the foundation of Catholicity in the Western World. Around this solitary altar, and at this first sacrifice, Columbus and his mariners knelt in humble adoration, and poured forth their most fervent prayers. At a distance, grouped upon the ground, the rude natives gaze upon the scene in mute astonishment. At the conclusion of the holy sacrifice, the minister of God turns to impart a solemn benediction to the venerable Columbus and his companions, who knelt before him. How solemn must have been that hour! How pleasing to the heart of the great navigator, who sought in all his enterprises rather the conversion of the heathen, and the extension of religion, than honors or wealth. How would that pleasure have been increased, could he have foreseen the vast empire to which his discoveries were destined to give rise—an empire in which, in after times, the holy sacrifice at which he had assisted would be offered, not from one, but from ten thousand altars; when his hundred followers would be multiplied into millions of true adorers of Jesus Christ.

Columbus had the holy Sacrifice of the Mass celebrated in all the prominent places he discovered. At Havana, one of the original chapels still exists on the spot where the astonished natives witnessed the grand and imposing ceremony: where for the first time, that sacred name at which every knee must bend, was proclaimed. At Isabella, in Hayti, the ruins of the first church still remain. At the present time it is quite overgrown with forest, and in the midst of this forest are still seen the partly standing ruins of the church, the remains of the king's storehouse, and a part of the residence of Columbus.



## Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

**AN AMERICAN PROTESTANT AT ST. PETER'S.**—High Mass was said by the Pope in person, and the responses were sung by the choir. He performed the service with an air and manner expressive of true devotion, and though I felt that there was a chasm between me and the rite which I witnessed, I followed his movements in the spirit of respect, and not of criticism. But one impressive and overpowering moment will never be forgotten. When the tinkling of the bell announced the elevation of the Host, the whole of the vast assembly knelt or bowed their faces. The pavement was suddenly strewn with prostrate forms. A silence like that of death fell upon the church—as if some celestial vision had passed before the living eyes, and hushed into stillness every pulse of human feeling. After the pause of a few seconds, during which every man could have heard the beating of his own heart, a band of wind instruments near the entrance, of whose presence I had not been aware, poured forth a few sweet and solemn strains, which floated up the nave and overflowed the whole interior. The effect of this invisible music was beyond any thing I ever heard or expect to hear. The air seemed stirred with the trembling of angelic wings; or, as if the gates of heaven had been opened, and a “wandering breath” from the songs of seraphs had been borne to the earth. How fearfully and wonderfully are we made! A few sounds, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been merely a passing luxury to the ear, heard at this moment, and beneath this dome, were like a purifying wave, which, for an instant, swept over the soul, bearing away with it all the soil and stains of earth, and leaving it pure as infancy. There was, it is true, a reflux tide; and the world displaced by the solemn strain came back with the echo; but though we “can not keep the heights we are competent to gain,” we are the better for the too brief exaltation. *Hillard.*

**THE BLOOM OF AGE.**—A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it never will fade. In her neighborhood she is the friend and the benefactor. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy? We repeat, such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If a young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to the sway of fashion and folly; let her love truth and virtue, and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets—ever fresh and ever new.

**BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.**—John J. Whitter, the Quaker poet, in writing about Irish emigrants among us, says:—“For myself, I confess I feel sympathy for the Irishman. I see him as the representative of a generous, warm-hearted and cruelly oppressed people. That he loves his native land—that he cannot forget the claims of his mother island; that his religion is dear to him; does not decrease my estimation of him. A stranger in a strange land, he is to me an object of interest. The poorest and rudest has a romance in his history. Amidst all his gaiety of heart and national drollery, and wit, the poor emigrant has sad thoughts of the ‘ould mother of him,’ sitting lonely in her solitary cabin by the bog side; recollections of a father’s blessings and a sister’s farewell; that sister loved so devotedly, are haunting him; a grave-mound in a distant church-yard, far beyond the ‘wide wathers,’ has an eternal greenness in his memory; for there, perhaps, lies ‘a darlint child,’ or a ‘sweet crather,’ who once loved him; the New World is forgotten for the moment, but Killarney and the Liffy sparkle before him; Glendalough stretches beneath him its dark, still mirror; he sees the same evening sunshine rest upon and hallow alike with nature’s blessing the ruins of the seven churches



of Ireland's apostolic age, the broken mound of the Druids, and the round towers of the Phœnician sun-worshippers: beautiful and mournful recollections of home awaken within him, and the rough and seemingly careless and light-hearted laborer melts into tears. It is no light thing to abandon one's country gods. Touchingly beautiful was the injunction of the Prophet of the Hebrews:—"Ye shall not oppress the stranger, for ye know not the heart of the stranger, seeing that ye were strangers in the land of Egypt."

**THE GREAT SIN OF THE REFORMATION.**—Alison in his History of Europe, though a Protestant, makes the following candid admission in speaking of the Reformation:

"The great sin of the Reformation was the confiscation of so large a portion of the property of the Church for the aggrandizement of temporal ambition, and the enriching of the nobility, who had taken a part in the struggle. When that great convulsion broke out, nearly a third of the whole landed estates in the counties, which it embraced, was in the hands of the regular parochial clergy of the Roman Catholic Church. What a noble fund was this for the moral and religious instruction of the people, for the promulgation of truth, the healing of sickness, the assuaging of suffering! Had it been kept together, and set apart for such sacred purposes, what incalculable and never-ending blessings would it have conferred upon society. Expanding and increasing with the growth of population, the augmentation of wealth, the swell of pauperism, it would have kept the instruction and fortunes of the poor abreast of the progress and fortunes of society, and prevented in a great measure, that fatal effect, so well known in Great Britain in subsequent times, of the National Church falling behind the wants of the inhabitants, and a mass of civilized heathenism arising in the very heart of a Christian land. Almost all the social evils under which Great Britain is now laboring, may be traced to this fatal and most iniquitous spoliation, under the mask of religion, of the patrimony of the poor, on the occasion of the Reformation."

**DYING WORDS OF NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE.**—The dying hours lingered slowly away, during which inarticulate murmurs were occasionally heard from the lips of the illustrious sufferer. "Twice I thought," says Montholon, "that I distinguished the unconnected words, '*France—army—head of the army—Josephine.*'" This was at six o'clock in the morning. During the rest of the day, until six o'clock in the evening, he was lying upon his back, with his right hand out of the bed, and his eyes fixed, seemingly absorbed in deep meditation, and without any appearance of suffering. A pleasant and placid expression was spread over his features, as if he were sweetly sleeping.

A dark and tempestuous night succeeded the stormy day. The gale, with increasing fury, swept the ocean and the black rocks, and wailed as mournful a dirge as could fall on mortal ears. The very island seemed to shake before the gigantic billows, hurled against its craggy cliffs by the spirit of the storm. In the midnight darkness of that terrific elemental war, the spirit of Napoleon passed the earthly veil, and entered the dread unknown.

"*Isle of Elba—Napoleon,*" were the last words of the gentle and loving Josephine. "*France—the army—Josephine,*" were the last images which lingered in the heart, and the last words which trembled upon the lips of the dying Emperor. Abbott.

**PRINTING** has been happily defined "the art which preserves arts." Printing makes the orator more than an orator. It catches up his dying words, and breathes into them the breath of life. It is the gallery through which the orator, the statesman, the historian, speaks to the ear of ages, and instructs rising generations.

**ALMS-GIVING.**—We cannot make a better use of our earthly goods, says St. Vincent of Paul, than employ them in works of charity; by this means we make them return to God, who is their source, and who is also the last end to which every thing should be referred.

**HUMILITY** is the virtue most strongly inculcated by our Divine Lord, and practised by his Holy Mother, and the greatest saints. It includes all other virtues, and when sincere introduces all to the heart.



**There is Life.**—If we die to-day, the sun will shine as brightly, and the birds sing as sweetly to-morrow. Business will not be suspended a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought upon our memories. "Is he dead?" will be the solemn inquiry of a few, as they pass to their work. But no one will miss us except our immediate connections, and in a short time they will forget us, and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them. Thus shall we all, now active in life, pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years not a living being can say, "I remember him!" We lived in another age and did business with those who slumber in the tomb. Thus is life. How rapidly it passes.

**MODESTY.**—Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than the false. The one guards virtue; the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is repugnant to the rules of right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is opposite to the humor of companions. True modesty avoids every thing that is criminal, false modesty every thing that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general undetermined instinct; the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence and religion. *Spectator.*

**TURKISH CUSTOMS.**—The Turks abhor the hat, but uncovering the head, which with us is an expression of respect, is considered by them disrespectful and indecent. No offence is given by keeping on a hat in mosque, but shoes must be left at the threshold; the slipper, and not the turban, is removed in token of respect. The Turks turn in their toes; they write from right to left; they mount on the right side of the horse; they follow their guests into a room, and precede them on leaving it; the left hand is the place of honor; they do the honors of the table by serving themselves first; they are great smokers and coffee drinkers; they take the wall, and walk hastily in token of respect; they beckon by throwing back the hand, instead of drawing it towards them; they sleep in their clothes; they deem our short and close dresses indecent—our shaven chins a mark of effeminacy and servitude; they resent an inquiry after their wives as an insult; they eschew pork as an abomination; they regard dancing as a theatrical performance—only to be looked at, and not mingled in, except by slaves. Lastly, their mourning habit is white; their sacred color, green; their sabbath-day is Friday; and interment follows immediately on death.

**PETER THE GREAT AND THE LAWYERS.**—The law, as a profession, was not the taste of Peter the Great. When he was in England he visited Westminster Hall in term time, and was much struck with the array of wigs and gowns. "Who are these people?" said the Czar to Lord Carmarthen, who accompanied him. "They are lawyers, sire." "Lawyers!" repeated Peter; "why I have only two in all my dominions, and I believe I shall hang one of them when I get back!"

**POLITICAL PARTIES.**—The following list embraces the names of the most prominent political parties in this country, at this time:—Republicans, Whigs, Democratic Whigs, Woolly Heads, Silver Greys, Prohibitionists, Temperance Party, Stringent Licensers, Moral Suasionists, Constitutional Right Party, Liquor Dealers, Teetotalers, Democratic Republicans, National Democrats, Hunkers, Barn Burners, Hard Shells, Soft Shells, Half Shells, Reformers, American Democracy, United Americans, American Protestants, Know Nothings, Know Somethings, American Party, Choctaws, Hindoos, Sons of the Republic, Templars, Land Reformers, Anti-Renters, Liberal Party, Practical Democrats, German Democracy, Working Men.

**BEAUTY.**—What is the blooming tincture of the skin,  
To peace of mind, and harmony within?  
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,  
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?  
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,  
With comeliness of word, or deeds compare?  
No:—those at first th' unwary heart may gain;  
But these, these only, can the heart retain. *Gay.*



**MINE.**—We are indebted to a California paper for the following:—We heard an unfortunate grammarian, who had made an unsuccessful tour to the gold regions, muttering to himself as he hastened home: Positive, *mine*; comparative, *miner*; superlative, *minus*.

**BEN JOHNSON.**—A vintner to whom Ben Johnson was once in debt, invited him to dine at the Falcon Tavern, and told him that if he would give an immediate answer to the following questions he would forgive him his debt. The vintner asked him what God is best pleased with, what the devil is best pleased with, what the world is best pleased with, and what he (the vintner) was best pleased with? Ben, without the least hesitation, gave the following reply, which, as an impromptu, deserves no small share of praise:

God is best pleased when men forsake their sin;  
The devil is best pleased when they persist therein;  
The world is best pleased when thou dost sell good wine;  
And thou'rt best pleased when I do pay for mine.

**ECHOES.**—The best echoes (says a writer on architecture) are produced by parallel walls. At a villa near Milan, there extended two parallel wings about fifty-eight paces from each other, the surfaces of which are unbroken either by doors or windows. The sound of the human voice, or rather a word quickly pronounced, is repeated above forty times, and the report of a pistol from fifty to sixty times. Dr. Plot mentions an echo in Woodstock Park, which repeats seventeen syllables by day and twenty by night. An echo on the North side of Shipley church, in Sussex, repeats twenty syllables. There is almost a remarkable echo in the venerable church of St. Albans.

**TRUTH** is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labor of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in a few words. It will never be palatable to those who are determined not to relinquish error, but can never give offence to the honest and well-meaning.

**LAWYERS.**—A man from the country once applied to a legal friend for advice, and after detailing all the particulars of his case, he was asked by the attorney if he was sure that he stated the facts as they occurred. "O, yea," rejoined the applicant, "I thought it best to tell you the plain truth; you can put in the *lies* yourself."

**GOOD ADVICE.**—If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,  
Five things observe with care;  
Of *whom* you speak, to *whom* you speak,  
And *how*, and *when*, and *where*.

**FALSE** happiness is like false money; it passes for a while as well as the true, and serves ordinary occasions; but when brought to the touch, we find lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.

**INDUSTRIOUS PEOPLE.**—The young lady who reads romances in bed; the friend who is always engaged when you call, and the correspondent who cannot find time to answer your letters.

**WHEN** God fashioned the heart of man, his first ingredient was goodness—the peculiar character of the Divine nature—and to be the mark left by the beneficent hand of the Maker.

**FRUGALITY** may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberality.

**GRATITUDE** is the fairest flower that springs from the soul; and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.

**THOSE** who do injury to others, are not only accountable for the actual evil they inflict, but also for the perversion of feeling which they give rise to in their victims.

**THEY** who would abandon a friend for one error, know but little of the human character, and prove that their hearts are as cold as their judgment is weak.



## Review of Current Literature.

1. LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY AND TRAGIC POETRY, AS ILLUSTRATED BY SHAKESPEARE. By *Henry Reed*, late Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is a second series of lectures from the pen of the late Professor Reed, whose bright career was closed, untimely, when the ill-fated Arctic went down into the deep. The Hon. William B. Reed, by whom the volume has been given to the public, with occasional notes and additions and a graceful and touching preface, has not only, in so doing, discharged an obligation of fraternal piety, but has rendered a service to his countrymen and to historical literature and criticism.

The larger portion of the work, embracing ten lectures, is devoted to the illustration of English history by the historical plays of Shakespeare. Few of us are aware of the extent to which our ideas of historical events and of the men who took part in them, are formed and modified by the works of the great masters of fiction, who have woven the mingled yarn of fancy and reality into historical drama or romance. It is only of late that the historic muse has condescended to borrow the arts of any of her sisters. To make the record of the past unfold a living pageant, with men and women, kings and priests and peasants, moving as they were—to paint their dress and manners—to open their households, and unveil their temples—to bring their ideas and their habits of thought and life, from the dead centuries with which they died in the flesh, into visible and animate array before the men who have come after them—all this, until lately, was deemed the province of the poet and romancer. The duties of the historian, under the old order of things, were assumed to be confined to "facts," as they were called—as if the manners and thoughts, the lives and conversation of men, and the resulting or inspiring principles and spirit of the ages, were not the grand human facts, to which the details of the annual registers and the tables of statistics are but tributary minutiae. Thus it was that men's memories found scarce any thing to dwell on, in the empty frame work of old history, and thus the historical dramatist and romancer became in fact our historians, clothing the skeleton of the past in its corporeal raiment, and informing it anew with the soul which was all it had of immortality. It would be curious to investigate how far many of those about us have derived their ideas of the celestial hierarchy from the epics of Milton. Not less interesting would it be to inquire how much of English History and the deeds and characters of the great men who wrought it, have come to us from Shakespeare and Walter Scott.

But we have not room to enlarge on the topic, nor to do more, in regard to the work before us, on that point, than commend to the reader the 'skillful and eloquent manner in which the lamented author has carried out the suggestions of his subject. The popular and attractive form and style of the lectures and their philosophical and candid spirit, will make them a permanent portion, we are sure, of the literary department to which they belong.

The last four lectures of the series are occupied with a critical analysis of the four great tragedies of Shakespeare—*Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet* and *Othello*—as illustrating tragic poetry and its chief end and aim.

We are not sure that we agree with Professor Reed, in the principle with which he starts, that "the upper air of poetry is the atmosphere of sorrow," and that tragedy is therefore the result of "the highest poetic inspiration." It strikes us that this is by no means "a truth," as he would have it, "attested by every department of art." There would be no difficulty, we think, in shewing illustrious and conclusive examples to the contrary, in poetry, painting and sculpture. The *Apollo* and the *Venus*—the former especially—are at least as lofty in the scale of art, as the *Laocoon*, the *Niobe*, or the *Gladiator*. The *Transfiguration of Raphael*, the *Conceptions of Murillo* and the *Assumption of Titian*, are without parallel, we think, in nobleness of inspiration. So the *Iliad* and *Paradise Lost*—to go no farther—seem to us to fall, in nothing, below the



highest heaven of poetical grandeur and invention. Professor Reed has been led, we think, into the error of not distinguishing between the sorrow, which is the special element of tragical influence, and the sadness which appears to mingle, it is hard to say why or how, with all our perceptions of the perfect in the works of art and genius. So far as his argument goes, it would seem only to prove, as between the different departments of the drama, the superior dignity of the tragic inspiration—that “sorrow is better than laughter,” to the dramatist as well as the preacher.

Had we room for further remark, we should probably find reason to comment, also, upon the turn and method of Professor Reed's criticism. The German commentators on Shakespeare—whom Coleridge follows, and Professor Reed after him,—have always seemed to us to adopt the notion of that sect among the Islamites, who believe that every verse of the Koran was meant to signify whatever by possibility it can be tortured into meaning. Whatever can be got out of a thing, they contend must have been put into it intentionally and for some purpose. On this theory, dramatic criticism has become a metaphysical, moral, psychological and æsthetic investigation. Some noble and beautiful specimens of analysis have been the result, but for the most part, there has been but

“Dropping buckets into empty wells,  
And drawing nothing up.”

We do not mean to apply these observations to the criticisms of Professor Reed, so much as to the principles upon which he conducts them, which we must admit, while we venture to condemn them, have been adopted with singular success by several able men. We could have wished, however, to have seen less of Coleridge and Wordsworth, in the interpretation and illustration of Shakespeare. The school of these poets has got to revolving around itself, and nothing new comes from it. Like all innovations upon old forms, it sets up forms of its own which are quite as absolute. It commended itself, at first, by its originality, and has ended by exhausting that and admitting none else. Shakespeare, it strikes us, might “illustrate” Wordsworth very readily, but the converse of the proposition is by no means so clear.

2. *HISTORY OF TEXAS*, from its first settlement in 1685 to its annexation to the United States in 1846. By *H. Yoakum*, Esq. 2 vols, 8vo. N. York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Texas will ever be in the general history of the country a point of great interest, from its connexion with Mexico, its revolt, its existence as a separate State, and its final union with our own Republic. We have already had several works bearing the same title, but none with the same scope or written with the same judgment, as the able and correct work of Colonel Yoakum.

As to the early Spanish part, Mr. Yoakum has carefully availed himself of all accessible materials, and gives a better idea of the progress of Texas as a Spanish colony than we had yet met. We regret indeed, that he is not better informed as to the Catholic religion, and especially the early missions, for one of his impartiality and exactness would not have adopted the assertions of Robertson and Forbes, that Catholic missionaries baptized converts after teaching them prayers that they did not understand. Catechisms in Spanish and Indian, used on Texas missions, still exist, which in fullness of explanation are equal to any now in use in any heathen mission: and show conclusively that efforts were made to explain Christianity in detail. This witness none can reject, and others are not wanting, among which may be noted the fact that the missionaries were reasonable creatures.

The Spanish period of rule is interesting indeed; but that which follows is still more so. When we come to the Mexican revolution, we find Americans entering Texas to join the republican cause, and contributing to the final success. They fought side by side with the heroes of the Mexican revolution, and with them achieved independence. The first Americans in Texas were no intruders, and although mostly Protestants, were never harassed by the Mexicans on account of their religion, as Mr. Yoakum shows, although so many school histories of late years insinuate the contrary.



The act of Santa Anna in overthrowing the federal government, and attempting to occupy Texas with regular troops, first led to war. This period, it is actually gratifying to read in our author: the fabulous engagements in which the results seem to shock all powers of belief, are here divested of the romantic, given not only with truth, but with the corroborating circumstances, which must ensure credit. Besides this the work has great merit in a literary point of view: the style is manly, sincere and vigorous: the author is no man-worshipper, and has sought to exalt no man at the expense of others; and has accordingly sought no adventitious aid to invest his narrative with the halo of romance. As may be expected, he has produced a monument of which Texas may well be proud, and which none of our readers will omit to consult for information as to the Republic of the Lone Star.

3. **HELEN LEXSON:** *a Peep at New York Society.* Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is a very entertaining, moral and instructive book. The author seems to have had no other object in view than the welfare of his fellow-men; and indeed the whole train of the story, the selection of the characters and the wholesome moral reflections so seasonably interspersed throughout the work, indicate the author as one thoroughly imbued with moral and religious sentiments, and alive to the importance of applying a remedy to the abuses of society. Thousands of works of fiction flow from the press, but how few of their authors are men of either sound judgment, accurate knowledge, or probity of character! What but impurity can proceed from a mind that is devoid of chastity of thought? What but error can flow from the brain, itself unformed to knowledge? What but emptiness, verbiage and bombast can issue from a judgment itself unsound? Yet these are the works which are read with the most gusto, and which though circulating immensely through the land, are scarcely numerous enough to satisfy the sickly appetite of the multitude for such food. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we meet with an author qualified for the noble task he has undertaken. The subject is one of vital importance, and tends not simply to point out the excesses of fashionable life, but also to reveal some of the good points of those who move in the higher walks of society. There are two opposite extremes which are equally to be avoided: neglect of the poor, and contempt of the rich. The wealthy and fashionable are too apt in their extravagance to look down upon the poor with indifference and coldness, and even to ignore their very existence. The poor, on the contrary, are inclined to judge harshly of their more fortunate fellow beings, and to divest them, in their minds, of every noble and Christian feeling. This work will point out the excess and extravagance of the rich, and in such a spirit and manner as to produce a desire in them of proper moderation. But at the same time, under all the glitter of external pomp and fashion, it reveals many a noble heart, many a generous emotion, many a charitable spirit. The poor must not therefore make a wholesale condemnation of the wealthy, but learn to discriminate, and judge favorably when there is no positive proof to the contrary. On the other hand, the inferior grades of society should not be despised and forgotten, but while charity opens the heart to the needy and relieves their wants, the eye of the reflecting man will perceive often under the rags of the beggar, a noble soul, and in the very hovels of poverty the warmth of genuine hospitality, and in the depths of degradation the sublimest Christian virtues.

How much nobler is this view, than those of so many who undertake simply to raise the curtain which hides the vices of mankind, and seem to revel in the filth and abominations of the lower orders, gloating over them with the same unholy desire as the miser who gazes upon his treasures. We have had enough of these works; and God grant we may have no more authors, whose inclination will lead them to seek subjects for books in such scenes as these! Scandal is more rapid than fire—its ravages desolate the human race, and introduce sin and wretchedness into many a garden of Eden. The very exhibition of vice is scandalous; and hence it is that even the work before us is not void of defect, though modesty is its reigning characteristic. The



scenes of gaiety and dissipation may lead some into the very labyrinth which is pointed out as dangerous. Another defect is that the descriptions even of virtuous acts of a tender nature are, perhaps, too voluptuous, especially for those whose passions are easily aroused, and may make them imagine that they too are destined to the same lot, when perhaps their craving is not to be satisfied; it is better not to excite it at all, if possible.

We would be much pleased to analyze the whole story and exhibit its principal points, but time will not allow us to do more than hint at some of the dominant characters. You behold in Mrs. Grantby the worldly woman; in Mrs. Leeson a model of domestic devotion; in Maovell the perfection of the beau; in Laura the sadness (though excessive) of a true widow; in Robert Leeson the deplorable effects of want of education; in Walter Grey the uprightness, candor and generosity which constitute the true gentleman; in Aunt Seraph affection, patience and good sense; in Helen the emptiness of worldly pride, and the happiness of domestic love; in the elder Leeson the tortures of a wicked man and the capriciousness of ungoverned passion, &c. Perhaps we do injustice to the author by thus drawing out and presenting unsupported, the characters of his work. The plot is well laid and adroitly developed, and the characters retain their personality with scrupulous consistency. The spirit of sectarian bigotry is entirely banished from its pages, and the spirit of toleration beautifully inculcated. The good Father Bernard could not have been more favorably delineated by one of his own religious belief. This is the author's maiden effort, and we hope it will not be his last. If he continue his labors in the cause of morality, and improve in proportion to the experience he will acquire, he will rank among the best writers of fiction our country can boast of. His style is easy, flowing and chaste; the descriptions are sometimes highly graphic, and occasionally the language is richly pathetic.

4. *LES SERVANTES DE DIEU EN CANADA, Essai Historique sur les Communautés de femmes dans cette province*, par C. de la Roche Heron. Montreal. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This little work is by a Catholic writer well known here and in France, of whom we need say little more in praise than that he is habitually assailed by *Dick Tints*, the foreign correspondent of the New York Times, who never fails to attack any thing truly Catholic. The book was called forth by the visit of the Nuncio, Mgr. Bedini, to Canada, where he was received with the greatest honor, and where, among other marks of respect, an album was presented to him representing the costumes of the various religious orders of women in the province, with statistics of their communities and schools. To illustrate this the author of *Les Servantes de Dieu* has, with great interest, compiled notices of the origin of the various orders, and a brief sketch of each to the present time. His brevity is his only fault, for his style is so graceful, his tone so purely Catholic, not merely in strict adherence to dogma, but in its traditional feeling, that we regret to find him give only a page or sometimes less to such heroic women as Mother Mary of the Incarnation, Sister Margaret Bourgenys, Mlle. Mance or Madame Youville. Still the orders in Canada are so numerous and so little known, that we cannot but hail with pleasure the accession, expressing our hope that future editions will give it a greater extension, and gratify the curiosity which it cannot fail to create with regard to the religious communities for which Canada has always been famous.

The statistics are taken from the Album, and like it, were prepared under the direction of the Hon. Jaques Viger, commander of the order of St. Gregory, whose acquaintance with the history of his country is so well known, and whose labors in the cause of religion have won him such high honors from his Holiness.

5. *LETTERS TO THE PEOPLE ON HEALTH AND HAPPINESS*. By Catharine E. Beecher. New York: Harper & Brothers. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This book contains many excellent rules for the preservation of that greatest of earthly blessings, health, and may be read with much advantage.



6. **THE LION OF FLANDERS**; or, the Battle of the Golden Spurs. By *Hendrik Conscience*.
7. **VEVA**; or, the War of the Peasants. An historical tale. By the same. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

These two tales form numbers 2 and 3 of the *Amusing Library* now in course of publication by Murphy & Co. They are more than amusing, they are interesting, thrilling episodes in the history of Belgium, and will no doubt be sought for eagerly by all that love the true romance. Although they only profess to be tales, their perusal will refute most strongly the oft-repeated accusation that the Catholic clergy are hostile to the liberties and rights of the people. Yet we are not to judge from this that they are exclusively Catholic in their tone. The general reader will not meet with any thing that will ruffle the most prejudiced. Indeed, no stronger proof of the Church's devotion could be advanced than the whole history of Catholic Belgium; and the generous sacrifice of life, for their country and their God, which its pastors were ever ready to offer up and to which they elevated the minds of their flocks, has no parallel in the world's annals. But the liberty they contended for, was a rational liberty, not license; a liberty that owned the supremacy of law and of God above all law, not the unbridled caprices, which to-day canonized principles and to-morrow cancelled them in the blood of all that is good and noble; a liberty, that even under kings and emperors could command respect and enforce obedience, not a plaything for mobs to trample under foot, when they were tired of its enjoyment. The Belgian owes a great debt of gratitude to M. Conscience for his thus unravelling the thread of his ancestors' noble enterprise, and whether that enterprise succeed as in the *Lion of Flanders* or fall as in *Veva*, rational liberty will always gain from the mere recital of the sacrifices undergone and the combats engaged in to perpetuate its possession. We hope that these are not the last, which the eventful annals of his native country will suggest to the author. Love of country and devotion to his holy faith claim of him that he should not allow his talents to remain uncultivated in a field of literature, in which not even the "Wizard of the North" can surpass him.

8. **TRAVELS IN ENGLAND, FRANCE, ITALY AND IRELAND**: By the Rev. *Geo. Foxcroft Haskins*. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We are more than pleased, we are delighted with this book, not only on account of its intrinsic worth, but because it is one of a class of Catholic literature much needed in this country. We have books of travels of all sizes, and almost without number, but there is scarcely one in which the manners, customs and institutions of Catholic countries are not reviled and misrepresented. The authors, moreover, even if they were disposed, are generally incapable from the natural bias of their education to do justice to things that are Catholic. Do their best, it is the voice and touch of a stranger; the life, the soul, the sympathy of the Catholic is not there.

Of the merits of Father Haskins' work we will not speak, but leave to our readers, unmarred, the pleasure they must derive from its instructive and interesting pages; and as the proceeds of the sale of the book are to be applied towards promoting the interests of the House of the Angel Guardian, over which the benevolent and kind hearted author presides, we trust the work may meet with a sale worthy of so noble an object.

9. **THE METROPOLITAN CATHOLIC ALMANAC** for 1856. Baltimore: Lucas Brothers.

This work for 1856 comes, as usual, well stored with statistical and other valuable information relating to the affairs of the Church. Besides the ecclesiastical summary to which we will have frequent occasion to refer, it contains an interesting biography of the Rev. Father Kohlman, whose memory is so deeply revered by the Catholics of this country, especially in the city of New York, the field of his long and zealous labors.



## Editors' Table.

"Once more at our post, Mr. Oliver," said Father Carroll, taking up a scroll of paper that lay before him on the table, and repeating in a humming tone those lines of the poet commencing:

"This world is all a fleeting show."

"That's true, Father Carroll; every word of it true. I verily believe the poet was inspired when he wrote the lines you repeated. The world is fleeting, yea, it is passing away rapidly, and its thoughtless inhabitants are running to and fro grasping after the phantom of happiness, ever believing that the next revolution of the earth on its axis will bring within their reach the long-looked for boon. And editors, poor souls; they are like the rest of deluded mankind. Here we are, and here we have been, for a twelvemonth, toiling amid the summer's heat, and in chill and cold sufficient to freeze out the little of life that remains within us. And all this, for what? 'To amass a fortune? to acquire fame?—a name to leave to posterity? No: not one of these sordid or selfish objects. A higher, a purer, a more philanthropic motive spurs us on and keeps us from dying out-right at the task. A pure, disinterested love for the rest of mankind; a desire to enlighten the fallen children of Adam; to make them better and wiser, and to keep them from being carried away by the delusions of this fleeting world. But, alas! how slightly do they estimate our services. How little do they . . .'"

"Pray, Mr. Oliver, don't always look upon the gloomy side of the picture. Life has its sunshine, as well as its dark spots."

"True, Rev. Father, life has its sunshine, but it seldom penetrates the cheerless abode of an editor's sanctum."

"You are surely not serious, Mr. Oliver," replied the Rev. gentleman, rising up and taking a profound pinch of snuff. "What labor, what duty, more noble and soul-inspiring than that of the Catholic editor? To pierce the bubble of folly, to tear off the mask of error, to demolish ignorance, to guide the uninstructed, to encourage the weak, to lift up the voice of honor, justice and religion in an eternal crusade for right—our banner the cross, our watchword charity.—What more exalting? What more worthy of the aspirations of a generous soul? To know that our humble labors have not been lost in the noble cause of Catholic literature; that they have tended to the development of truth, and the dissemination of sound principles of morality, is a reward, Mr. Oliver, worth more than mines of gold."

"Noble object, I admit, Father Carroll, and one worthy of every sacrifice. But think you that the Catholic Church, in this free land, has nothing to apprehend from the hostility of her enemies? Or is she destined to maintain her position, now that we have but little to expect from the influx of a foreign Catholic population?"

"These, Mr. Oliver, are serious and important questions, and will occupy more time than I can at present bestow upon them. But that you may not think me uncivil, I will attempt a short answer to the first of your queries, reserving the second and more important to some future occasion.

If it be intended by apprehension, that the Catholic Church in this country has any thing to fear from the arming of the civil government against her, I answer unhesitatingly in the negative, she has not. Catholicity has grown so extensive, and taken so deep a root in the soil, and has become so closely warped and entwined around the domestic hearth even of our dissenting fellow-citizens, by intermarriage, by conversions, and the reciprocal obligations arising from commerce, and the interchange of social duties, that the sword could not now fall without inflicting equally as deep a wound on the party in whose hands it is wielded, as on the victims against whom it was unsheathed. Apart



from this, moreover, such a course is repugnant to the first impulse of the American character. Open and generous, with a magnanimity as boundless as the nation; with enlightened patriotism that rises above every petty feeling; the people, as a nation, cherish as sacred the landmarks of religion, heretofore established by their venerated sires, and will never suffer the national character to be tarnished by removing them, while a single fragment of the constitution remains together."

"Danger, however," replied Mr. Oliver, "threatens us from another quarter. We are born and reared in the midst of literature essentially Protestant. Many of the most popular writers, the editors of the most prominent journals and periodicals, the plays, the painting, the current literature of the day, is Protestant, or rather infidel. How can Catholicity, or even Catholic literature, grow amid such influences? How can Catholic youth, circumstanced as they are, avoid the innumerable snares that are set to beguile them?"

"It cannot be denied, Mr. Oliver, but that the worldly vortex, in the midst of which we live, is infinitely more dangerous to faith and morals, and more detrimental to the prosperity of the Church, than the most violent legal enactments. Nevertheless we have but little to fear even from this source. For three-fourths of a century the Church in this country has withstood the combined influence of anti-Catholic literature and the open assaults of her individual foes. Still she has flourished. Her increase in numbers, and in literary and religious institutions, has kept pace with the unparalleled prosperity of the country. Behold her in 1786, at the period when the federal government was moulded into form. She then counted only *four* small churches, now she numbers 1,910 churches, and 895 stations, making in all 2,805 places of worship, and many of these noble and magnificent structures, vieing in dimensions and in architectural beauty with the stately temples of the old world. Then only twenty-five priests were found to minister to the Catholic body, then numbering about 25,000, now nearly 1,800 zealous clergymen serve at her altar, and are even insufficient to attend the wants of the millions to which the Catholic population has now grown. Then she had not a single bishop, now the blank in the hierarchy is filled by forty prelates, seven of whom bear the distinction of archbishops. Then she had not a single school or college, now over five hundred literary, ecclesiastical and religious institutions attest her prosperity in this free land. Then not a single paper bore the title of Catholic, now she has a numerous and able corps of journals, which rise up around her like so many brazen battlements to defend her honor and promote her interest. And to complete the circle of her current literature, she has her periodicals,—her annual, her quarterly, and her humble monthly.

How sublime, I repeat, is the present position of Catholicity in this country! A position that elicits the respect and admiration of the liberal-minded of our dissenting fellow-citizens. This position, too, of which Catholics may feel justly proud, has been attained amid the combined opposition of press and pulpit, and surrounded by all the seductive influences to which you allude. Let Catholics be vigilant, true to themselves and to their religion, and the shafts of their enemies will fall harmlessly at their feet; the future of the Church in this country will be as bright and prosperous as her past career has been one of unparalleled success."

Here the Rev. gentleman took his seat, with a smile of approbation beaming from the ever cheerful countenance of Mr. O'Moor, and a nod from Mr. Oliver, with simple, "You are right, Father Carroll."

"It is high time, gentlemen," continued Father C., "to turn to the duties of the evening. As usual, all talk and no work. Well, now for the despatch of business."

"From the vast amount of literary matter upon our table, it will not be difficult to make selections," said Mr. Oliver, turning over several papers.

"I should think not," rejoined Father C., hastily taking up a document that lay before him. "The Funeral Knell," he continued, reading the title. "Here, Mr. O'Moor, is something that will please you—poetry. It is from the pen of our gifted friend, Mr. W., whose productions are always welcome to our table. It is a tribute to a departed friend."



Here Father C., with a clear voice and good emphasis, read the piece as follows:

THE FUNERAL KNELL.

*Lines, in memory of a friend who died December 25th, 1855.*

Arise and be rejoiced again, all ye who now are sad!  
The time has come when every soul may triumph and be glad;  
The hope of the "eternal hills" fills all the world with cheer,  
While east and west, and north and south, proclaim Emanuel here.

Come thou, my harp! and let us join in chorus new and strong,  
The choirs that hail this "Prince of Peace" with mingled shout and song;  
Hosanna to the Highest! Hark! what tidings strike mine ear?  
A friend, they say, mine own heart's friend, lies low upon his bier!

Why bring to me this mournful tale? thou messenger of ill!  
Flinging o'er festal days like these such grief, and gloom, and chill,  
Enough of woe is born to me from out this strange, cold shore,  
O herald of the killing word! no more of this—no more.

But no—ah! no—I hear again those doleful tidings swell,  
And in the winds that bear them on I hear his last farewell;  
Farewell, my own! I, too, must say, farewell for ever now,  
I weave a cypress-wreath to-day to bind around thy brow.

Thou hadst a fond and faithful heart, my brother, and my friend!  
From which welled up a fount of love that never knew an end,  
Thou didst not kneel with me indeed before one common shrine,  
Yet friendship made me thine the same, and friendship made *thee* mine!

Oft thou didst sit at midnight's hour beside my fevered bed,  
And, till the golden morning broke, upheld my fainting head;  
Thou often wert the sweetest cheer that blessed me 'mid mine *own*,  
If I were lonely then, alas! now am I doubly lone.

I know of generous deeds thou didst, which few beside me know,  
Of which if but thy mourners heard, still faster tears would flow;  
I may not tell them—let them pass—but no, they cannot die,  
High, holy deeds like *them*, we feel, are patented on high.

A thousand hearts, fond hearts, they say, bewailed thine early fall,  
A thousand, too, would fain I hear be bearers of thy pall;  
This truth is still to me at best a mournful joy indeed,  
And only makes my aching breast with keener anguish bleed.

Thou didst not kneel with me in truth before one common shrine,  
Yet friendship made me thine the same, and friendship made *thee* mine;  
Farewell, my friend, mine own heart's friend! farewell for ever now,  
I weave this cypress-wreath, far off, for thy cold, marble brow.

M. A. W.

"Well, Mr. O'Moor, your opinion?"

"The piece is not without merit; but I have heard better poetry in my time. The length of the lines is fatiguing. But the soul-touching theme, which the poet has selected, forbids all scrutiny into the merits of the verse. What more sublime than to commune with those we cherished on earth, and invoke the muse of song in memory of departed worth!"

"Pray, O'Moor, what are those two bulky volumes there on the corner of the table?"

"These," holding them up; "these, Rev. sir, are Prescott's Philip II. Have you read it?"



"I did, and with much care too; I have, moreover, made out a few notes by way of commentary, under the caption, '*Is Mr. Prescott an Historian?*' For my own part I entertain a doubt on the subject. My notes are too lengthy for present reading; I must reserve them for the next number."

"Mr. Oliver," enquired Father C., "what neat volume is that you have kept so closely all the evening under your arm?"

"The *Escaped Nun*," was the prompt reply; "and I have kept a firm hold of her ladyship, least she might escape from us before we had paid our compliments."

"The far-famed Miss Bunkley?"

"Yes sir; this is the true, genuine book itself: not a line of that spurious article, which those naughty publishers in Gotham sought to palm upon the public. If such books, however, find favor and meet with encouragement from the American people, I fear they will not long retain their reputation for liberality and intelligence. I have prepared a few remarks on the book which I will read with permission."

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Oliver. The book is unworthy of serious notice; let it alone, and it will die of itself."

"Have you no more poetry, Mr. Oliver?" enquired O'Moor, changing the conversation.

"Run out, I believe," replied Mr. Oliver.

"What, run out of poetry! you don't say so? Mr. Oliver."

"Well, I don't know. Examine that goodly pile of papers, which I have laid there near the stove, for the purpose of lighting the fire. You may find something among them to suit your taste."

"I see," said O'Moor, with a smile, "your readers are fastidious, and you have such respect for their tastes that you have come to the conclusion not to shock them with second-rate poetry. That's well: but would not a selection do?"

"Not at all. People can select for themselves, you know; and many do not like a rehash."

"Pardon me, Mr. Oliver; people can *not* always select for themselves; and again they have not always the time nor the opportunity. But what did you say about a rehash?" continued O'Moor, growing animated. "Sweet Poetry, a rehash! Can the language of the soul ever become tedious? Can enchanting music ever pall upon the ear? Or can the eye ever look upon the diamond without new pleasure? Poetry a rehash! How can you be so profane, Mr. Oliver?" continuing, in the meanwhile, his search among the pile of papers.

"Here's a bit worth reading," holding it up.

"Its title, Mr. O'Moor?"

"Light in Gloom, or the Departed Year."

"But that's not original."

"O, dear me! but you are mighty original this evening;" again thrusting his hand to the bottom of the pile.

"Oh, here it is, just the piece that suits the season, and original enough too," exclaimed O'Moor, advancing towards the table holding the paper in both hands.

"What have you there, Mr. O'Moor?"

"Nothing less than a Valentine."

"Mr. O'Moor," said Father C., "surely you are not serious when you say that such an affair is suited for our goodly magazine."

"You do not understand it, I see. It is not a valentine; it is only so called from being written on St. Valentine's day. It was sent by a venerable old gentleman, by way of condolence, to a brother, similarly circumstanced in life with himself, and contains nothing improper I assure you. Did you read it?"

"I confess I did not."

"Neither did I," said Mr. Oliver, interrupting the conversation. "Seeing its title I deemed it some trash unworthy of our notice, and threw it among the rubbish."

"This is really too bad," said O'Moor; "here is an exquisite effusion, and it came



well nigh perishing, because it bore upon its back an unfortunate name. It is worthy of better treatment. Permit me to read it, and judge for yourselves."

His two companions nodded assent, while O'Moor read the valentine as follows:

THE OLD BACHELOR'S VALENTINE—SENT TO A BROTHER.—*A Dirge.*

ALAS! my dear friend, I will freely confess,  
That my days like your own are a stranger to bliss.  
Lo! Valentine's here; I behold him once more,  
And he finds me as hapless as ever before.  
Last time he thought I despised his power,  
For his frown was dark and his face was sour;  
And sullenly gleamed the benevolent eye,  
That sparkled so bright in the days gone by;  
But alas! alack! and ah—well-a-day!  
For ever those days have passed away!

'Tis more than thirty full years ago  
Since his kind old face I learned to know;  
I was hardly nineteen when he brought me a pen,  
And urged me strongly, and urged me again  
To write a few lines to some fair dame,  
With full permission to use his name.  
But the fair of those days are matrons grown,  
With loved ones to cherish and call their own;  
Alas! alack! and ah—well-a-day!  
How swift have sped these years away!

Bright were his smiles in these glorious years,  
Gladly his promises rang in my ears;  
I joyfully hailed his welcome day,  
Prefiguring valentines sweet and gay;  
Prefiguring the fair ones with blushes faint,  
Receiving the gifts of the good old saint:  
And divining at once with undue haste  
The writers of lines, so timidly traced—  
But alas! alack! and ah—well-a-day!  
Those glorious years have passed away!

And suddenly o'er me swept a change,  
O'er earth's wide surface I'm bid to range:  
I bade long adieu to my native land,  
And long I abode on the stranger strand,  
And for many a year on that stranger shore,  
My spirit I feasted on antique lore;  
Bent over the graves of the glorious dead  
Too little I recked of the years that fled;  
For alas! alack! and ah—well-a-day!  
Such years fly swift, fly swift away!

When, at last, I came back, the saint looked cold,  
And at every new visit more ready to scold;  
Till vanished at last were his accents gay,  
And frowning and stern he'd chidingly say—  
"If you don't write soon to some fair dame,  
I'll revoke all permission to use my name."  
"Sweet saint!" would I answer ruefully,  
"None fair or brown now cares for me!



For alas! alack! and ah—well-a-day!  
The good old times have passed away!"

But hush! here he comes, and, strange to tell,  
With the pleasant old look that becomes him well,—  
"Ha! ha! at last!" he cries with glee,  
"Ah! *Now* you are penning those lines I see;  
It gladdens my heart, for I had really thought  
The permission I gave you had surely forgot;  
Her name?" "Not *Her*! Kind patron you see  
I'm writing these lines to brother G.  
For alas! alack! and ah—well-a-day!  
Old times for ever have passed away!"

"There," exclaimed O'Moor, as he finished the last line, and perceiving his co-laborers indulging in a hearty laugh; "there, is there any thing in that objectionable?"

"Nothing in the least, Mr. O'Moor; still its name I fear would render it exceptionable."

"Then change its name."

"No, Mr. O'Moor, I think with Father C., that it ought not to be inserted. Our magazine you know —"

"O that's always the cry: our magazine. I believe in my soul, Mr. Oliver, if you had your own way, you would make a prayer book of it. However, the majority rules, and I submit to your superior judgments, but at the same time I must protest against this thing of always having our readers in straight jackets, and their faces as long as if they were reading the Lamentations of the Prophet."

"Well, I will not insist," continued O'Moor, taking up a copy of *Longfellow's Hiawatha*. "Here, Mr. Oliver, is the very work that will suit your taste;—*Longfellow's* last and greatest effort."

"Oh Mr. O'Moor! don't shock us with that catalogue of Indian names."

"Indian names! Mr. Oliver, you hav'nt the smallest spark of poetical composition in your soul. I admit that no small amount of critical nonsense has been written and printed concerning this remarkable poem. While one man finds nothing in it but a tiresome catalogue of Indian names, another sees in it the *Niebelungen Lied* of a new and native literature. The metre too has been as great a puzzle as the matter. We are treated to grave dissertations on its probable Finnish origin, and the critics, with all their official omniscience, have strangely forgotten the fact that the measure is any thing but a rare one. We have numerous examples of it in Italian and French, and it is by no means unknown in English. It is surprising that any one who ever heard the "*Dies iræ*" should trouble himself about the origin of this metre. It is true that in that noble hymn the lines are rhymed, but the measure is identical with that of *Hiawatha*. But I will not anticipate, for it is my intention to present in our next number, a full review of this delightful and original poem. Meanwhile I will take the liberty of saying that it is very far from diminishing the well-earned reputation of its author for elegant, finished and scholarly poetry."

Here the clock struck twelve, and closed our labors for the evening.

LECTURE BY THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.—The illustrious Archbishop of New York delivered a lecture in our city on 17th ultimo. before the Young Catholics' Friend Society, the proceeds of which are to be applied towards promoting the benevolent objects of the society. The audience was one of the largest ever assembled on a similar occasion in this city. The distinguished prelate selected for his subject—*The Present Condition and the future Prospects of the Catholic Church in America*. The subject being one of deep interest to every Catholic in the country, we will recur to it more at large in our next number.



LETTER FROM THE FATHERS OF THE EIGHTH COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE, to the Councils of the Work of the Propagation of the Faith.—The following letter, taken from the November number of the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, will be read with pleasure by all who feel an interest in the objects of that praiseworthy institution:

BALTIMORE, May 18th, 1855.

GENTLEMEN:—The Eighth Council of Baltimore, by which these lines are addressed to you, is no longer that assembly of prelates from all the dioceses of the United States of North America, the voice of which, three years ago, gave expression to the thanks of upwards of thirty Archbishops and Bishops towards your work; even the number of those who were to have assembled here in council, and with whom we expected to meet again when duty convened us, has diminished by one-fourth since the council of 1852. Death has deprived us of the valuable talents of the Bishop of Charleston, and the services of the zealous and indefatigable Bishop of Savannah; but the death, as well as the life of these two prelates, has reflected great honor upon the Episcopacy. The Right Rev. Dr. Reynolds has worn himself out in the service of his church; more happy still the Right Rev. Dr. Gartland, of Savannah, in having fallen a victim to his charity. During the past summer the yellow fever ravaged his episcopal town with unprecedented virulence. Every one who had the means sought to escape by flight from the frightful and disastrous scourge; but this good pastor, ready to lay down his life for his flock, remained at his post, seeking after those whom the pest had attacked, and actuated solely by the desire of gaining souls to heaven. Two of his priests (he had only three near him) were disabled by fever; the Right Rev. Dr. Barron, ex-missionary Bishop of an African colony, and who was for the time stationed with Bishop Gartland to assist in attending the sick, died gloriously in the exercise of his duties; but the generous and heroic prelate was only thereby inspired with greater zeal for the salvation of souls. At length, the malady attacked him also, and he died calm and resigned, a true martyr of charity. His solicitude for the wants of his flock, as well as his unremitting labors, had doubtless, Gentlemen, already enfeebled and predisposed him for the attack of the disease; and there can be no doubt that Dr. Reynold's death was accelerated by the same cause.

There remained only six Suffragan Bishops in the province of Baltimore, but the dioceses of Charleston and Savannah are represented by their worthy administrators. Several of us have made known to you, in particular, the wants and progress of our respective dioceses, and have considered it a duty and a pleasure to acknowledge the generous liberality of the Association, of which you, Gentlemen, are the administrators. Assembled as we now are, we are anxious to manifest, in common, the same sentiments that we have expressed individually: we thank you sincerely for all the zeal that you exercise in favor of the American Missions: we pray, and solicit the prayers of the faithful in our dioceses, for you. Through you we beg to express the sentiments of our hearts towards those generous souls, who, in every country, are associated with the work of the Propagation of the Faith. Moreover, we assure you that we entertain an earnest desire to cooperate with you, as soon as and as far as circumstances will permit.

But, Gentlemen, allow us also to call your attention to the urgent and constantly recurring wants of the dioceses confided to us, and to represent to you, with one common voice, that in several dioceses of this province these wants are very great. Without enumerating any in particular, suffice it to observe, that there is scarcely one that has not a claim to your charitable solicitude. But we fully appreciate your good will towards us and our Missions, and we do not consider that we need add a word to this general testimony, with respect to the state of our province. You will have learnt from the public papers, and the private letters of the Bishops, the progress that Catholicity is making, the increase in the number of churches and priests, and the multiplication of the faithful, still more rapid than that of the temples of religion.

We rejoice at these results; and you, Gentlemen, have great reason to participate in our joys, having consoled us in our labors, and facilitated our progress. May God reward you, by bestowing on you, on earth, the treasures of his heavenly riches, and granting you, after this life, the crown promised to the faithful and zealous servant.

The Archbishop and the Bishops of the province of Baltimore, assembled in council, beg you will accept, Gentlemen, the expression of their sentiments of profound respect.

In the name of the Bishops of the Council,

(Signed)

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK, Archbishop of Baltimore.



# Record of Events.

From December 30, 1855, to January 30, 1856.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

**ROME.**—The first anniversary of the definition of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated with due solemnity on the 8th of December at the great church of St. John. The Holy Father, with the sacred College of Cardinals, assisted at the holy Sacrifice of Mass, and at the *Te Deum* chanted on the occasion. The decorations of the church were in keeping with the solemnity of the festival. Hangings of silk and gauze, of velvet, and cloth of gold of the richest lustre, and 40,000 lights, formed a part of the splendor of the decorations. A solemn Triduum preceded the festival, and the vigil was observed throughout the city as a strict fast day: this the Holy Father granted at the request of the municipal authorities.

**A Conspiracy Discovered.**—A conspiracy, which meditated the most atrocious crimes, has lately been detected in the Holy City. The particulars have not yet transpired. The police had information of a meeting of the conspirators at the house of a butcher in the Via Laurina, and accordingly made a descent upon the premises, made a number of arrests and got possession of some important papers.—On the 18th of December last, His Holiness, in consistory, proclaimed the admission into the Sacred College of four additional Cardinals. The newly created Cardinals are all foreigners except one; their names and country are as follows: Mgr. Ranscher, Archbishop of Vienna, is an Austrian; Mgr. De Reisarch, Archbishop of Munich, a Bavarian; Mgr. Villecourt, Bishop of La Rochelle, a native of France, and Mgr. R. P. Grande, Procureur-General of the Dominicans, a Piedmontese. The Archbishop of Vienna will retain his see, the other three will reside at Rome, in order to inaugurate the re-establishment of the ancient usage of the Holy See of having in *curia* a certain number of foreign cardinals.

**SARDINIA.**—A debate recently took place in the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies of no small degree of interest. It may be remembered that for a number of years an annual allowance has been regularly made for the support of the ministers of a sect of Protestants called the Waldenses. The present government proposed to the Chamber to continue the grant. This was opposed by several of the most influential members, headed by Conte Costa de la Tour and Conte Solar de la Marguerite, on the ground that the government is at this moment taking from the Catholics the undenied and undisputed property of the Church, solely on the ground of financial difficulties. If then, it was argued, it makes a grant to Protestants, it is in fact giving to one that which it takes from the other.

**SPAIN.**—The country is tranquil. A bill for the reformation of the tariff, and another for the establishment of a Spanish Bank of Credit Mobeliér, was in progress. Four Carlist prisoners were lately shot at Manresa.

**FRANCE.**—Active preparations are still kept up for a vigorous prosecution of the war, nevertheless certain indications would induce the belief that France is desirous of a speedy termination of hostilities. It is said that the Emperor is strongly in favor of calling a European Congress to settle not only the Eastern difficulty, but also all the complications of European relations since the Congress of Vienna. And in connection with this idea, a pamphlet has appeared in Paris under the title of *Necessité d'un Congrès pacifier l'Europe*, which is ascribed to the Emperor himself. England is reported to be much opposed to this project, fearing the influence of France in such an assembly. A grand Council of War is to be held in Paris of all the generals who have returned from the Crimea. A large body of troops have returned from the Crimea. Their reception was attended with every demonstration of respect; the Emperor welcomed them in terms of the highest eulogy.



The Ottoman Ambassador at Paris has notified Prince Napoleon that the Sultan, desirous of giving a proof of his gratitude to the French army, offers to his Imperial Highness all the articles sent by the Ottoman Empire to the Paris Exhibition of 1855, to be sold for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the army in the East.

While an unparalleled prosperity reigns through the empire, the condition of the Church is truly gratifying to the Catholic. Never was the intercourse with Rome more frequent. The congregation of bishops and regulars is daily besieged by a crowd of religious corporations from every part of France, soliciting the approbation of their institutions and rules. The religious congregations, especially at Paris, both male and female, are rapidly increasing in number and in the extent of their establishments. The order of St. Francis has just completed two new Capuchin convents, one close by the Boulevard Montparnasse, the other in the Rue du Faubourg, St. Jacques. The establishment of the Oratorians, known as that of the Immaculate Conception, situated in the Rue de Calais, has removed to a larger site in the Rue de Regard, where a chapel of imposing dimensions is in course of erection. In the Rue de Sèvres a large new church is rising for the use of the Jesuit community established there. The order of Cistercian Friars is on the point of being re-established in France, under imperial patronage. A former general of the order, now of very advanced age, the Père Mossi, accompanied, it appears, the Abbé Lucien Bonaparte, now a Benedictine, to Paris. The influence of the latter has obtained for the Père Mossi, a friend of his childhood, the authorisation and the means to restore his congregation to France. The Emperor too, on every occasion, manifests the liveliest interest in the welfare of religion. He recently gave a splendid breakfast service, in silver, to a lottery for a charitable purpose, which was held by the Society of St. Vincent of Paul.

ENGLAND.—A decision emanating from the Consistory Court, London, has given rise to much dissatisfaction to a portion of the members of the Established Church. The Rev. Mr. Liddell, a Puseyite minister, had adorned his church with flowers, pictures, crosses, and other things, that gave it the appearance of a Catholic chapel. These decorations gave offence to the warden, Mr. Western, who laid the subject before the Bishop of London, but failed to obtain a redress. He then applied to the Consistory Court. Here he obtained a verdict to the effect that the ornaments, crosses and candlesticks should be removed: that the stone credence table should be substituted for one of wood, and the various colored cloths to be changed for plain white linen.—Parliament at latest dates was further prorogued until the 31st inst.—Rumors of a prospect of peace were current, but it is stated that a difference of opinion existed on the subject. Palmerston and Panmure urge the prosecution of the war; the rest of the cabinet suggest the importance of embracing the present opportunity to negotiate for peace.—Baron Parke, one of the judges of England, retires from the bench and is to be raised to the Peerage under the title of Lord Amphyll.—*Conversion*.—The Rev. Mr. Wheeler, rector of New Shoreham, recently renounced Protestantism and was received into the bosom of the Catholic Church.—*Catholicity in England*.—From the Catholic Directory we learn that there are in England at present, 944 priests, 708 churches, chapels and stations, 17 religious houses and communities for men, and 91 convents.

IRELAND.—The trial of Father Petcherine in Dublin for the alleged offence of burning some copies of the bible, gave rise to the most intense interest in Ireland. Father Petcherine belongs to the Order of Redemptorists, is Russian by birth, and a convert to our holy faith. His family is said to be of the nobility of Russia. The trial was concluded on the 8th of December, and the jury, composed of Catholics and Protestants, after a short deliberation, returned a verdict of *not guilty*. The *Tablet* of the 15th ultimo thus describes the scene that followed:

"A momentary pause, as if by common consent, followed the declaration of the verdict; and then a cheer, deafening and prolonged, rang through the court, unchecked by the looks of the judges, the gestures of the law officers, or the strenuous exertions of the constables. Not alone did the men—most of them of the respectable class—who filled the gallery, darken the air with their hats, sticks, and umbrellas, amid the exciting



uproar, but many of the ladies, who were in an intermediate gallery, rose upon the benches, shouted most vociferously, waved their handkerchiefs around them, and, in some instances, dancing with exultation upon the seats, took off their shawls and floated them to and fro in the air. A more extraordinary scene was never witnessed in a court of justice. Amid the tumult, groans for the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, the Rev. Mr. Wallace, and others who were supposed to take an interest in the prosecution, were freely shouted for and freely responded to, even amid the dreadful confusion; while cheers for the traverser, Mr. O'Hagan, and the jury, prolonged and increased the excitement."

The departure of the Rev. gentleman from the court was the signal for the renewal of the generous sympathy of the crowd surrounding the place. In the evening the town of Kingston, Dalkey, and the houses at Sandycove, were illuminated in honor of the triumphal acquittal of the distinguished divine.

The success attending the missions of the Redemptorist Fathers in Ireland is extraordinary. One of them writing to a friend in England thus describes the result of the first mission preached at St. Audeon's church: "I was kept up in the confessional a good part of the night, and so were others of the clergy. If we had forty or fifty priests, we should not gather all the fruit that might be gathered; and, therefore, you may see that a mission preached here (Ireland) bears double the fruit of those in England. Thousands upon thousands went to holy communion this morning at the different masses. Two, and sometimes even four priests were engaged in giving holy communion to the faithful, in order to dismiss the people, that others might take their place in the church; and the church, remember, accommodates thousands. You will be glad to hear how Almighty God has vouchsafed to bless our first mission in Ireland, by the conversion of fifty-five Protestants, and a confirmation of eight hundred and fifty, and more than twenty thousand communions. Hundreds and hundreds approached the holy sacraments for the first time in their life, or after many years absence."

The papers announce the death of the Very Rev. Father Murphy, a distinguished Capuchin, at the Convent of the Order, Dublin. The deceased was an intimate friend of Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance.

**SCOTLAND.**—It will be gratifying to our readers to know that Scotland is not behind in the great march that Catholicity is making throughout the world. Amid the greatest difficulties, and despite the stolid prejudices of the country against our venerated bishops, priests, nuns and teachers, 1855 has been an eventful year for the Catholic annals of Scotland. Several new missions have been established; two chapels have been purchased from the sectarians; six new churches have been opened in the eastern and western districts, and others enlarged, and several are now in course of erection; twelve new laborers have been added to the vineyard; several large schools have been erected, and others are in the course of erection; in several congregations more efficient and trained teachers have been introduced. The Marist Brothers of Christian Education have taken a house in Glasgow, which is to be the head-quarters of the Order for Great Britain, and from whence religious teachers will be sent to other places. Six young men's societies have been established, and now number nearly 1,800 members, each pledged to improve himself, religiously and intellectually, and use his influence for this end wherever he may go. Thus hath progressed the great cause in 1855 in Scotland. There are in the country at present 135 priests, and 141 churches and chapels.

**RUSSIA.**—Advices from St. Petersburg bring conflicting rumors relative to a desire for peace. It is said that the Council of State is divided on the subject, and that the Czar himself is inclined to a vigorous prosecution of the war, and that the Crimea should be retained at all hazards. The Grand Duke Nicholas was at Odessa on the 5th of December. Medals for the defence of Sebastopol were distributed; those for the officers were gold, and for the privates silver. On one side is an inscription running thus: "Dedicated to the brave army in eternal memory of the immortal defence of Sebastopol;" and on the other, "From the ever-to-be-regretted Emperor Nicholas, and from Alexander."



**THE CRIMEA.**—There is nothing important from the Crimea. The Russians have appeared on the heights on Ourkausta, and showed some manifestation of an attack on the French position on the Baidar Valley, with a view of restricting the ground covered by the Allies' outposts. They still continue to fire from the north side of Sebastopol, but occasion a trifling damage. The French have ceased to return their fire.

**INDIA.**—The Church in India has sustained a severe loss in the death of Dr. Carew, the learned Archbishop of Calcutta, who died on the 6th of November last. He has been succeeded by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Olliffe, Bishop of Mylene, who has been raised to the rank of Archbishop. He is a native of Dublin, Ireland.

The *Bengal Herald* of the 18th of August announces the return to the bosom of the Catholic Church, at Woorley, of three hundred persons (fishermen), who in 1850, had the misfortune to be drawn into schism by the excommunicated Braz Fernandez.

#### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

**1. ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.—Religious Receptions.**—On the morning of the 27th of December, Sister Mary Cloud Agnes Fitzgerald made her solemn profession of the three religious vows, at the chapel of St. Francis, Mount de Sales, near this city. On the same occasion, Miss Annie Grafton, of Baltimore, received the religious veil, and took the name of Sister Mary Genevieve. During the last month the diocese has sustained the loss of an estimable priest, and three members of religious orders. See *Obituary*.

**2. DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG.—Ordination.**—On the Friday before Christmas, Mr. Michael Mullberger was raised to the order of sub-deaconship, at the Cathedral, Pittsburg, and on the following day the same Rev. gentleman, and the Rev. Thomas Ryan, were ordained deacons.—**Church Dedication.**—A new church at Ligonier, Westmoreland county, Pa., was dedicated to the service of Almighty God, by the Benedictine Fathers, on Sunday, the 25th of November.

**St. Vincent's Abbey, Latrobe.**—St. Vincent's Monastery, near Latrobe, in this diocese, has been recently raised to the dignity of an Abbey, and the Right Rev. Boniface Wimmer, its founder, has been appointed its first Mitred Abbot. This institution was founded in the year 1846, and has several houses connected with it, both in this diocese and in the diocese of Erie. The Abbot, who had gone to Rome on the business of the Monastery, has lately returned in good health to resume his charge under his new title. Father Boniface is thus the second Mitred Abbot in the United States. The other is Father Eutropius, Abbot of the Trappist Monastery at Gethsemani, Kentucky.

**3. DIOCESE OF RICHMOND.—Pastoral Changes.**—The Rev. J. Plunket has been transferred from Martinsburg to Portsmouth, and has been succeeded in the congregations at Martinsburg and Bath, by the Rev. Mr. Leonard. The Rev. Thos. Mulvey has been removed from Lynchburg to Petersburg; and the Rev. J. McGovern takes charge of the congregation at Lynchburg.

**4. ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.**—St. Vincent's church at Mt. Vernon, Knox co., Ohio, was entered on the night of the 20th or 21st of December, and the ciborium carried off. The sacred vessel, at the time, contained the Most Blessed Eucharist, which was sacrilegiously destroyed. This is another evidence of the danger of leaving the consecrated elements in churches, especially in small villages and country places, unless under the protection of an iron safe. Nothing, however sacred, is secure against the rapacious grasp of an impious class that infests every community.

**The burning of St. Mary's College.**—St. Mary's College and Convent near Dayton, Ohio, have been accidentally destroyed by fire. The night being extremely cold, and water scarce, it was impossible to check the devouring element, until the buildings were in ruins. Most of the library was saved, and also the furniture, though more or less damaged. The principal edifice, consisting of a main building and two wings, was of brick, two stories in height. It answered at once the purposes of a school and a monastery, and accommodated at the time twenty-four pupils and sixteen religious, besides teachers, assistants, &c. The religious belong to the order called the children of St. Mary, which was founded in France about thirty years ago. The school and convent were under the direction of the Rev. Father Myers.



5. **DIOCESE OF ALBANY.**—The Catholics at Cohoes, New York, recently sustained a serious loss in the destruction of their church, St. Bernard's, of that place. It was totally destroyed by fire, supposed to have been accidental. There were a fair and festival being held in it at the time, and most of the articles were destroyed.

6. **DIOCESE OF HARTFORD.**—*Religious Reception.*—Miss Louise Carlton and Miss Ellen Purcell, received the habit and veil of the Order of Our Lady of Mercy, in the chapel of the Convent of the order at Providence, on the 18th December last—the former taking in religion the name of Sister Mary Louise Josephine, and the latter Sister Juliana.—On Thursday, the 10th inst., in the Cathedral, Hartford, Connecticut, Miss Mary Mullen received the habit and white veil of the Order of Mercy; taking the name of Sister Mary Michael.

7. **ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. LOUIS.**—We learn from the *Leader* that the Sisters of Charity are about to establish themselves permanently at Alton. They have purchased a large building in that city for the purpose of opening a Young Ladies' Seminary. A location is already selected for a hospital, of which the Sisters will have charge.

8. **DIOCESE OF BUFFALO.**—It is officially announced in the *Catholic Sentinel* that the Rt. Rev. Bishop's Diocesan Council for 1856 will consist of the Very Rev. L. Caneng, S. J., Very Rev. P. Bede, Rev. Charles McMullen, Rev. Thomas McEvoy and Rev. Francis O'Farrel. The council will meet at the episcopal residence on the first Wednesday of every month.

9. **DIOCESE OF VINCENNES.**—The Rev. Father Wininger lately conducted a retreat at Millhausen in this diocese, which has been attended with the happiest results. Besides the reviving piety among the faithful, three persons were admitted into the bosom of the Church. Two of them were American Protestants and the third a German Lutheran. A new church at Millhausen was dedicated and its bell blessed by Father Wininger. The Rev. gentleman then proceeded to Napoleon, where he preached with the same good results. Here also converts were made. Three Protestants, two gentlemen and a lady, sought admission into the true fold.

10. **DIOCESE OF DUBUQUE.**—On Thursday, January 6th, the Right Rev. Bishop of Dubuque visited Sinsinawa Mound College, and conferred tonsure, minor orders and sub-deaconship on the following gentlemen: J. B. Geraghty, T. L. Power, and B. M. Fortune, all of the order of St. Dominic. What added to the interest on this occasion, was the fact that it was the first time that orders were conferred in this beautiful section of country, where Catholicity is so rapidly increasing.

11. **DIOCESE OF DETROIT.**—The Right Rev. Bishop Baraga celebrated Pontifical Mass a little after midnight on Christmas morning, at Little Traverse Bay. At ten o'clock the same prelate again officiated pontificaly, and administered the sacrament of confirmation to twenty-two persons; eighteen of whom made their first communion. In the afternoon vespers were sung in Indian, alternately by the Indians and the Sisters of the third order of St. Francis, who accompanied the singing with the delightful music of the melodeon. The same Right Rev. Prelate was at the remote mission of L'Arbre-Croche, early in December. The Rev. Father Wicamp, of the third order of St. Francis, had previously gone to this place with his community, consisting of ten brothers and eleven sisters, for the purpose of establishing a new mission in that vicinity. Two of the brothers were to receive tonsure and the four minor orders on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. The community has already established separate schools for boys and girls, and intend at no distant day to open a college.

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**OBITUARY.**—It is our painful duty to record this month the demise of the *Rev Pierre Frédet*, of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Baltimore, which took place on the 1st of January, in the 56th year of his age. Mr. Frédet was born in France, of parents who held a highly respectable position in the world, and who were equally conspicuous for their piety. Having completed his studies, and been raised to the priesthood, he attached himself to the Society of St. Sulpice, and was employed for several years as professor of theology at Rhodéz. He thence passed over to America, in 1831, and from that period to about a year before his death, he was occupied in the Seminary at Baltimore as lecturer on divinity, scripture, and history. He was also for some time a professor of history and French in St. Mary's College, which has since been discontinued. Mr. Frédet had a remarkably clear mind, which by assiduous application had become a store-house of sacred and profane learning. His *Ancient and Modern Histories*, his "Eucharistic Mystery," and other writings, will be enduring monuments of his talents and erudition, while his ardent piety, great humility, and kind bearing towards all, will ever reflect the brightest lustre upon his character as a priest of God.



The funeral ceremony at St. Mary's Chapel was attended by several clergymen of the city, besides those of the Seminary. The Mass of Requiem was sung by the Very Rev. Superior; the Most Rev. Archbishop presided at the Absolution, and the Rev. A. Vérot, although called upon unexpectedly, delivered an interesting discourse upon the life and character of the deceased.

A more extended notice of Rev. Mr. Frédet will appear in an early number.

Died, on the 24th of December last at St. Joseph's, Emmitsburg, Sister Cephas, who had been for several years at the head of Mount Hope Hospital in this city.

The venerable Mother Angela departed this life on Tuesday, the 1st instant, at the Carmelite Convent in this city, in the 80th year of her age. The venerable deceased entered the convent at the age of 26, and passed upwards of half a century within its walls. Her family name was Mary A. Mudd, and a native of this State. Also, at the same Convent, on the 19th of December, Sister Veronica, in the 41st year of her age, and 15th of her religious profession. *May they rest in peace.*

#### SECULAR AFFAIRS.

**FRIGHTFUL EFFECTS OF FANATICISM.**—A fearful tragedy lately occurred at New Haven, Conn., the effects of a frenzied religious excitement. It appears that a Mrs. Wakeman, a woman of seventy years of age, had proclaimed herself a prophetess, and the head of a new religious sect, which held its meetings at her house. Among those who attended these meetings was a Mr. Matthews, who, although a partial believer in her views, did not come up to her notions of perfection. She declared that he possessed an evil spirit, that gave her much trouble. This appeared to some of her deluded followers sufficient to justify his removal from this troubled world; they accordingly murdered him in a horrid manner, by cutting his throat in the house of the prophetess. One of the fanatics named Samuel Sly, confessed the murder. Two other murders followed this, perpetrated by the deluded followers of the prophetess. The victims were old and respectable inhabitants of the neighborhood of New Haven.

**SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.**—A party lately arrived at St. Paul's, Minnesota, from the Red River, bringing what is said to be authentic intelligence concerning Sir John Franklin's party, which is reported to have perished on the coast opposite Montreal Island. They perished from hunger and exposure. Several articles known to have belonged to the Franklin expedition were found.

**CONGRESS.**—Congress still remains unorganized. Parties remain about the same they did a month ago. It is anticipated, however, that an organization will shortly be effected.

**LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.**—Among the more important works announced for early publication, we direct attention to the following:

**Messrs. Childs & Peterson,** Philadelphia.—Dr. Kane's Arctic Exploration. As Dr. Kane has penetrated farther north, and examined more minutely the arctic regions than any previous explorer, the work will no doubt be an important and valuable acquisition to literature; and if we may judge from the publishers' announcement of the expenditure which is about being incurred in its production, we may fairly conclude that it will be one of the most elaborate works ever issued in the country.

**Messrs. Dunigan & Bro.,** New York.—A New Life of the Blessed Virgin, by Gentilucci;—Hours before the Altar, by De la Boullierie;—the Conversion of Ratisbonne;—and the following tales: Fruit and Flowers;—The Little Snow Drop, by Miss Caddell;—The Hamiltons, by Miss Berkeley;—Conscience, by Mrs. Dorsey.

**Mr. P. O'Shea,** New York, announces under the Title of "The Catholic Useful and Entertaining Library," a Series of Biographies, Tales and other Works of an Amusing and Instructive character;—The Life of Guendaline Princess Borghese, translated from the German, by the Rev. A. F. Hewit;—The Life of Abulcher Bisciarah, from the Italian of Father Bresciani, by the Rev. A. F. Hewit. We are happy to find this young Publisher commencing such a useful Series, under the guidance of one so eminently qualified as Father Hewit.

**P. Donohoe,** Boston.—Roth's Life of Napoleon III;—Hayes' Ballad Poetry of Ireland;—Smith O'Brien's Principles of Government.

**Messrs. Webb, Gill & Levering,** Louisville.—The Catholic Question in Politics; a Series of Letters addressed to G. D. Prentice, Esq. of the Louisville Journal.

**Murphy & Co.,** Baltimore.—Tales of Old Flanders: Count Hugo of Craenhove; Wooden Clara;—The Miser; Ricketicketack: by Conscience, being numbers 4 and 5 of the Amusing Library;—Rev. Dr. White's Life of Mrs. Eliza A. Seton, a new revised edition;—A new edition of Hughes & Breckenbridge's Oral Discussion;—Chateaubriand's Genius of Christianity, or the Spirit and Beauties of the Christian Religion, translated by the Rev. C. I. White, D. D.—The Catholic Pulpit, a new edition;—First Communion, a Series of Letters to the Young;—A New revised and Illustrated edition of Pauline Seward, by John D. Bryant, M. D.—A Uniform edition of Conscience's Popular Tales, viz: The Lion of Flanders;—The Curse of the Village;—The War of the Peasants;—Tales of Old Flanders;—Ricketicketack;—the Miser, &c.—The Gospel Story Book, illustrated;—The Pope and the Pagan, a New Tale, by a distinguished and popular author.



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## MEMOIR OF FATHER ANDREW WHITE. \*

BY RICHARD H. CLARKE.

FATHER ANDREW WHITE, "the Apostle of Maryland," was born at London some time in the year 1579. His parentage has never been discovered, nor have our historians been able to bring to light the history of his early youth. For the Church in England those were gloomy days, in which the lot of Andrew White was cast. Having abandoned the faith of Alfred, Edward the Confessor, Bede, Becket, Anselm and Sir Thomas Moore, England was persecuting, with a ruthless hand, those of her sons who remained true to the faith of their fathers. There were no Catholic schools for Catholic children to attend. The children of Catholic parents were secretly educated in the first lessons of religion and of letters in the bosoms of their own families. The firm faith, the tender piety and the untiring zeal, which so beautifully illustrate the whole life of Father White, may well justify us in supposing, that in his youth he received under the paternal roof and in the secrecy and concealment, which were in those times only a precarious protection for Catholics from the vigilance of tyranny, a thoroughly Catholic and profoundly religious training from worthy and pious parents. By the laws of England, "papists," if they educated their children at home, forfeited £10 per month; if they sent them abroad to a Catholic school, the forfeiture was £100, and "the children themselves were disabled from inheriting, purchasing or enjoying any lands, profits, goods, debts, duties, legacies or sums of money." Those who ventured abroad for education were compelled to go in disguise, under assumed names. But the persecutions of the times did not deter this noble youth from aspiring to the sacred ministry. Denied by the laws of his native country the benefits of a Catholic education at home, he made his studies abroad at Douay, and is supposed to have received holy orders as a secular priest at that college about the year 1605. He shortly afterwards returned to England, in order to labor for the conversion of his countrymen to the faith they had abandoned. He was

\* The works from which the materials of this memoir have been chiefly drawn are, Shea's History of the Catholic Missions; Col. B. U. Campbell's Sketches of the Early Missions of Maryland and of the lives of Father White and his companions; McSherry's History of Maryland; Bancroft's History of the United States, v. 1; and Father White's "Narrative" in Force's Collection of Historical Tracts, vol. 4, No. 12.



soon discovered, and seized as a "popish priest," thrown into prison and with forty-six other Catholic priests, condemned to perpetual banishment, in 1606. In the month of February, 1607, at the age of twenty-eight, he joined the Society of Jesus, and after two years novitiate at St. John's in the University of Louvain, then under the charge of the Rev. Thomas Talbot, he made his simple vows as a member of that illustrious Order on the 2d of February, 1609. He again returned to England and labored unceasingly as a missionary of the faith in that ravaged and desolated vineyard of the Lord. During the period of his ministry thus spent, his life was in constant danger, since it was reputed by the laws of England *high treason* for any English priest to come into the country from beyond seas and tarry three days without conforming to the established church. Father White was consequently recalled by his Superiors, and, having been regularly "professed" in the Society of Jesus in the year 1619 on the 15th of June, he was about this time sent to Spain, where he assisted in instructing the young Englishmen, who were then and there being trained for the missions of their own country. While in Spain he was successively Prefect of Studies, Professor of Sacred Scripture, Scholastic Theology and Hebrew, in the Seminaries founded for the English missions, St. Alban's at Valladolid, and St. Hermenegild's at Seville. He afterwards occupied the chair of Divinity, first at Louvain and then at Liege in Belgium; and by the abilities with which he discharged these duties called forth universal applause. The high and responsible posts which Father White was thus called upon to fill, assure us of his extraordinary attainments in learning, which were as various as they were profound. An account which we have received, represents him as "a man of transcendent talents."

But Father White's zeal for the honor and glory of God and the salvation of souls surpassed his extraordinary learning. In the year 1633, Lord Baltimore, the Catholic Peer of England, true to his duty as a Catholic and philanthropist, and in order to render complete the preparations for the departure of the emigrants, our Pilgrim Fathers, who were selected and destined to establish his Colony of Maryland in America, applied to the Superior of the Society of Jesus for missionaries to supply the spiritual wants of the colonists and to labor for the conversion of the Indians. Father White was selected for this mission by Father Vincent Caraffa, the superior-general. Having already tasted the delights of suffering for the sake of his Divine Master, he ardently and joyfully embraced this new field of labor and privations. His companions were Father John Altham and two lay-brothers of the society, John Knowles and Thomas Gervase. They joined the little band of two hundred in England, and on the 22d of November, 1633, St. Cecilia's day, the "Ark" and the "Dove," bearing the germ of a free and glorious commonwealth, took their departure for the Western Continent. Thus Civil and Religious Liberty,

" tyrannum  
*Execrata truem, credit melioribus undis  
 Spem generis."*

Father White and his companions "first placed all the principal parts of the ship under the protection of God, the Most Holy Mother, St. Ignatius and all the other guardian angels of Maryland." Threatened with shipwreck during the first part of the voyage, which was most tempestuous, the pious pilgrims united with the zealous priests in prayer to the God that rules the storm, and in invoking the prayers of the Blessed Virgin under the title of "the Immaculate," and prepared themselves for their impending fate by humbly approaching the sacrament of pen-



ance. Providence preserved them in a manner which they piously and gratefully regarded as miraculous, and granting them an uninterrupted calm for the remainder of the voyage, guided them safely to their chosen asylum in the wilderness. Having touched at Barbadoes, they arrived on the 3d of March, 1634, in the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay. On the 25th of March, the feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, they landed on St. Clement's Island (now Blackstone's), where Father White offered up for the first time on that virgin soil, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; and having erected the sign of our redemption, the whole company united with the good Fathers in chanting the Litany of the Holy Cross.

At the time of his arrival in Maryland, Father White was about fifty-five years of age. He commenced his missionary duties with a zeal and activity, that would have crowned with honor and glory brows much younger. The first object that engaged his attention was the glorious work of converting the natives to the Christian faith. The little colony planted themselves at St. Mary's City. Father White immediately applied himself to the study of the Indian language, the acquisition of which he found a difficult task, in consequence of the great number and variety of its dialects, each dialect being spoken within very narrow limits, such as a single village and the surrounding country. The gentleness and docility of the natives in the vicinity of St. Mary's City enabled the missionaries to gather early fruits from their labors. One of the Indians surrendered his wigwam to Father White, who immediately dedicated it to the service of the only true and living God, and called it "*The first chapel in Maryland.*" The most powerful of the Indian tribes then inhabiting the Province of Maryland were the Susquehannas, who were subdivided into several smaller tribes, and amongst these were the Piscataways, also very powerful, and the Patuxents. Chiefly to these two tribes our Jesuit missionaries first preached the gospel. Father White, having acquired their language, prepared an Indian grammar, dictionary and catechism, of which the catechism alone is extant, and was found in the archives of the Society of Jesus at Rome by the Rev. Father William McSherry, S. J. Another and far more precious MS. was discovered at Rome by Father McSherry. This was Father White's Journal or Narrative, containing an account of the voyage and of the labors of the missionaries among the natives, and a description of the country and its inhabitants, addressed in Latin to the General of the Society. A copy of this invaluable MS. was made by Father McSherry from the original, and brought with him to Georgetown College, D. C., where it is preserved. A translation of the narrative was published by Peter Force, Esq., of Washington, in his collection of Historical Tracts, and has thrown much light on the path of the historians of Maryland and the Catholic missions.

The religious character of Father White is strikingly illustrated in every line of this interesting document. Every escape from danger, every favorable circumstance in the voyage, called forth from this holy man the most ardent and glowing expressions of gratitude and thanksgiving. The most tender piety and love towards God and his saints, particularly the ever Blessed and Immaculate Virgin Mother, seemed to pervade every thought, word and action of his life. It was a beautiful custom among the early Marylanders, the night of the 31st of July following the festival of St. Ignatius, "their tutelar guardian and patron saint," to honor him with a salute of cannon, which was kept up during the entire night; a custom originating doubtless in the time of Father White, though continued for many years thereafter. Among the first immigrants were a number of Protestants,



and in the year 1638, their number was greatly increased by new accessions from the mother country. The zeal of our missionaries was directed towards these also with wonderful results, for it is related that nearly all of them were reconciled to the Church. The narrative of Father White contains interesting accounts of several very striking conversions among the Protestant colonists, accompanied with circumstances showing the difficulties the Fathers had to encounter, and their burning thirst for the conversion of souls. It came to the ears of Father White on one occasion, that two Catholics of Maryland had sold themselves into bondage in Virginia, and were in danger of losing the faith. Immediately he went to work, raised the required sum of money and ransomed those lost members of the fold, who returned to Maryland. How emulous were our missionaries of the conduct of the early Christians, who even sold themselves into slavery in order to redeem the Christian captives! This circumstance would also seem to prove an important fact in the history of the country, i. e. that slavery existed in Virginia before the introduction of the African. The narrative pays a high tribute to the piety, regularity in the reception of the sacraments and the general conduct and deportment of the Christians forming the congregation at St. Mary's, which, Father White writes, would compare favorably with the Catholic parishes in Europe.

Father White and his colleagues, Fathers Copley and Altham, were regularly summoned by writs to sit in the first colonial legislature of Maryland. Bancroft supposes what was doubtless the case, that this assembly was a purely popular body, to which all the freemen of the Province were summoned. Hence the missionaries were served with writs in common with the others. The State Records at Annapolis, after reciting the fact that writs were issued to Fathers White, Copley and Altham, state that in their names, "Robert Clerke, gent., appeared and made answer, that they desired to be excused from giving voices in this assembly, and was admitted." Thus these humble apostles preferred the work of their Divine Master to the honors and privileges of worldly position.

The Indians amongst whom Father White preached the gospel, though docile and willing to listen to his appeals, were yet closely wedded to their heathen worship and superstitions, which naturally opposed great obstacles to their conversion. Though they believed in the existence of God or the *Great Spirit*, their external worship was confined to lesser deities of their own creation. They offered propitiations to the god *Okse*, and worshipped corn and fire as divinities most friendly to man. Father White's narrative thus describes the ceremonies of their worship: "Some of our people relate that they have seen the ceremony in a temple at Barcluxen. On an appointed day all the men and women of all ages, from many villages, assembled around a great fire. Next to the fire stood the young people: behind them those more advanced in life. A piece of deer's fat being then thrown into the fire, and hands and voices being lifted towards heaven, they cried out, 'Taho! Taho!' Then they cleared a small space, and some one produced a large bag; in the bag were a pipe and a kind of powder, which they called Potee. Then the bag was carried around the fire, the boys and girls singing 'Taho! Taho!' After this the Potee was taken from the pouch and distributed to those standing around, each of whom smoked it successively, fumigating his body as if to sanctify it. I have not been able to learn more, except that they appear to have some knowledge of a flood, by which the world perished because of the sins of mankind."

During the first five or six years of Father White's labors in Maryland several Jesuit missionaries from Europe joined him. We find mentioned in various



places the names of Father Brock, Superior of the Jesuits in the Province, Father Philip Fisher, who arrived two or three years after Father White and became Superior after Father Brock's death, and Father Roger Rigby. Regular reports or letters to their Superiors in Europe were sent over by the Maryland missionaries, which together with the earnest and enthusiastic appeals of Father White to his brothers at Liege for reinforcements, kindled the greatest zeal in the breasts of many of the Jesuits on the continent. Great numbers of them entreated their Superior to send them to Maryland that they might carry the cross, the faith and the sacraments to those benighted sons of the forest. Several did come over and join the little missionary army of Father White. We have seen it stated on the authority of a MS., attributed to Archbishop Carroll, that Father White returned in person to Europe and brought back with him several of these zealous co-laborers in the Lord's vineyard, amongst whom two were mentioned by the names of Fathers Harkey and Perret. The missions were thus rendered very flourishing and successful. The Fathers scattered themselves at considerable distances from each other in order to render their labors more efficient and extended. Claiborn, "the evil genius of Maryland," endeavored to destroy their influence among the natives by asserting that they were Spaniards and by circulating slanderous reports in regard to them; but we are told that the good Fathers remained undaunted at their posts and persevered with untiring zeal and cheerfulness to encounter every hardship and privation for the sake of Christ and souls.

The temporal benefits conferred upon the infant colony by Father White and his companions, by exploring the Indian country, discovering suitable sites for settlements, removing the native prejudices against the strangers, keeping the tribes at peace among themselves and with the Europeans, and disposing them to enter into friendly alliances with their new brothers, were incalculable, and were, without doubt, the chief causes of the quiet and prosperous condition of the province of Maryland for so many years.

Father White went to the town of Mattapan, Father Akham settled on Kent Island, and Father Fisher remained to officiate at St. Mary's. At Mattapan Father White accepted the invitation of Mackaquomen, the king of the tribes on the Patuxent, and becoming the king's guest, lodged in the royal wigwam, where every attention and respect was paid him. The queen emulated her lord in honoring the good and holy *black goton*, preparing his food always with her own hands. Father White converted several of the tribe, baptized a number of infants and others in danger of death, and was in a fair way to gain over to the faith the king and his family, when suddenly it appeared that Mackaquomen's mind had been poisoned and his manner became more reserved, less confiding. The Governor, Leonard Calvert, fearing lest in case of war, Father White might be seized and detained by the king as a hostage, recalled him in 1638 to St. Mary's. After the threatening clouds of war had passed away, Father White in June, 1639, visited Kittamaquindi, supposed to be the site of the present village of Piscataway, and the capital of the Piscataway tribe. The preachings of the missionary worked wonders among these noble and generous Indians. He frequently served them as physician of the body as well as the soul. Some of his cures were regarded with astonishment and awe by the natives, and added greatly to his influence over them. Shortly after his arrival among the Piscataways, their king or *tayac*, Chilomacoon, fell dangerously ill. After forty magicians or medicine men had exhausted all their remedies in vain, Father White asked and obtained permission to become the physician of the royal patient. The Father administered to the king, to use the words



to England to be prosecuted as "popish priests and Jesuits." The sufferings he endured in his London prison were exceedingly great. Though worn out in health by the sufferings and hardships of ten years of missionary life along the banks of the Patuxent and the Potomac, and borne down by old age and imprisonment, Father White never relaxed his usual austerities and penitential observances. Twice a week he fasted on bread and water, as he had been accustomed to do for many years. The keeper of his prison was greatly surprised at his austere course of life, and one day said to him, "What! at your age, almost eighty, wasted by fatigues and hardships, you do not relax your fastings on bread and water! If you continue in that manner you will not be strong enough to stand up under the gallows at Tyburn." The holy man replied, "You must know that my fastings give me strength to bear all kinds of suffering for the love of Jesus Christ." So reduced was Father White by his imprisonment and fasting, that he appeared to his gaoler to be eighty years old, when in fact he was but about sixty-nine. He was finally banished from his native country. Again turning his paternal eyes towards his dear children in America, he earnestly petitioned his superior to permit him to return to Maryland. Some of his companions succeeded in getting back to St. Mary's after the suppression of the Claiborn rebellion and the restoration of the proprietary government of Lord Baltimore, but this happiness was never enjoyed by Father White. Unable to resume his apostolic labors among his beloved Piscataways, he next turned his attention again to his own countrymen, and after a few months of exile this intrepid soldier of the cross ventured to return in the face of the penal laws of the land, to England, under an assumed name, as is supposed. The secrecy which he and his friends were compelled to observe, has deprived us of all account of his labors in England, which lasted however about ten years. He was so infirm towards the end of his life that he could scarcely walk, and his death was daily expected. But Father White foresaw and foretold the day and hour of his death. He used to say, "my time is not yet come, my time shall be on the feast of St. John the Evangelist." Accordingly on that festival, being the 27th of December, 1656, O. S., corresponding to the 6th of January, 1657, N. S., though feeling no worse than usual he insisted on receiving the last sacraments in the morning, and about sun-set of the same day he breathed his last at London in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

It would be difficult to find in history a character more pure or more beautiful than that of Father Andrew White. Religion alone can show such results as this; by birth a man, by grace and faith and love an angel. With his profound learning he united the simplicity of a child. His greatest happiness was to commune with the untutored children of the forest. His life, though varied, active and laborious, was as devout and austere as an anchorite. He was a true disciple of a Loyola, a worthy brother of a Xavier. One inspiration filled his whole soul and guided all his actions, "To the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls."



## IS MR. PRESCOTT AN HISTORIAN?

THIS is a strange question to ask, when England and our own country are ringing with the praises of this distinguished writer. Of the graphic character of his style, possessed of every note that can give fame, there can be no doubt, and it would be consummate folly to hint even at a denial of those qualities, which belong to a classical author, and which will no doubt make his works to be read with pleasure even by those, who do not admit the truthfulness of the conclusions at which he arrives. But with all our admiration for the beauties of his style, and none can have a greater, we may still be allowed to think that he does not possess or at least does not show himself to possess the characteristics of an historian. And in this judgment deliberately formed from a careful perusal of his works, the last with which he has honored the public has more than ever confirmed us. The *history* of the reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain, is in our humble opinion a misnomer.

History, says a celebrated modern critic, is a faithful narrative of past events : or as the Roman orator expresses it in his own eloquent way : " Who is ignorant that the first law of history is not to dare say any thing false ; the second, not to fear to say all that is true : that there may be no suspicion of favor or hatred in writing ? These fundamental laws are known to every one." De Orat. II, 15. In another place he gives utterance to that well-known sentiment, which has now almost become proverbial : " History is the witness of times, the light of truth, the life of memory, the instructress of life, the messenger of antiquity." Ibid. The essential character therefore of history is fidelity, truthfulness. The historian does not, ought not, write for the amusement of his readers, this belongs to the romancer or the novelist, nor to convince them of the probability or possibility of his preconceived systems, this is the part of a philosopher or theorist. The whole duty, the only duty of the historian is to be truthful and impartial, not daring to distort the incidents nor thinking that he is more acquainted with the secret motives of his heroes than those incidents in their first and obvious bearing can warrant. Beauty of description, an order that shines, while it interests, are indeed important for the good writer, but for the historian they are matters of minor importance and are never to usurp the place, which belongs of right to truth. According to Polybius, if a work fails in this, it cannot be called a history.

It is very true that in the events, which the historian feels himself called upon to relate, there are found mixed up certain parties, who are most interested, as all parties are, in presenting their own claims to posterity in the most favorable light. From such parties, who are biased for their own acquittal from the wrongs that have been the consequences of their actions, the historian must keep aloof. He should be no partizan : he must be a judge, whose spotless ermine must be unstained by the dust of faction, and whose integrity must be proof against the bribe of popularity with the advocates of either of the contending parties, who are brought to the bar of his court.

Is Mr. Prescott such a judge? His last work will help us to decide. The witnesses, whom he has questioned for their testimony of the interesting period, which he had selected for the exercise of his talents, are almost without exception enemies to those against whom they are made to bear testimony, and those who are friends, are cited only where their words concurring with the sentiments of their adversaries, tend to give a value to the authority of these latter, which they do not of themselves possess. Thus in speaking of Mary of England, his



authorities are Burnet, Strype, Fox and Holinshed, who would be from the very nature of their connexions averse to grant any quarter to her, who so strenuously opposed the progress of their opinions during her reign, while the favorable documentary evidence, which Andrews and Cobbett had published, which no one has yet dared to answer and which prove his authorities unreliable are either ignored, as if they had no existence, or distorted in so uncandid a manner as to leave no favorable impression of the judge's charge, when he shall proceed to the summing up of the cause. This is "the dark cloud that hung over her reign" and is a more obvious way of accounting for Mary's unpopularity, than the spirit of persecution, of which she is unjustly accused.

Again, in all that relates to the Inquisition, that terrible bugbear of Protestant minds, his authority is Llorente, the destroyer of the records of the Holy Office, whose secretary he was, whose testimony should have been suspected from this very circumstance, even if no exception were made to it on account of his connexion with Joseph Bonaparte in his short-lived reign over the Spanish dominions. Then Puigblanch and the writers of the Orange party and the Protestant league in the Netherlands are made to parade their hostile and calumnious tirades against this "raw head and bloody bones," which they cast in the van of their insidious attacks against the civil as well as religious prosperity of their countrymen. Yet Mr. Prescott had no doubt heard of Balmes, whom he cites only to ridicule, and must in his extensive correspondence with the learned of Europe have heard of Mahul and Lanjuinais, editors of the *Revue Encyclopedique* of Paris, who did not consider their friend and colleague Llorente very worthy of credit, and of the learned and accurate Hefele, who judging Llorente from his own mouth, fixed an indelible stigma on his character as an historian, and in "the life of Cardinal Ximenes and the Ecclesiastical condition of Spain, from the end of the 15th and beginning of the 16th centuries," gave a most triumphant refutation of all that the bitterest enemies of the Inquisition could bring against its character. This reliance upon Llorente to uphold his condemnation of that institution is the more wonderful, when we consider that in the cause of Don Carlos, Mr. Prescott thus speaks of the quondam secretary's claims to confidence. "His omission to do this (viz. to acquaint his readers with the names or some particulars of the characters in that tragedy), may lead us to infer that he had not perfect confidence in it himself. At all events, it compels us to trust the matter entirely to his own discretion, a virtue, which those familiar with his inaccuracies in other matters will not be disposed to concede to him in a very eminent degree." (vol. ii, p. 572). The meaning of this is, that M. Prescott rests his own character for integrity and fair-dealing upon a witness, whose discretion is no ways reliable and whose inaccuracies are so great in other matters, that he cannot be trusted. M. Prescott sometimes hears his Bible read to him: did he ever hear the words: "Every beast loveth its like: so also every man that is nearest to himself?" Eccl. xiii, 19. Even the infidel Gibbon might have told him, that "we must not calumniate even Satan or the holy office:" (Decline and Fall, c. 54); yet in defiance of his own better information, for we know that he is better informed, he has continued to pander to the same juggernaut of prejudice, which made of his other works one-sided, although eloquent, caricatures of history.

Of a piece with this is his continual reference to Meteren, whom his countryman and co-religionist Reidanus (in *præf. ad. Annal.*) censures for his "calumnies, flatteries and dissimulation," and whom M. Prescott calls "respectable authority." (vol. ii, p. 163).



DeThou and Sismondi, M'Crie and Brandt, learned men indeed but enemies of that worst kind, that religious and national prejudices engender, are called in to swell up the ranks of his witnesses against Philip and his ministers. If these make a Nero of Philip, as De Thou and Meteren endeavor in citing that foolish document (vol. ii, p. 219), by which he was said to have condemned almost the whole nation to death for their treasonable practices, M. Prescott should have hesitated to admit the forgery or at least have opened his eyes to the worthlessness of their testimony. But in this as well as in the still more evident forgery of Alava's letter (vol. ii, p. 85), we have another proof how prejudice against the Catholic religion can swallow the most improbable stories. Of Brandt he might have recollected his own observation on much less important topics, vouched for by the Catholic Bentivoglio in his war of Flanders. "Thé Italian historian, he says, affects a degree of familiarity with the proceedings of this secret conclave (he is speaking of the conference in which the confederates debate the propriety of meeting force by force), by no means calculated to secure our confidence." Yet without a remark on the improbability of the information he can bear with Brandt's augur-eyed piercing through the thick walls of the prisons and describing the most secret tortures of the inquisition with a particularity, that even an eye-witness might envy. But "circumstances alter cases." In view of all this we may without injustice apply to him, what a French critic wrote of Voltaire, whose character M. Prescott regards so much that he scruples not to follow his example. "The feeling of humanity ill-directed by an inexact and shallow criticism constantly degenerates into tolerably good declamations, which avail nothing for history, where passion and feeling must give place to intelligence." (Cousin Hist. de la Phil. II. lec). What else could we Catholics expect from such partiality but insulting epithets and injurious insinuations? When our own witnesses are not admitted to testify, at least in defence, and their rebutting evidence is rejected or ignored, we need look for no justice at M. Prescott's tribunal. The good old maxim of the common law, handed down as an heir-loom of liberty by our fathers, that "every man is to be supposed innocent until he be proved guilty," is to be reversed with us: our innocence is to be proved, our very name is sufficient evidence of guilt. And if we venture on the proof and the argument is too convincing, we are silenced by the "orthodox maxim: no faith is to be kept with heretics." (vol. ii, p. 49). Does not such conduct prove that he is himself more amenable to the imputation of bigotry and fanaticism than those he has so frequently condemned for those vices.

It is in consequence of this bigotry that he can see nothing in Philip's words or conduct sincere, while every thing in William of Orange is manly and open, when required. Yet of William he writes that he maintained spies at Madrid and Paris so many and so watchful that "not a word in public or private dropped from the king's mouth without its being faithfully transmitted to his ears," and he could descend to a mean double-dealing, as he did with the elector of Saxony and Philip before his marriage with the daughter of the former, and in a more conspicuous manner when under cover of a banquet he held a meeting of the discontented nobles in his own house and discussed with them the terms of a petition, which was to be presented to the regent, and in the council in which that petition was presented, by a contemptible quibble unworthy of an honorable man, treated as a calumny the report that he was the head of the confederacy. But any thing unfavorable to William of Orange, is like the *Memoires de Granville*, "a doubtful authority:" even William's own words, we suppose, must fall under the same



category. And what are his proofs of Philip's insincerity? Besides the authorities, of which we have already spoken, and on which he does not seem always to rely himself (vol. ii, p. 45, note), Philip's tardiness in answering the letters of the regent and in fulfilling the promises long held out of visiting the country in person, and some letters, in which he recommends and enforces secrecy with regard to the manner of his proceeding, are all. We do not consider Philip faultless, far from it; but we think that if M. Prescott would weigh both these persons in the same balance, a far heavier account of duplicity and insincerity should be allotted to the Prince of Orange, whom he always excuses, than to the king of Spain, for whom it pains him to utter even a single good word. Witness how in defiance even of the testimonies he alleges, he would insinuate that Philip was eager to break the conditions of his marriage contract with Mary. (vol. i, pp. 136 & 139). M. Prescott certainly knows that "diverse weights and diverse measures, are both abominable before God." (Prov. xx, 10.)

And this brings us to another authority on which he pretends to rely with the greatest confidence. The accounts given by the Venetian ambassadors to their government are regarded by German scholars as not much better than mere gossip. Yet even these he can slur over and condemn, whenever they do not fall in with his notions. The example we have just given is one instance of his reliance upon their testimony, and we could easily multiply them, if it were necessary.

Among his good authorities the work of M. Gachard, entitled "the inedited documents found in the archives of Simancas" and "the correspondence of William the Silent," edited by M. Groen Van Prinsterin, stand preëminent, yet of these M. Prescott seems to select only what will give a better foundation to the prejudices he has allowed to sway his mind with regard to every thing Catholic. This is evident from the fact, which M. Prescott acknowledges, that these two gentlemen, whose national feelings must have made them sharp-sighted against Philip, are his warm defenders, even so far as to excite M. Prescott's wonder. It is hardly possible that having studied the matter thoroughly in the original documents, they should be less worthy of belief than one who has shown himself, by the selection of his other authorities, so much overcome by fanaticism as to render his assertions suspected, when he tells the truth. As we have not these works by us to verify his conclusions, we cannot of course speak absolutely, but the man who can so easily read insincerity in all that another does and says, shows that he himself is not too orthodox on that very point. Whatever be our conclusion in the case, this one thing is certain, that the judge has shown a most blameworthy partiality, and has not therefore fulfilled with integrity and fair dealing the task he had assumed.

For one thing however we must thank M. Prescott. No one who reads his work can help seeing realized the observation of the philosophic Sallust, when speaking of Cataline's first attempts to revolutionize Rome. "For in a commonwealth," says that judicious writer, "those who have no resources envy the fortunate, extol the miserable: hate what is old and are desirous of novelty: through hatred for their own condition, they strive for change: feed themselves on turbulence and sedition with care, for poverty is easily possessed without loss." We need only refer to the chapter, which announces the opening of the Confederation and their own choice of a name for their party. It would be indeed unfair to say that all the members of the Confederation were such, but as in every conspiracy against the good order and prosperity of existing governments some



plausible pretext is always thrown out, by which the ulterior movements of the conspirators are disguised, and which serves to blind the weak-minded among the good and true, so was it here. They who were inveigled into the "commission," did not however continue to sacrifice to the rebellious spirit of their confederates, but as soon as they became aware of the iniquitous designs of the party, returned to their allegiance to their God and their king. Even the glorious deaths of Egmont and Hoorne wear quite a different aspect to the Catholic and Protestant. The victims of misguided fanaticism, whom the latter canonize as martyrs, exhibit no spectacle, that can be compared with the Christian resignation and calm, heavenly spirit with which those two unfortunate princes met their fate. And although we may not be inclined to think very favorably of Philip and Alva in this business, their conduct after the execution to the wives and the children of the victims tends very much to dissipate the idea of cruelty, which attaches to that deed and stands out in beautiful and honorable contrast to the wanton cruelty that disgraced the so-called virgin queen of England at the very same period.

Sometimes we are inclined to pity M. Prescott's infirmity, by being painfully reminded of it in the ridiculous blunders which escape his pen. Thus he speaks of the friar Carranza, the Dominican, as "the black friar, a name peculiarly appropriate, as it applied not less to his swarthy complexion than to the garb of his order," (vol. i, p. 438), a peculiarly significant mark of his distorted mental vision, so much inclined to view every thing Catholic, even the white serge habit of the Dominican, in a dark and even a black hue. But this is a misfortune, we suppose, to which all great minds are more or less subject, another exemplification of the Latin proverb: "*leo non capit muscas*," which for our unlearned readers we translate liberally: great men do not stoop to trifles. They are only moles in the sun-beam.

Sometimes also there escape from M. Prescott remarks, which as forced acknowledgements of the truth, are very valuable even for a refutation of his own sentiments. Of such a nature is the confession made on p. 466, of the 1st vol. "Madrid was ornamented with bridges, aqueducts, hospitals, the museum, the armory,—stately structures, which even now challenge our admiration, not less by the excellence of their designs than by the richness of their collections and the enlightened taste, which they infer at this early period." And a little before, "every thing," he says, "was built for duration. Instead of flimsy houses that might serve for a temporary residence, the streets were lined with strong and substantial edifices." Ib. Yet he could write on p. 448 of the same volume these words: "The effect (of Catholic influence in Spain) was visible in every department of science—not in the speculative alone, but in the physical and practical: in the declamatory rant of its theology and ethics, in the childish and chimerical schemes of its political economists." Shade of Don Quixote! M. Prescott must really be making a parade of his ignorance, or desirous of testing the credulity of his readers to a point no other historian would have attempted in this our time, when Spanish literature is so well known. We are unwilling to believe this latter, for it would be a piece of bigotry and fanaticism we could not for a moment suspect in a man of his attainments. We must then suppose that he did not know any of the authors, whom he has condemned in so wholesale a manner, and trusted too implicitly to the good faith of those, who had led him so far astray on other points. Had he read or examined even in the slightest degree their writings, he would have found that even his own lucid and beautiful style would not have surpassed their literary excellence, while the closeness of reasoning made their



theologies, philosophies, law and politics, models to be imitated but not surpassed by our modern scholars, and such as no philosophers of ancient times ever equalled. Rant indeed! It is a new, unheard of accusation against the learned of that period, who have always until this time been accused of quite the reverse. It would not be difficult however to find whence the idea of "ranting declamation" entered his mind, if one could run over the pages of those authors, to whom he yields so much credit. Surely the age that could boast of an Arias Montanus, an Anthony of Lebrixa in Sacred Scripture; of a Thomas of Villanova, a Cajetan, a Vives, a Cano, a Toletus, a Soto in Theology and Philosophy; of a Covarruvias, an Anthony of Lerida, an Azpilcueta in canon and civil law; of a Peter of Alcantara, a John of Avila, a Lewis of Granada in moral and ascetic science; of a John of St. Mary, a Marquez in political science; of a Mariana, an Acosta in history, physics and general literature, and of a host of others, whose fame as masters in every science is yet undiminished, does not show any very evil effects from Catholic influence. All these flourished under Philip II and his immediate successor: the succeeding reigns were even more adorned with men famous in every class of literature and science. "It is indeed a melancholy fact that the earliest efforts of the Reformers were every where directed against those monuments of genius, which had been created and cherished by the generous patronage of Catholicism," (vol. ii, p. 64); and that M. Prescott should strive to emulate these destroying barbarians by ruining the mental structures, which they could not reach, is not less deserving of our pity, than it provokes our wonder. If this be what he calls "breaking the fetters of the intellect and opening a free range in those domains of science, to which all access had been hitherto denied," (Ibid); the human family had better been forever bound. We might almost suppose that he is exceedingly sorry to have attained so great a celebrity and would much have preferred to be without the glory, which "Ferdinand and Isabella," "Hernando Cortes" and now "Philip II," have hung around his name.

We would not however have it supposed that we are willing to defend Philip II, Alva, the Inquisition in every thing. We do not consider them immaculate, nor would we in all things propose them as models. Like all things of this earth, their good qualities are mixed up with bad, and according to our manner of thinking we see in them many blemishes, which no just man could praise or excuse. One is too stern and implacable, the other too haughty and reserved and even cold-blooded, if you choose, for our tastes. But let them have fair-dealing and the full benefit of every doubt in their favor, as the law allows to all accused, and we are not afraid to assert, that they will not lose in comparison with other monarchs, who enjoy such undiminished popularity among Protestant writers.

But we have said enough, more perhaps than we ought. All that we have written of M. Prescott may be reduced to this syllogism. The historian should be truthful, impartial, without favor or hatred: but M. Prescott is wanting in all these qualities: he does not therefore deserve the title of historian. The major is an axiom in literary criticism: our remarks, we think, have set the minor beyond the power of cavil, and leave to M. Prescott only the barren and empty title of a beautiful writer.



## OUR CONVENTS.—V.

### THE URSULINES.—Continued.

THE ancient house of New Orleans has not been a fruitless mother: other monasteries of the order of St. Ursula have been founded by its instrumentality, and are to some extent filiations of the monastery which rose on the bank of the river of the Immaculate Conception.

We have already seen how the large and prosperous community of Ursulines at Havana in the Island of Cuba, was formed by some members of the house at New Orleans; it is scarcely a filiation, but more properly a division of that monastery.\*

When the Rt. Rev. John Mary Odin was consecrated Vicar Apostolic of Texas in 1842, he soon felt the want of a religious female community to educate the young, and in 1846 applied to the Ursulines of New Orleans for a colony of their order, and purchased for their use a mansion in Galveston, formerly occupied by Col. J. Love. The daughters of St. Angela cheerfully consented to aid him, and on the 16th of January, 1847, five professed sisters and three novices set out for their new house, Mother St. Arsène being the superior.† These were soon unequal to the labors of the new field, and like the bishop of New Orleans, the Vicar Apostolic of Texas turned his eyes to Quebec for aid, and in 1849 he appealed to that ancient house for some nuns to form and sustain his new convent: two were granted to his entreaties, Sisters Victoria White, of St. Jane Chantal, and Catharine Barber, of St. Thomas, both Americans, the latter a daughter of the celebrated convert.‡ In 1852 the same prelate, now bishop of Galveston, erected a convenient building at San Antonio for a new convent of this order, and in the following year, a colony from New Orleans, with two nuns from the house in Waterford, Ireland, numbering in all nine professed sisters, two novices and two postulants, established this third convent of St. Ursula. |

We must next relate briefly the origin of the Irish Ursulines, several filiations of whose house at Cork have existed here.

Miss Nano Nagle, born of a highly respectable family at Ballygriffin, on the banks of the Blackwater, was converted from a fashionable life at Paris in 1750, by beholding some poor people waiting at a church door for mass, one morning as she returned from a party. In the compunction of the moment she formed the resolution of retiring from the world and devoting herself to the instruction of the poor. She soon after returned to Ireland and carried her resolution into effect: but yearning for the religious state, she proceeded to Paris to consult enlightened direc-

\* The nineteen Ursulines who left New Orleans, reached Havana on the 23d of June, 1803, and were most cordially welcomed by the Rt. Rev. Juan José Díaz de Espada, Landa, then Bishop of Havana. Of the number, the Superior, Mother Antonia de Sta. Maria Ramos, the assistant, three choir sisters and four lay sisters, were natives of Havana, or its vicinity. As no residence had been prepared, they and their companions were on their arrival distributed for a time in the three convents of the city, and remained there until the 4th of April, 1804, when with due solemnity, they entered their present convent. I am indebted for this information to a communication from the Prioress, obtained by Miss Concepcion Ramirez, of Havana.

† U. S. Catholic Magazine, v. vi, 165—Catholic Almanac, 1847, p. 91; 1848, p. 119.

‡ H. de Courcy. Les Servantes de Dieu en Canada, 29.

| U. S. Catholic Almanac, 1851, p. 185; 1853, p. 136; Letter of Mother Mary Joseph Ursula Quirk.



tors. As they however judged her vocation to be to labor for the poor in Ireland, she returned, and in 1763 she opened a school in Dublin. Succeeding beyond her expectation, she sought to give permanence to her work by forming a religious community for the purpose, and her confessor, Father Doran, of the Society of Jesus, having suggested the Ursuline order, her nephew, the Rev. Francis Moylan, brother of the friend of Washington, proceeded to Paris, and induced the Ursulines of St. Jacques at Paris, to receive and train up a few Irish novices. Four friends of Miss Nagle, Sisters Angela Fitzsimmons, Augustine Coppinger, Joseph Nagle and Ursula Kavanagh, accordingly entered there on the 5th of September, 1769. Two years later these ladies, guided by Mother Margaret Kelly, an Ursuline of Dieppe, for no professed at Paris would volunteer to undertake the organization of the new house, proceeded to Cork, and on the 18th of September, 1771, took possession of their convent, and being joined by Miss Louisa Moylan and Miss Lawless, laid the foundation of the Ursuline order in Ireland. A bull of Pope Clement XIV, dated January 13th, 1773, permitted the first twelve novices to make their profession at the end of one year; and Sisters Angela, Joseph, and Ursula made their profession on the 26th of April, 1774, and Sister Augustine on the ensuing year.

The new community thus organized was joined by Miss Nagle and assumed the direction of her schools; but as she found that they aimed rather at instructing the rich than the poor, and as indeed their being cloistered defeated her primary object, she retired from the convent and eventually founded the Presentation Order, which seven years after her holy death on the 26th of April, 1784, was approved by the Holy See. This order, like that of St. Angela, has since assumed the cloister, but Sisters of Mercy and Sisters of Charity accomplish her favorite work on Irish soil.

The Ursuline Convent at Cork, thus due to the piety of Miss Nagle, has since been removed to Blackrock, a short distance from the city, and is noted wherever our language is spoken for the service it has rendered religion in furnishing the Catholic public with books of devotion and the young with suitable class books.\* Their example has not been lost: this Convent too has been fruitful and has filiations at Waterford, Thurles and Sligo in Ireland, and at Demerara in South America. Colonies of Irish Ursulines have had houses in our republic, at New York, Charlestown and Charleston, and of these we are now to speak, although God in his inscrutable designs loaded them all with trials under which they finally sank.

Early in the present century Father Anthony Kohlmann, a most holy and learned member of the Society of Jesus, was sent by Archbishop Carroll as Vicar General to New York. There he restored religion: renewed the piety of the faithful, and in every way sought to advance the cause of God. Having founded a college for boys, where the members of his society, under the direction of Father Benedict Fenwick, trained them in science and piety, he resolved to procure members of some religious order of women to open an academy for girls. The foundations of Miss Nagle were not unknown to him, and he wrote to Father Betagh in London to obtain for him if possible some Ursuline nuns to begin a house at New York, intending subsequently to send for some of the Presentation nuns to conduct the poor schools and open an Orphan Asylum. The Ursulines of Cork

\* Dublin Review for December, 1843. "The Ursuline and Presentation Orders—Miss Nano Nagle," p. 363. Memoir of Sister Mary Joseph Regis. Dublin, 1855.—Works of Bishop England.



did not shrink from the perils of crossing the Atlantic, and in 1812 three choir religious, Sisters Mary Anne (Christina Fagan), Sister Mary Frances de Chantal (Sarah Walsh), and Sister Mary Paul (Mary Baldwin), sailed from Cork in the vessel of a Catholic captain, of New York, and on the 7th of April, arrived at that city. They were joyfully welcomed by Father Kohlmann and by the Catholics generally, and opening a school, were incorporated by the legislature of the State. Being ladies of talent, full of the spirit of their institute and polished in their manners, they soon won the general esteem, and had a large number of pupils. No postulants however joined them, and as it had been a condition that their stay should last only three years, unless joined by ladies of the country, they finally closed their house, and to the great regret of the Catholics returned to Ireland.\*

The celebrated house at Charlestown, Massachusetts, of which the blackened ruins still stand a monument of New England fanaticism, is connected in no slight degree with the houses in Ireland, inasmuch as its heroic foundresses were pupils of the Ursulines of Thurles, and as their sister and nieces are members of the Ursuline community at Sligo. It was, however, in fact a distinct foundation in the United States, like the Visitation and Sisters of Charity, and Mary Catharine and Margaret Ryan, with their angelic cousin and martyr niece, must ever be enshrined in the memory of American Catholics with Anne Lalor and Mother Seton. Strange were the events which led to its foundation.

Soon after the American Revolution, the Rev. John Thayer, of Boston—who had gone to Rome a Presbyterian clergyman, but converted there by the miracles operated at the bier of the Venerable Benedict Labre, had returned to his native city a Catholic priest—formed the design of establishing a community of religious women in the United States. With all his zeal, piety and devotedness, he did not escape the censure of his companions in the ministry, and although employed for a time at Boston, Albany, and in Kentucky, was soon left without a mission, Bishop Carroll declining to give him a pastorship. He now resolved to carry out his great object of founding a convent, and set out in 1803 for Europe to solicit the aid of the faithful; so new was the plan at that time that it merely drew ridicule upon him from his former opponents, but he persevered and not without success. He at last about 1811 took up his residence permanently at Limerick, and by his zealous labors effected a remarkable change in the fervor and piety of the people. In order to lead them more effectually to God he endeavored to make himself all to all, and formed a kind friendship and social intercourse with several families, whose children he enlightened with higher views of piety, leading them to the practice of meditation and frequent communion.†

In no house was he more cordially received than in that of Mr. James Ryan, whose two sons and five daughters were his most piously disposed penitents. In his visits to this family he frequently spoke of his conversion, of his labors in

\* The act was passed March 25th, 1814. *New York Revised Laws*. Bayley's Brief Sketch of the Catholic Church in New York, p. 64. For some details as to it, I am indebted to Mrs. Dixey, a pupil of the Institution. *Catholic Almanac* for 1856, p. 48.—Letter of Rev. Mr. Fenwick.

† For Mr. Thayer, see Mr. Nagot's account in "*Tableau general des principales conversions*." Thayer's own account and his controversy with Lesslie; Spalding's Sketches of Kentucky. From letters preserved in the papers of Bishop Bruté, it is evident that the companions of Mr. Thayer condemned only "his intemperance of speech," his life was irreproachable, and in London and in Limerick he was revered as an apostle.



Boston, of his darling wish to found an Ursuline Convent there, and of the refusal of the house in Cork to undertake another American mission.

Moved with his description of the spiritual wants of New England, two daughters of Mr. Ryan, Mary and Catharine, unknown to each other, offered Mr. Thayer to go and join his convent. Both were fitted by nature and grace for the task, and had all the advantages of a high and liberal education at the Ursuline Convent in Thurles.

After long and assiduous prayer, and offering again and again the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the Rev. Mr. Thayer wrote to Bishop Cheverus of Boston, enclosing the letters of the two sisters, and the Rev. Richard Walsh also wrote, earnestly recommending them as fit subjects to begin the new monastery. Bishop Cheverus and his inseparable friend and companion, Dr. Matignon, warmly accepted the offer and desired them to come without delay, promising to make arrangements for their arrival and for their performing their novitiate at the house of Three Rivers in Canada. Great was the joy of the two sisters at this announcement, each being in raptures to see that the other was to accompany her. Nor was the joy of the Rev. Mr. Thayer less; he immediately began to prepare for their voyage, but early in 1815 his health began to give way, and he expired on the 5th of February in Mr. Ryan's house, tended in his last moments by his devoted daughters in Christ. This delayed their project for a time, but in the following year they were about to sail with the blessing of their father, who ceased not to bless God that his daughters had been chosen for so great a work, when he too was called by God to receive the reward of his well spent life. At last on the 4th of May, 1817, Misses Mary and Catharine Ryan sailed from Limerick in the ship *Victory* for Boston, which they reached safely. Bishop Cheverus more than realized their most sanguine expectations: no father ever welcomed children with more paternal affection. Doctor Matignon at once proceeded with them to the Ursuline Convent in Three Rivers, where they began their novitiate, assuming the religious names of Sister Mary Joseph and Sister Mary Magdalen. At the expiration of their noviceship, Dr. Matignon in 1818 went to Three Rivers and escorted them to the convent, which the bishop had prepared near his cathedral. Here Sister Mary Joseph was appointed superior and organized the little community. The convent being thus founded, their younger sister Margaret, who had already asked to join her sisters, set out to join them, accompanied by her cousin, Catharine Molineux, a young and pious widow. These sailed first to Quebec, and after spending a week there at the Ursuline Convent, proceeded to Boston in September, 1818. The establishment of a convent in New England at first excited some discussion in the public papers, which protested against any such institution, but Bishop Cheverus by an exposition of its objects calmed the public mind.\*

The community thus augmented by the arrival of Sister Mary Augustine and Sister Mary Angela, for so they are known in the annals of their order, received accessions in the country, the two first American professed being Sister Mary St.

\* Hamon's *Life of Cardinal Cheverus*, translated by Walsh, p. 109. This elegant writer errs in saying that Bishop Cheverus applied to a convent of Ursulines and obtained a colony from them, and also errs in ascribing the raising of the funds to the excellent Cheverus. That the latter is due to Mr. Thayer is proved by the letters published in the *Boston Catholic Observer*, and afterwards in the *United States Catholic Magazine*, as well as by the letters of Mother Mary Joseph Ursula Quirk, which give a full account of the rise of the convents.



John (Elizabeth Harrison), and Sister Mary Frances (Catharine Wiseman).<sup>\*</sup> In 1822 the community consisted of a prioress, and six sisters with two novices,† and their school was productive of great good.

The cross, the infallible badge of the elect, now appeared : but it was welcomed by the loving hearts that glowed with holy zeal to become victims of love to him who had immolated himself for them. The gentle Sister Mary Angela was attacked by a pulmonary disorder, and sank under it in 1823 : in April, 1825, Sister Mary Magdalen gave evident symptoms of rapid decline, and while she was lingering on the verge of the grave the superior, Mother Mary Joseph, was similarly attacked, and perceiving that her earthly career was about to close, wrote earnestly to Quebec to implore the sisters there to send one of their community to succeed her. Mother Mary Edmond St. George (Mary Ursula Moffat) was chosen as superior and proceeded to Boston, but before she arrived the two devoted sisters in birth and religion had accomplished their earthly career and passed to the abode of peace, the holy founders of the convent of Boston. A few days after the death of Mother Mary Joseph, Mother Mary Edmond arrived in April, 1824,‡ and made use of every means to alleviate and soothe the affliction and bereavement of the suffering community, particularly of Sister Mary Augustine, the only survivor of the three heroic sisters.

The house in Boston was evidently too confined, and in 1826 the Ursulines removed to Charlestown, where suitable grounds had been purchased, and a beautiful convent having been erected, to which the name of Mount Benedict was given. They entered it in the year 1827, under the direction of the able superior. The academy soon acquired an extended reputation, and pupils came from all parts of New England, and even from the southern states and British provinces ; while ladies joined the community in numbers sufficient to give every hope of its permanence.

In 1831, however, they charitably received a young woman of a silly, romantic turn, who soon left them, and began by insidious tales and mysterious hints to excite suspicion as to the convent, especially hinting that one of the nuns had died of ill treatment. These reports repeated and exaggerated, poisoned the public mind, and one of the Sisters laboring under an alienation of mind having run out of the house, a newspaper article charged the nuns with having murdered her. A considerable excitement took place, and a body of men who had already plotted the destruction of the convent, seized this opportunity to accomplish their diabolical design. A clergyman whose family have since been most noted in the literary world, especially for exciting works, fanned the flame by delivering no less than three anti-popery sermons in one day, and another conspirator, one of the selectmen of Charlestown, after officially visiting the convent with others, withheld the report, which would have defeated the plan of the conspirators.

Accordingly on the 11th of August, 1834, a mob proceeded to the convent, accompanied by the selectmen. Tar barrels were lighted as signals, no police were present, the crowd increased, shouts were uttered, accompanied with the most horrid blasphemies and imprecations. The superior in vain endeavored to calm them, the doors and windows were soon broken in by stones and other missiles, and the mob rushing in began the work of destruction. The nuns and their

<sup>\*</sup> Letter from the Ursulines of Quebec, to H. de Courcy, Esq.

† Laity's Directory for 1822.

‡ Answer to Six Months in a Convent, p. 6.



pupils fled, having barely time to dress, and leaving all at the mercy of the citizens of enlightened New England! In a few moments all was in a blaze, the valuables and money were carried off, the chapel violated, the vestments torn to shreds, the bible burnt in mockery, the plate carried off, and one wretch taking the sacred species from the tabernacle, went off vomiting his blasphemous boasts till struck with the divine vengeance he became suddenly a maniac, and seemed a victim to devouring flames. To escape the agony he suffered, he seized a razor and cut his throat from ear to ear. The plunder of the convent did not however satisfy the ruffians, they broke open the tomb of the deceased nuns, and finding nothing, left the uncoffined bodies exposed!

Trials followed: but as in self defence the bigots now aroused all bigotry against the Catholics, the chief rioters were acquitted amid the cheers of the people.

As soon as quiet was restored, the Ursulines, who had taken refuge with the Sisters of Charity, retired to Brinley Place, Roxbury, where they resumed their community life. One of the devoted nuns, Sister St. Henry (Catharine Quirk), whose life was ebbing slowly away, her feeble health having been ruined by her exposure on that fearful night, could not bear to be separated from her sisters, and she was actually borne in their arms to her new home. Thence it was her consolation to turn her eyes towards Mount Benedict, that happy abode of her choice, and on the 18th of October, 1834, this angelic niece of Mary, Catharine and Margaret Ryan, calmly expired praying for the deluded men who had caused her death.\*

To justify the whole transaction, a committee, whom shame induced to conceal their names, but among whom Beecher and Kneeland, since synonyms for fanaticism, were the master spirits, published a work entitled "*Six Months in a Convent*," and purporting to have been written by Miss Reed. Its errors and ignorance were exposed by the Superior of the Ursulines in an able answer, and two Protestant writers in the burlesques "*Six Months in a House of Correction*," and "*The Chronicles of Mount Benedict*," cast such ridicule on the committee, that in self defence they issued a supplement, a strange medley of misquoted statistics and frenzied ignorance. †

After a short time the community retired to Quebec, and having made a fruitless attempt to restore their house, in 1838 ‡ dispersed in different houses of their rule: and some still survive at Three Rivers, New Orleans, and San Antonio.

\* Mother St. Henry (Catharine Quirk) was a niece of the holy foundresses, and her mother and two of her sisters are now members of the Ursuline community of Sligo, and it is to her venerable mother that I am indebted for most of the above details, which I could prolong, did space permit me to yield to the emotion they have excited.

† For the accounts of the destruction of the convent, see Bishop England's Works, v. 232, 347. The other publications are *Six Months in a Convent*.—Supplement to *Six Months in a Convent*, confirming the narrative of Rebecca Theresa Reed. Boston: Russel, Odiorne & Co. 1835.—*Six Months in a House of Correction, or the Narrative of Dorah Mahoney*. Boston: Mussey, 1835.—*The Chronicles of Mount Benedict*. Boston: 1835.

‡ They left Quebec, September 17, 1838. For many details as to the Canadian history of these nuns we are indebted to a short account furnished by the Religieuse of Three Rivers to Mr. H. de Courcy.



## ANCIENT MUSIC.

Of all the fine arts doubtless music is the queen. Hallowed in every age by the admiration and love of every people, and chosen to be the principal medium through which earth holds most pleasing converse with heaven, there is in the very name, music, a certain charm which fascinates both heart and soul, and holds them captive by some mysterious influence. For this reason it will not be necessary for us, in treating of music, to have recourse to creations of the imagination or inventions of fancy for the purpose of securing the attention of our readers, since the intellect cheerfully subscribes to every excellence which the heart adores.

We will not here undertake to prove that music possesses the power of pleasing, since this is a truth, the proof of which every one bears within his own breast; neither will we stop to inquire whence it is that music derives this power, for the pleasure arising from music is one which nature intends we should enjoy in silent transport, without vainly or coldly attempting to analyze its cause. Our design is simply to direct the attention of our readers to a few of the many claims which entitle harmony to our deepest admiration, and to support those claims, not by the charms of oratory, or the coloring of fancy, but by the authentic and interesting records of an art, whose simple history is its most eloquent eulogy.

Writers on the arts, as well as the historians of nations and empires, are wont to envelope the origin of the subjects of which they treat, in the dim light of early fable, or to veil it under the myths of remote antiquity, as if a more humble origin than one claiming connection with gods and goddesses, would have been derogatory to the dignity of their themes, and apparently forgetting that the noblest rivers are at first but little streams which arise from sources oftentimes wholly unknown. Authorized by their examples, we too might draw a veil over the cradle of infant harmony, or assign its origin to the gods of a chimerical Parnassus or an imaginary Olympus; but even then we would fall far beneath the real dignity and merit of an art which existed long before even the gods themselves were created in fable.

If we consult the archives of the world, those mighty conquerors of oblivion and cotemporary witnesses of every age and art, what testimony will they give? They will tell us that music counts as many ages of duration as the universe itself; that the lovely companion of Adam, endowed by her Creator with every perfection of nature, and taught by the harmonious concerts of the feathered warblers of Paradise, soon discovered, in the tender cadences and extraordinary flexibility of her own voice, the nature of the precious gift which heaven had conferred on her, both to be as a source of present enjoyment, and also for the purpose of enabling her, at a future day, to cheer her unhappy consort when he should be afflicted by the remembrance of his expulsion from the divine Elysium.

If we consult the sacred writings, we may read in the beginning of Genesis that Jubal, the son of Lamech, was father of those who, in the spring time of nature, sung the praises of the Creator to the accompaniment of the organ and harp. Whence it follows that harmony was, even then, an art, since musical instruments, designed as an accompaniment for the voice, were, at that early period, already invented.

As we descend from the infancy of the world to later ages, we discover everywhere new proofs of its ancient nobility. We find it extending its delightful empire from country to country, from throne to throne. Born in the East, the



parent country of imagination and genius, it rapidly grew in beauty, and daily disclosed, more and more, its lovely charms. The Hebrew, the Assyrian, the learned Egyptian, the wise Grecian, successively selected it to be the guardian of their laws, and the depositary of the monuments of their respective countries. This fact is easily explained. In those very remote ages the nations of the earth, as yet unacquainted with the art of expressing their thoughts in written language, were accustomed to confide their chronicles to verses, which the people committed to memory and frequently sung, and thus perpetuated them from generation to generation. In this manner did they preserve ever fresh in their memory the exploits of their heroes, the precepts of their arts, the history of their gods, their mythology, their religion, their laws. Nay more;—religion itself found a very powerful and indispensable auxiliary in the soothing influence of harmony. The early legislators had learned by easy observation, that the human heart is acted upon more easily, in proportion as the medium employed is agreeable and attractive; and that human nature has to be treated like the sick child, who rejects the salutary but better draught, until the edge of the vessel is covered with honey, when, allured and deceived by this salutary artifice, it at length consents to drink it, and with it drinks in at the same time both life and health. For this reason Hermes, Trismegistus, Orpheus, Zoroaster, the Gymnosophists, in a word, all the founders of the various religions of antiquity, taking advantage of man's natural sensibility to the charms of music, assigned to harmony the first place in the sanctuary. For this reason they neglected not in giving gods to nations, to confide to the guardianship of song the history of those divinities, their hymns, the laws of their religious festivals, the rites of their sacrifices, the popular hymenials and funeral dirges,—being convinced that religion, placed on the altar by the side of peaceful harmony, would exercise a more lasting empire over the hearts of men, than if its laws were written on stone or bronze, or than if it should seek to establish its authority over men, by presenting itself before them, armed with the thunderbolts and lightning of heaven.

If, again, we consider for a moment the beautiful allegories, under which antiquity describes the effects produced by harmony in the heroic ages, what an extraordinary idea must we not form of its triumphant career. Amphion touches his lyre, and that moment the mountains become animated, the stones move, the marbles breathe, the rocks and woods are changed into living things, and a city rises up before our view,—we behold Thebes. Arion, the special favorite of Polymnia, sails from Tarentum to Corinth,—he becomes the victim of a conspiracy, and it is decreed that he be cast into the sea. He asks but one favor, and that is, that he be permitted to touch his lyre once before his death. His request is granted. He plays, and that moment Amphitrite is appeased—the monsters of the deep, allured by the witching melody, surround his ship—he is cast into the sea—a dolphin receives him, uninjured, as he falls, and conveys him in safety to the Lesbian shores. This is not yet all. Neither the empire of the earth nor of the trident suffices for the triumphs of harmony. It must yet extend its sway over regions unknown to the god of day. Eurydice dies. The Thracian bard takes his lyre, and lighted only by the torch of love, he quits the earth, descends to the infernal regions, passes the burning waters of Phlegethon, and those gates which neither wealth, nor tears, nor beauty, could ever open, give way at the sound of his “golden shell.” He sings, and at the sound of his voice the eternal silence of death is broken,—hell for a season suspends its torments,—the shades of the illustrious dead, awakened from their slumbers, surround the son of Calliope; Ixion



stops his wheel of fire—Tantalus forgets his burning thirst—Tisiphone is disarmed—the monarch of the Manes himself, hitherto inexorable, thrice endeavors to resist, but thrice he is vanquished, and Eurydice is at length permitted to return to the regions of light.

Such are a few of the many beautiful allegories under which antiquity bears testimony to the power and charms of ancient music. Much of the coloring, no doubt, is borrowed from the flattering medium of fiction, but even after that veil is removed, enough still remains to convince us of the extraordinary esteem in which music was held in the early ages. Many persons are impressed with the idea that, since at that remote period, music must be regarded as being only in its infancy, it must necessarily have been devoid of many of those beauties which, according to a very natural supposition, it has since acquired:—that its instruments too, at that early period, must have been as rude as they were primitive, and therefore almost wholly destitute of expression or soul;—in short, that to compare the music of those remote ages with the music of modern times, is to compare the struggling rays of the aurora with the dazzling splendor of the noonday sun. Such ideas as these, however, have but little foundation in reason, and are wholly at variance with historical facts. Ages are mutually rivals of one another, and every age imagines that it far excels the one that has immediately preceded it; but this at best is a mere delusion of flattery and self-esteem. Twenty centuries have elapsed between the period of which we write and the present time, and during that long period of pretended progress, how many poets has the world produced superior to a Homer, or a Virgil? How many orators more eloquent than a Cicero, or a Demosthenes? How many sculptors more distinguished than a Phidias, or a Praxiteles? When have the creations of modern art produced a Venus de Medici, a dying Gladiator, a Laocoon, or an Apollo of Belvidere? Or does the age of Pericles suffer eclipse by the side of the 19th century? If then poetry, oratory, sculpture, painting, architecture, in a word, all the other fine arts attained, two thousand years ago, a height of perfection from which they afterwards fell, and which they have not since been able to regain, how does it happen that music alone, the most esteemed and best cultivated of all the arts, did not, at the same period, attain a similar degree of unrivalled excellence?

We must, therefore, bear in mind that, between the epoch so remarkable in Grecian history for the triumphs of art, and the present time, a heavy and dark cloud passed slowly over the whole musical world, and when, at last, that cloud was chased away, its disappearance was principally to be attributed to the few remnants of the beautiful theories of Grecian music, which fortunately survived those ages of barbarism and darkness. With the decline of Greece and Rome, the art of music gradually fell away from its perfect state and pristine loveliness, and at the present time it seeks only to recover its former beauties, and to resume the unlimited empire which it once exercised over the human heart. In fact would it be reasonable to suppose that the first, and as we may naturally infer the most favored children of nature, possessed less than we the gift of invention. Did they cultivate or esteem music less than we do? On the contrary, is it not true that the votaries of harmony were far more honored in ancient than in modern times? Is it not also true that in those early ages music was wont to produce effects which are entirely unknown to the music of the present day? Do we not read how then by its influence seditions were appeased, tyrants assuaged, battles terminated, and even the dying recalled oftentimes from the very verge of the tomb? We might, perhaps, question the veracity of the profane historians on whose authority



those facts rest, did we not find similarly wonderful effects attributed by the sacred writers to the music of the Jews. Witness, for instance, the Israelite women, being seized with the phrenzy of inspiration, when, with timbrels and cornets, they went forth to meet Saul, singing "Saul slew his thousands and David his tens of thousands;" or witness the extraordinary effects produced by the harp of David on the troubled spirit of Saul as often as he happened to be possessed by the evil spirit. From such facts we can readily infer to what a high degree of perfection music must have been brought in those early ages. We must not omit here to remark also that then, as well as at the present time, did ivory, brass, and wood possess animation under the light and delicate fingers of harmony—then, moreover, were many musical instruments in use which are wholly unknown to modern art. Where now are the ancient lyres,—the kinnors of Tyre,—the hazurs of the Hebrews,—the nables of Sidon, or the golden systra of Memphis? Their names have scarcely reached us; they themselves have perished; and yet, in those early times, they produced the most admirable effects:—another proof of the superiority of ancient compared with modern music.

Harmony, like beauty, is a citizen of every country, and, like the language of love which is understood and felt by all people alike, it bears, throughout, the victorious proofs of its empire. Certainly, in no region of the globe is a melodious voice regarded as a stranger, or as an unwelcome visitant. Every where it is listened to with pleasure, and hailed with joy. No matter under what sky it happens to be, like the God of light, it is never out of its empire. Every other art, at some period or another, has been doomed to suffer almost total eclipse. There have been lethargic eras,—ages of barbarism, during which taste and genius were almost wholly exiled from the world, literature annihilated, the muses silent, and the arts consigned to the tomb, without Mecenases or patrons either to admire or weep. But, although the dark cloud which overcast the earth, threw its passing shadow over the realms of harmony, yet, unlike the other arts, the rays of the beautiful art of music were ever sufficiently powerful to penetrate through the reigning gloom, and at no period were its temples wholly deserted, or its altars unadorned with tributary flowers. On the other hand, there is no art to which the most refined ages have paid such marked respect. We find it extolled by the most rigid philosophers, cultivated by the most renowned heroes, cherished by the wisest republics, and honored by the most illustrious monarchs as the noblest ornament of conquerors and kings. Let us here, before concluding, take one other glance at the history of Greece, the parent country of art, and what do we thence learn? That, in the bright days of Athens, it was considered a reproach to be unacquainted with music; that it formed an essential element of Attic refinement; that the sages of the Areopagus were among its most devoted admirers; that Socrates himself, the beloved of gods and men, learned to play on the lute even at an advanced age; in fine, that whoever was destitute of a taste for this refined art, was regarded as one born under an unpropitious planet, or, at least, who had never sacrificed to the graces.

Let us take a parting glance, too, at the various religions of the earth in those early ages, and what testimony do they give? Everywhere we find their altars adorned with the loveliest trophies of this beautiful art; everywhere we find that it was the language preferred before all others for addressing the gods, and conveying to them the incense of earth, whenever men sought to propitiate their favor, extol their greatness, or disarm their ire. Here, the temples of Isis and Osiris resound with the animated music of the systra of Canopus; there, the



Persian magi and fire-worshippers, at the dawn of day, take their silver harps, to greet the first rays of the sun, as he rises above the mountains, or emerges from the sea, adoring in this planet the eternal fire,—the radiant Oromaze, the God of their fathers. At a little distance from these, the dark Brachmin, on the banks of the Ganges, renders the air vocal with Aurora's hymns. Here, the Grecian woods ring with the name of the Olympic Jove;—there the western shores resound with the dances and war songs of the Salians; whilst the name of the sanguinary Teutates, the burden of the Druids devotion, awakens the wild echoes of Germany and France.

But, why dwell we so long on the triumphs of idolatrous music? It is to you, holy harmony of a favored race, who so often presented the grateful homage of the faithful at the throne of the God of Israel, that we must, now, turn our thoughts. Yes! under the inspiring auspices of harmony we behold the Israelites of old marching forward to battle. Preceded by the triumphant banners of Jehovah, the consecrated singers take their places in front of the battalions of Israel, and blending their sonorous voices with the sounds of the martial bands, they thus invoke on their arms the blessing of the God of hosts. We behold harmony introduced by David into the tabernacles of the Lord, and, the moment it enters, accompanied by the daughters of Sion, it imparts new lustre to the majesty of the holy place, and heightens the pomp of sacrifice. David, at the head of his people, marches before the ark, and regulates their steps, by the measured sounds of his sacred harp. In all his canticles, those eternal monuments of his love, he incessantly breathes forth the ardent wish of his soul, that his strains be repeated a thousand times on harps and cymbals, on trumpets and organs; and he wakes up every echo of the Jordan in calling upon all creatures to combine with harmonious voices, in sending up to the Lord one universal song of praise, adoration and love. We are not therefore surprized to find that, in those early ages, the fame of the Jewish music was spread throughout the world. Hence it was, that, in the days of their captivity, the people by the Euphrates invited the sorrowing Hebrews to teach them some of their beautiful airs; but the children of Israel, exiled from the plains of Solyma, could no longer sing. Remembering Sion, they could only sit and weep; their harps, silent and abandoned, were suspended from the willows that grew by the rivers of Babylon. So does the captive bird forget its former songs of glee, and, if its voice is ever heard again, it is only when it utters the plaintive note of its captivity.

From almost every page of the inspired history of the Jews we might adduce additional proofs of the triumphs of harmony in the early ages; but we fear we may have already exceeded the usual limits of magazine communications, and we must, therefore, draw our essay to a close. If, by what we have hitherto written, we have succeeded in producing on the minds of our readers, a more favorable impression than they before entertained on the subject of ancient music, and the esteem to which it is entitled, we have accomplished our object. We now conclude by expressing a wish which finds echo in the inmost recess of our heart, and it is—that harmony, lovely harmony may ever continue to occupy the throne which, from the very beginning, was raised for it on the most exalted virtues, and on the noblest sentiments of the human heart; and may it ever remain, as it has hitherto been, the true exponent of all that is sublime or beautiful—the companion of refined taste—the soul of society and the delight of the world. R. A. W.



## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

*Our Lord proves his mission by the cure of the man born blind.—The effect of the miracle.—The ten lepers.—He goes to the Feast of the Dedication.*

Our Lord had silently refuted his enemies by a question—a question which his Divine Spouse may always address to those who pretend to be wiser than she in her sentences. He chose also to manifest his power by a striking miracle: A poor blind man, known to all Jerusalem, had for many a day sat begging near the temple, and the disciples one Sabbath day asked our Saviour, whose sin had drawn this affliction on the man: for they supposed it a punishment of his own or his parents transgressions. Jesus disabused them of this idea, and taught them that his Eternal Father so ordained for his own glory: and that what the world compassionates is often a real grace unto life everlasting. Reminding them that the night of death was soon to come upon him, when his miracles were to cease, he called the man: and as ever regardless of the Sabbath scruples of the Jewish doctors, he moistened a little clay with spittle and spread it upon the sightless eyes of the beggar. He might thus have cured him as he had cured



others, but he would try his faith and obedience. “Go,” he exclaimed, “go wash in the pool of Siloe;” this was a fountain on the eastern side of the city, between the walls and the torrent of Cedron. It was a place of charming freshness in that climate:

“By cool Siloe’s shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows:  
How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
Of its unrivalled rose.”



The poor beggar had not solicited his cure, but his faith was not weak: alone he started for the rill of Siloe, which glides so gently that no ripple could betray it to his ear; he reached it: and entering the pool which had been formed there, washed, and with ravished eyes beheld around him the stately steps and colonnade which Sallust had reared around this precious fountain. Full of joy he returned in search of his benefactor, and as he hurried by, his neighbors cried out: "Is not this he that sat and begged?" "It certainly is," exclaimed some: "No!" said others, "but he looks like him." He however soon dispelled their doubts by assuring them that he was indeed the poor blind beggar. Still more amazed they all with one breath ask: "How were thy eyes opened?" "The man that is called Jesus," said he, "made clay and anointed my eyes, and said to me: Go to the pool of Siloe and wash; and," he added with all Spartan brevity and energy, "I went, I washed, and I see." Then they asked him where Jesus was, and the man declared that he knew not.

The Pharisees had already formed their plots against Jesus, and had resolved to expel from the synagogues any one who acknowledged him to be the Messiah.

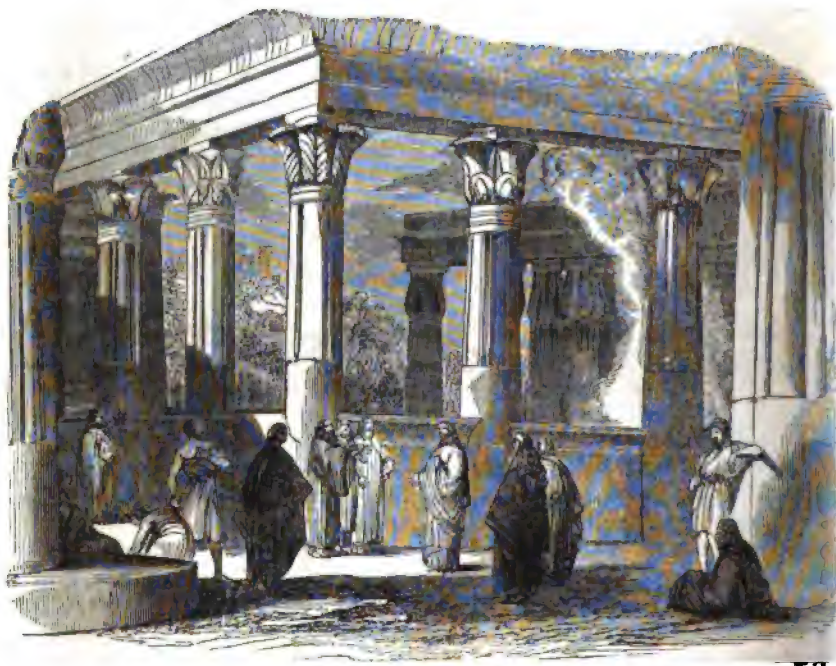


This determination was known, and the people who beheld in the miracle a violation of the Sabbath and a new charge against our Lord, dragged the man before the Pharisees. Interrogated there, his answer was simple: "He put clay upon my eyes, and I washed, and I see." A dispute then arose among them, some maintaining that Jesus must be a sinner because he violated the Sabbath, others doubting whether a sinner could have such power from God. Turning to the blind man they asked him what he thought. His answer, bold and plain, was: "He is a prophet." Suspecting some collusion they sent for the man's parents: but their son's faith was not theirs; they feared and said: "We know that this is our son, and that he was born blind; but how he now seeth, we know not: ask him: he is of age; let him speak for himself." Calling back the man the Jewish doctors said in a patronizing tone, as though the whole matter had been discovered: "Give glory to God: we know that this man is a sinner." But his spiritual eyes were as open as theirs were blinded. "If he be a sinner, I know not," said the



firm believer; "but this I know, that I was blind and now I see." They again asked him to describe the manner of his cure, but he answered: "I have told you already, and you have heard: why would you hear it again? Will you too become his disciples?" "Be thou his disciple," said they scornfully: "we are the disciples of Moses: but as to this man, we know not whence he is." "Why, this is a wonderful thing," was the adroit reply, "you know not whence he is, and he has opened my eyes: now we know that God does not hear sinners to do their will: but if a man be a server of God and doeth his will, him God heareth. From the beginning of the world it hath not been heard, that any man hath opened the eyes of one born blind. Unless this man were of God, he could not do any such thing." Stung by this reproach they cast him out: but Jesus who had witnessed his disciple's contest approached him: "Dost thou believe in the Son of God?" "Who is he, Lord, that I may believe in him?" "Thou hast seen him," said his Divine Redeemer, "and it is he that talketh with thee." "I believe, Lord," exclaimed the fervent disciple, and falling down he adored the Saviour of the world. We know not the name of this disciple, but from the length at which St. John describes the event, he was doubtless one afterwards attached to the beloved apostle.\*

Our Lord was then surrounded by the Pharisees, whom he reproached with their obduracy, declaring his mission in parables. Taking up that of a sheepfold, he said:



"I am the door, and the shepherd of the flock can only through me enter to the sheep; nor will the sheep follow any one that does not enter through me." Keeping up the similitude of a sheepfold, he continued in words which seemed to have

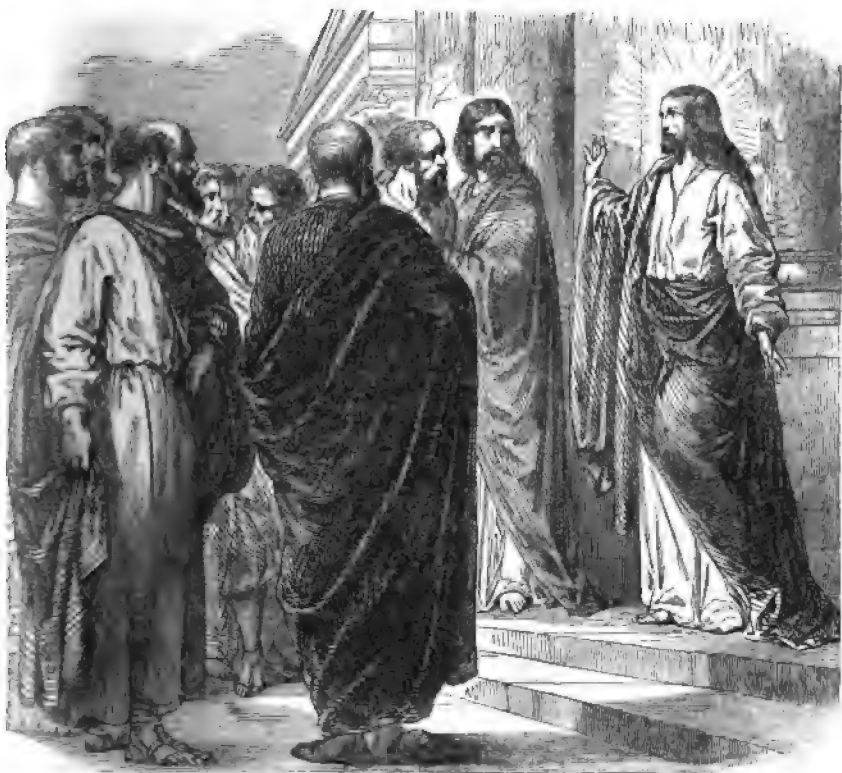


been the life-thought of the early Christians: "I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep; but the hireling and he that is not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep and fleeth, and the wolf catcheth and scattereth the sheep: and the hireling fleeth, because he is a hireling; and he hath no care for the sheep. I am the good shepherd and I know mine, and mine know me. As the Father knoweth me and I know the Father, and I lay down my life for my sheep. And other sheep I have that are not of this fold," he continued, alluding to the Gentiles, "them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice and there shall be one fold and one shepherd. Therefore doth the Father love me; because I lay down my life that I may take it again. No man taketh it away from me; but I lay it down of myself, and I have power to take it up again."

Well does the Church keep up the symbol and cry:

"Jesu, shepherd of the sheep!  
Thou thy flock in safety keep,  
Living bread! thy life supply;  
Strengthen us or else we die—  
Fill us with celestial grace."

After this miracle our Lord returned to Galilee, but did not remain there long, as he wished to attend the Feast of Dedication, which fell that year in December. This feast was instituted to commemorate the restoration and





purification of the temple by Judas Macchabeus, and was always attended by great numbers. As Jesus passed through Galilee and Samaria, ten lepers in the neighborhood of a large city descried him afar, and called out: "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us." He was not deaf to their cry: "Go," exclaimed the benign Redeemer, "go show yourselves to the priests." They joyfully obeyed, and were cured as they went. One seeing how great a miracle had been wrought in their favor, returned, and glorifying God, fell on his face before our Lord. "Were there not ten made clean?" exclaimed Jesus: "Where are the nine? is there no one found to return and give glory to God but this stranger? Arise! go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole."

Reaching Jerusalem he entered the temple, and the Pharisees immediately asked him when the kingdom of God should come? that is, when the Messiah would come and establish his Church. "The kingdom of God," he replied, "cometh not with observation. Lo, the kingdom of God is within you." He warned them against those who would delude them by pretended Messiahs, and told them that as in the days of Noe and Lot all disregarded God's warnings, even so should it be in the day when the Son of Man should be revealed. But he plainly foretold his rejection by the Jews, his passion and death: "He must suffer many things and be rejected by this generation." And he spoke too of his second coming in power and majesty, which should be sudden and unexpected like his first, and like it discovered by the events that follow, even as the death of an animal by the eagles that fly around it. "Whosoever the body is, there shall the eagles be gathered together."

## *A Child at Prayer.*

BY C. J. CANNON.

A child, whose infant brow  
Was wreathed with golden hair,  
Low at the twilight hour,  
With sweet and rev'rent air,  
Knelt at his mother's knee  
To lisp his feeble prayer.

And on that rosy face—  
In innocence so bright!—  
Undoubtingly upturned  
In the calm evening light,  
Did angels stoop to gaze,  
Enraptured with the sight.

And as on wings of Faith  
His words to Heaven were sped,  
And love of his pure heart  
A glory round him shed,  
Like wholesome dews on flowers,  
Fell blessings on his head.



## THE INSTRUMENTS OF CHRIST'S PASSION AND DEATH.

THE instruments of our Divine Saviour's Passion have always been held in deep veneration. "If the ark," says St. Jerome, "was held in such high veneration among the Jews, how ought Christians to respect the wood of the cross, whereon our Saviour offered himself a victim for our sins." The Christian at this sacred season naturally turns towards Calvary, and stands in spirit with Mary, St. John and the pious women, beneath the cross of the world's Redeemer, and views with deep emotion that cross, those nails, the crown of thorns—instruments of his Saviour's suffering. The following account, therefore, respecting these sacred instruments by which our Divine Redeemer triumphed over sin, and purchased for us grace and salvation, will prove not only interesting in itself, but serve to renew our faith, our hope, and kindle in our breasts anew the grateful remembrance of his death.

**THE PILLAR AT WHICH OUR LORD WAS SCOURGED.**—This was anciently kept at Jerusalem with other relics, on Mount Zion, as mentioned by St. Gregory of Tours, Venerable Bede, St. Jerome and others. It remained in this place till the thirteenth century, when it was brought to Rome by Cardinal John Columna, Apostolic Legate in the East, under Pope Honorius III, A. D. 1213. It was placed in a chapel in the church of St. Praxedes, where it remains, if we mistake not, to the present time. The pillar is of gray marble, about twenty inches long, and one foot in diameter at the bottom and eight inches at the top, where there is a ring to which criminals were tied.

**THE CROWN OF THORNS.**—The sacred crown of thorns was kept with much veneration at Jerusalem, and afterwards at Constantinople, until the thirteenth century, when Baldwin II gave it to St. Louis, king of France, at a time when the capital of his own empire was no longer considered a place of security against the Saracens. The sacred treasure was carried by holy men by way of Venice into France. St. Louis, with his mother, and many prelates and princes, met it five leagues from Sens. The pious king and his brother Robert, barefooted, and attended by an immense multitude, carried it to the cathedral of that city. It was thence conveyed to Paris with extraordinary solemnity, where the king had built for its reception a chapel, called the Holy Chapel.

What kind of thorns were in the sacred crown, is yet a question among the learned. They were so platted together as entirely to cover the head of our Divine Lord, and not merely as a wreath or fillet to bind the temples. St. Bridget says in the 4th book of her Revelations, that the "thorny crown was pressed down upon his head, reaching to the middle of his forehead."

**THE CROSS.**—The cross on which our Divine Redeemer suffered, was discovered by St. Helen in the year 326, near the place where our Lord was buried. The pious discoverer of the sacred relic sent a part of it to the Emperor Constantine, then at Constantinople, and another part to Rome, to be placed in a chapel which she had built there, called "The Holy Cross of Jerusalem," where it remains to the present day. The title was sent by St. Helen to the same church in Rome. The inscription in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, is in red letters, and the wood was whitened. This was its appearance as late as the year 1492; but the colors have



since faded : the words *Jenus* and *Judæorum* have entirely disappeared. The board is nine, but was originally twelve inches long.

The greater part of the cross, St. Helen enclosed in a silver shrine and committed to St. Macarius, the holy bishop of Jerusalem, that it might be handed down as an object of veneration to posterity. It was accordingly kept in a magnificent church at Jerusalem, and publicly shown to the people at Easter. St. Paulinus, in his epistle to Serverus, states that though small particles were almost daily cut off from the cross, yet the sacred wood thereby suffered no diminution, and it is affirmed by St. Cyril, of Jerusalem, twenty-five years after the discovery, that pieces of the cross were spread over all the earth, and he compares this wonder to the miraculous feeding of five thousand men, as recorded in the gospel.

**THE NAILS.**—The nails with which our Lord was fastened to the cross, were found at the time the cross was discovered by St. Helen. It is most probable that four nails were made use of in Christ's crucifixion, two for the hands and two for the feet, though some think that his feet were fastened across with one nail. One of these nails St. Helen threw into the Adriatic sea to allay a violent storm in which she was in danger of perishing, and which, according to St. Gregory of Tours, immediately ceased. The Emperor Constantine, as St. Ambrose and others testify, fixed another of the nails in a rich diadem of pearls, which he wore on the most solemn occasions ; and that for protection he had a third set in a costly bridle which he used. One of these nails is still preserved at Rome, in the Church of the Holy Cross, and we think another at Milan. Many nails have been made similar to the original nails, and some filings from the genuine ones put in them, and distributed as relics. The true nail kept at Rome has been manifestly filed, and is now without a point.

**THE HOLY LANCE.**—The lance which opened the side of our Divine Saviour, is now kept at Rome, but has no point. Andrew of Crete, who lived in the seventh century, says it was buried together with the cross, and St. Gregory of Tours and Venerable Bede testify that in their time it was kept at Jerusalem. For fear of the Saracens it was buried privately at Antioch, in which city it was afterwards found, and wrought many miracles, as Robert the monk and many eye-witnesses testify. It was first carried to Jerusalem and then to Constantinople, and at the time this city was taken by the Latins, Baldwin II sent the point of it to Venice, as a pledge for a loan of money. St. Louis, king of France, redeemed it, by paying the sum for which it was pledged, and had it conveyed to Paris, where it is still kept in the *Holy Chapel*. The rest of the lance remained at Constantinople after the Turks had taken that city to the year 1492, when the Sultan Bajazet sent it by an ambassador in a rich and beautiful case to Pope Innocent VIII, adding that the point was in the possession of the king of France.

**THE HOLY SPONGE.**—The sponge tinged with blood, used at our Lord's crucifixion, is still preserved at Rome, in the church of St. John Lateran, with much veneration. While the malefactor hung upon the cross it was customary, by means of a sponge to apply vinegar to his wounds, that by its astringent qualities, it might in some degree staunch the blood, and thus prolong the sufferings of the victim.



# MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.\**

BY PETER PINKIE.

*Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.*

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## CHAPTER XIX.

THE reader will remember that Mrs. Motherly had a strong objection to Mr. Guirkie's carrying his purse with him, whenever she suspected him of going to visit the blind fiddler at the Cairn, or the widow with the "three twins," down at Ballymastocker. She insisted it was her duty to search his pockets on such occasions, and she did search them, and he permitted her to do so with all the docility of a child, save and except when a third party happened to be present; then he drew himself up and proclaimed his independence, both by word and look, but so ostentatiously with all, that any one with the slightest discrimination might have seen it was only the advantage the coward takes, when he unexpectedly finds help at his back. Uncle Jerry was, we must admit, rather peculiar in the exercise of his benevolence, or as Mrs. Motherly used to say, he was odd in his ways. It was not exactly because Batt Curley, of the Cairn (Else's third husband), was destitute of the ordinary means of living, that he took such a kindly interest in him, for Batt always earned enough to eat and drink by his fiddle, hard as the times were; it was because he was old, and blind, and only a fiddler at that, he felt so much for him. So also with respect to the widow and the "three twins," at Ballymastocker; there was nothing very lamentable in her case either, but the thought of a poor lone woman with three children born at a birth to take care of, so fixed itself about his heart that he found it impossible to banish it. And it was precisely because the care of the negro had something peculiar in it, his sympathy was so suddenly excited in his favor. Had the doctor told him of the negro's arms being broken, he would have felt for the poor sufferer, no doubt, as he felt for every body in distress, but when he told him of his toes being broken and disjoined, it was something dreadful to think of. A poor African wounded in this manner touched the tenderest sympathies of his generous soul—was something to his mind really appalling.

The reader must not imagine for a moment, notwithstanding all we have said, that Uncle Jerry's fancy had more to do with his benevolence than his heart. No such thing; fancy was only the angel of light that stood by, while charity, the first born of the Redeemer's love, drew the picture of human sorrow, and held it up before him. Oh Christian charity! loveliest of virtues, when the Saviour who gave you in triumph to the world, first presented you on Calvary, how beautiful were you then! When taking you by the hand he led you up the hill, and point-



ing to the Sun of Christianity just beginning to rise, bid you go forth to bless and bind all hearts together till the light of that Sun should again be absorbed into the source of its life forever more,—how modest your blushing face, and how timid your noiseless step, as you came out from the darkness of paganism, to weave your web of love around the great heart of regenerated humanity. You had worshippers then to fall in millions at your feet; but where are they now? Alas, alas, like the deserted king of Greece, looking round the bay of Salamis for his scattered ships:

“You counted them at break of day,  
But when the sun set where were they?”

The goddess of charity whom men worship now, child of heaven, is not like unto thee. She is bold and proud. She walks with stately step, and shuns the lowly cabin on her way to princely halls. She extends not her hand to the helpless in the darkness of night, but waits for the broad glare of the noonday, to carry her gifts to the market place. She stalks along the public thoroughfares in wanton attire, surrounded by followers whom she attracts by the splendor of her habilaments, and the stateliness of her mien. She has set herself up as its rival, modest, blushing child of God. In the flaunting dress of the harlot, she disputes thy empire over the hearts of men, and she gains the victory.

But, my dear reader, fallen as the world is, there are some true hearts to be found in it still; some who, like Uncle Jerry, will steal away into obscure places to comfort the poor, and blush like him to be caught in the act. So was it now.

It appears that Mr. Guirkie, instead of going directly to Rathmullen on his weekly visit to the old church-yard, as Mrs. Motherly had supposed, fell in with the priest on his way to visit the widow with the three twins at Ballymastocker, who had taken suddenly ill, and instantly resolved to accompany him to the house.

As Captain Petersham and his party rode along, two horses standing at the widow's door attracted his attention, and on coming up, he recognized them as Father John's and Mr. Guirkie's. At once he made up his mind to invite these two friends to Castle Gregory, and accordingly dismounted for that purpose.

On entering the humble dwelling of the widow, or rather as he stepped on the threshold, a sight met his view, which caused him instantly to draw back. Uncle Jerry was sitting near the fire-place with his back to the door, and so intent was he at his occupation, that he neither heard the Captain's footstep nor observed the shade which his person cast upon the wall as he came in. Captain Petersham, as the reader knows already, was a blunt, outspoken, honest-hearted, rollicking country-gentleman of the old school, though a comparatively young man himself, and Kate, knowing his ways so well, had been expecting every instant to hear his loud voice in high banter with Uncle Jerry; but instead of that she was somewhat surprized to see him steal out again on tiptoe with his hands raised up in wonder as if at something he had witnessed within.

“What's the matter, Captain?” she demanded, “is the widow dead?”

“Not that I know of, but such a sight as that I hav'n't seen for years—come down and behold it with your own eyes,” and taking his sister by the arm escorted her to the door of the cabin.

Mr. Weeks and the other gentlemen of the party, hearing the Captain's words, were instantly excited by a natural curiosity to see what was going on, and alighted also.

Uncle Jerry was still intent on his work. He was rocking a cradle of more than



ordinary proportions, made of course wickerwork, in which the "three twins" were soundly sleeping. On a low stool beside him lay his pocket handkerchief, which he had been using when the Captain first saw him, and which he had only laid down as the party came crowding round the door.

"Gentlemen," said Kate, turning to her friends and whispering her words low, "I beg you will retire. This is no fitting scene for profane eyes like yours to look upon. Away, and leave the Captain and me to speak to him."

They did as directed, and then Kate, motioning the Captain to keep his place, stepped across the earthen floor of the cabin with the lightness of a bird, and stood behind the watcher. She was about to touch him on the shoulder with her finger to make him aware of her presence, but drew it back again suddenly, and waited a minute longer.

In that short minute Uncle Jerry had laid open his whole heart to her. She could read it as plainly as she could read a book. Inserting his hand into the lining of his great seal-skin cap, he drew forth from a secret pocket, which Mrs. Motherly had failed to discover, a bank of Ireland note, and rolling it up into convenient shape, took the hand of one of the orphans and weaved it in between its fingers. As he did so a big tear dropped on the hand, and Uncle Jerry took up his handkerchief again to wipe it off.

"Hold!" said Kate, "let it remain there. It will consecrate the offering."

"God bless me!" said Mr. Guirkie, looking up with his eyes still full, "I thought I was alone."

"And if you were," replied Kate, hardly able to restrain her own tears, "the lesson would be lost."

"What lesson?"

"That," said she, pointing to the child's hand holding the money, with the mercy drop glistening on it.

"Why upon my word and honor, Kate," said Uncle Jerry, wiping his tears, "I don't know how it is, but the smoke of the peat fire affects my eyes more than it used to affect them—perhaps it's because I'm growing older."

Kate took his hand and pressed it in lovingly. "God bless you," she said. "I never see you but I feel my heart grows better. If charity and faith ever dwell in human bosom, they are surely to be found in your's and Mary Lee's. But tell me where is Father John?"

Uncle Jerry pointed to the room.

"Has he finished?"

"Yes—you may go in."

Kate opened the door gently, but seeing Father John on his knees by the bedside of his penitent, closed it again.

"Come in," said the priest, who had turned his head a little, and saw her form as she opened the door; "come in Miss Petersham, and as I administer the sacrament of the body and blood of the Redeemer of the world to this poor dying creature, beg of him by the love he bore you in the institution of this adorable mystery of the Eucharist, to convert you to the only true and living faith."

Kate fell upon her knees and prayed fervently.

"God of love," said the priest, prostrated before the open pix, "if ever I have done aught to deserve a blessing at thy hands, I now implore thee to touch the heart of this erring child. Breathe into her soul the spirit that quickeneth unto life, that she may one day feel how good thou art, and how inestimable a treasure she possesses in the sacrament of thy love. And thou, O Mary, Mother of God,



pray for her that she may soon break asunder those earthly ties, that hold her back from the arms of the Church of Christ stretched out to embrace her."

He now rose and administered the viaticum to the dying woman, afterwards the sacrament of Extreme Unction, and then kneeling once more by her bedside, recommended her soul fervently to the God who gave it.

As he turned to leave the room, Miss Petersham looked up in his face. Her cheeks were flushed with the emotions of her heart. "Father," she cried, still kneeling before him, "Father, give me thy hand," and kissing it she placed it on her head and asked his blessing.

He gave it from the depth of his heart. Then Kate rose, and silently accompanied her two friends to the door, where the party was impatiently awaiting their coming.

The Captain, who had been a silent witness of the whole scene, touched his cap respectfully as the priest appeared, and then silently mounting his horse rode off with his friends to Castle Gregory.

## CHAPTER XX.

"MR. WEEKS," said Captain Petersham, after dinner was over and the cloth removed, "I'm quite delighted to see you at Castle Gregory, and now as the ladies have left us, we must drink a glass of stout Innishowen together,—Mr. Johnson shove down the decanter to our American friend."

"Excuse me, Captain," said Mr. Weeks, "I never drink."

"Nonsense—you must drink. By George, that's a pretty thing—not drink indeed—why you're not a teetotaler, are you?"

"Well pretty much so. I'm a Washingtonian."

"Of course you are—I know all that. But you don't mean to say that every Washingtonian's a temperance man?"

"You mistake, I reckon," replied Weeks. "A Washingtonian don't mean an American, exactly, but a member of a certain temperance society."

"Oh, I see—that's the meaning of it. So you belong to a temperance society then! Well, 'pon my honor, friend Weeks, I had formed a better opinion of you than that."

"Don't think it wrong to take a pledge against liquor, do you?"

"No—not perhaps for the working classes—but I think no gentleman should take it. If a sense of his position, and respect for his honor, don't restrain a gentleman from brutalizing himself, then I say he's no gentleman, and no pledge or oath can bind him. What think you, Father John?"

"You're right, Captain, except in those rare instances when gentlemen regard excess as a sin against God, in such cases a pledge may restrain them when their honor can't. Perhaps Mr. Weeks is one of this class."

"How—regard intoxication as a sin against God?"

"Yes—for which he will one day hold you responsible."

"Well, as to that," replied Weeks, "I reckon it depends materially on the kinder notions one has formed on that ere point. Folks differ, you know, considerable about the sorter being God is, and as for myself I can't say I ever got well posted up on the subject. But I always maintained that the abuse of liquor was a sin against society."



"Of course—there never was a second opinion about it."

"And I always set my face against it on that account."

"Precisely—you adopted the prevailing sentiment—for I can call it by no other name—that the abuse of liquor should be discouraged, not because it's offensive to God and injurious to the soul, but because it's offensive to society—to modest eyes and ears polite."

"Father John, take my advice, and drop the argument," said the Captain, "or you'll be head and ears into one of your long sermons directly. Mr. Weeks, don't mind him—he's forever moralizing. But fill your glass like an honest man, and drink your national toast—'Success to the stars and stripes.'"

"Don't drink, I assure you, Captain. Should be most happy to oblige you, but it's against my principles."

"Against the ——— against a man's principles to drink a glass of punch at a friend's table."

"Don't urge the gentleman," said two or three of the company together—"he has scruples about it. Every man should know what suits himself best."

"Nonsense. Hang it! I can't bear to look at a guest of mine sitting at my table as dry as a stick."

"Well, to please you, I'll taste it," said Weeks at last, "though it's against my principles to drink. Mr. Johnson, have the goodness to make me a spoonful or two of sangaree."

"Sangaree!" repeated the Captain. "Not a drop of it, Johnson—not a drop; make him a glass of whisky punch. Or stop—send it up to me; I'll make it myself."

"No, no—hold on, Captain; excuse me," said Weeks, intercepting the decanter on its way to the head of the table, "excuse me, I'd rather not; Mr. Johnson will make it."

"Why—it seems so strange," exclaimed the Captain. "Whately, could you have imagined it; a freeman, a citizen of the model republic, and neither Presbyterian nor Quaker, to belong to a temperance society. Ha, ha, it's monstrous—it shocks all my American prepossessions."

Weeks smiled in his usual cold way, and assured the Captain the "Sons of Temperance" were very numerous in the States; and that for his part he had been strictly temperate since he was fifteen years old.

"And pray, Mr. Weeks," said the Captain, filling his glass from the tumbler, "what pleasure or advantage can you derive from this self-denial you practice—it's not for your sins, I suspect, eh?"

"No, sir; don't believe in that doctrine."

"And why the mischief do you abstain, then?"

"Why, because it suits my constitution best, and saves my pocket besides."

"Oh, that indeed; I understand you now."

"Two excellent motives, ai'nt they, Captain?"

"You must ask Father Brennan," replied the Captain. "That question involves a knowledge of morals of which I profess to be entirely ignorant. What say you, Father John, will his motives stand the test of your theology?"

Father John shook his head, but said nothing in reply.

"Well look here," pursued Weeks, turning to the priest, "I ai'nt agoin to dispute the matter now, but just multiply fourteen years (the time I've been temperate) by three hundred and sixty-five dollars saved each year—and that's about the lowest calculation I can make—and you have precisely five thousand one hundred and



ten dollars, exclusive of interest. Now I call that a saving. I may be mistaken, but I call it a saving."

"Not a doubt of it," replied the priest, smiling—"not a doubt of it—you calculate very closely though, don't you?"

"Well, no sir; I merely follow cousin Nathan's advice, and don't waste my powder. I had a cousin once called Nathan Bigelow ——"

"There!" ejaculated Uncle Jerry, laying down his glass untasted, and rising from the table, "there! he's at his cousin Nathan again. I vow and declare I can't stand it any longer—this is the fifth time."

"What's the matter, Mr. Guirkie," demanded the Captain, "that you quit us so soon?"

"Nothing very particular," replied Uncle Jerry, making his way out as fast as possible. "I'll return presently."

"Well, this cousin of mine," continued Weeks, "this cousin called Nathan ——"

"Oh he's the man," interrupted the Captain, "used to preside at town meetings, direct the minister what to preach, and so forth. Yes, yes, you need'nt mind, we have heard all about him long ago."

"Have, eh?"

"Yes; he's quite familiar to us."

"Well, I was only going to say that I merely followed his advice. And now with regard to my second motive, I found when about fifteen years of age, or thereabouts, that liquor proved a leetle too exciting for my constitution, both mentally and physically."

"Ah, indeed," said the priest, "how so, pray?"

"Well, it softened my heart a leetle more than I found convenient."

"You drank too freely, perhaps, for a boy of your age?"

"Well, guess I did—rather: can't say I got drunk, though—got tight once in a while. But the darned thing used to draw a sorter skin over my eyes, so's I could'nt see clearly what I was about."

"Hence you gave it up?"

"Yes. You'd like to know, perhaps, how it came round?"

"Certainly—let's hear it by all means."

"Well, it was kinder funny, too. Father sent me one morning when I was about fifteen or a little over, to a place called Meriden, with chickens and squash for the market. It happened I took a young colt with me father bought short time before, and he was a smasher of his age, I *tell* you—only rising five, and as pretty a piece of horseflesh at that as you could scare up in the hull county. After selling the provisions and putting the proceeds in my wallet, I dropped into a bar-room to have a drink before I'd start for hum. Just as I took a cigar to smoke after the brandy, a long-legged green-looking chap—Vermont,er, guess he was—comes up to the counter, and siz he, 'Youngster, that horse of yourn's pretty smart horse, I reckon?' 'Well, yes,' siz I, 'considerable smart for a colt.' 'What time does he make?' 'Three and a half,' siz I. Sez he, 'no; can't do it.' 'Can't?' siz I. Sez he 'no, hai'nt got the points for three and a half, nor four nether.' 'Well,' said I, quite coolly, as I lit my cigar, 'You can bet, if you're a mind to.' 'Agreed,' said he, 'what'll it be?' 'I ai'nt particular,' said I. 'Well,' said he, 'treat for all round, if you've got no objection?' 'None,' said I, 'I'm quite agreeable.'

"Well, having got the lend of a sulkey from a Doctor in the neighborhood, we marked the course, appointed a time-keeper, and off I started. Crackie, how that



colt did put it that day. Well, he went it slick, I tell yer. The critter knew just's well as I did myself, what he'd got to do, and he struck out like a good fellow."

"Won the bet, of course?"

"Won it! Ye-e-s; guess he did, and twenty seconds to spare besides. 'Well,' siz the tall fellow, coming up to me, as I stepped from the sulky, and clapped the colt on the back, 'Well,' siz he, 'he did his prettiest, I reckon?'"

"Siz I, 'no; not by a long chalk.' 'Darn the matter,' siz he, 'he won the bet, anyway, so come in and have a drink.' As the chap spoke, he beckoned to two or three other hard looking customers, that seemed to be loafing about the corner, and then dove into an oyster cellar. 'Brandy smashes and cigars for five,' said he, passing the bar-keeper. 'You'll go that, youngster, won't you?' 'Well, don't care if I do,' said I, 'though I ai'nt much accustomed to it.'"

"So you drank too much on that occasion?" said one of the company, interrupting the details, for he thought Mr. Weeks was growing rather tedious.

"You'd better believe it, friend. Well, to cut the story short, before I left the cellar that afternoon, I lost the price of the squash and chickens, and swapped the colt besides for a Canadian poney, a gold watch and thirty-seven dollars in cash. Next morning came though, and O, scizzors! if I didn't feel like suicide."

"Conscience stricken," said the priest, "for the night's debauch?"

"Conscience stricken! Why, no; but for letting that green chap come it over me so smooth. Well, I swow, I never felt so cheap in my life—that's a fact."

"He cheated you then?"

"Yes—guess he did cheat me. Hold on a bit though, you'll hear. About seven o'clock next morning father come into the kitchen swearing like fifty. I was lying in bed at the time, just thinking of getting up."

"Where's the young scamp?" he cried, "by thunder I'll cow-hide him this minute within an inch of his life."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed mother. "Why, Amasa Weeks! Ai'nt you ashamed?"

"No; I ai'nt."

"You oughter, then."

"Stand aside," shouted father, "and let me pass."

"Amasa, ai'nt you crazy?"

"Shut up, I say. The young scoundrel! I'll teach him how to trade!"

"Poor child," said mother, "it was his first trade; and what could you expect of a boy of fifteen. Why, gracious, if he was taken in about that watch it's not agoin to ruin you, is it?"

"But the horse! the horse!" shouted father.

"The horse! why, what's the matter with the horse?"

"The matter!—thunderation's the matter!—the critter's blind!"

"Blind!—why, you don't say!"

"And lame! lame!! the tarnation villain!!"

"Pheugh, said I, jumping out of bed and bolting through the open window with my jacket under my arm, it's time I warn't here, I reckon; and without waiting for further information on the subject, I cleared."

After the suppressed titter, which accompanied Weeks' story all through, had at last broken out into a broad laugh, and then subsided, Father John quietly observed that the gentleman's first lesson was rather an expensive one.

"Should think so," said Weeks in reply; "it cost me, or father rather, somewhere in the neighborhood of two hundred dollars."



"And so after that you concluded to drink no more?"

"Gave it up, sir, right straight off; I saw it would'nt pay."

"And that I suppose was your only motive for becoming temperate?"

"Why yes—of course it was."

"Well," said the priest, "I can't admire it much. Had you only united that motive, selfish as it was, with a desire to please God and save your soul——"

"Whew!" ejaculated Weeks, interrupting the priest, "that's quite another affair. My principle is to leave Christianity and religion, and all that sorter thing, to those whose duty it is to look after it. I'm a business man, squire, and my object is trade and nothing else."

"Good!" cried Captain Petersham, returning and clapping Weeks on the shoulder as he passed him by on his way to the head of the table. "Good, sir, that's honest speaking. By George, Weeks, you're a trump."

"Well them's my sentiments, and I ai'nt afraid to avow them either," said Weeks, taking courage from the Captain and the poteen together. "I'm a business man, and make no pretensions to piety, nor nothing else."

"Certainly not, sir, that's as much as you can attend to."

"Of course it is—no doubt of it."

"And see here," said Weeks, after finishing the last glass, and making the spoon ring in the empty tumbler. "See here, Captain, I may as well say what I think. I never saw a pious business man yet worth a copper to the country. I *swonnie* I never did."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Captain, "listen to that, Father John!"

"And I tell you what, sir," continued Weeks, turning to the priest—who now kept his head down to hide a smile, while he toyed with his watch chain for an excuse—"I tell you what, sir, ministers may say what they please, but they're a darn'd set of humbugs, that's the hul amount of it."

"Hah! take that, my reverend friend," chuckled the Captain again. "The truth occasionally you know will do you good."

"I'm quite surprised, Mr. Weeks," gravely observed the priest, while a smile kept playing about the corners of his mouth. "I'm really surprised to hear you speak so irreverently—it's too bad."

"Well, hold on a bit—hold on—see here, I know as many as fifty ministers in New England alone, and more too, abandoned their pulpits last year, and went off to speculate in this, that, and t'other thing, to make money. Some went into the fish business, some into the lumber trade, two on 'em from my own town turned to the law, and the majority managed to squeeze themselves into the legislature. Now, if these men had, what they pretended to have, a vocation to the ministry before their ordination, where in thunder did it go after, I'd like to know."

"It's no doubt a melancholy fact," said the priest, "that your Protestant clergy of New England, especially those with limited revenues, in very many instances have renounced their sacred calling for more lucrative trades and professions, thereby disgracing themselves and their religion; but such instances are very rare in this country."

"Are—how's that?"

"Why, we don't love money here, perhaps, so much as you do in the States; and besides we hav'nt the same opportunities to speculate."

"Well, that may be all very true," replied Weeks; "but it's my opinion ministers in general make a trade of religion everywhere one way or other. I have



had a pretty good chance myself to see how the thing works, and I reckon I can tell as much about it too as most folks. Been a class-leader once in my time."

"What!" exclaimed the Captain, leaning his folded arms on the table and gazing at the Yankee, bedizened all over as he was with chains and broaches.

"What, a class-leader—you?"

"Yes."

"A Methodist, you mean?"

"Why certainly."

"A canting Methodist?"

"Of course."

"May the Lord forgive you, Mr. Weeks!" (The reader is already aware of the Captain's special contempt for that particular sect). "Why you must have lost your senses."

"Well, they are a kinderscraggy, I allow," said Weeks.

"And you made such a spooney of yourself as to snivel away with this psalm-singing set. By the Lord Harry, Mr. Weeks, I thought you were a different man altogether."

"Well, I allow it was sorter mean—that's a fact. But wait a bit, let me tell you how it happened. I had an object in view."

"Oh, confound your object!"

"Wait a minute, you'll say it warn't a bad one, if the thing had been properly managed. Well, there was a gal in our neighborhood named Brown, Zepherina Brown, or Zeph, as she was called for shortness sake."

"Pardon me, Mr. Weeks, your glass is empty," said the Captain. "Whately, send up the bottle."

"You'll excuse me, Captain."

"Hang your excuses; make a glass of punch, sir, like a man."

"Well I'd rather not just at present."

"Nonsense."

"I'm not used to it, you know."

"Used to it! used to Innishowen whisky twenty years old? Are you used to new milk? 'Pon my honor, sir, I'm ashamed of you. If you don't drink, by the Lord Harry I'll think you're a Methodist still."

"Well I rather think I'll be ashamed of myself before long, if I hold on at this rate. It begins to wake me up already. I swonnie it does."

"Psaugh! my dear sir, you might drink a puncheon of it. Irish whisky's meat, drink, washing and lodging for every human being under the sun. Come, send up your tumbler; I'll mix it for you. There's Madeira and Claret on the side-board, and I would'nt give a brass bottom for oceans of it, while there's a drop of this real old Irish whisky here to soften my heart. By George, sir, if you only drank it for six months, it would make a glorious fellow of you."

"Humph!" said Weeks, "guess it would—the wrong way."

"No, sir, but the right way. It would cure you of that passion you have for speculating and money-making. It would make your heart grow twice as big as it is,—aye, big enough, by George, to take the whole human race into it."

"Well, it's a fact," said Weeks, "it does make a feller feel kind of good; but guess it's not to be trusted too far either, for all that."

"Never fear, Weeks, never fear,—you go on with the story, and I'll mix the punch."



## Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

**MARYLAND THE BIRTH-PLACE OF RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.**—Mr. Davis, in the *Day-Star* of American Freedom, in deducing evidence to prove that the honor of having passed the famous Toleration Act of 1649, belongs to the Catholics of Maryland, uses the following beautiful language:

"St. Mary's was the home—the chosen home—of the disciples of the Roman church. The fact has been generally received. It is sustained by the tradition of two hundred years, and by volumes of written testimony; by the records of the courts; by the proceedings of the privy council; by the trial of law-cases; by the wills and inventories; by the land-records, and rent-rolls; and by the very names originally given to the towns and hundreds; to the creeks and rivulets; to the tracts and manors of the county. The State itself bears the name of a Roman Catholic queen. Of the six hundreds of this small county, in 1650, five had the prefix of St. Sixty tracts and manors, most of them taken up at a very early period, bear the same Roman Catholic mark. The villages and creeks, to this day, attest the wide-spread prevalence of the same tastes, sentiments, and sympathies. Not long after the passage of the "Act" relating to "religion," the Protestants, it is admitted, outgrew their Roman Catholic brethren; and, in 1689, succeeded very easily in their attempt to overthrow the proprietary. But judging from the composition of the juries, in 1655, we see no reason to believe they then had a majority. In the trial of the *Piscataway* Indians, during the year 1653—a case where religious bias, we may suppose, could exert but little influence on the selection of the jurors—it would be safe to assert, that, at least, twelve (or one half of the panel) were Roman Catholics. In the cases of Robert Holt and the Rev. Wm. Wilkinson, in 1659, evidence of the strongest character appears. For the trial of these cases, twelve fit Protestants could not be found at the provincial court held at St. Mary's, and usually thronged at that period with crowds of appellants and appellees; with witnesses in civil and in criminal proceedings; with spectators, and many other residents of the province! Immediately afterwards a verdict, in another case, was given by a jury taken, apparently, from the bystanders, and consisting of not less than six Roman Catholics, nor more than two Protestants (one, if not both, non-residents of St. Mary's county), exclusive of the four, who had been summoned in the cases of Messrs. Holt and Wilkinson.

But the wills furnish the best clew to the faith of our early ancestors—precious memorials of the past—ripe harvest fields of rich historical lore—giving us the best glimpse of our primitive life and manners—and bringing us into close and living sympathy with the state of society, two hundred years ago. But more beautiful are they than precious. For they touch our hearts. They breathe the spirit of parental affection, in all its depth and wild intensity. They point from the rude home, where the weary pilgrim of the forest lies down to die in his humility, to a bright and everlasting mansion prepared for him in the skies! This day, they speak—voices from the dead—a willing testimony to a mighty truth in the history of a continent, and to a sublime doctrine of the Christian religion! More of them emanate from a Roman Catholic than from a Protestant source. The will of William Smith, one of the original pilgrims of 1634, appears upon the first page of the oldest testamentary record at Annapolis; and contains the living evidence of his faith in the church of Rome. It would be difficult to give all the recorded confessions, or the half of those little testimonials of love and fidelity, which were bequeathed to the same church, during the fifty years succeeding the settlement at St. Mary's. But it will be sufficient to say, the Roman Catholic greatly exceed the number of Protestant wills; and of the latter (or those having any sort of anti-Roman Catholic mark), many are signed by the Quakers—a denomination, of whom there is no trace upon the provincial records, as early as 1649.

Counting the suitors and freeholders of the different manors, with all the indented white servants, it is highly probable, that every hundred of St. Mary's county, except St. George's, had a majority of Roman Catholics, in 1649. Excluding the servants (a large class, at that time), there can be little doubt upon the point of mere numbers, and none whatever with regard to superior influence. Even, in 1650, St. Mary's hundred was represented by two disciples of the Roman church; and there also was the seat of the proprietary's government. In St. Michael's, were the three manors of Governor Leonard Calvert, to say nothing of other evidence. Doctor Thomas Gerard was the lord of two large manors, in St. Clement's; and Newtown had more estates with the prefix of St. than any hundred erected before or after the year 1649. St. Inigo's was probably not carved out either of St. Mary's, or of St. Michael's, before the year 1650;



but included a manor held by the missionaries as early as 1639, with the manor-house, or supposed seat of one of the interesting little Roman Catholic missions.

Nor ought the activity of many of the priests, in converting the Protestants; or the large number of emigrants they also had introduced; be omitted in this outline of the evidence. For some of the methods they adopted in the propagation of their faith, writers of a different church have censured them. But the very reproach implies a concession. Before the year 1649, they labored with their lay-assistants, in various fields; and around their lives will for ever glow a bright and glorious remembrance. Their pathway was through the desert; and their first chapel, the wigwam of an Indian. Two of them were here, at the dawn of our history: they came to St. Mary's with the original emigrants; they assisted, by pious rites, in laying the corner-stone of a State; they kindled the torch of civilization in the wilderness; they gave consolation to the grief-stricken pilgrim; they taught the religion of Christ to the simple sons of the forest. The history of Maryland presents no better, no purer, no more sublime lesson than the story of the toils, sacrifices, and successes of her early missionaries.

Looking, then, at the question, under both of its aspects—regarding the faith, either of the delegates, or of those whom they substantially represented—we cannot but award the chief honor to the members of the Roman church. To the Roman Catholic freemen of Maryland, is justly due the main credit arising from the establishment, by a solemn legislative act, of religious freedom for all believers in Christianity."

**THE CHURCHES OF ROME.**—Nor can even a Protestant and a layman be insensible to the spirit which hangs over them all, and is felt by every one who crosses the threshold of the humblest and plainest, unless he be the lightest of scoffers or the sourest of Puritans. They are open at all times, spreading out their benignant arms of invitation, and, in the spirit of the Saviour, bidding all who are weary and heavy laden to come to them and seek rest. No surly official stands at the entrance to scowl away the poor Christian that does not wear the wedding garment of respectability. The interior is not cut up into pews, protected by doors that are slow to open, and often guarded by countenances that are slow to expand into a look of invitation. The deep stillness, felt like a palpable presence, falls with a hushing power upon worldly emotions, and permits whispers, unheard in the roar of common life, to become audible. The few persons who are present are either kneeling in silence, or moving about with noiseless steps. In the windless air, the very tapers do not tremble, but burn like painted flames upon painted candles. Of those who have spent any considerable time in Rome, at least, of those who have lived long enough to feel the dangers and duties of life, there are but few, I think, who will not be disposed to thank the churches of Rome for something more than mere gratifications of taste; for influences, transitory, perhaps, but beneficent while they last; for momentary glimpses of things spiritually discerned; for a pretence that calms and a power that elevates. Protestant ideas are, in my opinion, not weakened by a residence in Rome; but Protestants, in aiming at the reverse of wrong, have not always hit upon the right. The Roman church, especially, is wiser in providing so much more liberally for that instinct of worship which is a deep thirst of the human soul. I envy not the head or the heart of the man who, when he sees the pavement of a Catholic church sprinkled with kneeling forms, rapt with devotional fervor, is conscious of no other emotion than a sneering protest against the mummeries of superstition. We walk in darkness, among pitfalls and snares, and the riddle of life that is around us can only be solved by looking above us. If the swinging of a censer and the tinkling of a bell can help men to lift their thoughts from the dust of earthly passions, let their aid be accepted, and let the end consecrate the means.

*Hillard.*

**STATISTICS OF THE WORLD.**—We find the following statements in one of our exchanges. We cannot vouch for the entire accuracy of all the figures. Some of the statements are undoubtedly correct; others we have not found time to investigate. The number of languages spoken in the world amounts to 8,064; 587 in Europe, 896 in Asia, 276 in Africa, and 1,264 in America. The inhabitants of the globe profess more than 1,000 different religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about 28 years. One quarter die previous to the age of 7 years; one half before reaching 17; and those who pass this age enjoy a facility refused to one half of the human species. To every 1,000 persons, only one reaches 100 years of



life; to every 100 only six reaches the age of 65; and not more than one in 500 lives to see 80 years of age. There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants; and of these 33,333,333 die every year, 91,334 every day, 3,788 every hour, and 60 every minute or one every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single, and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to being 50 years of age than men have, but fewer afterwards. The number of marriages is in proportion of 74 to every 1,000 individuals. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes, that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in the spring are the most robust. Births and deaths are most frequent by night. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.

**THE RUINS OF NETLEY ABBEY.**—A turn in the road presently brought me upon the magnificent remains of this famous Abbey. . . . Advancing a little way up what was once the nave [the author is in England, and consequently is describing the "remains" or "ruins" of religious edifices], I obtained an interior view of the spacious ruin, which was wonderfully grand, and impressive, and beautiful. The form is the usual one of a cross, and the walls are perfect, except the north transept, which has been demolished. . . . The whole structure is one homogeneous creation of art—an art so complete that nothing could soar above its powers of expression, and nothing could fall below the range of its appropriate forms . . . . Three centuries of decay rest undisturbed upon the shrine of ancient Faith. The floor is covered with the rubbish of arches and columns, and overgrown with a profusion of flowers. Bushes, almost trees in size, grow upon the top of the wall over the east window. . . . It needed but little aid from fancy to feel that nature, with religious instinct, had been busied in concealing and repairing the ravages of man; had pleased herself, through successive years, to arch anew the fallen ceiling, and reconstruct the long perspective of the aisles. I sat musing for some time in this interesting ruin, which is now an august and lovely cathedral of natural sentiment, as it once was of holy truth. Ruin seemed to have invested itself in its most enchanting traits, as if to reconcile us to its devastation of so much elegance.

Wallace.

**A WONDERFUL MIRROR.**—Among the curiosities to be met with in the Paris Exhibition, was a huge concave mirror, the instrument of a startling species of optical magic. On standing close to it, it presents nothing but a magnificently monstrous dissection of your physiognomy. On retiring a couple of feet, it gives your own face and figure in true proportion, but reversed, the head downwards. But retire still further, standing at the distance of five or six feet from the mirror, and behold, you see yourself, not a reflection—it does not strike you as a reflection, but your veritable self, *standing in the middle part between you and the mirror*. The effect is almost appalling, from the idea it suggests of something supernatural; so startling, in fact, that men of the strongest nerves will shrink involuntarily at the first view. If you raise your cane to thrust at your other self, you will see it pass clean through the body, and appear on the other side, the figure thrusting at you at the same instant. The artist who first succeeded in fashioning a mirror of this description, brought it to one of the French kings (if we recollect aright, it was Louis XV), placed his majesty on the right spot, and bade him draw his sword, and thrust at the figure he saw. The king did so; but seeing the point of a sword directed to his own breast, threw down his weapon and ran away. The practical joke cost the inventor the king's patronage and favor; his majesty being afterwards so ashamed of his own cowardice, that he would never again look at the mirror or its owner.

WHEN a native of Java has a child born, he immediately plants a cocoa-tree, which, adding a circle every year to its bark, indicates the age of the tree, and therefore the age of the child. The child, in consequence, regards the tree with affection all the rest of its life.



**VIRGINITY AND MODESTY.**—When we see, in warlike rage, the barbarity of the conquerors remove all restraint from a licentious soldiery, and let them loose against the abodes of virgins consecrated to God, there is nothing but what may be conceived. But when these holy institutions are persecuted by system, when the passions of the populace are excited against them, by grossly assailing their origin and object, this is more than brutal and inhuman. It is something that cannot be described, when those who act in this way boast of being followers of the pure gospel, and proclaim themselves the disciples of him who in his sublime counsels has pointed out virginity as one of the noblest virtues that can adorn the Christian's crown.

Woman without modesty may be an incentive to sensuality, *but will never attract the soul by the mysterious feeling called love.* It is very remarkable, that although the most urgent desire of the heart of woman is to please, yet so soon as she forgets modesty, she becomes displeasing and disgusting. Thus it is wisely ordained that what wounds her heart most sharply, becomes the punishment of her fault. Hence every thing that maintains in woman the delicate feeling of modesty, elevates, adorns, and gives her greater ascendancy over the heart of man, and creates for her a distinguishing place in the domestic as well as in the social order.

*Balmes.*

**RELIGIOUS TOLERATION AND THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT.**—The King of Sardinia while in England boasted that his late predecessor had given to the Jews civil and religious freedom, while it is a well known fact that the principle had been laid down and practically enforced by the Popes above a thousand years ago in that very country of Sardinia. In the sixth century Sardinia and Sicily were part of the patrimony of St. Peter, and Gregory the Great issued orders that the Jews should be allowed to retain their synagogues in those countries, and when in Cagliari, one had been taken from them, commanded that it should be restored. For twelve centuries ago—ages before the march of modern "progress" and "enlightenment" had commenced, the Popes carried the principles into practice. It is recorded of the same great Pontiff, that he showed the utmost moderation to heretics and schismatics; and those who have studied the history of the Papacy know that this has always been the course pursued by the Popes, and that the Holy See has ever been opposed to persecution simply for the sake of religion.

**GOOD COUNSEL.**—Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if a trouble come upon you, keep up your spirits, tho' the day be a dark one.

If the sun is going down, look up at the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven! With God's presence and God's assistance, a man or a child may be always cheerful.

Mind what you run after! Never be contented with a bubble that will burst, or a fire work that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come; but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and little, great things are accomplished.

Who steals my purse, steals trash, 'tis something, nothing,  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands.  
But he that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that which not enriching him,  
Makes me poor indeed.—*Shakspeare.*



## Review of Current Literature.

1. PHOENIXIANA, OR SKETCHES AND BURLESQUES. By John Phenix. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

If there be any one quality in an author that we like to see more than another, it is candor. The contrary quality is despicable every where; and no where more so than in authors. To read the prefaces of some books, one would really think that an extraordinary treat was about to be served up; the finale, however, irresistibly calls up the words of the old poet:

"Paturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus."

Not so with the author of the book before us; he very candidly tells us that "he does not flatter himself that he has made any great addition to the literature of the age by his performance," and to be candid with our friend, we must say that we believe that he is a little more than half right. He neither aims at giving information, nor at elevating the standard of rhetoric or style: neither is he very conscientious about that science which gave one Lindley Murray so much trouble. Don Quixote like, he dashes away in pursuit of his object, little caring how he attains it. Nevertheless, Phenix has his merits. He is entitled to much credit for originality, and the power to elicit from his readers a hearty laugh; and this they are sure to have whether they peruse his lecture on astronomy, study his receipt for catching fleas, or run their eyes over his editorial sketches while presiding over the *San Diego Herald*. Of the latter the following is a sample:

"*Facilis decensus Avernus*,"—which may liberally, not literally, be translated: it is easy to go to San Francisco—"Ames has gone; departed in the *Goliath*. During his absence, which I trust will be a twelvemonth, I am to remain in charge of the *Herald*, the literary part thereof,—I would beg to be understood—the responsible portion of the editorial duties falling upon my friend Johnny, who has, in the kindest manner, undertaken the 'fighting department,' and to whom I hereby refer any pugnacious or bellicose individual who may take offence at the tone of any of my leaders. The public at large, therefore, will understand that I stand upon 'Jo Haven's platform,' which that gentleman defined some years since to be the liberty of saying any thing he pleased about any body, without considering himself at all responsible. It is an exceedingly free and independent position, and rather agreeable than otherwise; but I have no disposition whatever to abuse it. It will be perceived that I have not availed myself of the editorial privilege of using the plural pronoun in referring to myself. I am 'a lone, lone man,' unmarried (the Lord be praised for his infinite mercy), and though blessed with a good appetite, which causes the keepers of the house where I board to tremble, still I do not think after all, that I have any claim to call myself *we*, and I shall by no means fall into that editorial absurdity."

2. THE CATHOLIC QUESTION IN POLITICS. By a *Kentucky Catholic*. Louisville: Webb, Gill & Levering. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This work consists of a series of twelve Letters, with a lengthy introduction, addressed to Mr. Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*. The *Journal*, some time previous to the disgraceful election riots that occurred in that city during last summer, and since, has been most violent in its course towards Catholics, impugning their loyalty as citizens, maligning their creed, and casting obloquy upon the institutions of their church. The author of these Letters at length took up the gauntlet, and with a firm and vigorous hand, as with a two-edged sword, exposed the fallacies of the *Journal*, the sophistry of its reasoning and the ungenerousness of its course. The reader will find in them, not only an able refutation of the calumnies and misrepresentations of Mr. Prentice, but also of others like him, who, forgetful of those noble and generous impulses that ever distinguish the true American citizen, stoop to become the tools of the veriest bigots.

Convinced that these letters are calculated to do much good, by enlightening those who seek information, and by furnishing Catholics with the weapons to combat those who still persist in retailing slander and misrepresentation against the institutions of Catholicity, we wish them a wide circulation.



3. **MAN-OF-WAR LIFE:** a boy's experience in the United States Navy, during a voyage round the world, in a ship of the Line; and **THE MERCHANT VESSEL:** a sailor boy's voyage to see the world. By the author of "Man-of-war Life." Cincinnati: Moor, Wiltach, Keys & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

One would be apt to conclude from the title-pages of these two works, that very little reliable information could be gathered from their perusal. The *experience* of a boy! Experience is universally associated with age and with a long continuance amid the same scenes, the same habits, the same reverses, the same associations. The experience of a boy cannot be great or varied, and his unformed judgment bears with it the *prestige* of but little authority. Yet boys are the greatest of observers—the most acute investigators of mere facts—the most searching explorers of character. Henri Juvinal, that great fathomer of human nature, gives us this wary advice concerning them:

"Maxima debitor pueris reverentia."

And in fact, if we reflect upon the interest we ourselves took in boyish days in real or fictitious narrative, and the readiness with which boys at school can decipher the weak points in the character of a school-mate, or of others who are thrown into contact with them, we will easily comprehend how it is, that in spite of their unripe judgment, they can be the very best babblers of facts, and can form a very correct opinion of those things which come under their daily observation. They have, moreover, at their command, more means of ferreting out matters than full-grown men—they witness various phases in human avocations which would be studiously concealed from others—they can thrust themselves in, where self-respect would keep others out—they can creep into holes that a man would never enter—they can be spoken to—they can be scolded—they can ask questions—and can learn more of the *ins* and *outs* of a place in a day than a man would in a month.

The works before us must be judged by this standard. Since they are chiefly descriptive and narrative, and indulge only in reflections upon character or matters of every day life, the "experience" of a boy is not only sufficient, but the best that can be given. The author has had the good sense not to attempt striking out into the deep water of abstract reflections, and dogmatic decisions, but seems to remember his title-page, though he certainly has ceased to be a "boy," and writes as he should do, like a man. The style of the volumes is plain, sometimes racy, and generally suited to the kind of subject treated of. A little more variety and piquancy in certain portions, would, we think, improve them. We have observed also that the author is occasionally ungrammatical, though generally the language is very correct, and sometimes beautiful.

Withal these volumes will be found well worthy of a perusal; they are interesting, abound in humor, and contain a great deal of useful information not only regarding a sea-faring life, but also respecting many countries which the author visited in his several voyages. We trust that the gentlemanly and enterprising publishers will never put forth any thing more objectionable than the entertaining volumes which are the subject of this notice.

4. **THE FORAGERS, or the Raid of the Dog-Days.** By *W. Gilmore Simms, Esq.*—and **BORDER BEAGLES, a tale of Mississippi.** By the same author. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The first of these works is particularly interesting. The scene is laid in South Carolina, during the most eventful period of the Revolution. The noble deeds of Marion, Sumpter, Perkins, Lee, and others of a kindred band of patriots, in whatever form they are presented, never fail to awaken deep and lasting interest. These deeds are interwoven in the tale, and impart to it no ordinary attraction.

The *Border Beagles*, though to our mind less attractive than the *Foragers*, is still a very readable volume. In it is presented, in Mr. Simms' pleasing style, a true picture of the life and manners of a new settlement. If there be any thing in it that we regret, it is the impropriety of the language occasionally put in the mouths of some of his characters. Language that we could not freely use in the domestic circle, should not be found in books designed for entertainment.



5. **COUNT HUGO OF CRAENHOVE, and WOODEN CLARA.** *From the Flemish of Hendrik Conscience.* Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Another volume of the series of excellent tales in course of publication by Murphy & Co., is here presented to the reader. It consists of two tales, one showing the misery of jealousy between brothers, and the other the evil of secrecy between husband and wife. They are admirably wrought out in the Christian style of Conscience. Indeed in the whole range of modern fiction we know of no better specimen of word-painting than the episode of Abulfaragus in the Count of Craenhove or the scene between mother and child in Wooden Clara. Both show the master-hand, and after the thrilling war-pieces of the Lion of Flanders and Veva, give us an enjoyment of a more quiet, it is true, but not of a less pleasurable kind.

6. **TABLE TRAITS, WITH SOMETHING ON THEM.** By Dr. Doran. N. York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We owe an apology to the Doctor for having kept his "Traits" so long upon our table without paying our respects to them. We hope, however, to meet with indulgence from the well known generosity of his nature, and the more readily we are sure, when we come to state the cause of our apparent neglect, and it is simply this: when we received the book we were so pleased with its truly entertaining traits, that we could not lay it down until we had completely read it through; (no slight task either in a book of nearly five hundred pages). Again we took it up, and again its fascinating pages led us on from chapter to chapter, until we had got to the very last sentence in the book. And thus it happened, every time we attempted to write about it, we were seized with a mania for reading it. At length we came to the conclusion not to notice it at all, and give this by way of an apology for saying nothing concerning it, leaving to our readers the rich treat they must have over the plates and platters of which the Doctor speaks. They will not find it, as they might imagine, a cook-book; by no means; it is all about dishes and "something" on them; of the time, the manner and peculiarities of custom which, from time immemorial, prevailed among the children of Adam in taking their food; the number and quality of the dishes, and other like etceteras.

But why has the Doctor marred the pleasure of his book by his repeated attempts to bring into ridicule the bishops and priests and members of the religious orders of the Catholic Church? Why these ungenerous attempts to rob them of the ennobling virtue of sincerity, and to throw obloquy on their religion by exhibiting the apparent austerity of their lives, as a mockery and sham? a cloak, beneath which they live in luxury and ease. But nothing, it seems, in this generation is so saleable in the literary market as that which is well seasoned with *anti-papery* ingredients. The Doctor knew this, and like the manufacturer of wares, he made the article to suit the taste of his customers.

7. **THE LAKE SHORE; or the Slave, the Serf and the Apprentice.** By *Emile Souvestre*. Translated from the French. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is an exceedingly interesting book, consisting of three distinct tales. The first is especially entertaining. The hero is a noble youth taken from Britton, while the island was a Roman province, and sold as a slave at Rome to a wealthy patrician. The youth is converted to Christianity, and finally suffers martyrdom for his faith. We cheerfully recommend the work.

**BOOKS RECEIVED:—First Class Reader.** By G. S. Hillard. Boston: Hickling, Swan & Brown.—*The Confidential Correspondence of Napoleon Bonaparte with his Brother Joseph;—The Attaché in Madrid;—Elements of Logic.* By Henry P. Lappan. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—*The Hamiltons, or Sunshine in Storm.* By Cora Berkley. New York: Dunigan & Brother.—*The Life of Guendoline, Princess Borgese.* By Rev. Father Hewit.—*The Seraph of Assisi.* By Rev. Titus Joalin. New York: P. O'Shea.—*Charlemont.* By W. Gilmore Simms, Esq.;—*Maginn's Miscellanies.* New York: Redfield.



## Editors' Table.

WELL nigh half the month has passed by, and yet half our labor remains undone. Our table—not a line of it yet committed to paper, though the printer's *angel* (we don't like that other word) has been dunning us for copy for a week past. Our readers, we know, are patient and generous with all; they will not find fault with us, especially during this penitential season. 'Tis the first spring month—March. It brings the return of the festivity of Ireland's Tutelar Saint; and not a line in anticipation of that festival with which to treat our readers. This is really too bad. But to-night we meet, and by hard labor, we may retrieve the time we have lost.

Such were our cogitations as we hastened from the tea-table to our sanctum. O'Moore had preceded us there. As we approached the door, we were somewhat startled by a sound issuing from our usually quiet quarters. We stopped and listened, and soon recognized the clear and sonorous voice of our friend, O'Moore, singing, in the happiest mood, an *Ode to St. Patrick's Day*, of which we were only able to distinguish the following stanzas:

Hail happy day! with joy once more,  
We greet thy dawn in distant plains;  
While Erin's sacred, hallowed shore  
Each fondest, tenderest wish retains.  
Though nature's charms around us smile,  
And balmy zepthers gently play,  
Still our hearts, sweet native isle,  
Shall turn to thee on *Patrick' Day*!

Hail happy day! thy lovely dawn  
Recalls the past and brings to mind  
The cherished home, the green-clad fields,  
The bosom friends we've left behind.  
Once more to thee the glass we'll crown,  
To banish grief and care away,  
And pass the flowing bowl around,  
With shamrocks wreathed on *Patrick's Day*!

Hail happy day! may thy return  
Bring freedom to my native shore;  
And bid her children cease to mourn,  
That leagued oppression is no more.  
Yes, be their tears, their sighs, their chains,  
Soon dried, suppressed and torn away,  
While their harp's unfettered strains  
Sound sweetly wild on *Patrick's Day*!

Our entry cut short the pleasing melody; and this we regret, as Mr. O'Moore would not consent to show us the manuscript, saying jocosely, that we had heard enough of it.

"We are happy, Mr. O'Moore, to find you so agreeably occupied, and deeply regret our interruption."

"No apology is necessary, Mr. Oliver. While waiting your coming, I was repeating some lines to Father Carroll, when he suggested that they were exactly adapted to the well known air of —, and I was just trying how they would suit."

"The feast of Saint Patrick is suggestive of many pleasing and sad reminiscences to the Irish emigrant."

"Yes, Mr. Oliver, on that festival the Irish heart throbs with emotions, deep and endearing emotions. Whatever be his condition, or wherever he may be cast on this troubled orb, no matter how far he may be from his own green isle, the son of Erin revisits her shores on the festival of Ireland's Tutelar Saint. On this day the scenes of former years rise up before him. He is transported in thought to the banks of the Liffy, the Ban, or the Blackwater, or he treads with lightsome step the shores of her enchanting lakes, hallowed in his memory, by all the associations of early childhood. He mingles again with the companions of his boyhood, and roams in sportive glee over the green



hills so familiar to other days; or he stands, as in times of old, with soul enraptured, to listen to some way-faring minstrel as he strikes his harp to the numbers of Ireland's Tutelar Saint. He visits again the 'old church yard,' and bends, it may be, over the parental grave, and whispers a *requiem* for the souls of those who so fondly cherished and loved him. He stands again on the spot, ay, the sacred spot, where the aged father plighted the last adieu; where a mother, a fond, a doting mother, clung for the last time to his bosom, and pressed a fervent kiss upon his tear-moistened cheek. He hears anew the parental blessing, 'God speed you, my child,' as he finally departs to seek a home in the land of the stranger.

"These, Mr. Oliver, and a thousand similar reminiscences are recalled to the Irish bosom by the return of *Saint Patrick's day*. The Irish heart feels their influence, as none other can feel them, and is forced to give utterance to its emotions in the language of song.

"Our readers, Mr. Oliver," continued Mr. O'Moore, as he walked the room with his arms folded upon his breast; "our readers, I know, will indulge me a little this month. I feel that I have a *carte blanche*, if not to roam in the regions of fancy, at least to express the emotions, which St. Patrick's day spontaneously calls up in the bosom of an exile; to speak of 'old Erin,' in the language of a son that still loves her with undying affection. Yes, Erin,—"

Here O'Moore, growing animated and deeply pathetic, continued as it were by inspiration, and gave utterance to the following beautiful stanzas:

Yes Erin! my country, although thy harp slumbers,  
And lies in oblivion in Tara's old hall,  
With scarce one kind hand to awaken its numbers,  
Or sound a lone dirge to the son of Fingall;  
The trophies of war may hang there neglected,  
For dead are the warriors to whom they were known,  
But the harp of old Erin will still be respected  
While there lives but one bard to enliven its tone.

Oh Erin! my country, I love thy green bowers  
No music to me like thy murmuring rills,  
Thy shamrock to me is the fairest of flowers,  
And nought is more dear than thy daisy clad hills;  
Thy caves, whether used by thy warriors or sages,  
Are still sacred held in each Irishman's heart,  
And thy ivy-crowned turrets, the pride of past ages,  
Though mouldering in ruins, do grandeur impart.

*Britania* may vaunt of her lion and armor,  
And glory when she her old wooden walls views,  
*Caledonia* may boast of Pebrock and Claymore,  
And pride in her philabeg, kelt, and her hose;  
But where is the nation to rival old Erin?  
Or where is the country such heroes can boast?  
In battle they're brave as the tiger or lion,  
And bold as the eagle that bounds on her coast.

The breezes oft shake both the rose and the thistle,  
While Erin's green shamrock lies hushed in the dale,  
In safety it rests while the stormy winds whistle  
And grows undisturb'd 'midst the mosses of the vale;  
Then hail! fairest island in Neptune's old ocean!  
Thou land of *Saint Patrick*, my parent a grah!  
Cold, cold, must the heart be, and void of emotion,  
That loves not the music of "Erin-go-bragh!"

"I am delighted with these stanzas, Mr. O'Moore," said Father Carroll, at the conclusion of the last line. "There is a smoothness in the verse that pleases the ear, and a pathos in the numbers that touches the chords of the heart."

"They are only a sample, Rev. Sir," replied O'Moore, "of old Irish poetry, or rather of true Irish feeling and sentiment, done up in an English dress—a feeling and



sentiment inherited by every Irish exile wherever he may roam. Ireland is the land of song, of genius and inspiration. Her sons inherit her spirit, and wherever you find Irishmen (and where will you not find them), there you will find poets. Often beneath a homespun garb is concealed a gem of intellect, a genius that needs only to be touched, to be awakened into life and energy. Of this I had recently a striking illustration. I was applied to for employment by a hardy son of toil, who had become the victim of that heartless system of proscription, which, in those latter times, has prevailed to a certain extent even in this free land, where, alas! it seems the stranger is no longer a welcome guest. His religion and his country was his crime; on account of these he was discharged from the workshop where for years he had earned an honest livelihood by the sweat of his brow. His soul, however, disdained to repine, and with a cheerful heart sought a more genial sphere for the labor of his hands.

But for employment, I had none to give him, and asked him jocosely in the course of conversation, if he could write poetry; to which he replied that occasionally he was guilty of the like; and taking his pencil, he wrote almost impromptu, the following verses as expressive of the noble feelings that reigned in his soul:—

DON'T MURMUR AT YOUR LOT.

Friend of my heart this goblet sip,  
'Twill sooth your grief and pain;  
'Tis not a draught that sears the lip,  
Or tongue with oaths profane;  
But out of Nature's sparkling spring  
This beverage is got,  
And whilst you drink I'll sit and sing,  
Don't murmur at your lot.

And though a homespun garb you wear,  
Not cloth of superfine;  
And if on coarsest food you fare,  
Don't murmur or repine;  
Although the snow may drift between  
The shingles of your cot,  
And feel harsh winter's breathings keen—  
Don't murmur at your lot.

And if obliged to roam the earth,  
Exiled from where you're born;  
Or yet, exposed almost from birth  
To buffeting and scorn;  
Though tyrants haunt you to the grave,  
Though wrongs are ne'er forgot;  
Let no mean fears betray the slave,  
Nor murmur at your lot.

You must not envy then the rich,  
'Because that you are poor;  
Although you labor in the ditch  
Or sleep upon the floor;  
Let nothing earthly tempt your eye,  
Keep free of stain or blot;  
And when the eve of life draws nigh,  
Your's is the safest lot.

"The verses are not faultless," continued O'Moore; "nevertheless they contain lessons that all may study with profit."

"Before leaving the subject of poetry," said Father C., "here is a short contribution in that line from a western friend, which will please and delight our readers. It is a beautiful allegory under which our holy church is represented as a mighty stream, rolling onward through ages, and from which countless millions draw the living waters of truth. Be so kind, Mr. O'Moore, as to read it."

O'Moore took the paper and read as follows:



## THE STREAM OF THE DESERT.

Upspringing in the desert wild,  
 In peace a crystal fountain rose,  
 And to its waters countless tribes  
 Draw near that it may heal their woes.

In growing power it rolls along  
 A mighty flood, where navies ride  
 Armed with the spear and shield of truth  
 To guard the treasures of the tide.

The sun shines on it from his throne,  
 The queen of heaven on it streams  
 Her soft and pearly floods of light,  
 The bright star in its bosom gleams.

In peace, far from the murmuring shore,  
 The sheltered isles upon it rest,  
 Like jewels on a virgin's brow,  
 Or children on a mother's breast.

Upon its smile the lilies feed,  
 The roses glow with love's own fire,  
 And healing winds their fragrance bear  
 To stir meek souls with pure desire.

And on it flows, and still must flow  
 Until it clasps the willing world  
 With healing arms, and sin and wrong  
 Shall to their dark abodes be hurl'd.

And all to whom that water comes  
 Shall live when time's thick veil is riven;  
 And, wafted by the breath of love,  
 Shall gain the calm eternal heaven.

MILWAUKEE.

FIDELIA.

"Beautiful verses, Father C," exclaimed O'Moore, as he finished the last line.  
 "Put them down, by all means, for the next number."

"How are you pleased, Mr. O'Moore, with our friend W's article on *Ancient Music*?"  
 enquired Father Carroll.

"Perfectly enraptured with it, Rev. Father. It is a worthy tribute to that beautiful art. Our warmest thanks to the author for this his first contribution, with an assurance that his offerings shall be ever welcome to our table. He wields a pen too able and too graceful to remain idle; and if we may venture to suggest a theme worthy of its power, it would be that the author pursue the same beautiful subject during the period of modern history—to trace the progress of harmony and song, since the time when they were first dedicated upon the Christian altar."

"Is that your promised review of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*?" enquired Mr. Oliver, pointing to a roll of paper which lay before Mr. O'Moore.

"This is my review of that beautiful poem," replied O'Moore, holding up the roll.

"But I regret that it is too lengthy for insertion in the present number, and must necessarily be deferred to the next."

"Here is a book," said Mr. Oliver, "which politeness alone would induce us to consider, since it is the production of an English lady, the daughter of a peer, and a maid of honor to the queen."

"And what is it all about?" asked Mr. O'Moore; "some new perfectionist novel, full of tender feeling for a clique, and of bitterness for every one outside of the charmed circle?"

"By no means. It is a book of travels through the United States."

"Travels in the United States by an English woman?" exclaimed O'Moore; "away with it then! we have had enough of Trollopes and Martineaus for the rest of our existence. For my part, I am heartily sick of their flippant wisdom and voluble abuse."



"Had you better ascertain the spirit in which it is written?" said Father Carroll, who had been turning over the leaves, during the conversation. "Here is a passage, for example, which strikes me as wonderfully fair and liberal, for a Scotch woman and a Protestant. It refers to a local institution, of which all classes and sects are justly proud."

"Mrs. W.—took me this morning to see Mount Hope, a lunatic asylum, managed by above twenty Sisters of Charity, who reside at a house in a very pretty situation, overlooking the city and the neighborhood. The sisters act under the direction of an excellent Protestant physician—Dr. Stokes. No bigotry upon either side mars Christian labor: love, cheerfulness, comfort and industry alleviate and bless the inmates of Mount Hope. A library of suitable and amusing books, objects of natural history, music, handiworks, are all at the disposal of the inmates; and though some must be under restraint, it is a restraint of the kindest and gentlest description."

"I do not see that we have reason to complain at least of that passage."

"I am sure I beg the lady's pardon with all my heart; she is very far from being a Trollope or a Martineau. But how is it about other things?"

"As for style," replied Mr. Oliver, "there is not much of that, since, as she tells us herself, the letters were written hastily and published without revision. Hence we must not be too severe upon her for defects of this kind. She seems to be a bustling, active, good-humored lady, with a passion for natural history, especially botany, and a great fondness for sketching picturesque scenes. These tastes she indulges by rambles in all sorts of wild places, though she entertains a true feminine horror of snakes. She hunts up the scientific men, wherever she goes, and they manifestly make a pet of her. She is quite delighted when Agassiz tells her that some fossils she has collected in Florida, are interesting as showing a green sand formation in a place not heretofore known to possess it. A wonderful command of temper too she possesses, for when a soldier in Havana knocks over a flower pot containing a new fern, which she has carried in her lap all the way from Florida, she does not abuse him for 'a horrid wretch,' but freely forgives him, on account of the rueful face with which he regards the ruin he has occasioned, and makes some very sensible philosophical reflections on the occasion. Neither does she lack courage, since in the face of no little opposition (one literary individual of positive opinions refusing to edit her book for her), she stoutly vindicates the South from the calumnious aspersions of Englishmen and abolitionists. Indeed the South seems to have taken a strong hold on her affections. She finds the men there handsome and more dignified, the women sweeter and more polished, than at the North. She gives proper credit to the self-sacrifice, and habitual good-nature of the slaveholder, qualities of which those who have never lived among them are not willing to acknowledge the existence. In doing this she by no means abnegates her nationality. She remains fervently British to her very heart's core, applauds the sentiment of her female travelling companion, who would not marry an American, if he were the President himself, and thinks 'that only the fear of starvation would induce an Englishman or woman to fix themselves for life in America.' This gives value to her warm defence of the 'peculiar institution,' and satisfies me that it is honest."

"Writing in haste, of course, she does not escape amusing mistakes. She mis-quotes names, and makes the usual blunders of Britons in our geography. Thus in a little table of our nicknames, she calls *Philadelphia*, the *Key State* and the *Quaker City*. Among the bleak hills of Rockbridge county, in January, she records a frosty night as a rare occurrence in Virginia. She rattles away at a prodigious rate, and is a vigorous partizan. She is deeply interested in the gubernatorial election of New York, and sympathises strongly with Mr. Seymour. In endeavoring to convey to her friends across the water some ideas of our party designations, she tells them that 'the American Democrat designates enlightened, consistent principles; the whig, narrow-minded, bigoted Republicanism.'

"Altogether, however, making all allowances for her proneness to take sides, her zeal and her haste, I think she has produced a readable, and very fair and honest book about America."



**THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MOUNT HOPE INSTITUTION.**—We have received the Thirteenth Annual Report of this truly humane Institution, from our esteemed friend, Dr. Wm. H. Stokes, Attending Physician. Mount Hope, we may state, for the information of our distant readers, is an institution for the relief of persons afflicted with mental derangement, and located in the vicinity of our city; that the patients are nursed by the Sisters of Charity, who own the institution.

The Report commences with a general statement of the movements of the patients for the year ending January 1st, 1856. On the 31st of December, 1854, there were in the house 147 insane patients; 56 males and 91 females. During the year ending 31st of December, 1855, 95 were admitted; 49 males and 46 females, making an aggregate of 242 in the institution during the year. During the same period, 120 were discharged; 59 males and 61 females; leaving on the 31st of December, 1855, 122 patients; 46 males and 76 females. Of those discharged, 26 had recovered; 61 were improved; 19 were unimproved; 1 eloped, and 14 died.

We are happy to find, that this Institution, devoted to so benevolent, humane, and useful a purpose as that of administering to the wants and necessities of this most afflicted class of our fellow men, continues to maintain its high reputation for the successful cure of insanity. As each year rolls round, it is seen quietly but efficiently moving on in the fulfilment of the high purposes to which it is consecrated. It continues to enjoy, as the Report states, to a degree commensurate with the highest expectations and wishes of its warmest friends, the favorable consideration of the community in which it is situated, and from the number of patients collected within its walls from remote sections of the Union, its guardians possess the most ample and gratifying assurance of its wide-spread reputation abroad.

The Report proceeds to descant at some length on the benign principles and humane spirit which have been so conspicuous in modern times no less in the planning, organizing and managing asylums for the insane, than in the medical and moral treatment of the unfortunate subjects of this malady. But notwithstanding the vast improvements made in this field of philanthropy, and the general amelioration manifest in the condition of the insane, yet is the remembrance of the cruelties practiced under the old system far from being obliterated from the public mind. Insane hospitals are not yet divested of that deep-rooted prejudice which has sprung from the harshness and inhumanity prevailing in them up to the time of the advent of St. Vincent de Paul and Pinel. Many persons continue to invest them with a peculiar feeling of superstition and horror. But this feeling is gradually being dispelled as the community becomes more enlightened in regard to the real character of such establishments at this day, and the nature of the treatment now pursued for the relief of the insane. Antiquated notions and long established impressions are rapidly giving place to sounder views on this subject. And more than half this horror will be destroyed, and the chances of recovery increased, whenever the whole community can look upon the insane as upon other invalids, suffering under a disease as curable in the early stage as many others; and can believe that, when restored, an individual who has been thus afflicted, is as worthy of confidence and respect, and as capable of resuming his position in the world, as though he had recovered from a fever or other affliction, in which the manifestations of the mind had been temporarily deranged. The public will then be made to understand that an insane hospital is only a place prepared by enlightened benevolence for the treatment of these affections, requiring as they do a greater diversity of means, and more varied and expensive arrangements than are available in the ordinary hospitals, or at their own homes. We trust, therefore, that the day is not distant when the advantages of these institutions will be generally appreciated, and that all will be ready to admit, that, in a well conducted asylum alone, can be concentrated those diversified influences, moral and medical, which are essentially necessary for re-establishing and re-invigorating the enfeebled and disordered mind.

The Report proceeds to state, that at Mount Hope moral influences are brought to bear upon the patient the moment he crosses the threshold. This real treatment begins from the moment he enters the asylum. The aspect of the place, the first faces he sees, the first words addressed to him, the first day, almost the first hour spent in the asylum modify all the impressions made upon him afterwards. Patients frequently allude to these things long afterwards. One of the very first measures adopted here in all cases, is to administer a warm bath, and then to clothe them in clean and comfortable apparel. Their clothes, often ragged and dirty, torn and soiled in violent struggles before arriving,



are removed. This early attention to their physical comfort and satisfaction, accompanied with other marks of care and kindness, often serves more than all things else to imprint a favorable impression on the mind of the patient, and tends to reconcile the most timid to all the strangeness of a lunatic asylum. After the bath, some good food is supplied him, and generally partaken of eagerly. By such means the confidence of the patient is early acquired, and he is disarmed of those insane suspicions which have been riveted on him by the harsh treatment and galling restraint previously resorted to. With the most considerate kindness on the part of the Sisters, and an earnest zeal that never wearies in the labor of alleviating human suffering, and with their characteristic gentleness, is this mild and benignant system seen to pervade all the operations and arrangements of the house. Here nothing is neglected, or thought too trivial to deserve attention. The clothing, the diet, the exercises, the occupation, the amusements, the arrangements about the bed-rooms, the corridors and day-rooms, the encouragement given to the desponding, the indulgence shown to the wayward and fretful, the care bestowed upon the imbecile and helpless, all these things are here brought into active play and daily exercise, for the special benefit of its inmates. We have in these words strikingly displayed the blessed fruits of true Christian love and charity brought into active exercise in alleviating this most disastrous of all human maladies. Here the law of humanity and kindness pervades every department, prompts every duty, and governs the conduct of every one to whom is committed the care of the patients. The Sisters themselves perform all these duties; they constitute the nurses, and administer to the wants and necessities of the afflicted inmates. It is the only institution for the insane in this country, where the Sisters of Charity perform these anxious and responsible duties. And no doubt they possess for this important and delicate task, qualifications of the highest order. By long experience and practice, they must have acquired a superior aptness in regulating the conduct of patients of this class, in controlling the excitement, in restraining the waywardness, and removing the mental depression from the minds of the afflicted subjects that here surround them. To discharge properly and faithfully these duties must indeed demand a rare combination of qualities. Attendants on the insane must necessarily be subjected to many circumstances well calculated sorely to try the patience of the most self-possessed and self-denying Christian. How important therefore, that these poor sufferers should be under the care and guardianship of persons actuated by the pure motives and exalted principles of the Sisters of Charity.

Passing on from this subject we find in the Report numerous statistics presented in a tabular form of a highly interesting character. Under the head of the supposed causes of insanity in the 242 cases under treatment the last year, some cautionary and very judicious remarks are thrown out on the danger of overtaxing the mind. Several cases have seemed to be attributable to this cause—hence it observes: "When it is shown what an extensive influence strong mental exertion, and the undue excitement of the passions exert in producing insanity, a most salutary warning is given against over-exertion of the mind, against a too eager ambition after wealth or the honors of life. They point out to mankind the superior advantages of moderation in the pursuit of knowledge or of gain, or of whatever the energies may be directed to. To men of science and of the various professions, they teach the danger of persisting in employing the brain without allowing it needful rest and relaxation. Insanity, in its various forms, is by no means an unfrequent result of an over-worked mind. The histories of the many victims to intellectual toil raise a warning voice against taxing too far the powers of the mind. For unfortunately, manifold instances are annually presented to us of men of this class, in whom a short maniacal attack is but the precursor of an old age of mental imbecility. . . . To avoid this dread calamity it is only necessary to labor in humble subjection to the laws of our mental and corporeal well-being. Thus the mind, far from being enervated by action, rather gathers strength, and in accordance with the order of Divine Providence, undergoes that healthy and progressive development which fits it for usefulness."

Having thus noticed at considerable length the prominent topics touched upon in this Report, we are obliged to omit any reference to the means of occupation and recreation provided for the patients. We shall conclude therefore by calling attention to the plan proposed for extending relief to a very deserving class of indigent insane. "We refer to those stricken with this sad affliction whose circumstances are limited, such as mechanics and others, on whose exertions the support of a family has depended. Generally speaking the little savings of such are soon exhausted in the effort to pay the expenses of their board and medical attendance. Often these cases after a few weeks trial of treatment are withdrawn, because of the utter inability longer to maintain them at the institution. How many are there every year of this character, who perhaps in a very brief period more might be perfectly and permanently restored to reason! and how vast the amount of good that would be conferred by the establishment of a fund for their benefit and relief! We earnestly present to the benevolent these unfortunates as



legitimate and deserving objects upon whom to bestow their fostering care and offerings of charity. No better method could be adopted, we conceive, for the relief of this worthy class of insane, than the endowment of *free beds* by individual or associated bounty, as has been long the practice in European cities. Accordingly we present this as a favorable form in which individuals or societies may contribute to the means of good which this Institution is calculated to accomplish. *Three thousand dollars would maintain a free bed or apartment perpetually or as long as the Institution exists, and this apartment so endowed would always be designated by the name of the donor.* For this sum bequeathed to the Asylum, the giver would enjoy the happy reflection that by means of his generous bounty, some son or daughter of affliction would as long as the establishment continues its career, be receiving all the advantages it is capable of conferring, for their restoration to reason."

THE LECTURE OF THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.—We had intended to insert entire, in the present number, the Lecture of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, delivered in this city on the 17th ultimo. Since then, however, it has been widely circulated throughout the country by the numerous Catholic journals, and its contents by this time are doubtlessly familiar to most of our readers. This precludes the necessity of inserting it at length, or even of taking from it any lengthy extract. There is one point in the lecture, however, to which we would call the attention of our readers, as it may serve to furnish them with the means of refuting an absurd and silly charge, so often brought against their Holy Church.

We have heard it reiterated time and again, that Catholicity cannot endure the broad light of free investigation; that whenever it is brought in contact with a free government, liberal principles, and an untrammelled press, it diminishes and falls to decay; that the Catholic Church is only suited for a monarchical rule, that the clergy and the bishops seek to retain the people in ignorance, as the best means of keeping them attached to their faith; that Catholics cannot be trusted in their loyalty to republican institutions. The illustrious Prelate clearly demonstrates the absurdity of these charges by the simple recital of the unparalleled prosperity of the Church in this free land, since the period when our government was moulded into its present form—her vast increase in numbers and efficiency, and the grandeur of her institutions. "Within the period to which I have referred," says the Archbishop, "the adherents of the Catholic religion have evinced no special love for that state of society in which their enemies pretend they prosper best. If any say you love darkness, point to your colleges. Was it the love of darkness that stimulated a poor population to establish those institutions of learning? If any say you are disloyal to the country, point to every battle from the commencement of the country, and see if Catholics were not equal in the struggle, and as zealous to maintain the dignity and triumph of the country as those with whom they fought! Nor was it in the contest with Great Britain alone, against whom it is supposed we have a hereditary spite, but against Catholic Mexico, they fought with an equal courage. Although they aimed the point of the sword at the breast of their brother Catholics, they aimed it not the less, and in every contest they endeavored to maintain liberty as well as right. Courage is one thing and engaging in the contest is another. And when allusion is made to their social qualities, may you not point as an answer to the fact that when pestilence and plague had spread their dark pall over your city, they were ready to go with others into the glorious work of charity and humanity; and, if necessary, sacrifice their lives to mitigate pestilence and disease."

Again speaking of the various elements of increase of Catholicity in this country, the learned Prelate uses the following language:

"A third element is that of Conversion, and so far as it is a test question, here is a true test; whether or not Catholicity can compare with any other denomination of Christians, where there is neither popularity on the one side nor prejudice on the other. It is the number of conversions; for while many speculate, and admit, with expressions of gratitude, that the Catholic Religion is useful and beneficial to mankind, they say that, in her regions of despair and darkness, it never can bear the test of light in the presence of equal education. And here is the test: when I say Conversions, not in boastful terms, but which we ascribe to the Almighty, I mean those of American birth, freemen who love freedom, who would not sacrifice legitimate freedom while embracing Catholicism—and who, understanding both sides of the question, have not hesitated to make sacrifices of worldly interests and advantages—for what purpose? to bear testimony to the truth which they had examined and which came under their notice, and by an act of simple faith embraced. Not worldly motives. And here is the field and theatre, the sphere, on which, it was said, it could not stand!"



# Record of Events.

From January 20, to February 20, 1856.

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## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

**ROME.**—The Holy Father has directed by letters addressed to the Secretary of State, that Cardinal de Reisach is to be added to the Cardinals composing the Sacred Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, of examination of Bishops, of the Index and of Ecclesiastical Studies. By other letters his Holiness has nominated advisers to the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences of Holy Relics, Mgr. Ligi Busi, Vicar of Rome; Mgr. Palermo, Sacristan to his Holiness; Mgr. Ferrari, Prefect of Pontifical Ceremonies; and Mgr. Capatti, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. Mgr. de Segur, who had so long filled the post of Auditor of the Rota, has been recalled by his sovereign, the Emperor of France, who appointed him one of the Episcopal Canons of St. Denis. The Pope, previously to his departure, nominated him Bishop, but without stating by what title he is to be designated.—Father Djunkovsky, the distinguished Russian convert, lately left Rome on a mission to the North Pole, under the title of Apostolic Prefect of the North Pole Mission, which has recently been conferred upon him.—Prince Corsini died at Rome on the 6th of January, in the 88th year of his age.—Father Dardeunes, late a captain in the French Artillery, and now a priest of the Dominicans, has left Rome for the Crimea as chaplain in the French army.—The excavations which commenced some time ago on the Aventine Hill are being actively prosecuted, under the direction of the Dominican Fathers of St. Sabine, and are constantly producing objects of great interest, which date from the time of ancient Rome. All these articles are placed in a large hall of the Dominican Convent, and the intention is to form a museum of them after a short time. Excavations are also being effected in the Appian Way, and always with satisfactory results, and the works of restoration are being proceeded with without ceasing in the Coliseum.

**SARDINIA.**—The spirit of irreligion still prevails in this country. The Municipal Council of Turin has decided by a small majority to deprive the Christian Brothers of the direction of the Communal Schools. The people have petitioned the Intendant General of Turin, praying him not to give his sanction to the action of the Council. It is further stated that the Brothers, if the measure goes into effect, will be supported by private subscription, and that their schools will be continued. As the king returned from his late visit to England, he passed through Chambery. While there he was waited on by a deputation of one hundred ladies of the principal families in the place, bearing a petition that the Convent of the Sacred Heart might be preserved and permitted to remain in that city. The lady who addressed his Majesty in the name of the fair deputation, was the Countess de Costa. The king, with much embarrassment, finally promised to do whatever he could in their favor. The sequel, however, proved how little he concerned himself about the matter; for within eight days after this interview, an order came from the minister to the effect that the ladies of the Sacred Heart should either submit to the public examination or leave the city.

**SPAIN.**—Nothing of striking interest has taken place in this country during the last month. The Cortes, we learn by late arrivals, are not all together pleased with the conduct of the Ministry, and passed a vote of censure on the latter by a majority of 152 to 57.

**FRANCE.**—A month ago Europe was held in suspense awaiting the deliberation of Russia respecting the peace propositions offered by Austria in behalf of the allies; and when it was announced that Russia had accepted the propositions as the basis of a negotiation for terminating the war, the most intense excitement prevailed. The Emperor Napoleon received the despatch, announcing the important measure, while holding the



Council of War, and read it to the assembly. Upon this the Duke of Cambridge arose, saying that his mission to Paris was ended, and that he might take his leave and return to London. Preliminaries of peace are said to be already prepared, and only await the signature of the powers to give them effect. A general Congress has been proposed for settling the difficulties between the belligerent powers, and Paris has been selected as the place for holding it.—A plot against the government is reported to have been discovered at Rochefort, but the particulars have not transpired.—The Archbishop of Paris has ordered the curé of every parish in his diocese to open a depot for the reception of old clothes, damaged or worn out furniture, and broken victuals, for the use of the poor.—The Archbishop of Lyons has published a circular stating, at his request, the Abbé Millois will shortly commence the publication of a series of popular works, suitable for the education of youth. The design of these works is to combat every tendency to irreligion and atheism.—It is also stated that an eminent Parisian publisher is engaged in issuing a translation of the works of the celebrated Cardinal Bellarmine, including his sermons and ascetic treatises.—*Death of the Abbé Rohrbacher.*—The learned and pious Abbé Rohrbacher recently died at Paris, surrounded by a few particular friends, and breathing to the last moment that fervent love of God, and attachment to the Church and the Sovereign Pontiff, which distinguished him through life. The chief work of the Abbé is his "History of the Church," extending from the time of the apostles to the year 1852. Besides this, he wrote the "Lives of the Saints for every Day in the Year," in six volumes. He was also the author of various occasional volumes, and at the moment of his death was preparing for publication other important works.

ENGLAND.—Parliament was opened on the 31st of January, and the Queen addressed the Houses in a speech, touching chiefly her relations abroad, referring to the operations of the allies, and announcing that negotiations had been entered into for the purpose of bringing about a permanent peace. The fact that her Majesty omitted to mention or even allude to the United States, has elicited much surprise both on this and the other side of the Atlantic. This is the more remarkable as it is well known that there exists at present a difference of opinion between the two cabinets in relation to the interpretation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. This was noticed at the time by the Earl of Derby, who said the royal speech was bare, cold and meagre. To this the Earl of Clarendon replied as follows, giving us the origin of the difficulties that exist between the two countries, and what has been done by his government in relation thereto:

"I wish to take an early opportunity of referring to the state of our relations with the United States. In my opinion there can be no doubt as to the common sense view of the obligations of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and yet it is upon the interpretation of this treaty that a difference of opinion has arisen.

In such a case a correspondence is useless; and I lost no time in offering to refer the whole question to the arbitration of any third power—both sides agreeing to be bound by the decision. That offer has not yet been accepted. It has been renewed, and I hope that, upon further consideration, the United States Government will agree to it.

With respect to the recruiting in the United States, it would not have aided a friendly solution to allude to it from the Throne, inasmuch as the correspondence must have been produced, and correspondence still continues. The most recent demands of the Government of the United States have been received but two days, and are not yet in a state to be made public. The origin of the trouble was this: At the beginning of the war numerous foreigners in the United States applied to the British Government for permission to join the army in the East; in consequence of which instructions were sent to the Government of Nova Scotia to consider whether persons from the United States could be received at Halifax.

Mr. Crampton was at the same time informed that, anxious as England was for recruits, she was still more anxious there should be no violation or infringement of the municipal law of the United States. An agency office was opened, and upon complaint being made, Mr. Crampton desired it might be made public that the British Government did not recruit or raise soldiers in the United States; and he made known his instructions to Mr. Marcy, who then expressed himself satisfied.

Judge Kane had decided that to pay the passage of a man to a foreign port, and then enlist him, was no violation of international law, and those persons whose passages



were paid to Canada West, as volunteers, were not bound to enter the British service. A correspondence of a not very amicable nature has taken place between the two Governments, but the transactions to which it refers are bygone transactions, and from the commencement the British Government has disclaimed infringing in any way the laws of the United States.

With the conduct of Mr. Crampton his Government is perfectly satisfied, for I am convinced that neither intentionally nor accidentally did he violate any law of the United States."

It is stated our minister, Mr. Buchanan, and Lord Clarendon had a meeting recently at the Foreign Office, where angry words passed between them in relation to the affairs of Central America.—An outrage was committed at the convent of the Sisters of Mercy at Leeds. Three persons burglariously entered the institution, and commenced to carry off the furniture, books &c., when they were discovered and captured by the police. They were tried and found guilty of the charge, but instead of being committed for felony, they were only fined \$25, each, to be paid to the Leeds Infirmary, a Protestant institution. It's a foul wind that blows good to no one.—*Conversions*.—The Hon. Mrs. Henniker, widow of the Hon. and Rev. W. C. Henniker, late Rector of Bealings in Suffolk, has recently been received into the Catholic Church by baptism at the hands of Dr. Manning. Lord Huntingtower, son of the Earl of Dysart, is amongst the converts to Catholicism.—*Death of the Bishop of Liverpool*.—Late advices from Europe bring the melancholy intelligence of the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, bishop of Liverpool. The lamented prelate departed this life on the 25th of January, in the 70th year of his age. *May he rest in peace.*

**IRELAND.**—One of the most remarkable institutions established of late years in this country, and one that seems destined to be productive of immense benefits to the people, is the Incumbered Estate Commission. The operation of this tribunal is producing a complete revolution in the agricultural and social condition of Ireland. From the Commissioner's Report recently published, we learn that in the counties of Galway and Mayo alone, 636,000 acres of ground, about one-fourth of the available land in these two counties, have changed hands within the last few years, and that petitions for the sale of other lands in different sections of the country are daily presented at the office of the Commission. The same report states, speaking of the incumbered estates at the time they were sold, that they exhibited little more than the primitive elements of agriculture, the land untouched by enterprise, unimproved by capital, and even its natural resources unnoted, except by the casual glance of the tourist in search of the picturesque. Now, on every side there are unmistakable signs of improvement and progress. Many estates are being furnished with well constructed farmsteads—drainage is becoming general—a higher style of farming is adopted, and the wages of labor are more than doubled within the last five years. These estates being cut up and sold in small parcels, have created a new class of proprietors, an independent, middle class, the want of which has been hitherto so injurious to the political and social interests of the country.—The Bishop and the clergy of the diocese of Cloyne have entered into a subscription for the purpose of erecting a diocesan seminary, and have already obtained for that laudable object nearly £1,000. In almost every section of the country evidences are given of the zeal of the clergy and the piety of the people. In the city of Wexford, the Rev. Mr. Roche has undertaken the building of two new churches, and among others who have liberally contributed towards the good work, is the Countess of Shrewsbury, who sent a donation of £50. But while Ireland is doing much in the cause of religion at home, she is laboring for the good of her holy faith in distant climes. On Sunday, January 6th, five nuns of the Order of Mercy and two postulants from the parent house, in Dublin, sailed from Kingstown en route for Buenos Ayres, accompanied by the Rev. John Cullen. The Rev. Anthony D. Fahy, of the Dominican order, for twelve years laboring amongst the Irish of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, has provided for the nuns and the priest. The same Rev. Father has a large building in the suburbs of Buenos Ayres, which he intends for an hospital, and another house for a school in the city. Already he has provided five students at All Hallows for the rising mission.



**SCOTLAND.**—It is gratifying to observe the daily evidence of the increase of Catholicity in this country. On the 6th of January the Rt. Rev. Dr. Gillis dedicated a new and beautiful church under the patronage of Mary the "Help of Christians," near Tullymet, Perthshire, the residence of W. Dick, Esq. This gentleman is a convert to Catholicity, and erected the church at his own expense.—*Two Priests poisoned.*—A sad occurrence of poisoning recently took place at the residence of Provost M'Iver, Dingwall. It appears that the party consisted of Provost M'Iver, Mr. L. M. Mackenzie, of Findon, two Catholic Priests, and several ladies. After dinner, and when the ladies had retired, the gentlemen were seized with pains in the throat and mouth, and in half an hour the two priests and Mr. Mackenzie were dead. Provost M'Iver is also in a hopeless state. The case is undergoing investigation. It is believed that the roast meat was garnished with hemlock, and that the wine excited the chemical action of the poison. The names of the priests are Rev. James Gordon, of Beaully, and the Rev. Angus Mackenzie, of Eskadale, near the same place.

**RUSSIA.**—We have noticed elsewhere that Russia had accepted the peace propositions, and that the present aspect of things seems to favor a termination of the war. The proposals which Austria has put forth in her ultimatum, and which the Emperor Alexander has accepted, are five in number and may be thus briefly stated: 1st. The withdrawal of the Russian protectorate over the Principalities. 2d. The freedom of the Danube. 3d. The neutralisation of the Black Sea. 4th. A joint patronage, rather than a protectorate of the Turkish Christians by the Allied Powers, Russia to join them after the peace. 5th. A cession of a portion of Bessarabia, so as to remove the Russian boundary from the Danube, and make it coincident with the line of heights from Chotym to Lake Sasik. Special conditions are likewise reserved to the allied powers.

A Russian diplomatic circular has been issued in which Count Nesselrode makes known to the representatives of Russia, in foreign countries, the motives for accepting the propositions of Austria. The circular declares that Russia has made concessions with a view to the re-establishment of peace, out of deference to the representations of friendly powers, but not because the interests of Russia call for the conclusion of that peace.

It is gratifying to learn that the present Emperor of Russia is disposed to pursue a different line of policy from that of the late Emperor towards his Catholic subjects. From a letter in the *Universal German Gazette* we learn, that orders have been given by the Emperor Alexander scrupulously to observe, in the approaching election of the Catholic Archbishop of Wilna, the terms of the convention made with the pope. He has, moreover, ordered that means shall be placed at the disposal of all the Roman Catholic Bishops who participate in the election, in order to permit them to make the journey. Formerly many Bishops were prevented by want of means from taking part in these elections.

Though the prospects of peace seem to be good, nevertheless, the war preparations do not seem to slacken. A forced loan of 6,000,000 silver roubles has been imposed on Finland for its defence; and iron-coated floating batteries, similar to those of the Allies, are being constructed for the defence of Cronstadt.

**THE CRIMEA.**—Nothing of interest has transpired in this renowned battle ground during the last month. The Russians from the north side of Sebastopol still keep up an occasional firing, but without doing any damage to the allies. An armistice was expected shortly to be agreed upon until after the result of the Peace Congress now holding in Paris should be known.

**PRUSSIA.**—We learn from our foreign file that M. de Kettenbourg has at length obtained permission from the Grand Duke of Mecklenbourg Schwerin to have a Catholic Chaplain at his Chateau of Matgendorf for his family and followers. This concession to that distinguished convert to Catholicity was only made after three



years pleading. The Grand Duke's first refusal was referred to the Germanic Confederation, and that assembly would not interfere; now the privilege is given as a favor and not as a right. The Baron Hammerstein Gesmold has renounced Protestantism at Lunebourg, and his conversion has created a great sensation amongst his Protestant friends, who attribute his and the many other conversions in that country to the Catholic liturgy, and accordingly they have begun an evening service with ceremonies and liturgy. At Hanover the Protestants have even established the Mass. At Saxe Meiningen a peasant girl, who became a Catholic, was banished as a criminal, and for the sole change of her religion. On the Neckar a most respectable citizen was much persecuted, and for the same reason.

**Nicaragua.**—We have seen a few months ago that Col. Walker invaded Nicaragua, overturned the government and established a new republic, constituting himself President. This done, he sent a Mr. French as Minister to our government, but the Cabinet at Washington declined to recognize that gentleman in his official capacity. On the return of French to his government, Walker became greatly exasperated, and immediately suspended all diplomatic relations with the United States, by issuing the following manifesto:

*The Provisional President of the Republic of Nicaragua to its Inhabitants:*

Knowing with certainty that the Government of the United States, in opposition to the public opinion of that nation, declines to recognize the present administration of Nicaragua, and refuses to enter into relations with the Hon. P. H. French, its present accredited Minister near that Cabinet; in use of its powers:

*To the Hon. J. H. Wheeler, resident Minister of the United States in Nicaragua:*

Sir:—My government being well convinced that the present Cabinet at Washington, contrary to the popular wish of that nation, refuses its recognition, it becomes incumbent upon me to notify you that the powers conferred on Mr. P. H. French, the present Minister of Nicaragua, near the United States, have been this day revoked, and that he has been commanded to return to this city. At the same time I have to communicate to you in the name of my government, that in consideration of the aforesaid conduct of the government which you represent, all communication with you in the character of a Minister, resident of the United States, is from this day forward suspended.

I have the honor to offer you the assurance of my highest consideration. **FERRER.**

**DECREE.**

Article 1. All official communication with the Hon. J. H. Wheeler, Minister of the Government of the United States, residing in this Republic, is suspended.

Article 2. All the powers conferred upon Col. P. H. French, as Minister Plenipotentiary near that nation, are revoked.

Article 3. Let this decree be communicated to whom it may concern, and to the said Col. P. H. French, that he may return to this Capital to give an account of his mission. Given in Granada, the 22d day of the month of January, 1856. **PATRICIO RIVAS.**

*To the Minister General, the Licentiate Don Fermin Ferrer.*

**DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.**

1. **ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.**—*Church Dedication.*—The new church lately erected near Georgetown Cross Roads, Kent County, in this State, was dedicated to the service of Almighty God on the 3d instant. The solemn ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Foley, of the Cathedral, assisted by the Rev. Mr. McManus, of St. John's, who celebrated Mass on the occasion. The church is a neat brick structure, 50 feet long by 36 wide, and the first we believe ever erected in that county.

*Destruction of St. Mary's church, Govanstown.*—This neat little church, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Father Courtney, was accidentally destroyed by fire on Sunday morning the 10th inst. Every thing was saved except the pulpit and organ. The building was totally destroyed, but was fully covered by insurance.



**2. ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW ORLEANS.**—The opening of the First Provincial Council of New Orleans, an event that will long be remembered by the Catholics in that section of our country, took place in the Cathedral of St. Louis on Sunday the 20th of January. The Council was composed of the following prelates: Most Rev. Anthony Blanc, D. D., Archbishop of New Orleans; Right Rev. Michael Portier, D. D., Bishop of Mobile; Right Rev. John M. Odin, D. D., Bishop of Galveston; Right Rev. Andrew Byrne, D. D., Bishop of Little Rock; and Right Rev. Augustus Martin, D. D., Bishop of Natchitoches, with their Theologians, and five Superiors of Religious Congregation, who took part in the proceedings. The procession was formed at the episcopal residence, and moved thence to the Cathedral, where Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop. After the gospel, the Right Rev. Dr. Portier, Bishop of Mobile, preached in French, and at the conclusion of the Holy Sacrifice, an eloquent sermon was delivered in English, by the Rev. J. J. Mullan, pastor of St. Patrick's. The Council was then opened by the Archbishop, who presided as Metropolitan of the Province. The second public session was held on the Thursday following, when Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Most Rev. Archbishop for the repose of the souls of the Prelates who died during the last year, and a sermon in English preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Odin, Bishop of Galveston. The concluding session of the Council was held on Sunday the 27th of January, after which the prelates addressed a Pastoral Letter to the Clergy and Laity of their respective dioceses, replete with paternal admonitions and salutary counsels to Catholics, especially at this period of our country's history. Our space at present will not permit us to speak of this excellent Pastoral, we must therefore defer it to the next number.

**3. DIOCESE OF BUFFALO.**—An interesting ceremony took place on the 25th of January in the Cathedral of St. Joseph, Buffalo city. Brothers Henry, Timothy and John, of the Society of the Holy Infancy of Jesus, made their religious vows to the Rev. Father Early, Superior of this Order, in the presence of the Right Rev. Bishop of Buffalo, who founded this religious society for the protection and instruction of orphans and destitute boys. The Bishop addressed the Brothers and the large congregation present on the sanctity and duties of a religious life, and expressed a hope that the society, thus humbly begun, would rise and expand, and soon become equal to the wants of its institution.

**4. DIOCESE OF CHICAGO.**—*Ordination.*—The Right Rev. Dr. O'Regan, Bishop of Chicago, on the 6th of January conferred minor orders on Messrs. Wm. F. Herbert, James Moran, and Patrick Gaffney. On the two following days the Rev. Wm. F. Herbert received the holy orders of sub-deacon and deaconship, and on the 8th the same Rev. gentlemen was raised to the order of priesthood.

**5. DIOCESE OF BROOKLYN.**—The Right Rev. Bishop of Brooklyn gave the white veil to Miss Julia McKenna, at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy in that city, on Wednesday, January 23d. Miss McKenna is the sister of the Rev. Mr. McKenna of this diocese, and took the name in religion of Sister Mary Frances.—A mission was commenced in the new church, "St. Mary, Star of the Sea," Brooklyn, on the 3d instant, under the direction of Fathers Walworth, Hecker, Hewitt and Deshon, of the Redemptorist Order, assisted by several other clergymen.

**6. DIOCESE OF MAINE.**—It is gratifying to observe the increase of Catholicity in this diocese, since the Right Rev. Dr. Bacon has been called to preside over it. Many new churches and missions have been erected through the zeal and energy of the clergy, and four or five others are now under contract to be commenced as soon as the weather will permit. At Manchester lately the Right Rev. Bishop confirmed 400 children, and 250 at Portsmouth.

*Note.*—The want of space compels us to omit the balance of our record relating to the affairs of the Church. The most important items will appear in our next number.



**OBITUARY.**—It is with feelings of deep regret that we record the death of the *Rev. Peter B. O'Flanagan*, of the Society of Jesus, who departed this life at Loyola College in this city on Tuesday morning, February 19th, in the 49th year of his age.

In the death of the worldling, of one who has lived in open violation of his duty to his God, there is something truly terrible; but when the just man is called to sever the ties that bind him to earth, he hears the summons with serenity and joy. To him death is but the gateway that opens to the joys of a better world. Beneath the shadow of the tomb he beholds, with the eye of faith, the beauty and the splendor of the eternal mansions. Such in truth was the death of our lamented friend. Having in early life bid adieu to the vanities of the world, he consecrated himself to God, devoting himself to the practice of those sublime lessons of poverty, chastity and obedience, in the society of which he was an exemplary member.

Father O'Flanagan was born in the county of Fermaugh, Ireland, on the 25th of June, 1807. Shortly after his arrival in this country, he took the holy resolution of consecrating himself to God in the Society of Jesus, and entered upon his novitiate at White Marsh, Prince George's County, in this State. Amidst the many trials which young novices experience, Father O'Flanagan retained an unbroken cheerfulness, affability, and mildness of disposition: virtues which endeared him to all and attended him through life. Being ordained after four years probation, he was appointed to the charge of Trinity Church, Georgetown, D. C., where his name and virtues are still held in grateful remembrance. His health for several years past was seriously affected, and every effort to stay the ravages of disease proved ineffectual. Fortified by the sacraments of the Church, he calmly breathed his last almost without a struggle. His remains were conveyed to Georgetown for interment, attended by the Professors of Loyola College and a large number of friends, who, on arriving in Washington, were joined by an immense concourse of persons. As the funeral cortege moved towards Georgetown, it was met by a procession of about 300 children attached to Trinity Church School, who had come to testify their respect for the remains of their former Father and friend.

*Sister Mary De Sales Kelly* died on the 3d of February, at the Convent of Mercy, Providence, Rhode Island, after a protracted illness, in the 21st year of her age.

Died, of consumption, on Sunday, 3d February, at the Ursuline Convent, Brown county, *Sister St. Clare*, aged 22 years. Deceased was a native of London, and a convert to the Catholic faith.

We are pained to announce the death of the *Rev. Father McCaffray*, late pastor of Richwood, in the diocese of St. Louis. The lamented deceased left home on the 5th of February to administer the last sacraments to a sick woman, and on crossing the Merrimac river on the ice he was accidentally drowned. *May they rest in peace.*

#### SECULAR AFFAIRS.

**THE SPEAKER ELECTED.**—Congress organized on the 2d of February, after a two months' contest, by the election of N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts, to the office of Speaker. This was accomplished by adopting the *majority rule*, and under this, Mr. Banks received 103 votes, Mr. Aiken, the Democratic candidate, 100, and a few scattered. Mr. Banks is a strenuous abolitionist, and a member of the American party.—*Minister to England.*—The Hon. George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Buchanan, at the Court of St. James. The Senate has confirmed the appointment, and the Hon. gentleman will shortly sail for London.

**OUR LEGISLATURE AND THE CONVENT PETITION.**—We regret exceedingly to behold that spirit of hostility to our holy religion and the institutions of the Catholic Church, which has of late years manifested itself in various sections of the country. We knew that there were rancor and bitterness in the minds of a few, quite sufficient to lead them to speak against Catholics, and even to traduce their institutions, but we scarcely



believed that there was in our midst a single individual with hardihood and effrontery enough to become the bearer of a petition to the Legislature of our State, invoking that body to violate the sacred rights of its citizens, and invade the homes of defenceless females. In this however we have been mistaken. A petition to that effect was borne to Annapolis by the Rev. Andrew B. Cross, and presented in the House of Delegates. It was indignantly objected to by Mr. Harris as an insult to the House. Upon this an animated discussion ensued, during which the Hon. Mr. Merrick, the able and eloquent champion of civil and religious liberty, made the following remarks:

"Mr. Merrick—Here is a great indignity offered this body—a false charge against a large, pure and respectable portion of our community, introduced and intended as a fire-brand, to excite malevolence, bitterness and ill-feeling, and is an insult to the House, to the community, and the State. It is false in every statement—in every inference, and those who are supporting the reading of it know it. The case of Olivia Neal, which is mentioned therein, is wholly false. I knew her from her birth, through her childhood and school days, and knew that she was deranged. Her family is subject to derangement and she had this infirmity, and yet Mr. Cross asserts that she was imprisoned against her will, and subjected to outrage, and all that, when he knew it to be false. This petition ought not to be received; it has been originated and introduced here for vile purposes—to excite fanaticism, encourage bigotry and intolerance, and engender a war of religion and persecution. I brand it as it deserves, an infamous proceeding.

"I ask now what members here are ready to bring upon themselves and their fellow-citizens, by receiving and considering this petition, the eternal and unenviable disgrace which now shrouds the State of Massachusetts! Is the State of Maryland, heretofore distinguished in the nation for liberal sentiments and enlarged views upon religious toleration, is it to be stained by the act of the Legislature in receiving a petition whose foundation, argument and prayer, is a direct attack upon the religion of others? Do you mean to go on in the diabolical work already begun in the United States, of interfering in matters of conscience, invading private property, insulting defenceless women, and engendering a strife which will desolate the land in misery and woe? If so, go on—the world will know why this petition was introduced, and who it is that are disposed to fan the flame of religious persecution, which will destroy all that is free, tolerant or noble in humanity?

"As every man has the right to petition the Legislature, so the House has the prerogative of refusing it after being made aware of its contents. But is this a petition of citizens for the removal of a cause of grievance? No! It is a prayer made by a single open, avowed, bitter and bigoted enemy, to enter into the private houses of quiet, respectable and orderly citizens, of whom he is the open persecutor, and to do this in open violation of the law and the constitution. Persons who meddle with the affairs of no one, who neither annoy the public or deprive any of their privileges, who are known only by their good deeds of charity; who acted at Baltimore in the cholera season as nurses for the afflicted; who never disturbed the peace, but willingly sacrificed their lives for the public weal; and those who became aware of the perishable nature of all things, and feel the necessity of religion; who sacrifice themselves upon the sacred altar, and pass their days in penitential prayers, and in doing charities to all within their reach; (the fact of wrong by them being done to any man, Mr. Merrick defied to be mentioned), whose very lives are a reproach to us, these are to be hunted down, villified and persecuted because a malevolent foe should make a sweeping charge against them!"

After some further remarks from Mr. Travers and others, the petition was received and then laid on the table by a vote of 49 to 13.

**PETITION TO REPEAL THE LAW EXEMPTING CHURCHES AND LITERARY INSTITUTIONS FROM TAXATION.**—A petition to this effect was presented in the Senate of this State on the 29th of January, by certain citizens of Frederick County. Mr. Semmes, Senator from Allegany county, being absent when the petition was offered, subsequently directed to have it entered on the journal that had he been present he would have voted against the petition for the following reasons:

"1st. Because exemption from taxation is a vested right belonging to the churches and literary institutions of our State, and that therefore it is not within our constitutional power to disturb that right, even though we were sufficiently barbarous in our tastes to will it.

"2d. Because by the 41st Article of our Declaration of Rights it is made our duty to encourage the diffusion of knowledge and virtue, the promotion of literature, the arts, sciences, &c., and that the policy of the State in exempting churches and literary institutions from taxation as uniformly illustrated by the past records of her Legislature, is one of those modes of encouragement entirely just and fair to all competitors, which cannot degenerate into partialities and is most universally acceptable and popular amongst our constituents."



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**NOTICE OF GOVERNOR LEONARD CALVERT.\***

BY RICHARD H. CLARKE.

TO LEONARD CALVERT is due the honor of having been the pioneer and founder of the third permanent and successful colony within the original limits of the United States, and his, too, is the proud distinction of having been the first to plant in our soil the tree of civil and religious liberty. His life was devoted with extraordinary disinterestedness to the service of his brother and employer, Lord Baltimore, to the nurture of the infant colony committed to his care, and to the cause of liberty, conscience and religion. History scarcely presents another case where such preëminent public services were rendered, without a selfish thought of leaving behind monuments and evidences to perpetuate and emblazon them before the eyes of posterity. The individual and private life and character of Governor Calvert are thus beyond the reach of the historian at this day, but we know from the most authentic sources, that he was a good and just man, a wise and enlightened statesman, and a zealous and sincere Catholic. His great public acts and policy are still bearing fruits in the permanence and prosperity of the free institutions of our country, but tradition has not rescued from oblivion his personal and individual history,

“The best portion of a good man’s life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love.”

Leonard Calvert was the second son of George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore. His father was born at Kepling in Yorkshire, England, in 1582, graduated at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1596, and, after making the tour of Europe, was appointed secretary to the celebrated Robert Cecil, in whose service he remained until Cecil was made Lord High Treasurer, when Calvert was appointed one of the clerks of the Privy Council. In 1617 George Calvert was knighted by the

\* Compiled chiefly from Bozman’s, McSherry’s and Bancroft’s Histories; Dr. Burnap’s Life of Leonard Calvert in Sparks’ American Biography; Father White’s Narrative in Force’s Historical Collection; Mr. Davis’ Day-Star of American Freedom; and other sources.



king; in 1618 was appointed one of the principal Secretaries of State, and in 1620 received a pension of a thousand pounds. Having about this time abjured the errors of Protestantism and become a Catholic, he immediately confessed his faith to his sovereign, resigned his offices and pension, and retired into private life. In 1625 King James, who did not cease to regard him with favor after his conversion, bestowed upon him the Barony of Baltimore in Langford, Ireland. Failing in his efforts to plant a colony in Newfoundland, Lord Baltimore visited Virginia in 1628; but meeting with no encouragement there, he turned his attention to the country about the Chesapeake Bay, of which he readily obtained the requisite grant from the king. He prepared a charter for his projected colony; but before its execution he died on the 15th of April, 1632, leaving three sons, Cecil, Leonard and George.

Cecil, the eldest, inherited his father's virtues with his titles and estates, and succeeded in having the charter, prepared by his father, executed to himself on the 20th of April, 1632. The first name thought of for the colony was *Crescentia Mariana* was then suggested in compliment to the Queen of King Charles the First, Henrietta Maria, but that name was objected to, because it was also the name of a Spanish Jesuit who had written against kings. The name of *Maryland* was finally selected in honor of the Queen, who was a pious and devoted Catholic. The charter was the most liberal granted in those days by any sovereign to a subject. Justly regarding religion as essential to the welfare of states and colonies, Lord Baltimore secured the services of two zealous Jesuit missionaries to accompany the expedition, Fathers White and Altham, whose heroic labors among the Indians, form the most beautiful and attractive chapter in the early history of Maryland. It had been the intention of Lord Baltimore to lead the expedition in person, but his intentions were suddenly changed just before the time for embarking, and resolving to remain in England to watch and protect the interests of the colony there, he confided the care and government of his people to his brother, Leonard Calvert, whom he commissioned as Lieutenant-Governor. On the 22d of November, 1633, the colonists, consisting of the Governor, Leonard Calvert, his younger brother George, his counsellors, Jerome Hawley and Thomas Cornwallis, named with the Governor in the commission, Fathers White and Altham, and about two hundred pilgrims and their families, mostly Catholics, embarked for the Western Continent in two vessels, the "*Ark*" and the "*Dove*," prepared and equipped by the Lord Proprietary. At the outset of the voyage the *Ark* and *Dove* were joined in company by a freighted merchant ship, called the "*Dragon*," of much greater size and strength. A violent storm soon overtook the three vessels, and proved how stronger in the breasts of the pilgrims was the love of freedom, than was even the love of gain in the breast of the merchant. The "*Dragon*" fled from the dangers of the sea, while the weaker *Ark* and *Dove*, trusting in God, dashed onward through the tempest. Governor Calvert endeavored at the Fortunate Islands and at Barbadoes to relieve his brother Cecil from some portion of the immense expense incurred in fitting out the expedition, by taking in a cargo of merchandize for sale, but was defeated in this purpose by the unsettled condition of those countries. The vessels arrived in sight of Point Comfort in Virginia on the 24th of February, 1634; then steering for the mouth of the Potomac, and sailing up the stream, the pilgrims landed and solemnly took possession of St. Clement's Island, now known as Blackstone's, on the 25th of March, the feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin. A thanksgiving mass was solemnly offered up under the trees, after which a procession was formed by the entire company,



headed by the Governor, bearing a huge cross made of trees cut from the forest, which was planted with appropriate ceremonies in the virgin soil, while the good missionaries were chanting the Litany of the Holy Cross, in which they were joined by all present. Governor Calvert, accompanied by Father Altham, visited Virginia, where he was received with hospitality; and, then recrossing the Potomac, he visited the king of the Piscataways, one of the most powerful of the Indian tribes of the country, whose friendship he secured. The land lying about the St. Mary's river was purchased from the friendly Indians and called *Augusta Caroline*, now St. Mary's county, and the site of the village of king Yaocomico was selected for a city, which was called *St. Mary's city*. Not a bushel of corn nor a foot of ground was acquired from the Indians without the payment of its full value. The Governor of Virginia now visited the colony, on which occasion Governor Calvert gave a grand feast, at which the Indian king of the Patuxents was a guest and sat at table between the two governors. So favorably did the just and friendly conduct of the new comers impress this powerful chief, that before departing for the Patuxent, he thus addressed his people: "I love the English so well, that if they should go about to kill me, and I had so much breath as to speak, I would command the people not to avenge my death, for I know they would do no such thing, except it were through my fault."

Ascertaining that a settlement had been made on Kent Island within his jurisdiction, Governor Calvert at once notified the inhabitants of the Island, that if they remained they must submit themselves to the authority of, and acknowledge allegiance to, the colony. Claiborne and his followers refused to submit to these terms, and sat themselves about plotting the destruction of the settlement on the St. Mary's. They invented and circulated calumnies against the colonists amongst the Indians, whose minds were at first poisoned against their former friends; but this difficulty was soon removed by the frank and prompt explanations of the Governor, with the aid and influence of the missionaries. Claiborne then commenced open hostilities, and fitted out an armed pinnace against the colony under the command of a Lieutenant Warren. The Governor promptly met the danger by equipping two pinnaces, the St. Margaret and the St. Helen, which he placed under the command of Capt. Cornwallis, who overcame the insurgents and restored peace.

In 1635 the Governor held the first legislative assembly, but little is known of their proceedings, which are said not to have had the efficacy of laws. From that year to 1638 no assembly was held, but the colony during that period enjoyed the most profound peace and prosperity, under the just and wise administration of Leonard Calvert. The number of the colonists was greatly increased by fresh arrivals from England, and settlements were made in the country around at some distance from the "Fort," on the St. Mary's. The greatest success attended the missionary labors of the Jesuit Fathers among the Indians, and the congregation, composed of the pilgrims at St. Mary's, was reported by Father White to compare favorably with any congregation in Europe, for piety, exemplary deportment and regularity in approaching the sacraments. Governor Calvert omitted no occasion for encouraging those good men in their zealous efforts to convert the Indians, or of shewing his veneration for their sacred character and his solicitude for their personal safety. He attended in person the baptism of Tayac, the Indian chief. He secured and cemented a firm peace among the Indian tribes and between the Indians and the colony. No state or colony ever enjoyed greater internal peace, happiness and tranquillity than did the Maryland colony during those years.



On the 15th of April, 1637, Lord Baltimore executed to his brother, Leonard Calvert, a new commission, conferring on him the titles of Lieutenant-Governor, Commander-in-Chief of the Militia, Chancellor and Chief Justice, with more extensive and better defined powers, and authorising him to summon a general assembly the following winter, and to convene and dissolve assemblies at his discretion. The assembly of 1638, over which Governor Calvert presided, was a purely democratic body, in which all the freemen of the Province were authorised to sit in person or by proxy, Mr. Lewger, the secretary, casting besides his own vote, twelve proxies. A controversy arose at the outset of this session as to whether the Lord Proprietary or the assembly, under the charter, had the right of originating laws. Pending this controversy, news of fresh disturbances on Kent Island reached St. Mary's, whereupon Governor Calvert adjourned the assembly, and led in person a military expedition against the rebels, whom he reduced to submission. As a testimony of his gratitude to his brother, for the signal services rendered in redeeming Kent Island, the Lord Proprietary created and conferred upon Governor Calvert, Kent Fort Manor, which was assigned to Captain Giles Brent, in whose family it remained to a time within the memory of living inhabitants of the island. On the 12th of March the Governor again met the assembly, when the controversy in relation to the right of originating laws was renewed. The laws prepared and sent over by the Lord Proprietary were rejected in a body by the assembly, who then originated and passed forty-two laws of their own, and adjourned. The Lord Proprietary, in turn, rejected the laws of the assembly, and the colony for a still longer period was left without legislation. But his commission authorising him to proceed according to the common law, Governor Calvert proceeded to administer justice and preserve public order; and so just and mild was the exercise of his undefined and extraordinary powers, that no man could ever say that he received an injustice at his hands. Finally, by his letter of 21st of August, 1638, to the Governor, the Lord Proprietary, with a magnanimity that does honor to his heart, and a promptness that proves his foresight, wisdom and liberal views as a statesman, waived his right, and conceded to the colony the right of originating laws, and conferred on the Governor the prerogative of immediately assenting to them, subject to the Proprietary's ultimate veto power. Governor Calvert lost no time in announcing this welcome news to the colony, and in summoning another assembly, which met at St. Mary's city, on the 25th of February, 1639. The colony was soon in the enjoyment of a wise and judicious system of laws, which guaranteed the rights of the church, and the freedom of religion, the prerogatives of the Lord Proprietary and the liberties of the people, according to Magna Charta, and established courts of justice. Another result of this session was the substitution of the representative system for the old system of assembling all the freemen in person or by proxy. And as an evidence of the great confidence they reposed in Governor Calvert, the assembly conferred upon him the extraordinary power of summoning to the legislature, by special writ, such other persons as he might desire. Some idea may be formed of the primitive and infant condition of the colony at this time, from a law passed for the erection of a *water mill*, by which the Governor and Council were empowered to contract for the mill, the cost of which should not exceed twenty thousand pounds of *tobacco*, then the legal currency of the province, equivalent in the currency of the present day to \$333 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ , which was to be paid in two years by a general assessment of the inhabitants.



Though the great act establishing civil and religious liberty in Maryland was not passed till after the death of Leonard Calvert, it was still the crowning glory of his administration that civil and religious liberty became, without enacting statutes, the great and fundamental basis of colonial government. The oath of office which he took as governor, was in these words: "I will not, by myself or any other, directly or indirectly, molest any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ, for or in respect of religion." The Catholic religion, as the religion professed by the colony, with a few individual exceptions, was recognized by the state, but all other Christians were freely tolerated and protected from molestation. Bancroft says, "and there, too, Protestants were sheltered against Protestant intolerance." Thus Maryland gained the proud title of "*The Land of the Sanctuary*." Several instances are related by Protestant historians, of the justice and impartiality with which Governor Calvert, as Chief Justice, decided, in cases, where the parties on the one side were Catholics, and on the other Protestants, and disputes on religion were the origin of the controversy.

In 1642 Governor Calvert discovered that hostile combinations were forming among several of the most powerful of the Indian tribes, who had become alarmed at the growing strength and prosperity of the settlement. The planters and their families were thrown into the greatest consternation. The Governor recalled Father White and the other missionaries to St. Mary's for their safety. He also raised a military force in the colony, and obtained recruits from Virginia, which he had assisted in a similar trouble. Appearing so promptly and unexpectedly in the field, the Indians were completely taken by surprise, their plans disconcerted, and peace and security were restored without striking a blow.

In the meantime the government in England was becoming more and more unsettled and agitated, by the quarrel between the king and the parliament. Party spirit had already begun to run high on both sides in the colony. Governor Calvert having concluded to go to England, in order to study the nature and position of the contest for himself, and to consult with his brother, the Lord Proprietary, sailed early in 1643, having appointed Captain Giles Brent his Deputy-Governor. It is probable that Governor Calvert passed his time in England at Oxford, where Lord Baltimore was attending the king's parliament. The Commons having finally triumphed over the Throne, Governor Calvert felt it to be his duty to return to his post in the colony, where he arrived in the fall of 1644, finding every thing in commotion and disorder, in consequence of another rebellion fomented by Claiborne and Ingle, and of the encroachments of hostile Indians. Governor Calvert immediately proclaimed Claiborne and Ingle public enemies, and took the field against the rebels. The latter however were so strong that they triumphed in Kent Island. Emboldened by their success, they next invaded the very heart of the colony, seized upon St. Mary's city and the Fort, destroyed the public records, plundered and burned private property, imprisoned the missionaries, and forced Governor Calvert to take shelter in Virginia, where he again found safety and hospitality. His courage and energy however never once failed him under those trying circumstances. He spent the period of his sojourn in Virginia in making preparations for recapturing the province and restoring his brother's authority in Maryland. In the autumn of 1646, placing himself at the head of the military force he had raised in Virginia, he suddenly crossed the Potomac, surprised the usurpers, and having gained a bloodless victory, entered St. Mary's city in triumph. The entire province returned to its allegiance, except Kent Island, against which the Governor led in person a military expedition in April,



1647, and again reduced the island. Wishing by clemency to restore universal peace and tranquillity to the colony, he proclaimed a general pardon, and returned to St. Mary's. While Governor Calvert was executing these bold and decisive movements, Lord Baltimore had given up all for lost, and had sent powers of attorney to his brother and Mr. Lewger to collect together the remnant of his personal effects, if possible. The tidings of the restoration of his authority in Maryland was to him as unexpected as it was grateful.

Governor Calvert did not long survive to enjoy the fruits of his success. His death occurred at St. Mary's city, on the 9th of June, 1647. The circumstances of his death are utterly unknown, except that he was attended in his last moments by his relatives, Margaret Brent and Mary Brent, and that he was buried at St. Mary's city, though the precise spot has passed from the knowledge of posterity. After his death, Margaret and Mary Brent having sworn that on his death bed he appointed Thomas Green his successor, by virtue of the powers conferred upon him by his commission, Governor Green was accordingly acknowledged.

Something more is due than a passing notice of this remarkable lady, Mrs., or as rendered in the language of our day, Miss Margaret Brent, who was the sole administratrix of Governor Calvert. She performed a conspicuous part in the public transactions of her times, and her energy of character and public spirit were not surpassed in the early colonial period. She was extensively engaged in laying out and locating lands, and was probably a large landed proprietor. She nobly and generously vindicated the claims of the Virginia soldiers, who had served under Governor Calvert, and by whose valor the province had been recovered; and it is recorded that she quelled a mutiny among them. As Governor Calvert had been the attorney of Lord Baltimore, she claimed, by virtue of her being the late Governor's administratrix, that she was now the attorney in fact of the Lord Proprietary, and her pretensions were admitted to be just by the Governor and Council. But the most remarkable act of her remarkable career, from which too it will be seen that the early history of Maryland is not barren of female heroism, was her appearing in the General Assembly and claiming, as the attorney in fact of his lordship, the right to vote therein, which, however, was refused. Bozman, the historian, compares her character for energy and capacity to that of Queen Elizabeth; but her going into the Assembly and claiming a right to vote, as the representative of the Lord Proprietary, reminds me rather of the lofty bearing of the Countesses of Flanders and Champagne, who, at the coronation of St. Louis, King of France, appeared, and each claimed the honor and privilege of wearing a sword in right of their husbands, who were absent in the service of their king.

The following extract from the life of Leonard Calvert, by the Rev. Dr. Burnap, a Protestant minister, published in Sparks' American Biography, is too interesting to be omitted:

"There is an anecdote related concerning a clause of the above law, which serves to show the bigotry of the times. After the parliament had become predominant in England, Lord Baltimore, on the occurrence of some difficulty with the Virginia colony, was called before a committee of that body. In the course of the interview it was thrown out to his lordship, that he had inserted a provision in the laws of the colony protecting the Virgin Mary from reproach. Whereupon a member of the committee rose and said, that he wondered such an exception had been taken; '*for,*' he added, '*does not the scripture say that all generations should call her blessed?*' And the argument completely silenced the scriptural canters."



The following character of Cecilius and Leonard Calvert is drawn by the same impartial pen: "All authorities concur in ascribing to these two persons the highest qualities of rulers and of men. In an ignorant age they were enlightened, in a fierce and cruel age they were uniformly mild and humane, in a bigoted and persecuting age they were forbearing and tolerant. No man under their government ever complained that he was deprived by their agency of the smallest right as a citizen or Christian. Possessed of hereditary wealth, they chose to use it in honorable enterprise, in carrying civilization and Christianity into a savage wilderness. The one was willing at vast expense to send, the other with personal privation, toil and danger, to lead, a colony across three thousand miles of ocean, to seek a home on a shore almost unknown. The one at a distance watched over the interests of the rising colony, and strove to ward off from it the consequences of civil convulsions at home; the other devoted his energies to the preservation of domestic peace, and to the defence of the infant settlement from savage foes, to the enactment of wholesome laws and the administration of justice."

I cannot refrain from adducing the testimony of the highest judicial and historical testimony of the country in support of the glorious preëminence of the Calverts of Maryland among American law-givers. There should be found no American to refuse praise, when such men as Story, Kent and Bancroft have so magnanimously awarded it.

Judge Story, in his Commentaries on the Constitution,\* says: "It is certainly very honorable to the liberality and public spirit of the Proprietary that he should have introduced into his fundamental policy the doctrine of general toleration and equality among Christian sects (for he does not appear to have gone further), and have thus given the earliest example of a legislator inviting his subjects to the free indulgence of religious opinion. This was anterior to the settlement of Rhode Island, and *therefore merits the enviable rank of being the first recognition* among the colonists of the glorious and indefeasible rights of conscience."

Chancellor Kent, in his Commentaries on American Law,† says: "The Legislature of Maryland had already in 1649 declared, by law, that no person professing to believe in Jesus Christ, should be molested in respect of their religion, or in the free exercise thereof, or be compelled to the belief or exercise of any other religion, against their consent. Thus, to use the words of a learned and liberal historian,‡ "the Catholic planters of Maryland procured to their adopted country the distinguished praise of being the first of the American States in which toleration was established by law; and while the Puritans were persecuting their Protestant brethren in New England, and the Episcopalians retorting the same severity on the Puritans in Virginia, the Catholics, against whom the others were combined, formed in Maryland a sanctuary, where all might worship and none might oppress, and where even Protestants sought refuge from Protestant intolerance."

Bancroft, the historian of the United States,§ remarks, that "Calvert deserved to be ranked among the most wise and benevolent law-givers of all ages. He was the first in the history of the Christian world to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice, and not by the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience; to advance the career of civilization by recognizing the rightful equality of all Christian sects. The asylum of Papists was the spot where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers, which, as yet, had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a Proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the State."

\* Book I, ch. ix, sec. 106.

† Vol. II, p. 35.

‡ Graham's Hist. Rise and Progress of the U. S.

§ Vol. I, p. 244.



## THE PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS OF OUR FAITH IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE Metropolitan Almanac of this year presents to the Catholic heart many subjects for holy joy. It is, as it were, a map of our religion in this country. Trace it, and you will find the symbolic cross in every direction. In our large cities on Sundays and holidays of obligation, the numerous churches are crowded at the early masses and the last mass. There also will be seen Catholic institutions for the education of youth, asylums for orphans, hospitals for the sick, and houses of refuge for the unfortunate. In county towns and country places, similar evidences of our living faith are manifested. On mountains, in valleys and on the plains, churches, where the cross indicates the worship, are at comparatively short distances. Go even to what are called the deserts, and among those denominated savages, and you will meet with bishops, priests, churches, schools, asylums, sodalities, &c., &c., flourishing, not as wild flowers of the forest, but with all the beauty that the most careful cultivation can bestow. Of course the work is not finished, nor can the laborers rest from their toil; still, like the good and faithful, they can view what God enabled them to do with heartfelt gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts.

Though it may be considered late, and the sources of our information in the hands of nearly every Catholic, yet we may be pardoned for giving some of our thoughts to writing.

We have no data, as in long established missions, and among settled congregations, to come to any thing approaching exact statistics regarding our Catholic population. The Almanac enumerates nearly two millions without any returns from either Boston, or Albany, or St. Louis, with seven other extensive dioceses, and the Apostolic Vicariate of the Indian territory. Some, who studied the subject, have given as high as four millions, while others have gone as far as five and six millions, even before the late exodus from Ireland and Germany. But who can state any thing with certainty, where, in every large city, on our public works and even in our inland towns, there is a floating population, who are here to-day and away to-morrow? Even the suggestion of the editor of the Almanac, if carried out, would not answer the question—how many are we? His views are: "The ratios of births and deaths to the number of living in the United States, have been very accurately determined, as presented in the last census of the country, and might serve as the basis of a satisfactory estimate of the Catholic population. It is well known, that among Catholics few, if any, neglect to have their children baptized, and that they have these baptisms performed, and their dead buried, within their own church, and consequently the baptisms and interments would be accurate exponents of the births and deaths," &c. This extract is given, not so much to controvert the opinion of the worthy editor, who has labored so long and diligently on so useful and, it may be said, so necessary a work as the Catholic Almanac, but to point out in a few words its futility.

How many thousands of our Catholic population, in almost every diocese, are without families? How many thousands perish without a cross to mark their graves? Candidly, in the experience of almost every clergyman, not residents of cities and settled congregations, these are far more numerous than many imagine. Even in cities, count the number if you can, of single Catholic girls, and servant men, employed in hotels and by private families? Can the number of unmarried



young men, employed on our multitudinous public works, and remote country places, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, become known by baptisms and deaths? No. As stated already, we can guess, and nothing more.

But we have statistics furnished by the Almanac which demonstrate the progress of our faith, not by numericals, but by its prosperity. It may be repetition, yet good tidings can bear repetitions.

The discipline and strength of an efficient army may be estimated from its generals, officers, standards, &c. The same rule holds good regarding the Church. Our archbishops, bishops and priests, our churches and religious institutions, will be the best landmarks. With this criterion let us examine our strength and discipline. We have seven archbishops, thirty-three bishops, at least one thousand seven hundred and sixty-one priests. We number over nineteen hundred churches, thirty-eight theological seminaries, thirty-five colleges, twenty-six of which are incorporated, one hundred and thirty female academies, without counting our numerous schools and asylums, which are like the fruits of the tree of life, to be found in every paradise of our country. These signify a great deal. Our working bishops cannot be without their working priests, nor these without churches: nor can our churches be upheld among our poor without thronged congregations. In like manner our colleges, academies, schools, hospitals and asylums must have pupils and inmates to sustain them, and be sustained. Hence we can make an estimate, if not of our numerical, at least of our efficient, strength.

What kind of men are our bishops and priests? Scarcely a drone, even by stealth, is permitted to enter the hive. You will find them, as a body, full of zeal, activity and knowledge, seeking "first the kingdom of God and his justice." Is the soil so barren that the laborers' constant toil can bring forth no harvest? We thank heaven that it is not. Our enemies may storm and rage, but even the fury of the gates of hell cannot overpower the Church of the living God. We may be reviled, as we are—we may be hissed at, and our privileges as citizens be withdrawn, yet the cross, though it be hard to bear, leads always to victory. Our churches and convents may be destroyed by a rabble, or prevented from being erected—our priests almost martyred—our bishops calumniated in high places, and our creed misrepresented, but what does it avail? The true Catholic is drawn closer to his standard—his dissenting neighbor will examine these things more closely, and feeling the force of truth, yields to the impulse of divine grace, and embraces the calumniated faith.

There is scarcely a congregation, however small, that cannot number more than one edifying convert. Our Catholic periodicals are principally edited by such—in our chief institutions they are either founders or great supporters. It is true these may be considered as units compared to the tens who, although they themselves may not become apostates, yet are so sinfully negligent of their christian duties as to prepare the way, in the most effectual manner, to that abyss of perdition for their children and their children's children. But, after all, what great loss is it to the flock if the rotten sheep are shut out from the fold? Those only are lost who either know not or care not for the gifts of God. On the whole, then, we may fairly conclude, that our faith has progressed and prospered in an equal if not greater ratio than that of our country.

As travelers up a mountain, although we have not arrived at the summit, we love to look back, if not to the place of our departure, at least to that portion of our journey which is plainly in view. It does not require a hoary head to recollect the year of our Lord 1833. It was a memorable year in the annals of our Church,



not only on account of the grand Provincial Council which was convened in Baltimore, where one archbishop, nine bishops with their theologians, twelve in number, and three superiors of religious orders, presented to the admiring community an unprecedented spectacle; but also because that year beheld the consecration of two bishops. Our Church even then may be said to have obtained a distinguished eminence. Only twenty-two years ago, what was the position of our flourishing faith? One archbishop and eleven bishops, two of them were coadjutors—all of whom, with the exception of four, have been called to the reward of their labors. At that time we could boast of about eleven colleges, twenty-eight convents and academies, nearly all of which are still in a flourishing condition, but we can scarcely trace more than about six orphan asylums, and a few hospitals. Of these it may be said, that they were only struggling into existence. The number of priests engaged, both on missions and otherwise, was only about two hundred and eleven. Since then how much have we gained?

But take a little nearer view. From A. D. 1833 glance at A. D. 1834, and you will see some of the effects of that zeal which the meeting of so many venerated prelates stirred up in the land. Among the prominent points of the Pastoral Letter of the preceding year were prayers, the reading of good books, the education of the rising generation, the maintenance of ecclesiastical seminaries to insure a succession of our priesthood, and its extension, &c., &c. Now, to begin with the last, we will behold a most gratifying sight. The number of clergymen was increased by one hundred and thirty, so that at the beginning of the new year 1835 there were in the United States three hundred and forty-one priests. In like manner our colleges and seminaries sprung up at the miraculous voice of God to as many as twenty-four—more than double that of the former year. There were only four additional convents and academies, but then Catholic parochial schools were established in a great many congregations. The Sisters of Charity also extended their labors of divine love. Confraternities for prayer, and charitable associations for the support of asylums, were also created in goodly numbers in almost every diocese. There were then but seven so-called Catholic periodicals, too of which have been long since discontinued, and another cannot be named as entitled to that honor, yet it was at that time that the impulse to reading was given, so that we have now nineteen weekly papers; our monthly Metropolitan, the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, Brownson's Quarterly Review, besides the annual Almanac, which was then in existence as an infant, and three Ordos. Another indication of our progress, and one that has not been heretofore mentioned, is that of the numerous Catholic publishers, who have rapidly increased in number and enterprise, so that instead of reprints of bibles, prayer books, and a select few devotional works, we have now all of these, in numerous editions, besides thousands of others, at one-fourth the former prices, with many massive volumes, that have gained for their authors a European celebrity, with other minor original publications, which our Catholic presses issue in such abundance that the mere catalogue list would make a no inconsiderable book. Indeed we may be said to have a literature of our own.

The foregoing remarks will be verified by a mere glance at our growth. In 1836 we had three hundred churches and one hundred and forty-three missionary stations, with three hundred and eighty-nine clergymen, thirteen ecclesiastical seminaries, that is, one for each diocese, and one over, twenty-three female religious institutions, fourteen colleges for young men, thirty-seven female academies, and thirty-seven Catholic institutions.



But not to loiter on our mountain path, by counting the monuments which were erected each succeeding year, let us direct our attention to the year of our Lord 1846. Then, to quote from the Metropolitan Catholic Almanac of 1847, "there were in the territory of the United States, two archbishops, twenty-three bishops, one vicar apostolic, eight hundred and thirty-four priests, and eight hundred and twelve churches; whence it follows, that during the past year there has been an accession of ninety-eight priests, and seventy-two additional churches have been erected, or dedicated to the worship of God."

"Of the literary institutions for young men, mentioned in the above table, only thirteen are colleges properly organised; the rest are establishments of a minor order."

"By comparing the statistics of this year with those, we find during the last ten years the number of dioceses has doubled itself," (and more), "and also the number of *bishops*, not counting the coadjutors of each period. Within the same period the number of *priests* has been more than doubled, and that of *churches* has been nearly tripled, the ratio in the former case being almost nine to four, and in the latter twenty-seven to ten." . . . . .

Coming still nearer to our own times, and glancing, as it were, at the scenery near at hand, we shall witness another display of that progressive power which is "onwards and upwards." Our Almanac, giving the statistics of 1854, presents us the summary statements, that there were six archbishops and twenty-six bishops, living, and of course working for "the greater glory of God," with fifteen hundred and forty-five churches, and six hundred and twenty-seven stations, fourteen hundred and ninety-five priests, thirty-three ecclesiastical institutions, five hundred and thirteen ecclesiastical students, forty-two male institutions, forty-five literary institutions for young men, ninety-five female literary institutions, one hundred and two academies for females, one hundred and eight charitable institutions, with an accession, counting as a loss those who died during the previous year, of about one hundred and eleven priests. If we add to these signs of prosperity our numerous schools, established in nearly every congregation where the pastor is scarcely above beggary, we shall have statistics enough to show, that in spite of our poverty, the oppositions we meet with both from within and without, the slander of enemies and the falsehood of pretended friends, our adorable faith advances with hope and charity. Our holy Church, under God, who has promised, "I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world," must prevail against the agency of satan and the machinations of man.

Prosperity, however, is a gift, which, in the inscrutable designs of Providence, is not conferred upon every portion of the fold of Christ. In Africa, for example, the Saracens destroyed many flourishing churches, and made converts with their swords. Where now is the once Catholic England that had saints for her kings? How does it happen that we have such titles for our prelates as bishops in *partibus infidelium*? But are we to become dejected in forebodings that the prayers and labors of her zealous bishops, priests and devout religious, will meet with similar disasters in America? or rather, as in poor old Ireland, a reign of grace will make her faith immortal? The result of either issue depends much upon ourselves. From the stubborn Jews God has taken away his kingdom, and given it to nations producing the fruits thereof. The history of our holy Church tells of many such like punishments. We are ascending the mountain of Zion, and unless the same zeal and piety which animated the founders and workmen of our faith in the United States be preserved with all the care that heaven-bestowed gifts deserve,



we may be, ere long, in *partibus infidelium*. But it is not to be thought that this should happen. Many of our forefathers were saints. Our Church, as we have seen, has proceeded, and her footprints were more than human. However, various circumstances on every side indicate that for some time our progress will be rather the majestic march of men than the race of youth. Our present institutions, well sustained, and there is no doubt but that they will, by our devoted hierarchy, priests, nuns and pious laity, not only gain solidity which, at present, some of them do not possess, but will, like trees planted near the running waters, bring forth fruits for future generations that will bless those who prepared for them both shelter and nourishment.

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### LONGFELLOW'S HIAWATHA.

*The Song of Hiawatha.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston : Ticknor & Fields.

This poem is another exemplification of the absolute certainty of failure in any attempt to please every body. For years we have heard lamentations over the want of originality in American writers. Why don't you write something original, something entirely new? Why not throw off the trammels of old custom, the formalities of English literature, and let us have something with the morning dew of the primeval forest fresh upon its thoughts, with the brilliancy of our glorious sunlight shining through its metaphors, and the music of the cataract sounding in its verses? Why not immortalize the traditions of that race which is fading away before civilization? Why not embody the music of their language in our own by "marrying it to immortal verse?" Why shall we allow the names they have given to streams and mountains to die in oblivion? Why suffer the sonorous melody of Tuscarora to be smothered in the snuffing vulgarity of Smithville? Such have been the appeals of innumerable critics to America in general and to her poets in particular. But now, when the poet comes, with his song answering every one of these requisitions, he has to endure a storm of ridicule for doing the very thing he has no doubt been individually requested at least a thousand times to perform. All the small critics in the country have opened upon him in full cry, and the whole newspaper press resounds with their yelping. On the other hand, across the ocean, *Hiawatha* has met with unwonted favor.

It strikes us that the present unpopularity of the poem depends upon the very same cause which will ensure its ultimate success. It is perfectly new, and altogether original. Even the metre is a novel one. The poet, with admirable taste, has abandoned all models to which the public ear has been accustomed, and has thus set up a standard of his own, for his own production. Nor are the thoughts, feelings and ornaments of the poem less unique. Hitherto all the Indian songs and stories have differed in nothing from any other songs or stories, except in their use of Indian names. The character of the red man has been grossly caricatured or absurdly misconceived. Novelists and poets have palmed off upon us sentimental Spartans, addicted to dilute laconics and tumid metaphors, for the stern and simple savages of our forests. Longfellow, however, has a severer taste. His Indians are manifestly studied from the life. They are rude men, with rude passions and rude virtues, with simple thoughts and little fore-



sight. In the spirit of a true poet, he has forgotten his own people and the present age, and identified himself with the copper-colored nomads of the West. In this manner, he has totally avoided the absurdities of most civilized authors who deal with savage life. He never attempts to graft the feelings of a high civilization upon the barbaric stock with which he is dealing. We are therefore spared the impossible magnanimity of Fingal and the incongruous refinement of Ossian. We have no reflections, no formally propounded moral. True to the character of a barbaric people, parable and allegory convey the teachings of the poet and speak for themselves without the intervention of any dragoman.

Much has been said about the Finnish poem of Kalewala, and a great deal of very cheap Norse learning has been put forth for the delectation and admiration of the hyra-headed public. Our author has been accused of copying form, manner and metre from this unknown metrical romance, and as scandal is always acceptable, the charge has been assented to. If, however, the actual knowledge of Indian traditions, among these carping critics, had been only half as thorough as their pretended acquaintance with Finnish literature, the world would have been spared a vast amount of nonsense in regard to the substance of the poem; while a very imperfect recollection of old models, well known to every reading man, would have saved us from many ludicrous misstatements concerning the origin of the metre.

For the legend itself the author claims no originality; he acknowledges that he has borrowed it, and gives full credit to the source whence he obtained it. The episodes which are interwoven in the body of the story are also taken from Indian stories and traditions. Every one who has the slightest acquaintance with the legends of these children of the forest, has heard many of them. The writer of this review was familiar in his boyhood with the beautiful story of the contention between Winter and Spring, and others of the singular episodes which make up so much of the bulk of the poem. Schoolcraft's researches have been largely drawn upon and the author's obligations duly acknowledged. As far as matter, therefore, is concerned, we at once dismiss the whole question of its Finnish origin.

An examination of the metre will exhibit equal shallowness on the part of these profound critics. It is simply a trochaic with four feet, a measure which ought to be familiar to every one. In our English verse it is chiefly employed in connexion with another, which resembles it in every respect, except that a single accented syllable takes the place of the last trochee; and then the similar lines rhyme with each other. For example,

"Sad and fearful is the story  
Of the Roncesvalle's fight  
On those fatal plains of glory  
Perished many a gallant knight."

It resembles as nearly as possible the measure of the *Pervigilium Veneris*.

"Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet."

Numerous examples of this sort of trochaic metre may be found in our literature. We need not cite them.

We have, however, poems, fewer in number indeed, constructed of trochees entirely. The lovers of Scottish literature, the numerous admirers of Robert Burns, will at once recur to that exquisite poem which Sir Walter Scott said "contains the essence of a thousand love verses."

"Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;  
Ae farewell, alas! forever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears, I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee," &c.



In foreign literature the same measure is abundantly prevalent. Metastasio is full of it. Beranger has written songs in it. To go no further, that majestic hymn which so grandly embodies the hopes and fears of Christendom, and so wonderfully combines the self-abasement and the trembling hope of the penitent, is written in this measure. The "Dies Iræ," the music of which cannot fail to have charmed the nice ear of Mr. Longfellow, has proved to the satisfaction of many generations, that this trochaic metre is fully capable of embodying the loftiest ideas in dignified melody.

If it be objected that the examples we have cited differ from the poem under consideration in the fact that they are rhymed, the answer is easy. Rhyme is but an accessory to rhythm and cannot alter the time to which the poem marches. Nothing is simpler than to banish the former while the latter is retained. But in addition to that, we might say that we are not without classic examples of the same metre. Anacreon was very fond of it, and some of his most charming odes have been written in it. It may be said that it differs from this in the fact that the first foot of the Greek ode is a pyrrhic, instead of a trochee. Setting aside the fact, however, that English verse when it imitates the measures of the ancients, is compelled to substitute accent for quantity, we find on the one hand that *Hiawatha* contains numerous lines, the initial foot of which can only be read as a pyrrhic, and on the other, that the Greek author often uses a trochee. It is not necessary to quote from either. Let our reader turn to *Hiawatha* and he will find that the fifth line of the introduction will bear out our first assertion; and then, if he will pick up his Anacreon and turn to his eulogy of the rose, or his ode to Spring, he will find not only trochees but spondees leading off the lines.

The same thing has also been attempted in English. Eight or ten years ago, there appeared in the *Southern Literary Messenger* a review of Moore's Anacreon. In that a translation of the *Μαρτυρία τοῦ Ἰσως* appeared, in which blank verse of the same measure with *Hiawatha*, was used as resembling most closely the original Greek. We quote a few lines from memory:

"Once at silent hour of midnight,  
When the bear was slowly turning  
By Boötes' hand directed;  
And the countless tribes of mortals  
Lay, with slumber overpowered," &c.

But a truce to the critics and their carping. We have said enough to show that Mr. Longfellow need not have dug up a saga out of the snows of Finland, in order to have found this verse so admirably adapted to the subject. We come at once to the poem itself.

The introduction bespeaks attention from all who take an interest in uncultivated nature, or the early developments of thought among rude nations, or who believe in the unity of purpose, inclination and aspiration in the human race, or who feel a strong sympathy with the past. We wish we could copy the whole introduction in full, but our space does not permit it. We must however make room for one touching passage:

"Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,  
Who have faith in God and Nature,  
Who believe that in all ages  
Every human heart is human,  
That in even savage bosoms,  
There are longings, yearnings, strivings  
For the good they comprehend not,  
That the feeble hands and helpless,



*Groping blindly in the darkness,  
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,  
And are lifted up and strengthened;  
Listen to this simple story,  
To this song of Hiawatha!"*

The story is based upon the tradition common among the Indians, as well as all rude people, of a demi-god or heroic human being, who devoted his life to the amelioration of the condition of his people. He goes under various names among the different tribes, Michabou, Chiabo, Manabozo, &c. The poet has exhibited consummate art in blending the ideas of the several tribes, and uniting with them other legends to form one harmonious whole. The scene is laid on the southern shore of Lake Superior, among the Ojibways.

The poem is divided into twenty-two cantos. The first is called the Peace-Pipe, and describes the descent of the Master of Life, Gitche Manito, to make peace among the warring tribes, and to foretell the coming of the great prophet, whose life the poem commemorates. He descends upon the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry, breaks off a piece of rock of which he fashions a pipe, and kindling a fire by breathing upon the forest till the boughs chafe into flame, smokes till all the nations see the cloud, and recognize it as a summons to a general council. They flock together accordingly, and stand before the Manito,

*"Wildly glaring at each other;  
In their faces stern defiance,  
In their hearts the feud of ages,  
The hereditary hatred,  
The ancestral thirst of vengeance."*

The spirit rebukes their ferocity, promises the deliverer, and commands them to wash off their war paint and smoke the calumet together. The warriors obey his command and go home, each taking with him a pipe of peace, and the Master of Life ascends through the smoke.

In the second canto the reader makes the acquaintance of Mudjekeewis, the father of the hero, who kills Mishe-Mokwa, the great bear of the mountains, and is therefore made an Indian Æolus, or god of the winds, having however, under his special command the west wind. To three of his sons, he portions out the remainder. Wabun, young and beautiful, presided over the east.

*"He it was who brought the morning,  
He it was whose silver arrows  
Chased the dark o'er hill and valley;  
He it was whose cheeks were painted  
With the brightest streaks of crimson,  
And whose voice awoke the village,  
Called the deer and called the hunter."*

But Wabun was lonely in the sky, and sad; till he saw a maiden walking upon the earth also solitary, and he loved her, and wooed her,

*"Till he drew her to his bosom,  
Folded in his robes of crimson,  
Till into a star he changed her,  
Trembling still upon his bosom;  
And for ever in the heavens  
They are seen together walking,  
Wabun and the Wabun-Annung,  
Wabun and the Star of Morning."*

The rest of this canto is taken up with other episodes relating to the remaining winds.



The third canto contains the birth and childhood of Hiawatha. His grandmother, Nokomis, having fallen from the moon, gave birth to a daughter, Wenonah, whom she cautioned in vain against Mudjekeewis. That indomitable warrior met her, won her and deserted her. Soon after the birth of her son, Hiawatha, she died, broken-hearted by the faithlessness of her lover. The wondrous child is brought up by his grandmother, old Nokomis, who gives him such instruction as she is capable of. One of her lessons is too beautiful to be omitted, and the rare delicacy of the fancy makes us suspect it to be original with the poet. Little Hiawatha wants to know what the rainbow is, and is answered :

“ 'Tis the *heaven of flowers* you see there :  
 All the wild flowers of the forest,  
 All the lilies of the prairie,  
 When on earth they fade and perish,  
 Blossom in that heaven above us.”

Iagoo, the boaster, teaches him to hunt; he kills his first deer, and passes from childhood to manhood, possessed of all the qualities of mind and body, most highly prized among savages. Having learned of his grandmother the story of his mother's wrongs, our Indian Orestes sets out to revenge her death. He meets his father, a trial of cunning takes place, he charges old Mudjekeewis with the murder of his mother, and a fight ensues which lasts for three whole days, Hiawatha driving his father before him to the western limit of the world. The mortal, however, cannot slay though he vanquishes the immortal, and the remorseful ruler of the west wind promises after Hiawatha's death, to divide his kingdom with him and make him ruler of the northwest. On his return he sees and falls in love with Minnehaha, but says nothing of his affection to any one.

He now performed the customary fasting of the Indian boy about to be admitted to the privileges of a man. He meditated upon the food of his people, lamented the uncertainty of their supply, and prayed for direction in his search for something better. Exhausted with fasting, on the fourth day,

“—He saw a youth approaching,  
 Dressed in garments green and yellow,  
 Coming through the purple twilight,  
 Through the splendor of the sunset;  
 Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,  
 And his hair was soft and golden.”

The heavenly stranger tells him that his prayers, on account of their unselfishness, have been heard in heaven, and commands him to rise and wrestle. The faint youth obeys and wrestles far into the night, till the stranger checks him and departs. Twice more the struggle is repeated, and the third time the spirit tells him that the next night he will triumph, and commands him to strip off his antagonist's plumes and robes, and bury him, watching carefully his grave, that no bird may rob it and no weeds defile it. The next night the fair youth falls before him, and Hiawatha strictly obeys his injunctions. The maize rises from his grave, and the hero's first great boon is conferred upon his people.

In the next canto we are introduced to Hiawatha's friends, Chibiabos, the poet and musician, and Kwasind, the strong man, of whom many wild legends are related. The seventh canto carries on the story, and describes the invention of the canoe, which drifts over the water, guided and impelled only by the thoughts of Hiawatha. The hero descends the river Taquamenaw, taking with him Kwasind to clear its bed of obstructions. Next we have a combat with a sturgeon, in which



Hiawatha plays the part of Jonah, but kills the fish and is released by the seagulls which dig him out with their claws.

His next undertaking is a still more hazardous one. He sets out to slay an evil Manito, a great magician, Pearl-Feather, who has slain the father of Nokomis, and who destroys the people by sending fever among them. This terrible chief lives on the other side of the black pitch-water, and the approach to his abode is guarded by fiery serpents lying upon the waves. The dauntless chieftain, however, kills them with his arrows, and sails all night upon the sluggish water,

"Covered with its mould of ages,  
Black with rotting water-rushes,  
Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,  
Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,  
Lighted by the shimmering moonlight,  
And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,  
Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled,  
In their weary night-encampments."

When at last he reached the place, he challenged Pearl-Feather, who came out and fought him. This redoubtable hero, being clad all over in wampum, which no mortal weapon could pierce, fought with great advantage, and Hiawatha at sunset found himself worn out, his weapons broken, and only three arrows remaining. The woodpecker advised him to aim at the only mortal spot upon his adversary's person, the root of his tuft of hair. The hero follows his feathered friend's advice, and the third arrow rolled the magician dead upon the sand. In return for this signal favor, Hiawatha called the bird to him and stained the top of its head with blood, which it bears to this day.

The tenth canto contains the wooing of Hiawatha, and this is one of the most beautiful in the poem. The quiet understanding between the two lovers, who have never spoken to one another on the subject, the dignified advances of the hero to the father of Minnehaha, the modest acceptance on the part of the damsel, and the reflections of the old man upon the change which time effects even in the closest ties of blood, are admirable touches of nature. Reluctantly we pass over the wedding of our hero, the wild dances of Pau-Puk-Keewis, the beautiful legend of the Son of the Evening Star, and the love songs of Chibiabos.

Hiawatha next invents picture-writing, and instructs in it all the people, especially the medicine-men. The troubles of life now begin to cloud his pathway. He loses his beloved Chibiabos, who is drowned in attempting to cross the ice. The hero's grief amounts to madness, and the medicine-men perform an incantation for his relief. Such is their power, that they summon Chibiabos from the bottom of the lake where he lay, and give him rule over the dead. The following passage, describing the movement of his ghost, strikes us as particularly fine. The various circumstances are happily conceived and admirably expressed.

"From the village of his childhood,  
From the homes of those who knew him,  
Passing silent through the forest,  
Like a smoke-wreath wafted sideways  
Slowly vanished Chibiabos!  
Where he passed, the branches moved not,  
Where he trod, the grasses bent not,  
And the fallen leaves of last year  
Made no sound beneath his footsteps."

The waggish Pau-Puk-Keewis gives Hiawatha trouble by introducing gambling into the settlement. Not content with this, he insults the chieftain by invading his



wigwam and tossing his furniture about. Hiawatha sets out to punish him, but the cunning fugitive assumes many forms of animals and birds, and is finally slain by the lightning in his proper figure. Kwasind is the next of the characters who disappears, and soon after Hiawatha's cabin is haunted by spirits, who come to beseech him to regulate differently the funeral ceremonies of the tribe, and to foretell the death of Minnehaha. The winter being bitterly cold, famine invaded the village, and fever followed in its train,

“ All the earth was sick and famished ;  
Hungry was the air around them,  
Hungry was the sky above them,  
And the hungry stars in heaven,  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them ! ”

The two terrible spirits of famine and fever enter the wigwam of the chief, and the loved Minnehaha falls a victim. The description of her death is simple and touching. She hears the sound of waters in her native valley, calls aloud upon her husband, and so passes away. He has been seeking food vainly for her among the snowy forests, and returns to find her dead. He mourns bitterly for her, but carefully performs the funeral rites.

“ Farewell ! ” said he, “ Minnehaha !  
Farewell, O my Laughing Water !  
All my heart is buried with you,  
All my thoughts go onward with you !  
Come not back again to labor,  
Come not back again to suffer,  
Where the Famine and the Fever  
Wear the heart and waste the body.  
Soon my task will be completed,  
Soon your footsteps I shall follow,  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the land of the Hereafter ! ”

Such is the simple dirge for the dear Minnehaha. An inferior poet would have overdone it ; would have piled up adjectives, and crushed out, with the weight of declamation, all the pathos of the song. Spring came with the song of birds,

“ And the sorrowing Hiawatha,  
Speechless in his infinite sorrow,  
Heard their voices calling to him. ”

He walks to the door of his lonely cabin and meets Iagoo, who has returned from a journey to the Atlantic coast, where he has seen the white men land. The people do not believe his story, but Hiawatha tells them it is true, he has seen it all in a vision, and predicts the waning of the red man before the strangers.

Time rolled on and the summer's heat had warmed all nature into life, when the hero, grown cheerful and even exulting, again comes out of his cabin to welcome the “ Black Robe Chief, the Priest of Prayer,” who is no other than Father Marquette. The stranger salutes them with a message of peace.

“ Peace be with you, Hiawatha,  
Peace be with you and your people,  
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,  
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary ! ”

The people are assembled by order of Hiawatha, to listen to the teachings of their new friend, who instructs them in his own faith. Hiawatha receives the good priest and his companions as guests. While they sleep, he leaves the wig-



wam, charges the people to respect the new comers and heed their message, after which he bids them farewell, and launches his canoe upon the clear water.

“ And the evening sun descending  
Set the clouds on fire with redness,  
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,  
Left upon the level water  
One long track and trail of splendor,  
Down whose stream, as down a river,  
Westward, westward Hiawatha  
Sailed into the fiery sunset,  
Sailed into the purple vapors,  
Sailed into the dusk of evening.”

And so disappeared, going to the Islands of the Blessed.

Thus ends the poem, a most beautifully appropriate close. The old religion which Hiawatha taught, gives place to a new and purer faith, and its great hero disappears forever from the eyes of his admirers. It is no apotheosis, which would have been unchristian, no violent death, which would have grated upon our feelings, but a quiet, dignified departure, a Simeon-like end of one glad to go since his eyes had seen the great salvation.

We lay down this volume with a firm conviction that it has increased the poet's fame, and added to the poetry of the world one more immortal song. It is the first really American poem we have seen—aboriginal in all its ideas, severely classic in its conception, and at once strong and delicate in its diction. We do not mean that it is faultless, but our admiration of it is so great that we have no disposition to scrutinize its defects. It is easy to select individual passages which suggest ludicrous ideas. A few harsh lines can be found, paragraphs can be selected in which the author has too closely followed his Indian legends, and produced images which are simply grotesque without being either strong or beautiful. Every one, however, must confess that these are few, and bear no more relation to the entire poem than the scattered specks in the marble do to a finely finished statue. We must assert, still further, before we lay down our pen, that we are very far from having exhausted the beauties of the poem by the extracts we have given. Indeed, as in every true work of genius, individual passages suffer by being removed from the context, as a flower droops when broken from the parent stem.

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RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.—The Cathedral of Rheims is one of the grandest and most memorable in France. The town lies in the lowest part of a wide hollow plain; and as you come towards it, this enormous structure, looming up fully two-thirds of its height above the general level of the houses, looks like a great cloud hanging above the city; something that belongs to the heavens rather than the earth. \* \* \* As you advance under the nave, the vastness of the fabric, modulated into simplicity, dignity and strength, comes upon you like the deep, slow, thunder-tones of a mighty organ. It gave me the impression of being the largest cathedral I had ever seen. \* \* It is French altogether. \* \* It has a solidity and polished plainness, not free from melancholy, which makes it fit to have been through many ages the scene of the coronation of the descendants of Clovis.



## OUR CONVENTS.—VI.

### THE URSULINES.—*Continued.*

ALMOST coëval with the destruction of the monastery at Charlestown, Mass., another Ursuline Convent arose in the U. States: this was the house at Charleston, S. C. Bp. England, on taking possession of the see of Charleston, found his diocese in a most destitute state, especially in point of education. His thoughts turned at once to the Ursulines of Cork, whom he well knew during his ministry in that city. Years, however, elapsed before he could prepare for their coming. At last in 1834 he visited Ireland, and having made known his request, the ladies thought fit were consulted, and in a few days Mother Mary Charles (Christina Molony), Sister Mary Borgia (M. A. Isabella McCarthy), and Sister Mary Antonia (Mary Hughes), all professed sisters, with Miss Woulfe as a postulant, prepared to go. They left the convent on the 27th of September, and proceeding to Liverpool, embarked for Philadelphia. On the 10th of December they entered their monastery in Charleston, and electing Mother Mary Charles as Superior, founded the fourth Ursuline Convent in the United States. The academy which they opened soon acquired a high character, and the house increased in prosperity, till the heavy blow caused by the death of the holy and able superior, who expired on the 28th of July, 1837, after a life of eminent usefulness in her order here and in Ireland.\* "In Charleston she specially exhorted her sisters, and herself assiduously gave the example, to seek in a particular manner for the females who had been most neglected, and to attend to the catechetical instruction of the children. Hence she was generally to be found with the females of color, and surrounded by the children of every hue who were preparing for their first communion."

Under the subsequent superiors, Mother Mary Borgia and Mary Joseph de Sales (Woulfe), the house continued its labors and obtained of the legislature an act of incorporation, but in 1847, for causes which have not reached us, they resolved to leave Charleston, and proceeded to Covington, Kentucky, but the next year crossed the river to Cincinnati. Here they opened an academy, and for several years rendered great service to religion; but in 1854 the community, then numbering twelve, for cogent reasons resolved to disband, and are at present like those of Charlestown, scattered in different houses of their order, five choir nuns and four lay sisters entering that of which we are now to speak.

Prior to the arrival of the community from Charleston, Archbishop, then Bishop, Purcell, of Cincinnati, passing through England in August, 1839, on his way to Rome, kindly took charge of two young ladies going from London to the Ursuline Convent at Boulogne-sur-mer, France. This circumstance, simple as it may appear in itself, eventually gave to the state of Ohio a bishop, formerly chaplain of that community, nine or ten missionaries from the city and its vicinity, and three communities of Ursulines, in whose foundation the house at Boulogne took a zealous and active part.

This monastery owes its origin to the zeal and piety of Francis du Wicquel, Sieur de Dringhen, who in 1624 resolved to found an Ursuline Convent there, and being encouraged by his diocesan bishop, Dormy, obtained some religious of St.

\* See a Memoir of her by Bishop England in his works—iii, 263. For the origin of this house, see vol. iv, pp. 354, 360, 414, 426, and especially p. 190 et seq.



Ursula from the house at Amiens. On the 1st of July, 1624, Mothers St. Augustine, St. Josse and Mother of the Holy Trinity, burning with zeal for the salvation of souls, left their convent and proceeded to Boulogne, which they reached on the eleventh. On the 30th of September seven postulants joined them, and of the number one was Mademoiselle du Wicquel, the daughter of the pious founder.

The regularity of the convent, the edifying life of the religious, and of their pupils, in whom all Christian graces seemed so successfully implanted and nurtured, surrounded this house with the love of the people, till that fearful hour when God determined to try his cherished spouses in France in the crucible of adversity. The thunder clouds which hovered over the land burst in their fury, and the asylums of innocence were first devastated by the revolutionary storm. On the 29th of September, 1793, twenty of the Ursulines of Boulogne, with some Annonciades, were led to Abbeville and confined like criminals by their brutal jailors: their convent was demolished, and religion seemed crushed.

When the first fury of the storm was spent, such of the Ursulines as survived, returned to Boulogne and its neighborhood, and in private families devoted themselves to teaching and other good works. Mother St. Maxime, assisted by two sisters, opened schools in Boulogne, and in April, 1810, became the restorer and first superioress of the community of Ursulines of Boulogne. Several of the old sisters joined her, and many postulants applied for admission, among the first the present Mother Superior of the house.\*

Such was the convent which Bishop Purcell visited; he was cordially welcomed to Boulogne by the Abbé Améde Rappe, the chaplain of the Ursulines, who touched by the good bishop's picture of the wants of his diocese, resolved two years after to proceed to Ohio. He had not been long on that laborious mission, when he resolved to obtain, if possible, a colony of the Ursulines of Boulogne, who he knew had, from the time of his departure, projected such a foundation. That house was, however, unable to furnish sufficient members, and his plan seemed hopeless, when the Ursulines of Beaulieu Carèze, hearing that the bishop of Cincinnati was desirous of having a community of their order, and wishing themselves to send a filiation to the United States, offered to part with four choir and four lay sisters for the good work. As none of these good religious spoke English, they applied to the convent of Boulogne-sur-mer, who gave them one professed choir sister, one novice and one postulant. The little colony from Beaulieu, consisting of Sister St. Pierre (Marie Andiat), Sister St. Stanislaus (Pauline Laurier), Sister St. Augustine (Marie Bouret), Sister St. Angèle (Adeline Demotat), choir sisters, and Sister St. Martial, Sister St. Bernard, Sister St. Marie and Sister St. Christine, lay sisters, proceeded to Havre in April, 1845, and awaited the arrival of the sisters from Boulogne. These soon appeared, consisting of Sister Julia of the Assumption (Julia Chatfield), professed, and Miss Matilda Dunn, a postulant, both natives of England, and Sister St. Hyacinth (Caroline Eiffe), a novice of Irish birth.

After a delay of only three days this holy company left Havre on the 4th of May, 1845, under the protection of the Rev. P. Macheboeuf, and reached the port of New York on the 3d of June. Proceeding to Cincinnati they were cheerfully welcomed by the bishop, and after spending a month in the house of a charitable Catholic lady, took possession of the Convent of St. Martin's, near Fayetteville, a small brick building, which had previously been a theological seminary, Mother

\* Letter of Mother Mary of the Annunciation.



Julia of the Assumption being the first superior. Two years after they erected their present commodious house, and have maintained the most exemplary discipline, and follow in all its strictness the rule of the Congregation of Paris. Few houses have been more prosperous: their actual number being forty-seven.\*

Two years after the foundation of this house the Rev. Amedeus Rappe was appointed bishop of Cleveland, and shortly after his consecration proceeded to Europe to seek aid for his diocese. Cherishing the hope of procuring a colony of the Ursulines of Boulogne, he directed his first steps to that house, and seconded by the superioress, Mother St. Ursula, succeeded in his desire. On the 16th of July, 1849, three choir nuns, Mother Mary of the Incarnation, superioress, Sister St. Charles and Sister des Seraphins, accompanied by a lay sister, and a young English lady, a convert, whom the bishop had received into the Church when chaplain of the house, bade adieu to their community and all its holy associations, and three days after embarked at Havre with Bishop Rappe. On the 8th of August they reached Cleveland, and were at once conducted to the residence which the Vicar General, the Very Rev. Louis de Goesbriand, had prepared for their reception. On the festival of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin their schools were opened, and on the 15th of October the bishop proposed three candidates for the novitiate, one of them the convert already mentioned, who on the 28th of December, 1852, became the first professed. The number of religious and pupils has increased so rapidly, that they have already been twice compelled to enlarge the monastery. It now contains sixteen professed choir sisters, seven novices, two postulants, and nine lay sisters. They direct in Cleveland a boarding school, four day schools, and four free schools containing about five hundred children. For much of the good which they have been enabled to do, the Ursulines ascribe the credit to the zeal and interest which the excellent bishop and his clergy have ever shewn in their welfare.

Notwithstanding many obstacles, the Ursulines of Cleveland were enabled to send a colony to Toledo in December, 1854, consisting of six religious, who thus founded the tenth Ursuline Convent in the United States, Sister des Seraphins being the superioress. In Toledo they have charge of two day schools and two free schools, attended by a great number of children.†

Divine Providence was pleased to commence the foundation of another Ursuline Convent at St. Louis, Missouri, the seventh house of the order, through the efforts and zeal of the Very Rev. Joseph Melcher, V. G., who set out from St. Louis in 1846 for Europe. On a visit at an Ursuline Convent in Oedensburg, in Hungary, he obtained three members of that community to found a house at St. Louis, to promote the education of female youth. Animated with the spirit of their holy order, these three, Mother Magdalen Stehlin, Mother Mary Ann Pan, and Mother Augustine Schzagl, left their convent for America on the 13th of March, 1847. Compelled by circumstances to stop at several convents on their way, they did not reach St. Louis till the 5th of September, 1848. Here a small house had been procured by the exertions of their founder and director, and the community organized by electing Mother Stehlin as superior. Their day school was opened in November, and was speedily filled.

On the 25th of May, 1849, six nuns, invited by the Ursulines of St. Louis, arrived from the Convent of Landshut, in Bavaria, four being choir nuns, and two lay sisters.

\* Letter of Mother Julia of the Assumption.

† Letter of Mother Mary of the Annunciation.



In the following year a new building was erected out of the city, in a pleasant and healthy situation, and the community removed to it on the 13th of November. Their academy now contains about forty boarders and sixty day scholars. The community, under Mother Aloysia Winkler, a religious of Landshut, comprises eleven professed nuns and ten novices.

On the 16th of May, 1855, the superior, Mother Magdalen Stehlin, repaired with ten members of her community, to East Morrisania, near New York, and founded the tenth Ursuline Convent in this country.

Such is in brief the eventful history of the Ursuline communities in the United States: one of glory, suffering and toil on their part; one of shame on our own. One was destroyed by the hand of violence; two sunk from want of support; but several still continue, and every Catholic, whether in the cloister or in the busy scenes of life, can learn deep lessons of resignation, fortitude and devotedness from the lives of the Ursuline Mothers; above all, never will they be forgotten by their pupils, or even by the children of their pupils. The following are the dates of the foundation of the several Ursuline Convents in the United States:

|     |                       |                  |  |
|-----|-----------------------|------------------|--|
| 1.  | Ursuline Convent..... | New Orleans..... | founded 1727.                          |
| 2.  | "                     | "                | .....New York..... " 1812, extinct.    |
| 3.  | "                     | "                | .....Charlestown..... " 1818, extinct. |
| 4.  | "                     | "                | .....Charleston..... " 1834, extinct.  |
| 5.  | "                     | "                | .....Fayetteville, O..... " 1845.      |
| 6.  | "                     | "                | .....Galveston..... " 1847.            |
| 7.  | "                     | "                | .....St. Louis..... " 1848.            |
| 8.  | "                     | "                | .....Cleveland..... " 1849.            |
| 9.  | "                     | "                | .....San Antonio..... " 1852.          |
| 10. | "                     | "                | .....Toledo..... " 1854.               |
| 11. | "                     | "                | .....East Morrisania..... " 1855.      |

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### MILAN CATHEDRAL.

"It was a clear morning in the early November, the air was bracingly cool, with something of Alpine purity, the turquoise blue of the unclouded vault of heaven, was then, to my unaccustomed eye, a ravishment of unreality. Beneath this glowing canopy, and from out the violet atmosphere that filled the whole space between earth and sky, rose the snowy masses of the Cathedral, whose crowd of pinnacles seemed to tremble and tingle with diamond-like light. Thought and feeling seemed to melt together in the thrill of the senses' enjoyment, and for an instant I knew not whether to regard that blue heaven as a pictured dream of passioning art, or that silvery pile as a crystalization of the glorious crown of nature, who, lavishing her grace on Italy, as she had her grandeur upon Switzerland, might seem here to have formed a glacier of loveliness, a Mont Blanc of beauty. A white-robed glittering band of seraphs seemed to have just lighted upon the summit of each turret, and buttress, and finial, and to stand there with pearl-pale spears pointed up to heaven. Listen! Listen! For as the sun-rays glance among the myriad figures, and all seems life and interchange, imagination, which oftentimes comprises which sense it is that brings its strong report, will not believe that the crystal-vested troop are chanting forth some chimes of airy music, or some according strains of triumph in the tones of their delight."



## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

*Jesus declares himself the Messiah.—The Jews seek to stone him.—He raises Lazarus to life.*

Having thus dissuaded them from an idle expectation of signs and wonders, he taught them the necessity of prayer by the parable of the poor widow, who, by her importunity, forced the unjust judge to hearken to her cry for justice. And our divine Lord drew also this lesson: that God is not deaf to the cries of his suffering people; if he allows the wicked for a time to triumph over them, it is only for their greater crown, for he declares: "I say to you he will quickly avenge them." But though our prayer should be constant, it should be humble, and this he taught in the beautiful parable of the haughty pharisee and the despised publican. The former in his prayer extolled his own deeds, as though our works could have any sufficiency of themselves; the latter, standing afar off in the temple, struck his breast and said in deep humility: "O God! be merciful to me, a sinner!" and Jesus declared: "This man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

Mothers crowding around our Lord, and touched with his sanctity, brought their infants to him to receive his sacred touch. The disciples rebuked these women, but Jesus calling them together, said: "Suffer children to come to me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Amen, I say to you: Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a child, shall not enter into it." And this was strikingly exemplified. A rich young man, called by our Saviour to a more perfect life, for Jesus loved him, did not like a child receive the invitation, but sorrowfully went his way, when Jesus bade him sell all that he had and give it to the poor, and then follow him. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God. For it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." The people, accustomed to regard the rich as the supremely happy, cried out: "Who then can be saved?" "The things that are impossible with men," said our Lord, "are possible with God." Peter asked: "Lord, we have left all things and followed thee, what shall we have?" He had left little in the eyes of the world, a fishing boat, a broken net; but he leaves much who leaves his all; and our Lord replied: "Amen I say to you, there is no man that hath left house or parents or brethren or wife or children for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive much more in this present time and in the world to come life everlasting." Divine words, which have peopled earth with angels in human form, who choose poverty to serve the poor, who renounce wealth to teach disengagement, and who by their mere example have filled heaven with saints.

These discourses excited the minds of the people, and a dispute arose as to his real character. As Jesus walked in Solomon's porch in the temple the Jews came around about him and said: "How long dost thou hold our souls in suspense? If thou be the Christ, the Messiah, tell us plainly." Jesus, who knew that this was merely a trap laid for him and not a sincere inquiry after truth, answered: "I speak to you, and you believe not. The works that I do in the name of my Father, they give testimony of me. But you do not believe, because you are not of my sheep. My sheep know my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give them life everlasting, and they shall not perish for ever, and no man shall pluck them out of my hand. That which my Father hath given me is greater than all, and no one can snatch them out of the hand of my Father. I





*Jesus blessing children.*

and the Father are one." He now spoke plainly, declaring himself the Word made flesh, equal to the Father. Instead of falling down in adoration, as the sincere blind man, they took up stones to cast at him. Jesus asked them for which of his good works they wished to stone him; but they said it was not for his good works, but for his blasphemy; even as the enemies of the Church close their eyes to all its good works and cry out "she blasphemeth." Jesus answered: "If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not: but if I do, though you will not believe me, believe the works; that you may know and believe that the Father is in me, and I in the Father."

Again they sought to kill him: but he passed through the midst of them, and leaving Jerusalem, retired beyond the Jordan.

Jesus was with his disciples beyond the Jordan at Bethabara, when messengers came to him from Mary and Martha to urge him to come, as Lazarus their brother, his own beloved friend, was dangerously ill. Loving the family tenderly, as our divine Lord did, he was moved by the sorrow of the pious sisters, but did not



respond to their call, inasmuch as in the designs of his Eternal Father, Lazarus was to pass the portals of death to be recalled by his word, "that the Son of God might be glorified." Some days later he repaired to Bethany, and was met with tender reproaches by Martha and Mary, but as the holy maidens full of faith in his divinity, loudly expressed it, he ordered the tomb to be opened and called Lazarus to life.

As this wonderful miracle was noised abroad, the chief priest and the pharisees in council resolved to put Jesus to death, for fear that all should believe in him, and that thus the Romans would be enabled to destroy the city. Jesus retired from their hands to Ephrem, on the borders of the desert, and remained there till the feast of the pasch, which was drawing nigh. Then he returned to Bethania and was received with the utmost joy by his friends, who prepared a banquet for him in the house of Simon the leper. There Mary, the sister of Lazarus, to show her



gratitude took an alabasterbox of precious perfumes, and breaking it, she poured it upon his head; and like the penitent, she also anointed his feet and wiped them with her hair. The whole house was filled with the odor of the ointment, and many, but chiefly Judas Iscariot, reproached her with extravagance, pretending zeal for the poor, even as some declaim against the beauty of God's house: but Jesus rebuked them, announcing his death, and declaring that she had done it for his burial. Nay more, he declared that wherever in the wide world his gospel should be preached, this holy act of hers should be proclaimed. What fame hath indeed equaled hers! Where the mighty conquerors, where men who have dazzled all by their science and art are unknown, all revere her whose commendation our Lord promised to the end of time.





## FAITH.

*Translated for the Metropolitan from the Works of Chateaubriand.*

AND what were the virtues so highly recommended by the sages of Greece? Fortitude, temperance, and prudence. None but Jesus Christ could teach the world that faith, hope, and charity are virtues alike adapted to the ignorance and the wretchedness of man.

It was undoubtedly a stupendous wisdom that pointed out faith to us as the source of all the virtues. There is no power but in conviction. If a train of reasoning is strong, a poem divine, a picture beautiful, it is because the understanding



or the eye, to whose judgment they are submitted, is convinced of a certain truth hidden in this reasoning, this poem, this picture. What wonders a small band of troops persuaded of the abilities of their leader is capable of achieving! Thirty-five thousand Greeks follow Alexander to the conquest of the world; Lacedæmon commits her destiny to the hands of Lycurgus, and Lacedæmon becomes the wisest of cities; Babylon believes that she is formed for greatness, and greatness crowns her confidence; an oracle gives the empire of the universe to the Romans, and the Romans obtain the empire of the universe; Columbus alone, among all his contemporaries, persists in believing the existence of a new world, and a new world rises from the bosom of the deep. Friendship, patriotism, love, every noble sentiment, is likewise a species of faith. Because they had faith, a Codrus, a Pylades, a Regulus, an Arria, performed prodigies. For the same reason, they who believe nothing, who treat all the convictions of the soul as illusions, who consider every noble action as insanity, and look with pity upon the warm imagination and tender sensibility of genius—for the same reason such hearts will never achieve any thing great or generous: they have faith only in matter and in death, and they are already insensible as the one, and cold and icy as the other.

In the language of ancient chivalry, to *pledge one's faith* was synonymous with all the prodigies of honor. Roland, Duguesclin, Bayard, were *faithful* knights; and the fields of Roncevaux, of Auray, of Bresse, the descendants of the Moors, of the English, and of the Lombards, still tell what men they were who plighted their faith and homage to their God, their lady, and their country. Shall we mention the martyrs, "who," to use the words of St. Ambrose, "without armies, without legions, vanquished tyrants, assuaged the fury of lions, took from the fire its vehemence and from the sword its edge?" Considered in this point of view, faith is so formidable a power, that if it were applied to evil purposes it would convulse the world. There is nothing that a man who is under the influence of a profound conviction, and who submits his reason implicitly to the direction of another, is not capable of performing. This proves that the most eminent virtues, when separated from God and taken in their merely moral relations, border on the greatest vices. Had philosophers made this observation, they would not have taken so much pains to fix the limits between good and evil. There was no necessity for the Christian lawgiver, like Aristotle, to contrive a scale for the purpose of ingeniously placing a virtue between two vices; he has completely removed the difficulty, by inculcating that virtues are not virtues unless they flow back toward their source—that is to say, toward the Deity.

Of this truth we shall be thoroughly convinced, if we consider faith in reference to human affairs, but a faith which is the offspring of religion. From faith proceed all the virtues of society, since it is true, according to the unanimous acknowledgment of wise men, that the doctrine which commands the belief in a God who will reward and punish, is the main pillar both of morals and of civil government.

Finally, if we employ faith for its higher and specific objects,—if we direct it entirely toward the Creator,—if we make it the intellectual eye, by which to discover the wonders of the holy city and the empire of real existence,—if it serve for wings to our soul, to raise us above the calamities of life,—we will admit that the Scriptures have not too highly extolled this virtue, when they speak of the prodigies which may be performed by its means. Faith, celestial comforter, thou dost more than remove mountains: thou takest away the heavy burdens by which the heart of man is grievously oppressed!



## THE ATTACHÉ IN MADRID.

*Translated from the German and published by Appletons, New York.*

HERE is a beautiful book that ought to be read by everybody. In these days when men are bookmakers by trade, it turns out that there are a good many bad workmen, and, consequently, not a few bad books, some of which are so by negative traits, that is, they are good for nothing; while others are positively bad, gotten up for a market or for special ends, and prepared with malice prepense for mischief. Now, the world would be the better and wiser if all such books were consigned to the fate of Don Quixote's library of chivalry; but the fact is, the world's ideas of good and evil are somewhat "confused," notwithstanding the aboriginal penalty it has been obliged to undergo for the investigations of the first inquirers. If an edict were to go forth to mankind at large to destroy all evil books, and to save all good books, who would reign on earth but the fierce goddess of the pale countenance and fiery eyes, whose dagger is ever ready, and who was banished from heaven for the divisions she excited in the very home of the gods? She and her unlovely companions would be abroad in their might:

"Tristesque ex æthere Diræ;  
Et scissa gaudens vadit Discordia pallâ."

Æn. 8.

We would soon find her no *myth*, whatever may be thought of her grand relations. Under her rule literature in its different aspects to different observers would undergo the fate of the good man's locks, which, in the hands of his two wives, one plucking out the obtrusive gray hairs, and the other the offending black, fell altogether, leaving both parties victorious, but neither triumphant.

We must bring this exordium to a point by saying that out of the infinitude of books good and bad, we must cull, each for himself, since general restrictions are likely to be for ever impracticable and inoperative. Still a book has a character which is peculiar to it, and makes it known beyond its own circle of readers, just as any man of mark is known by reputation, for better or for worse, beyond the confines of his personal acquaintance. And people buy books upon reputation, trusting to that to find such information as they desire.

A reviewer is a public counsellor in such cases, and if conscientious and well informed, he may be a very useful person; it is his business to say honestly what a book is after he has read it carefully, and to point out impartially its merits and demerits. False praise and unjust censure are equally unbecoming on his part; he must be honest, or he is a traitor either to the public or to literature.

To come to the subject in hand, we do say unhesitatingly that we find the *Attaché in Madrid* a work of surpassing interest. There is no people in the world more misconceived than the people of Spain; and the prejudice against them is so deep-rooted that the man who puts in a plea to shew them better than the Anglo-American world gives them credit for, finds himself engaged in a thankless office.

Our *Attaché*, a young nobleman attached to the legation from one of the German Courts, had the best opportunities of making a thorough acquaintance with Spanish high life, and it is but doing him common justice to say he made the best use of them. He does not present himself as the apologist or the champion of the Spaniards, but he describes them as he finds them. There is in his pages little commentary, little philosophizing. Where he finds good qualities he tells us of them frankly, without seeking for far-fetched and imaginary off-sets; where he finds



weakness or wickedness, he tells us of it with equal frankness. Consequently his book bears upon every page the impress of truth. He gives us vivid pictures of the Spanish people in their various relations, from the Queen down to Captain Pucheta and his worse than ragged regiment.

Don't startle, reader, when we speak of the Queen of Spain—we know all that you have heard against her, and so does the Attaché, but like an honorable man and a gallant gentleman, he demands in her defence that justice "which should not be denied to the lowest of her sex." The calumnies against her he finds have been gotten up for political effect by unprincipled aspirants. As a Spanish nobleman told him: "All the wise and good men of this country are indignant at these base attacks against our sovereign. \* \* \* \* These infamous stories are carefully prepared, insidiously propagated, and a superstructure of guilt raised upon any slight imprudence natural to a young princess, who a queen at thirteen, after an education interrupted by civil wars, was not endowed with a supernatural insight into character. Of the truth or falsehood of these accusations we can judge as well as the public. We can see that in her public conduct her majesty is a model of decorum. They can see no further. \* \* \* \* The correspondent of the 'Times' was never admitted within the palace walls; therefore in all that he relates, he can only draw upon his own corrupt imagination."

The reader will remember that the English reputation of the Queen of Spain rests principally upon the *ipse dixit* of this self same correspondent of the London Times.

The elegant courtesy of the Spaniards throughout the different ranks of life is worthy of universal admiration; *hauteur*, affectation, airs, seem to be entirely unknown. Politeness pervades all classes, and even in the relations of master and servant there is a cordial kindness which takes nothing from the respect due to the one, or adds nothing savoring of presumption to the other. The proverbial pride of the Spaniards is a pride which never displays itself at the expense of the feelings of others. The remarks of Count A——, our author's *chef*, on Spanish politeness are worthy of study. He says, for example: "The lower classes in this country are quite as independent as the highest grandees, and are neither vulgar nor servile. There seems an inborn courtesy in the Spaniard; a perfect appreciation of what is due both to himself and to others. He is never shy nor embarrassed, yet is never insolent. This simplicity of manners has to me a peculiar charm. It seems to proceed from real kindness of heart."

There is a trait in the Spanish character eminently distinctive of a right-minded people, and that is, filial affection. We have seen and admired this ourselves; our author brings it forward prominently by relating the appreciative remarks made to him by a foreign lady, long resident at Madrid. The sisters of the Attaché wished to know something of the education and intellect of the Spanish ladies; he observes for himself, and he also takes the opinions of others well qualified to give information. If we are any judges of female education we should say these ladies are educated upon a model system. Miss Murray, in her travels in the United States, forms no high opinion of this branch of American progress, and an English Protestant lady in Madrid admits that in the qualifications necessary for a good wife, mother and mistress of a family, her young countrywomen are behind those of Spain. This may be against our preconceived notions, but the facts are fairly stated and well sustained.

"Next to religious instruction," says Madame —, "the greatest care is taken to make them perfect *ménagères*, so that whatever position they may fill in after



life, they are perfectly capable of directing their households ; and I know no girl in Madrid, however high her rank, who is not fitted either to become the wife of a poor man, or to direct her household with perfect order, and if necessary, with strict economy. They are taught to make their own dresses, to mend their own clothes, to keep accounts, to regulate the expenditure, to attend personally to the most minute details of housekeeping ; and whatever their future condition may be, this knowledge certainly does them no harm." "I quite agree with you there," said Mrs. —, "and think that on these points education is sadly neglected in England. Our girls are elegant accomplished creatures, but if they make a poor marriage, it is a bad thing both for themselves and their husbands." "Whereas here," continued Madame —, "I know many families with an income so small, that in England they could not keep their places in society, whose houses are specimens of order and good taste, whose children are well educated and well dressed, who move in the best society, though they go out but seldom, but who, when they do appear in the world, are distinguished by the elegance of their appearance and manners."

They generally speak French, and many of them English, though they do not "study Latin nor metaphysics," neither of which fortunately is essential to their own well-being, or to the happiness of those by whom they are surrounded.

Our Attaché's letters (for this book is composed of letters to his friends at home) by no means confirm the prevalent ideas of Spanish ignorance, cruelty or intolerance. The intelligent people of this country ought to have a better appreciation of Spanish intellect than they have, from the single fact, that many of our first writers are diligent students of Spanish literature, to which they generally acknowledge their obligations. We will merely mention here such splendid writers and elegant scholars as Washington Irving, Bancroft, Ticknor, Prescott, Caleb Cushing, and our fellow-citizen, S. T. Wallis ; other names may readily recur to the reader. We would recommend, by the way, that the valuable work of Mr. Wallis on Spain should be associated by the reader with the production of the Attaché, for a full view of the present condition of that country ; in the former political information predominates, in the latter social, though each trenches largely upon the department we here somewhat arbitrarily assign to the other.

But if Spanish intelligence is not so low as many believe, what can be said in palliation of Spanish bigotry and cruelty ? Suppose we admit that the Spaniards are not free from these faults, what then ? We can only say that in these respects they are very like other people, especially like their English accusers. Calumny has been piled upon calumny in regard to these matters, and every adverse rumor has been swallowed as proof strong as holy writ.

Miss Murray extending her American travels to Cuba, finds the Spaniards a very cruel people ; e. g. they have live chickens in the market tied up by the legs. (!) She witnessed this with her own eyes ; but she has worse stories to tell of them *upon hearsay*. Whatever the filibusters, or their sympathizers, about New Orleans pleased to tell her against the Cuban Spaniards, she believed and noted down for the information of the world ; yet she very wisely and properly rejected what Mrs. Stowe and the northern abolitionists told her of the cruelties of the southern slaveholders. This is the kind of measure which the English have always meted out to the Spaniards.

Are we advocating hereby Spanish dominion in Cuba ? Not at all ; that is an open question to be adjudicated by the parties most concerned. We do not say that Cuba is well governed by the Spanish authorities—we only say that the



information generally current here on the subject is not reliable, being made up for the market by interested parties.

The Spaniards withal have their own sins and errors to answer for, but to do them justice, they are quite as little laden as the best of their neighbors. It is a crying sin and a shame that so noble a country and so good a people should be so sadly misgoverned, but the remedy is not in the hands of outside counsellors. The spirit of revolution is rife there, and the civil discord is truly lamentable. The leading men are but too ready to sacrifice the best interests of their country to an unworthy personal ambition. When things will be better, God only knows.

Frequent revolutions do nothing to clear up the political atmosphere, but rather fill it with a haze of blood. And yet in the fury of their revolutions there are comparatively few fearful excesses. As an intelligent correspondent of one of our most eminent political papers says of the revolutions in Mexico, they are not very different from fierce election riots in the United States. The revolution as described in Madrid had certainly nothing to compare in horror with the Louisville tragedy.

We find we are writing a long article, when but a brief review was intended. Our apology must be the deep interest we feel in Spanish character : the more that it has been so widely misrepresented. This book is well calculated to remove prejudice, and to put a fine people in their true light, neither exaggerating nor concealing good or bad qualities. It has our unqualified approbation. The author has Catholic affinities, as his mother is a noble Catholic lady, but he does not mention whether or not he is of the same faith. At all events, he could appreciate the religion of the people, and speaks in the few passages where he mentions them, kindly of the clergy.

The translation we think must be good, for the words run as freely as if not taken from another tongue. We notice a slight error in the appreciation of a Spanish phrase—" *Tu te metiste fraile, Padre Mosten; tu lo quisiste, tu te lo ten.*" (You have put yourself in it, Friar Mosten; you wished for it, and now you have got it). From the context one would suppose Mosten, the shopkeeper, a friar and a revolutionist; but the phrase was used to him proverbially, as if "he who puts on the friar's frock, must wear it whether he will or not." Mr. Mosten had courted revolution, and was suffering for it.

We say to the reader, in conclusion, that the "*Attaché in Spain*" will prove a most useful and a most agreeable book in his own hands and in the family circle.

**A RECEIPT FOR HAPPINESS.**—When you rise in the morning, form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done: a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving, trifles themselves light as air, will do it, at least for twenty-four hours; and, if you are young, depend upon it it will tell when you are old; and, if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result; you send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year; and, supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 human beings happy, at all events for the time. Now, worthy reader, is this not simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, and too easily accomplished for you to say, "I would if I could."



# MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.\**

BY PETER PINKIE.

*Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.*

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## CHAPTER XXI.

"WELL," said Weeks, making another start, "Zeph lived at a place called Pratt's Corner, five or six miles from Ducksville. She was kinder related to us somehow by the Bigelows, and mother and she were terrible intimate. Zeph used to invite mother to prayer meetings, and mother in return sent her presents of apple-sass twice a year regular. Well, Zeph got to be considerable old, you know, and kinder wrinkly about the nose, and as a matter of course, pious in proportion—but to balance the wrinkles Zeph had the cash."

"Ho! ho!" cried the Captain, "did the wind blow from that quarter?"

"She had two saw-mills of her own, and some twenty thousand dollars in railroad stock besides. Well, I made up my mind one day to try if I could'nt induce Zeph to take a partner to help her manage her business affairs, and forthwith set about making the necessary preparations. I felt I was kinder green, then, you know, in the religious line, and so I thought better attend two or three prayer meetings in Ducksville beforehand, to get into the way of it, like."

"Capital! capital!" ejaculated the Captain.

"When the day came for my first trial I shaved clean as the razor would cut it, mounted a black suit and half yard crape on my hat, and then put my Boots for Pratt's Corner. As I entered the room Deacon Lovejoy was holding forth strong against the old Pope (his favorite theme); so slinking in with a face as long as I could conveniently command, after so short a practice, I took my seat long side Zeph, without seeming to notice who was in it. After the deacon resumed his chair, Zeph turned her head a leetle mite sideways, and siz she, in a low, touching voice, 'Oh, Mr. Weeks, how I do rejoice to see you at last among the servants of the Lord.' 'O,' said I, looking up in her face kinder dreamy like, 'O how pleasant it is to dwell in the assembly of the faithful—Oh dear—'. 'You've been a wanderer,' said Zeph."

"Alas! alas! I have, said I, looking up at her again. I've been a poor sinful wanderer, seeking for the waters of life among the swamps and quagmires of a wicked world, but heaven be praised, the blessed light hath come at last to guide me to the pure spring."

"Excellent! capital!" shouted the Captain, wrapping the table till the tumblers and glasses rang again. "Ha! ha! ha! by Jove, Weeks, you're a clever fellow."

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Gentlemen, fill your glasses—fill them up—bumpers let them be—nothing less than bumpers. I give you Mr. Weeks and the stars and stripes forever.”

The company rose and drank the toast with a hip, hip, hurrah! and nine times nine, and Kate, no longer able to restrain her curiosity to see how matters were going on, came tripping in from the drawing-room, accompanied by half dozen ladies, declaring she could sit no longer among a parcel of silly, moping girls, with such good company in the house. Besides, she added, looking at Mr. Weeks, “I want to hear a speech. I’m actually dying to hear a speech from a citizen of the great Republic.”

“Gentlemen, please take your seats,” said Captain Petersham, “I see Mr. Weeks is about to speak. As for you, ladies, you’re a set of saucy, impudent baggages, to intrude upon us here over our cups; away, bundle over there, since you must stay in spite of us, away, to the other side the room, and behave yourselves properly.”

“Mr. Weeks, Mr. Weeks, Mr. Weeks,” was now heard from all parts of the room.

“Ladies and gents,” said the latter, rising slowly, and running one hand into his vest pocket, while he rested the other on the table; “ladies and gents, I ai’nt a goin to make a speech—speechmaking’s not in my line. But I ai’nt a goin to sit silent, either, when such honor is done to the flag of my country. Ladies and gents, I’m an American born, of the true blue Puritan stock, a citizen of the model Republic of the world [hear, hear]. I ai’nt given to braggin much, I trust, and besides it don’t become a foreigner to brag of his country in a strange land; but speaking as this here gent and I were (turning to Father John) about religion, I ai’nt afraid to assert, that you can’t find in all creation, a class of men of more enlarged and liberal views of religion than the merchants and traders of New England.

“We are liberal in all things where conscience merely is concerned, and conservative only with a view to preserve order in society, that trade may flourish under its protection. But, ladies and gents, whatever tends to cripple trade or impede the progress of social advancement; whether it be a new theory or an old theory, a new creed or an old creed, we strangle it, ladies and gents. We *strangle* it as the heathens in old times used to strangle deformed children. Business men in our country ai’nt so very particular as to difference in religious denomination, either. They don’t care much whether the creed be Orthodox, Universalist, Episcopalian or Baptist, if it only gives free scope to intellect, and a clear track for human progress. There’s but one creed they object to, and that is, (excuse me friend, said the speaker, turning to the priest), that is the Roman Catholic. [Hear him! hear him! cried Captain Petersham, that’s the kind of talk I like. Hear him! hear him! cried half a dozen others, following the lead]. Well, the fact is, ladies and gents, they can’t go that kinder doctrine *no how*; it tightens them up so they can’t move one way or other. The laws and rules of the Catholic Church hai’nt got no joints in ’em, you can’t bend ’em no shape or form. Then they have what they call confession, and if one of their society happens to speculate further than he has means to warrant, the priest brings him right chock up for it; he has got no chance to risk any thing in the way of trade, no how he can fix it. Again, if a Catholic happens to find a pocket book, for instance, with five or six thousand dollars in it, he must restore it to the owner right off, when, by waiting for twelve months or so, he might make a few hundreds by the use of it to start him in business. Such a creed as that, ladies and



gents, no true American can tolerate. He would not deserve the name of a free-man if he did. The question for Americans is, not whether any particular form of religion be young or old, true or false, divine or human; but whether it suits the genius of the country—that's the question—the only question to decide. Our country is young, ladies and gents, she has done little more as yet than just begun to develop her resources—the greatest resources of any nation throughout all universal space, and we feel it's our best polity to moderate the rigors of the gospel, to temper it, as it were—well—to make it as little exacting as possible. Hence, our ministers, as a general thing, especially in cities and large towns, seldom preach about sin, or hell, or the ten commandments, or that kinder subjects. Because such themes are calculated to disturb and perplex business men, to the injury of trade. And we have long made up our minds that trade must be cared for, whatever else suffers. Yes, ladies and gents," continued the speaker, growing more animated as the old Innishowen began to warm up his blood, "our country is bound to go ahead of every other country in creation. Excuse me, ladies and gents, for speaking my sentiments *right out* on the subject, but they are *my* sentiments and the sentiments of every native born American in the United States."

"Bravo, bravo, Weeks!" cried the Captain; his fat sides shaking as he clapped his hands. "Bravo—that's the talk."

"Yes," continued Weeks, "I'm a Yankee, and them sentiments are true blue Yankee sentiments. We ai'nt a goin to be fettered by any form of religion under the sun; if it don't encourage trade and commerce it don't suit us—that's the whole amount of it. Had the United States hung on to the old worn out creeds of Europe, what should our people be now—perhaps in no better condition than you yourselves, ladies and gents, are at this present moment."

"That's cool," said some one in an under tone.

"It's a fact, nevertheless," said Weeks, catching the words. "The antiquated religion of our grandfathers would have acted like a straight-jacket on the nation, cramping its energies and stinting its growth. Had we not shaken ourselves free from the trammels both of pilgrim and priestly rules, should we have become in so short a period so intelligent, enterprising and powerful a nation? Yes, ladies and gents, could we have flung our right arm across the Gulf and laid hold of Mexico by the hair of the head as we do now, and be ready to extend our left over your British American possessions, at any day or hour we please to take the trouble, and sweep them into our lap? I ask, ladies and gents, could we have done that?"

"Hurrah!" shouted the Captain—"glorious! capital!"

"I don't profess, ladies and gents," still continued Weeks, "to belong to any particular religious denomination myself. My creed is 'a first cause and the perfectibility of man,'—that's the length, breadth and thickness of my religious belief, and I stand on that platform firm and flat-footed. Still, I go in for three things in the religious line as strong as any man, alms-houses, observance of the Sabbath, and reading the Bible. These are excellent things in their way, and ought to be encouraged by every man who loves order and likes to see trade flourish. But I can go no further; I can never believe, sir (turning again to the priest), that the founder of Christianity intended a nation so intelligent, so intellectual, and so civilized as ours, should be bound down hand and foot by the strict rules of the gospel. No, sir, he intended we should moderate and adapt them as far as possible to the interests of the state and the requirements of society. With these ideas and these principles, ladies and gents, we are bound to go ahead—we must



go ahead—we can't help it—prosperity forces itself upon us—we on our part have only 'to clear the track' for it. Nothing can bar our progress, for our destiny is universal empire. Nothing can stop our course—no obstacle, moral or physical, on earth or air, on sea or land. Yes, our energies are immense and must be expended. Ladies and gents, were it necessary to bore the earth through, we should do it. Yes, by crackie, tunnel almighty creation to find an outlet for our resources."

"Glorious! glorious!" shouted the Captain, "hurrah! for the stars and stripes! Well done, Weeks—bravo! bravo! my boy."

And "bravo! bravo!" echoed from all parts of the room, even the ladies stood up and waved their pocket handkerchiefs. In the midst of this general acclamation, however, and just as Mr. Weeks had hitched up his shoulders for another start, a loud piercing shriek came from the entrance-hall, which startled and silenced the noisy company in an instant.

"What the fury is that?" demanded the Captain. "Ho, there James, Thomas—go instantly and see what it means."

Kate rushed to the door, followed by the other ladies, curious to learn what had happened, and the gentlemen, fearing some serious accident had occurred, darted out pell-mell after them.

"Who the mischief are you?" growled Captain Petersham, grasping a tall, grave-looking man by the arm, as he hurried out from the parlor. "Who the mischief are you, fellow?"

"Pardon me, sir," replied the stranger in the mildest manner possible, "my name is Sweetensoul. I came with ——"

"Who! what! the colporteur! the Methodist bible-reader?"

"The same, sir."

"And what the duse then do you want here?"

"Excuse me, sir, I ——"

"I shan't excuse you, sir; you have no business in my house, you canting rascal; out of it instantly."

"But the lady there, sir."

"Lady! what lady? eh, who is this?" again demanded the Captain, bustling into a group which had now gathered round some female in distress.

"Hush! hush! brother Tom," said Kate, catching him by the button-hole and whispering in his ear, "that's Baby Deb."

"What! one of the Hardwrinkles?"

"Yes, yes," she replied, almost convulsed with laughter, "her sister Rebecca, ha! ha! ha! her sister Rebecca, ha! ha!"

"Stop your folly Kate, and tell me."

"Well she's, ha! ha! gone off with ——"

"Eloped?"

"Yes, fled away with ——"

"Rebecca Hardwrinkle eloped! nonsense Kate, you're only fooling me."

"It's a positive fact," said the light-hearted, mischief-loving girl—"ask Baby Deb, then, if you don't believe me."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried the latter, clapping her hands and rolling about from side to side like one frantic, "she's gone! she's gone!"

"Well then," ejaculated Weeks, when he fully understood what had taken place, "then, if that ai'nt going it strong, I don't know what is; by thunder, if this ai'nt the most infernal country ——"



"Miss Hardwinkle," said the Captain, kindly taking the disconsolate young lady by the arm; "let me conduct you to aunt Willoughby's room. And tell me as we go along, how all this happened."

"Won't you send the police in search of her, Captain? I came all the way with Mr. Sweetsoul, to entreat you to send them instantly."

"Certainly, certainly, my dear young lady, I shall do so forthwith; but how did it happen?"

"Why, a man came to the house in Ballymagahey, where we had been distributing tracts, and told Rebecca a dying woman wanted to see her immediately, and have some spiritual conversation with her before she departed."

"Humph! I see; well?"

"Well, poor Rebecca!—you know, Captain, how eagerly she thirsted for the salvation of souls——"

"Yes, yes, I know all that—well?"

"The instant the man delivered the message, she started off as quickly as if——"

"Yes, of course—I understand you; well?"

"Her holy zeal, you know——"

"Never mind her zeal. What the fury have I to do with her zeal—excuse me, Miss Hardwinkle, but can't you tell me how she was carried off?"

"Oh dear! you hurry me so—and then I'm almost dead with the fright."

"Listen to me—did you see her carried off?"

"See her?"

"Yes, yes, did you *actually* see her?"

"With my own eyes."

"Then *how* was she carried off?"

"Behind a man! Oh dear! oh dear!"

"Behind a man?"

"Yes; on—a—on—a—" Here Deborah tried to blush and cover her face.

"Confound it, on what?" cried the Captain, losing patience altogether. "Can't you speak at once if you wish me to take measures for your sister's recovery. How did he carry her off?"

"On a—on a—oh dear, on a pillion! behind him."

"Phew!! on a pillion! Ha! ha! By the Lord Harry, that *was* a sight."

"It was shocking—in broad day light too."

"It was villainous," said the Captain, endeavoring to smother a laugh—"most atrocious! to carry such a saintly young lady, and one so reserved in all her habits of life, through the open country in broad day light, on a pillion. S'death! the scoundrel should be hung for it."

"And oh, Captain," said Deborah, "I can never forget the terrific shriek she gave, as she flew past me behind the inhuman wretch. It still rings in my ears—it was heart-rending."

"Who could have played this trick, Kate?" said the Captain, turning to his sister—"eh—what does it mean?—I don't understand it exactly."

"And how can I?" replied Kate, holding her head down and covering her face with her handkerchief, "how can I, if you don't?"

"Kate!"

"What?"

"Look up at me."

"There—what's the matter?"

"This is some of your devilry."



"Of mine!!"

"Of yours. Come! come! no evasion now, you're in the plot, whatever it is, as sure as your name's Kate Petersham. It's exactly like you—you need'n't try to look serious."

"Why, brother Tom!"

"Psaugh—brother Tom!—that won't do Kate. I vow to heaven, you're the most mischievous—but stop, wait a minute," he exclaimed, as a sudden thought seemed to strike him.

"Miss Hardwinkle," said he, again approaching the afflicted young lady, "Miss Hardwinkle, do you remember to have seen the man before?"

"What, the wretch who ——?"

"Yes—have you any recollection of ever seeing him before?"

"No; for I could see nothing but his form, he flew by so fast, and besides he kept whipping the wretched animal so dreadfully all the time."

"He! he! he!" chuckled Uncle Jerry to himself all alone on the sofa, "it must have been an amusing sight. He! he! should like to have seen it."

"You're a barbarous man," said Kate, overhearing the words as she passed him by—"you're a barbarous man to wish any such thing."

"Oh you young trixter," exclaimed Uncle Jerry, as she turned back her laughing eyes upon him; "the plot is of your making as sure as the sun."

"What think you was the color of his clothes?" again enquired the Captain—"or did you see any thing remarkable in his form or appearance?"

"Nothing—I could see nothing distinctly, except that he wore a cap."

"A cap—what kind of cap?" eagerly demanded the Captain, "black, or blue, or glazed?"

"No. I rather think," replied Deborah, "it was a sort of fur cap; it looked rough rather, and somewhat high in the crown."

"Whitish?"

"Yes. It seemed to be something like a hare or rabbit skin cap."

"That's enough!" exclaimed the Captain, "that's enough; I know the villain! I know him!—I suspected him from the beginning; he's the most daring, impudent, reckless rascal, that, in all Christendom."

"Who is he—who is he?" demanded half a dozen together.

"Lanty Hanlon, of course," promptly replied the Captain, "who else could it be? no man but Lanty in the three baronies would dare play such a trick."

"Lanty Hanlon," screamed Baby Deb, in semi-hysterics.

"Don't be alarmed," said the Captain, "your sister's in safe hands."

"Oh, no, no, Captain, he'll murder her!"

"Not he, nor hurt a hair of her head, either."

"That is, if she have any," said Uncle Jerry in a whisper, as he brushed by the Captain; "he! he! if she have any."

"Why, you surely mistake, Captain," said several of the company. "Lanty Hanlon's the most notorious robber and wrangler in the whole neighborhood."

"I can show you a wound he gave me here in my head, Captain," said the colporteur, sneaking into the room.

"What, you! Out of my house, you scurvy vagabond," cried the burly Captain, collaring the bible-reader, and sending him head-foremost from the room. "Ho there, fellows, James, Thomas, bundle out that snivelling rascal. By the Lord Harry, if he come in my sight again I'll horsewhip him."



"Well, but Captain, you must be mistaken about this Hanlon," said one, "it was he that beat my game-keeper."

"It was the same fellow robbed my salmon box," said another.

"It was that very vagabond, poached on my premises," said a third.

"Yes, and by crackie, it was that tarnation villain drugged me first with poteen whisky, and then danced me almost to death," put in Weeks. "He's the most provoking rascal too I ever met, for he keeps as cool as a cucumber all the while."

"Gentlemen," said the Captain, "you may say what you please of Lanty Hanlon—and think what you please, too, but I know him better than the whole kit of you put together, and by the Lord Harry he's one of the best specimens of his class I ever saw. He's an honest-hearted, reckless, rollicking, light-hearted Irishman, who likes his bit of fun as well as the rest of us, and will have it if he can, but tell me the man ever knew Lanty to do a mean thing. He may have speared your salmon, and shot your game, and broken your bailiffs' heads, but where's the harm in that. Can you call it a crime to kill the trout that swims in the mountain brooks, or the black cock that feeds on the mountain heather. What right have you to forbid a man to catch the trout that jumps in the stream before his own door, or kill the game that feeds on his own pasture. May the devil take such game laws, say I, and may the man that respects them never know the taste of a white trout at breakfast, or a black cock at supper. As for you, Mr. Weeks, you must have said or done something to provoke Lanty, or he never had put you through the coarse hackle as he did. Besides, you didn't matriculate here yet, you're green in the country."

"Gentleman wishes to see Mr. Weeks," said a servant, interrupting the speaker.

Mr. Weeks followed, and was conducted to the breakfast parlor. As the door opened the visitor advanced to meet him, with an open letter in his hand.

"Ha! Mr. Lee," exclaimed Weeks, "glad to see you—how d'ye do?"

"Good evening, sir," replied the light-keeper, rather stiffly. "Pray, Mr. Weeks, is this your hand-writing?"

"My hand-writing!" repeated Weeks, examining the manuscript.

"Yes, sir; Miss Lee received that letter this morning through Taurny post office—it bears your signature. Did you write it?"

"Why? What's the trouble?"

"Do you acknowledge it as yours, sir?"

"Well, yes, I reckon so; what's the matter? you seem kinder put out about it."

"Mr. Weeks," said the light-keeper, "you have managed in some way or other to get hold of several of my notes of hand; may I ask how you came to know of the existence of such papers—or was it through Mr. Robert Hardwrinkle you discovered them?"

Weeks bowed his assent.

"Ah, I thought so. Well, sir, having bribed an old woman to play the black foot between you and my — and Miss Lee, and not having succeeded as soon as you anticipated, you directed your attorney to make a writ against me for debt, and now at the heels of the writ Miss Lee receives that letter, making her proposals of marriage, with an account at your banker's of a hundred thousand dollars. What does this mean, sir?"

"It ain't the first, I guess, is it?"

"Not the first you wrote her, sir—but the first that came to her hands."

"Shoh!—that infernal she devil has played me false—well, there! Tarnation seize the whole darned pack —"



"Hold, sir. Did you or did you not take out this writ against my body with a view to compel Miss Lee to marry you?"

"How's that?" muttered Weeks, affecting not to understand the question.

"Answer me yes or no," cried the light-keeper; "I have no time to spare."

"Look here, friend, I ai'nt agoin to be catechized this fashion."

"Catechized—by all the gods in Olympus, I'll catechize you, my fine fellow, and the right way, too. Your villainy's discovered at last. Elsie Curley has revealed to me all your plots and schemes."

"You need'nt get into such a fuss about it, my dear fellow," said Weeks, quite coolly; "if you ai'nt disposed to let me have the girl, why don't, that's all; but you've got to pay the face of the notes, or go to jail—that's certain."

"Scoundrel, let *you* have the girl!"

"Ai'nt I good enough for her?"

"You!"

"Why, yes. I'm an American born—good enough I reckon for the best Irish girl ever stood in shoe leather—all fired proud as they are."

"And why didn't you ask her like a man, if you thought so? No, you had'nt the courage to ask her. Your meanness of soul would'nt let you. You preferred to scheme and plot with Elsie Curley, and to sneak about my house day after day like a hungry spaniel. By George, if I suspected what brought you there when you first came, I'd have flung you neck and heels into the devil's gulch. What! because I'm poor, you tried to compel my child to marry you through fear of my incarceration. Begone, sir, let me never see you within a league of the light-house again, or if you do, I'll horsewhip you as I would a dog."

"Say, don't get into such a fury about it."

"Fury!" repeated the light-keeper, buttoning up his coat and darting a look at the crest-fallen Yankee, so full of contempt that the latter cowered under it. "Paugh, sir," he added, "you're beneath my scorn. Had you the slightest pretence to the name of a gentleman, I should have compelled you before I left this room, to apologize for the insult you have offered—but coxcomb and a coward as you are, I let you pass."

"Coward—guess you're mistaken, ai'nt you?" replied Weeks, showing his hands down into his breeches pockets and hitching up his shoulders.

"You're a disgrace, sir, to the name of America," continued the light-keeper, without noticing the reply. "Your country is a noble country, sir; your heroes of the revolution rank among the first soldiers of the world; your orators and statesmen have already eclipsed some of the first celebrities of Europe; your people in the main, are a high minded, generous people; but you, sir, and such sneaking rascals as you, with your godless liberalism, and your national vanity, are enough to bring your country into contempt wherever you go. I have loved America ever since I was able to lisp the name, but if you be a fair specimen of your countrymen, I would rather be a dog than an American. If you be a Yankee, the New Englanders must have sadly degenerated since the revolution. Go! go!"

"Well," said Weeks, "can't say as to that, but I rather guess they're a leetle ahead of the Irish yet."

"Yes, in vending hickory hams and wooden nutmegs they may be somewhat smarter, I suppose. But smartness without either honor or principle is a poor recommendation. Go home, sir, go home again, and tell your countrymen, that class of them at least to which you belong, that hucksters and speculators are less



respected here in Europe for their smartness than despised for their love of gold. Tell them you failed in your own speculations in matrimony and tobacco, because you relied too much on your own cunning, and valued too lightly the character of the people on whose simplicity you came to practice. Tell them you saw in Ireland a poor man proud—bankrupt in every thing but honor—who reduced to beggary and a jail, would rather see his child mated with the poorest peasant on his native hills, than give her to a peddling, speculating foreigner, with a hundred thousand dollars. Then, sir," he added, flinging the letter in Weeks' face, "take back your vile proposal and be gone; I came with a brace of pistols here in my breast, to demand the satisfaction due from one gentleman to another, but you're too contemptible a scoundrel to smell an honest man's powder;" and so saying, the light-keeper flung on his slouched hat and left the room.

Weeks stood full three minutes gazing at the door through which the light-keeper passed, without moving a muscle—his hands as usual thrust into his pockets. He seemed completely confounded at what had taken place. "Well, there," he ejaculated at length, throwing himself down in an arm chair; and taking out his penknife he began to whittle a small mahogany rule that lay beside him on the table, apparently without the least consciousness of what he was doing, "there—that's the end of it, I reckon. Humph! well, Mr. C. B. Weeks, I sorter think you ought to feel kinder cheap—eh! four hundred dollars lost for spells and charms, and five hundred more for worthless paper—nine hundred dollars—and fooled into the bargain. Go it, go it, my boy—that's the way to make a fortune out of the ignorant Irish. Well, I'm in a fix, that's a fact—a tarnation ugly fix, too. Oh, Else Curley, out of h—ll there's no such woman as you—I reckoned I was pretty smart myself, but I guess you're a leetle mite smarter. Humph! of some twenty love-letters, the girl has received but one, and that one I mailed myself at the post office. And there's that darned cabin boy—only for him I might get along slick enough yet; for come to get the light-keeper into jail, cousin Robert and I could manage to carry off the girl somehow. But the boy, if he recover, will reveal all, and then the whole secret is blown. Sambo says he'll go down to the light-house to-night and demand the young scamp—and cousin Robert promises to send a constable with him to enforce his right of guardianship—but should he blab the secret before they reach him, I must put for Ducksville right straight off. As it is I'm cornered up rather close to feel comfortable. Oh Ireland, Ireland—could I once get off with this girl under my arm, I should advise every stranger that values his life, to keep clear of you a day's sailing at least."

In this strain Weeks went on soliloquizing, and whittling till he whittled down the rule to the thinness of a pipe shank, and covered the table and carpet with a shower of chips. Suddenly, however, the door opened, and Miss Deborah Hard-winkle came in, bathed in tears, beseeching her cousin to accompany the police in search of her dear sister Rebecca. Weeks paused for a moment without making any reply, and then putting his knife in his pocket, rose and prepared to leave, for the truth was, he began to suspect the light-keeper had seen the Captain—and thought it were just as well in that case, to quit Castle Gregory as soon as possible.

*To be continued.*



## Miscellanea.

ANIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

**THE BELLS OF PARIS.**—How brilliant and powerful is Victor Hugo's description of the sublime effect produced by the bells of Paris in the old Catholic times! It is impossible to read it without emotion:

"If you wish to receive an impression from the old city which the modern cannot give you, ascend some elevated point which commands the entire city, at the hour of sunrise, on the morning of some festival, and assist at the awakening of the bells. At the same moment these thousand churches vibrate. At first it is a scattered sound, passing from one church to another, as when musicians give signs of being about to commence. Then suddenly see—for sometimes it would seem that the ear had also its sight—see rising at the same moment, as it were, a column of noise, like a smoke of harmony. At first the vibrations of each bell rises straight, pure, and as if isolated from one another in the splendid sky of the morning; then by degrees increasing, they melt into one, and are mixed and amalgamated in a magnificent concert. It is now only one mass of sonorous vibrations, disengaged unceasingly from innumerable towers, which floats, undulates, rebounds and thunders over the city, and prolongs far beyond the horizon, the deafening circle of its oscillations. And yet this sea of harmony is not a chaos, vast and profound as it is, still it has not lost its transparency; you see winding apart each group of notes which escapes from the belfries; you can follow the dialogue alternately grave and piercing, from the chime to the great bell; you see the octaves jump from one tower to another; you see them dart forth, winged, light and hissing from the silver bell, and fall broken and heavy from that of baser materials; you see the rich gamut which descends and remounts unceasingly from the seven bells of one tower; you see dart through it the clear and rapid notes which make three or four luminous zigzag lines, and vanish like the lightening; below, it is the sharp and glassy chime of the abbey of St. Martin; on that side it is the deep low murmur of the Louvre, and on the other it is the royal volley of the palace, while from time to time, at equal intervals, the heavy tone of the belfrey of Notre Dame makes them all sparkle like the anvil under the hammer. Through the whole mass of sublime noise you see pass at intervals sounds of every form, from the low, indistinct murmur to the sharp note of the Ave Maria, which explodes and sparkles like a shower of stars. Most surely this is an opera which deserves to be heard. The city seems to sing, as during the stillness of the night it had seemed to breathe. Lend an ear then to this chorus, which rises over the murmur of half a million of men, which mingles with the eternal lamentation of the stream, the infinite sighings of the wind wafted over the surrounding forests, which blend and soften what might have been too rough and piercing, and then say whether you know any thing in the world more rich, more joyous, more golden, more resplendent than this tumult of chiming and tolling, than this furnace of music, than these ten thousand voices of brass, chanting all together within flutes of stone of the length of three hundred feet, than this city, which is only one orchestra, than this symphony, which is as loud as a tempest."

**BOOKS.**—A good book is a lasting companion. Truths, which it has taken years to glean, are therein at once freely but carefully communicated. We enjoy the communion with the mind, though not with the person of the writer. Thus the humblest man may surround himself by the wisest and best spirits of past and present ages. No one can be solitary who possesses a book: he owns a friend that will instruct him in the moments of leisure or of necessity. It is only necessary to turn over the leaves, and the fountain at once gives forth its streams. You may seek costly furniture for your homes, fanciful ornaments for your mantle-pieces, and rich carpets for your floors; but after the absolute necessities of a home, give me books as at once the cheapest, and certainly the most useful and abiding embellishments.



**GOD'S LOVE FOR MAN.**—What a wonder it is that God should love men. Intrinsically what is there in them to love? If we compare our own natural gifts with those of an angel, how miserable we appear! If we consider how much more faithfully the beasts answer the ends of their creation than we do, of what shall we be proud? Moreover, God has tried men over and over again, and they have always failed him, and failed him with every circumstance of unamiable selfishness which can be conceived. There was, first of all, Paradise and the Fall. Every one knows what came of it. God was matched against an apple, and the apple carried it. The flood was an awful judgment, but mercy went along with it. Yet we soon find the knowledge of God almost confined to one family, and one line of patriarchs. Then came the Jews. Job's patience is literally a picture of God's long suffering with his people. He rewarded and they despised him. He punished and they hardened their hearts. He sent them his Son, and they crucified him; and the Romans had to go and take away their place and nation, and to burn up their city and temple. Then here is the world since the crucifixion. To look at it you would say that our dearest Lord's passion had been a simple failure. So little is the face of the world, or the tone of the world, or the ways of the world changed. The results of the Gospel on the world seem to be, first, a tinge of universal romance in its history; and secondly, a great number of new works brought into its various languages to express the phenomena and genius of the Incarnation. Can anybody say that much else has come of it, looking at the world at large? There here are we, Christians, a most unsatisfactory sight indeed! How do we treat our Sacraments? How many of us are serving our crucified Lord generously and out of love? Verily, God's love of men is a simple wonder. Yet how he must love them, seeing that he became not an angel for angels, but he did become a man for men! There is no other account of the matter, than the Scripture account of it. It is simply one of the mysteries of the character of God, as the Eternal Wisdom says of himself. I was set up from eternity, and of old before the earth was made. The depths were not as yet, and I was conceived; neither had the fountains of water yet sprung out. The mountains with their huge bulk had not as yet been established. Before the hills I was brought forth. He had not yet made the earth nor the rivers, nor the poles of the world. When he prepared the heavens I was present; when with a certain law and compass he enclosed the depths, when he established the sky above, and poised the fountains of the waters, when he balanced the foundations of the earth, I was with him forming all things and was delighted every day, playing before him at all times, playing in the world, and my delights were to be with the children of men. *Dr. Faber.*

**THE FIRST PRINTED BOOK.**—The first printed book known is the celebrated Mazarin Bible in two folio volumes. It was so called from the discovery of a copy in the library of Cardinal Mazarin, at Paris, about the middle of the last century; since which time seventeen other copies have been found in various parts of Europe; of these, nine are in public, and nine in private libraries. It has no date, but at the end of each volume of the copy in the Royal Library at Paris, is an inscription in red ink. That in the second volume is as follows:

"This book, illuminated and bound by Henry Cremer, Vicar of the Collegiate Church of St. Stephen at Mentz, was completed on the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, A. D. 1456. Thanks be to God. Hal elelujah."

Some think the work was finished in 1450, or 1452, while others fix it at 1463, as the binding and illumination of this particular copy would, in all probability, soon follow its publication. But in the infancy of the art, it is probable that from five to seven years were occupied in printing; hence the inference would be that it was commenced before the year 1450, an opinion in which most investigators agree.

Until within a few years no copy of this rare book was known in the United States; but about seven years since, one of the great private libraries was brought to the hammer in London, and news spread far and wide that a copy of the Mazarin Bible was among its rarities. The book collectors of Europe were on the qui vive. Crowned



heads, princes, nobles, and wealthy collectors, were alike anxious to secure the gem; but a princely collector in New York bore off the palm, and secured the inestimable volumes for £500—(about \$2,500).

These magnificent volumes are two folios, about the size of the folios of our day, and together include 1,275 pages. The paper upon which they are printed is hard, tough and of a superior quality. Its color is a delicate cream-colored tint. Its typography is a gothic or old English letter, not quite as uniform as the printing of the present time, yet possessing a clearness and sharpness of outline, that renders it difficult to decide whether the types are cut in brass or cast in moulds. The ink, even now, is as black as it is possible to make it. The register is very exact, and in all respects the beauty, the perfection and magnificence of these volumes quite surpass every production of the press for three hundred years after. There are no ornaments, illuminations or engravings in this copy, and the binding, which is modern, is a plain blue morocco.

**EUGENE, EMPRESS OF FRANCE.**—A correspondent of one of our city papers thus describes the consort of Napoleon III:

"Is the Empress pretty? is always the first question asked by my fair countrywomen. Is she tall, is she stout, has she light hair, has she blue eyes, is she amiable, is she graceful, and do the people like her? As I had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with the Empress, at one of the presentations of the Palace of the Tuilleries, I will give my fair friends a graphic description of the Empress Eugene. The Empress is by no means an every-day person; neither is she a dazzling beauty, glaring like a sun-flower; but like a sweet and modest violet, that possesses a charm to linger long in one's memory. The Empress entered the magnificent saloon by the side of her noble husband, void of all airs, except to win all hearts, that said welcome the stranger to the palace of my adoption. Although it was not the home of my forefathers, I welcome you within its walls. Her step was gentle, and she spoke to all with that grace and ease so peculiar to her character, asking many pleasant questions relative to America, such as how long we had been in France, and if we were pleased with Paris, and appeared amazed that we did not all speak French.

"The Empress speaks very fine English, owing to her being partly educated in England. I believe it was in Bristol where she went to school. One of her amiable qualities is never to overlook an old school-mate, invariably remembering them with some petty souvenir. To one of her schoolmates she gave an elegant watch. Her heart is in the right place. I had seen her several times riding, and, from her portraits, expected to have seen a very tall person; the Empress is of medium height, of a slight and graceful figure, decidedly a blonde, with light hair, invariably worn *la mode tempérée*; her complexion very delicate—so much so that you may trace the blue veins running in their course; the forehead high and expansive, and eyebrow most beautifully arched, shading the eye of a soft and tender hue that speaks volumes to the heart's affections, and says, 'Will you love me? it's the love of my people that I wish;' the nose slightly bridged; a mouth sweetly expressive; when speaking, a constant smile; when in repose a lingering shade of sadness.

"The Emperor is devoted to her, and well he may be. She is truly a lovely woman, now in the summer of her day—may her autumn yield a golden harvest, the setting of its sun sink in its calmest repose, the winter of her life be soft and balmy as the air of Ceylon's Isles."

The writer might have added, that the piety, charity and benevolence of the Empress are qualities that adorn her far more than all her personal attractions.

**GOLD IN THE DAYS OF THE PATRIARCHS.**—The contribution of the people, in the time of David, towards the building of the sanctuary was not far from £30,000,000; while David is said to have collected nearly £36,000,000, a sum nearly as great as the British national debt. The gold with which Solomon overlaid the "Most Holy Place," only a room thirty feet square, amounted to more than thirty-eight millions sterling.



**BOURGES CATHEDRAL.**—One circumstance which gives to these great cathedrals peculiar interest as symbolic creations of art, is the *impersonal* character which belongs to them. \* \* The cathedrals of the middle ages come down to us as emanations of the æsthetic energy of society at large, as symbolical and typical embodiments of the ecclesiastical inspiration, in an age whose power was eminently constructive. This merging of the individual in the universal, in the history of the buildings, is especially appropriate in works meant to symbolize religion. \* \* \* Known not nor whispered among men, honored not on their rolls of renown, is the name of him whose genius hung in the dim air the stored arches of this cathedral nave of Bourges; in which, rising gallery above gallery, in light and varied range, and seeming to bridge the interval between earth and heaven, stand in the highest clerestory in glittering robes, against the light, Prophets and Saints, and Martyrs, and Apostles, beckoning us upward to their glittering home.

**ODD NAMES FOR BOOKS.**—If the English during the seventeenth century were not eminently a religious people, it was not the fault of the book-makers, if we may judge from the titles of some of their works. In 1686 a pamphlet was published in London, entitled *A most Delectable Sweet Perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to smell at*. About the year 1649, there was published a work entitled: *A Pair of Bellows to blow off the Dust cast upon John Fry*, and another called *The Snuffers of Divine Love*. Cromwell's time was particularly famous for title pages. The author of a work on charity entitles his book *Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches*. Another, who professed a wish to exalt poor human nature, calls his labors *High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness*. And another, *Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant*.

A Quaker, whom the authorities thought proper to imprison, published a work under the modest title of *A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion, breathed out of a Hole in the Wall of an earthly Vessel, known among Men by the name of Samuel Fish*. About the same time there was also published, *The Spiritual Mustard-pot, to make the Soul sneeze with Devotion; Salvation's Vantage Ground, or a Louping Sand for Heavy Believers*. Another entitled, *A Shot aimed at the Devil's Head-quarters through the Tube of the Cannon of the Covenant*. The next worthy of notice is, *A Reaping-hook well tempered, for the Stubborn Ears of the coming Crop; or Biscuits baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation*. To another we have the following copious description of its contents:

"Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David; whereunto are also added, William Humius's Handful of Honeysuckles, and Divers Godly and Pithy Ditties now newly augmented."

**INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.**—From the lips of woman, every infant hears the first accents of affection, and receives the first lessons of tenderness and love.

For the approbation of women, the grown-up youth will undertake the boldest enterprise, and brave every difficulty of study, danger, and even death itself. To the happiness of woman, the man of mature years will devote the best energies of his mind and body; and from the soothing and affectionate regard of woman, the man who is become venerable in years, derives his chief consolation in life's decline.

**HATS.**—The custom of sitting in church with hats on, was practiced in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and was probably intended to show contempt for Catholicity. Richard Coxe, Lord Bishop of Ely, died in 1581, and was buried in his own Cathedral. "I have seen," says Peck, "an admirable old drawing, exhibiting in one view his funeral procession, and in another, the whole assembly sitting in the choir to hear the funeral sermon, all covered, having their bonnets on. John Fox, the martyrologist, died in 1587, and being then a very old man, wore a straight cap, covering his head and ears, and over that a deep crowned, shallow-brimmed slouched hat. This is the first hat I have observed in any picture."

*Peck's Desiderata Curiosa.*



## Review of Current Literature.

I. AN ATTIC PHILOSOPHER IN PARIS; or A Peep from a Garret. From the French of *Emile Souvestre*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have not before us nor have we seen the original French of the "Attic Philosopher;" but we have no doubt that the *English* edition, published by the Messrs. Appleton, is an excellent translation. It is one of those very few translations which we can read without being perpetually reminded by un-English turns and phrases that it is a translation. Without being professedly a religious work, it places before the reader in a series of "common-place adventures," of every day life, a most complete vindication, as far as it goes, of

"The ways of God to man."

Not only do we predict that no one can take up this work without reading it through, but that few will be willing to forego the luxury of, at least, a second perusal. It bids fair, we think, to acquire what it preëminently deserves, an extensive popularity.

One of the main objects of the book seems to be to counteract the baleful influence of that worst of moral scourges, socialism; an evil long felt extensively in France, and one from which we, in this country, have far more to fear than is generally imagined. Chapter 8th, "Misanthropy and Repentance," is a masterly argument on this subject; but divested of all the tedium of argument. You follow the author through a series of most pleasing incidents, charmingly related, and you are not only convinced, but able to prove to foreign or domestic socialists that the ways of God are worthy of God.

Our philosopher is certainly no cynic: the 1st chapter is one of the most natural, beautiful, simple and heart-touching little tales, that we have ever read.

In a note, page 43, the translator, an Englishman (whether Catholic or Protestant, we know not), has the following candid admission upon an interesting subject:

"The religious character of Sunday is neglected in Paris at least as much as it is in London; but it must not be supposed that this is necessarily indicated in the incidents and tone of this chapter. The religious Frenchman goes to church while the Englishman is lying in bed, and the former takes his stroll while the latter is at church. Our religious feelings (if we have any) must be shocked by the open shops and theatres of Paris on a Sunday: but those of the Frenchman are equally shocked by seeing our churches entirely shut up on six days of the week, and on Sundays only open for short and stated times; and he asks whether his love of amusement on the seventh day, is worse than our appetite for money on the other six. 'There is ample room for charity, but none for censorious judgment on either side.'"

Of the celebration of Corpus Christi in Catholic countries, he speaks as follows:

"I looked for the day of the month, and I saw these words written in large letters: 'FÊTE DIEU!'"

"It is to-day! In this great city, where there are no longer any public religious solemnities, there is nothing to remind us of it; but it is, in truth, the period so happily chosen by the primitive church. 'The day kept in honor of the Creator,' says Chateaubriand, 'happens at a time when the heaven and the earth declare his power, when the woods and fields are full of new life, and all are united by the happiest ties; there is not a single widowed plant in the fields.'"

"What recollections these words have just awakened! I left off what I was about, I leant my elbows in the window sill, and with my head between my two hands, I went back in thought, to the little town where the first days of my childhood were passed.

"The *Fête Dieu* was then one of the great events of my life! It was necessary to be diligent and obedient a long time beforehand, to deserve to share in it. I still recollect with what raptures of expectation I got up on the morning of that day. There was a holy joy in the air. The neighbors up earlier than usual, hung cloths with flowers or figures, worked in tapestry, along the streets. I went from one to another, by turns



admiring religious scenes of the middle ages, mythological compositions of the Renaissance, old battles in the style of Louis XIV, and the Arcadias of Madame de Pompadour. All this world of phantoms seemed to be coming forth from the dust of past ages, to assist—silent and motionless—at the holy ceremony. I looked alternately in fear and wonder, at those terrible warriors with their swords always raised, those beautiful huntresses shooting the arrow which never left the bow, and those shepherds in satin breeches always playing the flute at the feet of the perpetually smiling shepherdess. Sometimes when the wind blew these hanging pictures forward, it seemed to me that the figures themselves moved, and I watched to see them detach themselves from the wall, and take their places in the procession!

“But these impressions were vague and transitory. The feeling that predominated over every other was that of an overflowing yet quiet joy. In the midst of all the floating draperies, the scattered flowers, the voices of the maidens, and the gladness which, like a perfume, exhaled from every thing, you felt transported in spite of yourself. The joyful sounds of the festival were repeated in your heart in a thousand melodious echoes. You were more indulgent, more holy, more loving! For God was not only manifesting himself without, but also within us.

“And then the altars for the occasion! the flowery arbours! the triumphal arches made of green boughs! What competition among the different parishes for the erection of the resting places where the procession was to halt! It was who should contribute the rarest and the most beautiful in his possession!

“It was there I made my first sacrifice! The wreaths of flowers were arranged, the candles lighted, and the Tabernacle dressed with roses; but one was wanting fit to crown the whole! All the neighboring gardens had been ransacked. I alone possessed a flower worthy of such a place. It was on the rose-tree, given me by my mother on my birth-day. I had watched it for several months; and there was no other bud to blow on the tree. There it was, half open, in its mossy nest, the object of such long expectations, and of all a child's pride! I hesitated for some moments: no one had asked me for it; I might easily avoid losing it. I should hear no reproaches; but one reproach rose noiselessly within me. When every one else had given all he had, ought I alone to keep back my treasure? Ought I to grudge to God one of the gifts which, like all the rest, I had received from him? At this thought I plucked the flower from the stem, and took it to put at the top of the tabernacle. Ah! why does the recollection of this sacrifice, which was so hard and yet so sweet to me, now make me smile? Is it so certain that the value of a gift is in itself rather than in the intention? If the cup of cold water in the gospel is remembered to the poor man, why should not the flower be remembered to the child? Let us not look down upon the child's simple acts of generosity; it is these which accustom the soul to self-denial and to sympathy. I cherished this moss-rose a long time as a sacred talisman; I had reason to cherish it always, as the record of the first victory won over myself.

“It is now many years since I witnessed the celebration of the *Fête Dieu*; should I again feel in it the happy sensations of former days? I still remember how, when the procession had passed, I walked through the streets strewed with flowers, and shaded with green boughs. I felt intoxicated by the lingering perfumes of the incense, mixed with the fragrance of seringas, jessamine and roses, and I seemed no longer to touch the ground as I went along. I smiled at every thing; the whole world was Paradise in my eyes, and it seemed to me that God was floating in the air!”

Page 129 has a beautiful and touching allusion to a practice customary in Catholic countries at the time of evening prayer. His allusion elsewhere to the Papal Benediction is in terms worthy a place in this exquisite book. We know few books, if any, in which the true principles of sound Christian ethics are so beautifully, naturally and entertainingly set forth. The star of religion in France is certainly in the ascendant, when such works as the “*Attic Philosopher*” emanate from the pen of a French layman, Emile Souvestre, a worthy co-laborer of another of France's worthiest sons, the illustrious Count de Montalembert.



2. BICKERTON; OR THE IMMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER. New York: P. O'Shea. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This book attempts to portray the trials and hardships endured by many of those who seek on our shores an asylum and a home.

Around the name emigrant cluster a thousand endearing associations. The thoughts of his being a stranger, an exile, in our midst, far from his native soil, far from home and kindred and the scenes of youth, which are still bright in his memory and linger in his affections, touch the cords of the heart and call up sympathies in the breast of every man whose heart is not callous to the nobler feelings of humanity. No subject is more fertile, none that affords ampler grounds for a noble work of fiction, than the one which the author of "Bickerton" has selected. When we received the book and glanced at its title, we opened it eagerly, anticipating a feast from its pages, but we regret to say that we were disappointed. The plot, if it may be said to have one at all, is ill conceived and badly carried out. With the peculiarities of style, or the particular words that writers may use, we are not disposed to find fault; nevertheless the propriety of language and style are things which should not be overlooked by those who claim to be authors. But the feature in the work to which we take the greatest exception is the unbecoming, if not uncharitable epithets indulged in by the author; when speaking of our dissenting fellow-citizens. Who would expect to find in a work, professing to speak of the trials of the emigrant, the following child-like nonsense, in alluding to those who differ from us in faith: "The High Church *Simmer* and the Low Church *Trimmer*; and the Old School *Blinker* and the New School *Skinker*; and the Primitive *Higgins* and Wesleyan *Spriggins*, and Whitfieldian *Wiggins*; and Trinitarian *Riddle* and Unitarian *Twiddle*," and such like unmeaning epithets. We have heretofore recorded our disapprobation of every thing that might in the remotest degree wound the religious sensibility of our neighbor, and again we reiterate it. Catholic writers sometimes seem to lose sight of the important fact, that their works are not written, or at least should not be written, exclusively for the members of their own Church. While Catholic in spirit, in tendency and in religion, they should be written in a style that would at once attract and allure, and not offend and repulse those who wander from the fold of truth. A Catholic work written in any other spirit, will prove an injury rather than a benefit to the cause it was intended to subserve. As Catholics we would cast from our presence the book that would insult our religion, and we cannot expect that our Protestant neighbors are less sensitive on this point than ourselves.

3. FIRST CLASS READER, for the use of schools. By G. S. Hillard. Boston: Hickling, Swan & Brown. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

As a reading book for the more advanced classes in our schools and academies, we know of no work that we could more cordially recommend than the one before us. It is a compilation made up of choice selections, in prose and verse, from the best English and American authors. Extracts are taken from more than one hundred authors, and a biographical sketch of each is prefixed to the extract. This feature commends the work not only to the favorable notice of teachers, but also to the general reader.

These sketches, while they impart to the work a peculiar interest, are given with a candor and impartiality, that commands our highest admiration. Speaking of Lingard, the great historian of England, Mr. Hillard uses the following truthful language:

"Dr. Lingard was a sincere and conscientious Catholic; his temperament was calm and judicial; and if he betrays any bias in favor of his own faith, it is, perhaps, no more than that unconscious bias which always attends genuine conviction. His History, at all events, should be carefully read by every one, who is not content with the cheap task of deciding before he hears."

But apart, however, from every other consideration, the name of the distinguished author is quite sufficient to give currency to the work wherever the English language is read. But the name of Mr. Hillard is too well known to the literary world, to require any endorsement at our hands. Wherever it is found, it is always in connection with some noble effort tending to the moral and intellectual improvement of his fellow man, and to the elevation of the standard of literature.



4. *THE SHAKESPEARE PAPERS OF THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.* Annotated by Dr. *Shelton Mackenzie*. New York: Redfield.

The study of the writings of the "Poet of the world" has of late been conducted in an increasingly reverential spirit. As each age adds to the crowd of poets, who force themselves upon our attention, the immense distance between this one mighty bard and all his successors, becomes more and more apparent. Indeed, for ourselves, we feel disposed to challenge antiquity as well as modern times to match him, and, on surveying the entire field of literature, to exclaim:

"Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum:"

The wonderful command of language, the almost superhuman insight into character, the intimate acquaintance with all the springs of human thought and action, the perfect familiarity with all phases of life, the extensive and varied information, the lofty conceptions, the delicate fancy, the creative imagination, and above all, the commanding genius which manages so imperially this unbounded intellectual wealth, render these plays the perennial wonder of the world. Some of the most vigorous minds of England and Germany have employed their best efforts in expounding and elucidating them. Poets, critics and essayists, from Gœthe and Dr. Johnson down to the feeblest scribbler of Grubb street, have brought each his tribute of praise.

The book before us is a collection of papers originally published in *Fraser's Magazine* and *Bentley's Miscellany*. At the time of their first appearance they attracted great attention by their bold "slashing" style, their numerous paradoxes, and their opposition to commonly received opinions. It was hardly possible for a writer who maintained, not only that Falstaff was no coward or buffoon, but also that he was in heart oppressed by a wasting melancholy, while at the same time he insisted that "the melancholy Jacques" was in reality a gay and sprightly nobleman, who amused himself by being sad, to fail in his effort to create a sensation. Dr. Maginn declares these singular opinions to be honest convictions, and he certainly defends them with much spirit and ability. The weakest part of the performance seems to us to be the defence of lady Macbeth. Mrs. Siddons took a truer view of her character, and the terrible power with which she portrayed that dark and ambitious spirit, is the best commentary on the accuracy of her conception. The ability of the author, in our opinion, is most brilliantly displayed in the sharp criticism of Dr. Farmer's well-known "Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare." The arguments of Farmer are unsparingly anatomized, and his ridicule is turned back upon himself with tenfold force.

The annotations of Dr. Mackenzie are not obtrusive, and are conceived in good taste. Indeed, the volume cannot fail to prove a most welcome addition to the library of the lovers of Shakespeare.

5. *RAVELLINGS FROM THE WEB OF LIFE.* By *Grandfather Greenway*.

We are indebted to the politeness of the author for a copy of this book, which we cheerfully recommend. It is an entertaining series of well written stories, of admirable moral tendency. The great object which should be kept in view by authors, is to present to the public books that will be read, and at the same time instruct the mind and strengthen the heart against the assaults of vice. Hence we cordially welcome the book before us, as we believe it will prove beneficial in these particulars.

Of the author we need not speak; he is long and favorably known to the public, having often appeared in various phases of literary composition, and so long as he presents us with nothing inferior to the "Ravellings from the Web of Life," he shall be a welcome visitor.

6. *THE LANCE OF LYNWOOD.* By the author of "The Little Duke," &c. N. York: D. Appleton & Co.. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is an interesting and well written tale. The martial deeds of Edward III, in whose reign the scene is cast, affords ample material for romance, of which the author has availed himself and wrought out a pleasing and attractive volume, which we take pleasure in recommending.



7. *ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH*, for January, 1856.—No. 100. Published and sold for the benefit of the Institution. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The periodical visits of these excellent Annals are always welcome. They come to us as the silent messenger from those heroic men, who have forsaken home, friends and kindred to carry the light of faith to pagan lands, and to plant the cross in regions where the empire of Satan has been so long established: They recount to us the noble deeds of these holy missionaries; they speak to us of the trials and dangers they endure, and of the happy fruits that attend their labors.

The present number contains interesting details of the missions in China, Corea, Madagascar, and other Oriental countries, and should be read by all who take an interest in the missionary cause.

8. *A TREATISE ON ENGLISH PUNCTUATION*. By John Wilson. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

If the man who reads and studies this book, shall afterwards be unacquainted with punctuation, it is not Mr. Wilson's fault. Like the man who wrote a large volume on "laughter," he has exhausted the subject. Correct punctuation is exceedingly important in composition; this we freely admit, but we must protest against the necessity of a book of three hundred and thirty-eight pages, with rules innumerable, to explain it. To our mind, so many rules, observations and distinctions, throw mist rather than light upon the subject.

With the exception of the size, we are otherwise pleased with the work. The author deserves much credit for the labor he has bestowed on the subject. The book will be found useful to many, especially to teachers, and should find a place in every English library.

9. *JUNO CLIFFORD. A Tale*. By *A Lady*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This book appears to be an offshoot of Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*. Like the great majority of imitators, our authoress is more successful in retaining the fault than the beauties of her original. The great defect of that novel is repeated in this. A dashing, fashionable heroine finds a handsome little boy, and adopts him. As he grows up to manhood, she falls violently in love with him, and we are treated to one or two scenes rather too warmly colored, too much in the style of a French romance, to proceed from the chaste imagination of a lady. The heroine gets heartily tired out with her prosaic lord, and longs for the time when death may deliver her from her hated bonds, and leave her free to enjoy her new passion. Death does release her, she courts the handsome protegee, and is flatly refused. There are one or two other little love episodes which revolve around this, the main bulk of the story, and which are more in keeping with the feminine character of the writer, but this principal portion is so repulsive that it takes away from the pleasure with which we should peruse the truly genial passages which are scattered through the work.

10. *VILLAGE AND FARM COTTAGES*. The requirements of American village homes considered and suggested; with designs for such houses of moderate cost. By Henry W. Cleveland, William Backus and Samuel D. Backus. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have recited the title of this book in full, because it expresses more clearly the object and design of the work than any language that we could use. We do not pretend to be judges of the subject of which it treats, but we believe it will be found exceedingly useful to the builder, and even to those who take any interest in rural architecture. The work, however, is not confined exclusively to architecture; it contains many excellent directions for laying out gardens and orchards; planting shrubbery and flowers, and the best means for preserving them. On the whole, the general reader will gather from its pages many lessons of interest and practical utility.

BOOKS RECEIVED:—*Conscience, or the Trials of May*. By Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. New York: Dunigan & Brother.—*Republican Landmarks*. By John P. Sanderson.—*An Essay on Liberty and Slavery*. By A. T. Bledsoe, LL.D. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.—*Beauchampe, or the Kentucky Tragedy*. By W. Gilmore Simms, Esq. N. York: Redfield.—*Alfabetario Castellano para el Uso de los Niños*.—*Alfabetario Castellano para el Uso de los Niños*. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.



## Editors' Table.

Alone for once! Sweet Solitude! How delightful to retreat, occasionally, from the perplexing cares of life, and to hold communion with one's self, apart from the distractions of the world without. If I were not a —, an Editor, I mean, and had not a — the Magazine to provide for, I would be a hermit. But alas! it is too late to repine, and of little utility, if I felt inclined. Life is, at best, but a passing drama. We have each our duties assigned us, and he will be the happiest man who "acts best his part."

But too much time is lost already in cogitating; now for work. Our Table is covered with a goodly number of weighty documents. Indeed, if we are to measure the merit of some of them by their length, they are prodigiously fine. First—*Gratitude*—exceedingly opportune! Gratitude is proverbially the virtue of the editorial fraternity. Were it banished from every other place on earth, it would be sure to find an asylum in the breast of Editors, the most grateful class of mortals—grateful to their patrons, when they subscribe for their journals, but oh! how much more so when they pay for the same. *Gratitude*, by all means, must go in this number, as its title so strongly expresses our feelings towards patrons, contributors and friends.

### GRATITUDE.

Let me bless Thee, ere the horn  
Of the pallid moon shall fade,  
Or the deer shall stretch his limbs  
In the dim and silent glade.

Let me bless Thee, ere the star,  
Last of all the fleeing host,  
Cov'ring the retreat of night—  
'Mong the spears of light, is lost.

Let me bless Thee, ere the sun  
Lifts his head above the sea,  
Or the blue-eyed violet looks  
On the light which shadows Thee.

Let me bless Thee, ere the dew  
By a human foot is press'd,  
Or the bird that loves the morn  
Rises from her roofless nest.

Let me bless Thee, ere the stream  
Dancing to its own sweet song,  
Wakes the ringdove from her dream  
'Mong the leaves, a whispering throng.

Let the sun, or earlier bird  
In their strange unconsciousness,  
Shame my never-dying soul,  
Which Thou waitest for—to bless.

Oh! I hold my heart for Thee!  
Let me like a beggar stand,  
Giving back what Thou hast given—  
Take my heart within Thy hand!

FIRELLA.

"Mr. O'Moore, you are a model of industry," said Father Carroll, entering with a smile on his ever cheerful countenance, and holding a scroll of paper in his hand.

O'Moore at the time was deeply engaged in correcting a lengthy piece of writing which lay before him on the table, and hastily passing the compliments of the evening with his Rev. colleague, continued his labor, observing:

"How extremely prodigal of their time and paper, are some of our contributors. After all we have said to the contrary, they still persist in spinning out their subject, and piling verse on verse, with the evident risk of displeasing rather than edifying their readers: 'short and sweet' is the motto that should govern them in their contributions."



"I agree with you, Mr. O'Moore, that lengthy poetical contributions, unless they possess rare merits, are unsuited for Magazine purposes. A piece, of a page, is preferable to one of greater length."

"But while on the subject of poetry," continued Father C., "permit me to offer the following poetical journey, which I think will prove of interest to our readers. It will certainly do for a reminiscence of the colonial days of our State, and tell how the laborious Fathers, to whose zeal we owe so much for the preservation of the light of faith in Maryland, employed their leisure moments. Father Lewis, the author, came to this country in 1749, and was first stationed as a permanent missionary at Bohemia on the Eastern Shore. From several dates affixed to his sermons he seems not to have confined himself exclusively to that mission, but to have visited from time to time Annapolis, Elkridge, Christine, Whitemarsh, and even the lower missions of St. Inigoes, and Newtown. It was perhaps in consequence of one of these visits that his muse was inspired to sing the piece I hold in my hand, and for which I am indebted to the researches of a friend. He was Superior of all the missions at various times, and to him the venerated Bishop Challenor addressed the brief of Pope Clement XIV, announcing the suppression of the Jesuits. His character among his brother missionaries may be gathered from the fact that in two assemblies, one particular, of those attached to the southern district, and the other general, both held at Newtown, St. Mary's county, in 1783, he was elected Superior, a manifest proof of the esteem in which he was held and of the satisfaction he had given, when he was their Superior by appointment from Rome. A considerable number of his sermons are yet preserved in manuscript in Georgetown College, D. C., and by their mildness and unctious are a further proof of the sweet spirit by which he was governed. He died at Bohemia on the 24th of March, 1788, much regretted. Oliver in his Memoirs says: "Dr. John Carroll, in a letter dated 20th April of that year, movingly regrets the loss of this valuable Father." This copy is taken from a manuscript of the Rev. Father himself, which in two places is so corroded by age as to be illegible. What remains, however, is enough to show that the good missionary would have figured no less conspicuously in the literary than he has in the religious world, had he chosen to devote himself to it.

THE REV. FATHER LEWIS—HIS JOURNEY FROM PATAPSCO TO ANNAPOLIS,

*April 4th, 1750.*

At length the wintry horrors disappear,  
And April views with smiles the infant year;  
The grateful earth from frosty chains unbound  
Pours out its vernal treasures all around,  
Her face bedeck't with grass, with buds the trees are crowned. }  
In this soft season, ere the dawn of day,  
I mount my horse and lonely take my way,  
From woody hills that shade Patapasco's head  
(In whose deep vales he makes his stony bed,  
From whence he rushes with resistless force  
Though huge rough rocks retard his rapid course,)  
Down to Annapolis on that smooth stream,  
Which took from Anne-Arundel fair her name.

And now the star that ushers in the day  
Begins to pale her ineffectual ray.  
The Moon with blunted horns now shines less bright,  
Her fading face eclips'd with growing light.  
The fleecy clouds with streaky lustre glow,  
And day quits Heav'n to view the earth below.  
O'er yon tall pines the Sun shows half his face,  
And fires their floating foliage with his rays;  
Now sheds aslant on earth his lightsome beams,  
That trembling shine in many-colour'd streams.  
Slow rising from the marsh the mist recedes,  
The trees emerging rear their dewy heads;  
Their dewy heads the Sun with pleasure views,  
And brightens into pearls the pendent dews.



The beasts uprising quit their leafy beds,  
And to the cheerful Sun erect their heads.

In vain the day awakes, sleep seals their eyes,  
Till hunger breaks the bond and bids them rise.  
Meanwhile the Sun with more exalted ray  
From cloudless skies distributes ripen day;  
Through sylvan scenes my journey I pursue,  
Ten thousand beauties rising to my view;  
Which kindle in my breast poetic flame,  
And bid me my Creator's praise proclaim,

Here various flowerets grace the teeming plains  
Adorned by Nature's hand with beauteous stains.  
First-born of Spring, the bloodroot there appears,  
Whose golden root a silver blossom rears.  
In spreading tufts see there the crow-foot blue,  
On whose green leaves still shines a globous dew;  
Behold the cinque-foil with its dazzling dye  
Of flaming yellow, wounds the tender eye;  
But there, inclosed the grassy wheat is seen  
To heal the aching sight with cheerful green.

Safe in yon cottage dwells the monarch-swain,  
His subject flocks close-grazing hide the plain,  
For him they live;—and die t'uphold his reign.  
Viands unbought his well-tilled lands afford,  
And smiling plenty waits upon his board;  
Health shines with sprightly beams around his head,  
And sleep with downy wings o'er shades his bed:  
His sons robust his daily labour share  
Patient of toil, companions of his care:  
And all their toils with sweet success are crown'd,  
In graceful ranks their trees adorn the ground,  
The peach, the plum, the apple here are found.  
Delicious fruits!—Which from their kernels rise,  
So fruitful is the soil, so mild the skies.

The lowly quince yon sloping hill o'er shades,  
Here lofty cherry-trees erect their heads;  
Low at whose sandy base the river glides,  
Slow-rolling near their height his languid tides;  
Shade above shade the trees in rising ranks  
Clothe with eternal green his sleepy banks:  
The flood, well-pleased, reflects their verdant gleam  
From the smooth mirror of his limpid stream.

But see the hawk, who with acute survey  
Tow'ring in air predestinates his prey  
Amid the floods!—Down dropping from on high,  
He strikes the fish, and bears him thro' the sky.  
The stream disturbed no longer shows the scene,  
That lately stained its silver waves with green;  
In spreading circles roll the troubled floods,  
And to the shores bear off the pictured woods.

Now looking round I view the out-stretched land,  
O'er which the sight exerts a wide command:  
The fertile valleys, and the naked hills,  
The cattle feeding near the crystal rills;  
The lawn's wide opening to the sunny ray,  
And mazy thickets that exclude the day,  
A while the eye is pleased these scenes to trace,  
Then hurrying o'er the intermediate space,  
Far distant mountains dressed in blue appear,  
And all their woods are lost in empty air.

The Sun near setting now arrays his head  
In milder beams and lengthens ev'ry shade.  
The rising clouds usurping on the day  
A bright variety of dyes display;  
About the wide horizon swift then fly  
And chase a change of colours round the sky:



And now I view but half the flaming sphere,  
 Now one faint glimmer shoots along the air,  
 And all his golden glories disappear. }  
 Onward the Evening moves in habit grey,  
 And for her sister Night prepares the way.  
 The plummy people seek their secret nests:  
 A rest repairs the ruminating beasts.  
 Now, deep'ning shades confess th' approaching night,  
 Imperfect images elude the sight:  
 From earthly objects I remove my eye,  
 And view with look erect the vaulted sky;  
 Where dimly-shining now the stars appear,  
 At first thin-scattering thro' the misty air;  
 Till Night conformed, her jetty throne ascends,  
 On her the Moon in clouded state attends,  
 But soon unveiled her lovely face is seen,  
 And stars unnumbered wait around their Queen;  
 Rang'd by their Maker's hand in just array,  
 They march majestic thro' th' ethereal way.

Are these bright luminaries hung on high  
 Only to please with twinkling rays our eye?  
 Or may we rather count each star a sun  
 Round which full-peopled worlds their courses run?  
 Orb above orb harmoniously they steer  
 Their various voyages thro' seas of air.

Snatch me some Angel to some high abodes  
 The seat perhaps of Saints and demigods!  
 Where such as bravely scorned the galling yoke  
 Of Vulgar Error, and her fetters broke;  
 Where Patriots, who to fix the public good  
 In fields of battle sacrificed their blood;  
 Philosophers who strove to mend our hearts,  
 And such as polished life with useful arts  
 Obtain a place; when by the hand of death  
 Touched, they retire from this poor speck of earth,  
 Their spirits freed from bodily alloy  
 Perceive a foretaste of the endless joy,  
 Which from eternity has been prepared  
 To crown their labors with a vast reward.  
 While to these orbs our wandering thoughts aspire,  
 A falling meteor shoots his lambent fire;

"Respect for the venerated author," said O'Moore, "forbids scrutiny; let it pass without comment to our readers."

"I owe an apology, gentlemen, for my late attendance this evening," said Mr. Oliver, entering.

"Just in time, Mr. Oliver, to hear the poetry."

"Are you occupied with the poetry yet, Mr. O'Moore? Then nothing has been lost by absence."

"We are happy at all times, Mr. Oliver, to have your opinion. Your judgment is good, though you confess you have but little taste for the inspiration of the muse."

"Well, gentlemen," continued O'Moore, "I'll empty the green bag, and take the articles at random. Well here, 'The Spirit of Age,'—capital title—containing—let me see, three—four, yes—six pages, signed *Judas*."

"Too long, decidedly too long," said Father C. "But give us a line or two, that we may judge of its quality." O'Moore reads as follows:

"Yes! gifted thinker, soon shall come the day,  
 When riches shall thy god-like art repay—"

"O, horrid! wretched!" exclaimed Mr. Oliver. "Skip that page, O'Moore, perhaps it may improve."



O'Moore turned a page or two, and thus continued the reading:

— "Then haste, holy period! We long to hail thy birth,  
We long to see great Genius lord of earth,  
To see stout Labor, iron-fisted, free —"

"Enough of that, O'Moore," said Father C. "If the writer has given his address, return him his piece with our most respectful compliments. If not, the stove is its doom, a valuable receipt too, for warming up a dull piece. What next?"

"Mr. Oliver will hardly find fault with this. It is a most enthusiastic panegyric on the Metropolitan. No less than three closely written pages! Free rhythm, perfect metre and good rhyme."

"And good sense, too, I'll warrant, if he praises the Metropolitan," observed Mr. Oliver.

"What is it like, O'Moore?" enquired Father C. "Of course we cannot think of inserting it,—but let us hear what our good friend has to say."

O'Moore reads as follows:

A SONG FOR THE METROPOLITAN.

In a good Magazine there is much to be seen  
To think of, to laugh at, to loll it on,  
But of all the bright crew, I can find very few  
So faithful and true, so grateful to view  
As the honest, the true Metropolitan.

"Capital!" exclaimed Mr. Oliver.

O'Moore continues:

— The faithful, the fair Metropolitan  
How loudly I'd cheer  
If each week of the year  
Saw a number appear  
Of that Magazine dear,  
The upright, sincere Metropolitan!

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Oliver, standing up, and flinging aside an article; "the best piece of poetry ever written!"

"It would be a proud day for the writer," said Father C., with a smile, were he to witness these ecstasies. I confess, however, I cannot share in them. I see no merit whatever in these lines, except a certain jingling which shows some facility in stringing verses, but nothing whatever of real poetry. Only three pages of such rhapsody as that! The writer must have had his 'struggling muse' under great control."

"Is the writer's address given?"

"No. The signature is 'Urban:' that's all."

"Then into the stove with it."

Against this Mr. Oliver vigorously protested, and snatching the manuscript from O'Moore, went into a corner of the room and read it over and over again, occasionally bursting out into the most enthusiastic approbation.

"Well, Father C., here is the article I had under examination when you entered. It has no pretensions to high poetical merit, but even in its simplicity there is something agreeable."

"It's title?"

"*Marquette*; and contains touching allusions to the last moments of that great and holy missionary."

"Read it, Mr. O'Moore; every thing relative to the history of that great apostle of Catholic Missions, must be of interest."

O'Moore reads as follows:



## MARQUETTE

O'er the Lake of the Algonquins,\*  
 In the pleasant month of May,  
 Lightly played the golden sunshine,  
 Lightly blew the breezes gay,  
 As our birch bark through the waters  
 Cut her foaming rapid way.

But on us the golden sunshine  
 With no consolation shone,  
 In the breezes sweeping round us  
 Now and then we heard a groan,  
 For he lay before us dying  
 On the waters all alone.

Yet he breath'd no word of sorrow,  
 Told not of the racking pain  
 That convulsed his wasted body  
 And shot through his fevered brain,  
 But with angel smiles he charged us  
 Our affliction to restrain.

"Weep not," spake he, "dearest brothers,  
 That our parting hour draws nigh;  
 We've been often separated  
 In the busy years gone by;  
 On our last and noblest journey  
 We must start without a sigh.

"And I indeed of all men  
 Should meet death without dismay,  
 For the great and good Creator  
 Has befriended me alway;  
 Be His name forever glorious,  
 Lost in gratitude, I pray.

"And, oh Blessed Virgin Mary!  
 Lily fair, Immaculate!  
 Chosen Mother of my Saviour!  
 With thy love exceeding great,  
 How tenderly thou'st guarded  
 Thy poor servant's lowly state!

"Dearest friends, if I seem weeping,  
 'Tis but tears of joy I shed,  
 When I think how over oceans  
 To this land of wonders led,  
 This great land of mighty rivers,  
 Of old forests, vast and dread,

"I was reckoned not unworthy  
 The glad tidings to unfold  
 Of the crucified Redeemer,  
 Of the depths of love untold,  
 Of how all men should each other  
 With this love divine behold.

"Oh, God of Heaven! I pray I'hee,  
 Let this work be not in vain;  
 Let thy just converted children  
 In the light of Faith remain,  
 Intercede, oh, Queen of Mercies,  
 This my last request, obtain!

"For the Red Man of the forest  
 Has a wild though guileless breast,  
 Where the words of Faith find entrance,  
 But where Faith can seldom rest:  
 Pray for him, oh, Virgin Mother,  
 Hear thy servant's last request.

\* The Lake of the Algonquins was the early name of Lake Michigan. See Shea's valuable work, the "Catholic Missions."



"What is this? My senses fail me—  
Yet my vision grows more keen,  
Glorious landscapes rise before me,  
Golden harvests, meadows green—  
But alas! the dusky Indian  
Is no longer to be seen.

"And the cross—Oh, thanks, sweet Mother!  
For this vision ever blest,—  
The holy cross surmounts each temple,  
Gleams from every sunny crest,  
Over all the mighty valley  
To the Mountains of the West.

"Oh, great Valley of the Rivers,  
Where's thy like beneath the sun!  
For Religion, Peace and Plenty  
Thou art earth's most favored one!  
Yet I would that the poor Indian  
Were not altogether gone!

"Nothing more now: all is faded:  
My last hour is drawing nigh;  
See that hillock, dearest brothers,  
That reflects the evening sky;  
To that purple hillock bear me,  
For 'tis there that I must die."

So he spake, but we, desirous  
Our dear father to restore  
To the arms of friends expectant,  
Plied more eagerly the oar,  
When a sudden wind arising  
Drove us back upon the shore.

Up the gentle slope we bore him,  
Weeping sadly all the way,  
But with smiles serene he told us,  
Weary men, we need not stay,  
We could rest ourselves and leave him  
All alone with God to pray.

Sitting mute and mournful watched we  
Sunset's slowly waning pride,  
Then our eyelids sank in slumber—  
Vainly to resist we tried—  
But his first loud accent brought us  
Quickly hastening to his side.

Kneeling still in prayer we found him,  
With a radiance on his face  
As if he saw refulgent seraphs  
Myriad, filling endless space,  
Waiting to conduct his spirit  
Upwards to the throne of Grace.

Thus he died, the great Apostle,  
Far away in regions West,  
By the Lake of the Algonquins  
Peacefully his ashes rest,  
But his spirit still regards us  
From his home among the Blest.

**THE U. S. MAIL IN MICHIGAN.**—A subscriber writing to us from Mackinac, Mich., gives us the following information relative to carrying the mail in that distant region: "It may seem strange to you, that, in this age of progress and improvement, while almost every thing is made to go by steam, the 'Metropolitan' should be carried on men's backs or dog-trains for a distance of over two hundred miles, before reaching me. Yet such is the fact in the winter seasons. Quite a primitive way this, of carrying the United States mails in the flourishing State of Michigan."



# Record of Events.

From February 20, to March 20, 1856.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—The Carnival closed with the usual festivities, and without any outbreak or disturbance, as had been predicted. During its celebration, the Holy Father resumed the ancient custom of visiting the various communities and schools. While the world was engaged in amusement, the venerable Pontiff consoles by his presence and his blessing the pious inmates of the cloister, and encourages by his counsel and advice the students of the sanctuary. During the late joyous season he visited the Quarant'ore, at the Oratory of the Coravita, the Church of the Gesu, and the Basilica of St. Lawrence. At all these stations numbers of the faithful awaited the Holy Father, in order to have the happiness of uniting their adoration with his prayers. The religious communities honored by his presence have been the Monastery of the Capuchins at Santo Urbano, the Barefooted Carmelites, and the Augustinians of the Infant Jesus.

The English College and the Collegio Pio, founded by Pope Pius IX for the further instruction of Protestant ministers who wish to embrace the sacerdotal life, have also been visited by the Holy Father. Here His Holiness deigned to express his strong affection towards the Rev. Abbé Clifford (son of Lord Clifford), as also to several former members of the Church of England, from the University of Oxford, who now are devoting themselves with the most edifying zeal in the study of theology and other branches of the sacred sciences, in order to fit themselves for the ecclesiastical ministry in their own country. The Holy Father also visited the Sanctuary of the Santa Scala, and the Basilica of St. Laurence, out side the walls.

It is stated that the Pope has ordered the names of the Bishops who assisted at the promulgation of the decree of the Immaculate Conception, to be inscribed on marble tablets, and to be placed within the Vatican Basilica in which the definition was pronounced.

*The Column of the Immaculate Conception.*—A correspondent of the *Universe*, writing from Rome under a recent date, says: "Large offerings every day arrive from different nations for the expense of erecting, opposite the college of the Propaganda, the column destined to perpetuate the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The pedestal, though it was necessary to dig to a depth of fifty feet to prepare the foundation for it, is already several feet above the soil. The column, which has been polished with a good deal of care, is that which was found in 1777, in the garden of the Benedictine nuns at Campo Mazzo, and which was destined by Pope Pius VI to serve as a column of Justice in the Piazza di Monte Citorio. The column is about forty-six feet high, and the capital is ornamented with lilies and wreaths of olive. There are to be two basements, one supporting colossal statues fifteen feet high, in Carara marble, of the prophets who spoke of the future glory of the Virgin—Moses, Ezekiel, Isaiah, and David; the other bearing the column itself, together with bas reliefs, and inscriptions recording the solemn definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and also the arms of the present Pope."

Among the recent conversions at Rome, is that of the Rev. Dr. Oldham, of Oxford University, who publicly abjured Protestantism in the Church of Jesu, on the first day of Lent. The Very Rev. Dr. Newman was lately on a visit to the holy city.

SARDINIA.—There is no news of importance from this country. Much dissatisfaction has been expressed by the public journals at the words of the king in his speech at the opening of parliament, that new and additional taxes would be necessary to defray the expenses of the coming year, contrary to what they were induced to believe twelve months ago. Evils, ere long, will work their own remedy.



**SPAIN.**—The violence which has heretofore characterized the government towards the Church, seems to be gradually subsiding. During a late sitting of the Cortes, while the electoral law was under discussion, a deputy proposed that the clergy should not have the privilege of voting, on the alleged ground that it was unbecoming the ministers of religion in any way to mix in political contests. The proposition was not sustained; and it was observed that on this occasion the most violent members did not vote at all, or voted against it. It is stated that the Universities have determined not to answer the important and conclusive document lately published by the Pontifical government in reply to the Spanish Memorandum. The bishop of Astorga has petitioned the minister of justice not to carry into effect the law for the expulsion of the nuns from their convents. No reply was made to this petition, but subsequently a circular has been addressed by the minister of justice to the archbishops and bishops of the kingdom, holding out the hope, that at an early day an arrangement of the difficulties between Spain and the Holy See will be effected.

The Bishop of Oama, who was some time ago exiled to the Canaries, and who lately obtained permission to return, arrived at Cadiz on the 14th Feb., and was greeted with the thunder of artillery and the ringing of bells. This has occasioned great satisfaction. He was not only welcomed by salutes from the batteries and the waving of flags, but numerous triumphal arches were erected, and the greatest joy prevailed.

It is rumored that Gen. Canrobert is to be appointed French Minister to the Court of Madrid, in place of the Marquis de Turgot.

**FRANCE.**—The French journals announce the establishment of a new Order, called the "Clerks of St. Viator." This new institution has its novitiate at Vourles, near Lyons. The object of this Order is to enable its members to act as teachers in those parishes which cannot afford to maintain an establishment of the Christian Brothers, and with this view they are allowed by their Rule to go forth alone and fill the conjoint offices of schoolmaster, sacristan, and cantor (or chorister). The expense of one of these Brothers is extremely small, and the services rendered most useful and praiseworthy. The founder of the Order is the Rev. Mr. Quierhes, curate of Vourles, a priest of great merit and piety, and he has completely devoted himself to this work. Mons. l'Abbe Dauphin, Dean of St. Genevieve, has already introduced the Clerks into his parish.

**Death of Sister Rosalie.**—This holy woman, known throughout France for her extraordinary piety, charity and benevolence, died recently in the 70th year of her age. Her funeral took place Feb. 9th, at the church of St. Medard, and was attended by the Archbishop of Paris, and other distinguished persons, together with the religious orders of the city, and an immense concourse of people. A military guard was stationed around the Catafalque, which was decorated with the insignia of the Legion of Honor, the cross of which the heroic sister had obtained from the hands of the emperor.—The Abbe Prince Louis Bonaparte, the son of the prince of Canino, lately left Paris, accompanied by his two sisters, on his return to Rome.—The Archbishop of Paris has issued a pastoral letter to the clergy of his diocese, calling on them to join in the praiseworthy efforts of the Société Générale d'Assistance, established in 1849, and now under the patronage of the empress, to extend the blessings of religious instruction to the deaf and dumb, and has expressed his approbation of the lectures delivered to these unfortunates by the Abbe Raymot, by signs, in the church of St. Roch. These lectures, which have been going on for more than a year, are much frequented by the deaf and dumb of Paris.—The subscription towards erecting the colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin upon the Rocher de Corneille at Puy, has already reached the sum of 160,962 francs.

**A Magnificent Present.**—The Emperor of the French has lately presented to the Bishop of Valence a magnificent suit of black vestments, worth 20,000 francs, for the use of his cathedral. Napoleon the First presented many years since some vestments of a similar color to the same church, as a souvenir of his residence in that city while an artillery officer. On the bishop reminding the present emperor of the fact, and of



the vestment then given being nearly unfit for use, he received the munificent gift mentioned above.

The political affairs of the country are important at the present moment. The peace Congress is now holding in Paris, having been convened about the first of March. What is doing, or what will be done by this body is yet wrapped in mystery; every thing being kept in profound secrecy. An armistice has been agreed upon between the belligerent powers, which is to continue to the 1st of April, and during its continuance neither army can move its position or occupy new ground. Paris is extremely gay; continued rounds of festivities are given in honor of the assembled diplomatists.

ENGLAND.—The proceedings in Parliament have been of more than ordinary interest. Sir C. Wood moved the navy estimates. For the present year they asked 76,000 men and boys: for this force a vote of £2,000,000 was asked. But the feature in the bill most interesting, was the recommendation of an allowance for the maintenance of Catholic priests on board the vessels while in port. Sir C. Wood in the course of his remarks stated, that he found there was a considerable number of Roman Catholic officers and sailors in the fleet, and he thought it very unadvisable that they should not have the means of attending divine worship according to their own rites when in port. He had, therefore, caused accommodation to be prepared in each port, on board one of the ships in ordinary, similar to that provided for the Church of England. Service had since been performed by Roman Catholic priests, as yet without any remuneration. He proposed that in each port they should pay a Roman Catholic priest. Some persons supposed there was no great number of Roman Catholics in the fleet; he had therefore ordered a return of the number that had attended the service in each port on the day before. It was, at Sheerness, 2 officers and 59 men; at Portsmouth, 120 officers and men; and at Plymouth the average was 26 officers and 197 men. It was exceedingly unadvisable that all these should be allowed to land every Sunday. After some discussion, the bill was agreed to.—All signs of a rupture with the United States had subsided, and a better feeling was every where manifested. The Lord Mayor of London had prepared a grand entertainment in honor of our minister, Mr. Buchanan, previous to his return home, but unfortunately on the same day Mr. Buchanan received an invitation to dine with the Queen, and etiquette required that he should give Victoria's dinner the preference.

*Death of the Duke of Norfolk.*—This nobleman died at his residence, Arundel Castle, on the 18th of February, in the 65th year of his age. It has been erroneously stated that he died a member of the Established Church; the duke was attended at his last moments by the Very Rev. Canon Tierney, and his body was deposited in the family vault in Fitzalan Chapel.—On Sunday, the 17th of February, the new Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Goos, coadjutor and successor to the late Dr. Brown, Bishop of Liverpool, was solemnly enthroned.—The Catholics of the diocese of Hexham met with a severe loss in the destruction of a spacious church, lately erected near Shortley Bridge, by a violent wind storm.—A Catholic chapel is about to be built at Blackpool, from a design by Mr. Pugin. A lady, Miss Tempest, is said to have given £5,000 towards the erection.—His Eminence, Cardinal Wiseman, lately delivered an eloquent lecture "On Rome, Ancient and Modern," in the introduction to which he observed: "That Rome, classical and heathen, and Rome Christian and artistic, stood in bold contrast before them: the one, hot, fiery, and restless; the other, calm, yet majestic. The one, the Rome of Cicero, of Virgil, and of Livy, had given to the world a law and a language which the whole of civilized Europe had accepted and obeyed; the other, the Rome of Raphael and of Michael Angelo, contained and preserved under its own control the choicest treasures of art."

IRELAND.—It is stated that the Incumbered Estates Court, which has done so much good for the country, is falling into discredit in certain quarters, and is to be abolished and its powers transferred to the Court of Chancery. To form some idea of its immense operations since its erection in 1850, it may be stated, that property to the amount of £17,331,668 has been sold under its provisions.—*The O'Connell Monument.*—



A beautiful monument, which is now nearly completed, is soon to be erected within the precincts of Prospect Cemetery, Glasnevin, in honor of the name and in memory of the illustrious Daniel O'Connell. The *Dublin Freeman*, speaking of this monument, uses the following just remarks: "It is only now—when the lapse of time in its sure though silent progress, is beginning to soften down the asperities of past contentions, and to fling its chastened hale over the recollections of scenes and struggles now long gone by—that Irishmen of all ranks, creeds, and classes begin to recollect that they have had living, acting, and speaking amongst them one of those great men whom Providence raises up once, perhaps in a century, for the vindication of some great principle of religious or political right or for the achievement of some lasting benefit to his fellow-men."—The Tenant Right League still continues to meet occasionally, but has ceased to excite much enthusiasm.—The Queen has been pleased to express her sense of the literary reputation of Mr. Lover by placing his name on the Civil List for a pension of £100 a year. The *Illustrated News* says: "Some of his songs will live as long as the language they adorn."—As significant of the exemplary morals and the law abiding conduct of the people, not a single case was for trial before the Assistant Barrister at the last Quarter Sessions for Cork county, containing a population of over 700,000 souls.—*Death of the Very Rev. Wm. Vincent Harold.*—The death of this venerable clergyman, of the Order of St. Dominic, took place recently in Dublin, at the advanced age of 81 years. The lamented deceased was for many years pastor of St. Mary's, Philadelphia.—A terrific storm recently swept over Ulster destroying a considerable amount of property in Belfast, Carrickfergus, Coleraine, Ballycastle, Larna, Kilrea, and other towns.

**SCOTLAND.**—Almost every week brings additional evidence of the increase of Catholicity in Scotland. The venerable Bishop of the Eastern District lately purchased a large building in South Gay's close, in the Old Town of Edinburgh. The edifice was formerly known as St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel, and subsequently employed as a Presbyterian place of worship. It will be opened shortly as a Catholic church. A more liberal feeling seems to prevail in the country, if we may judge from the result of the recent election in Edinburgh. The candidates were Mr. Black, who had refused to give his vote to the bill for depriving Maynooth of governmental support, and Mr. Douglass, who declared at his nomination "that he would not be a party to maintain out of the revenues of this Protestant country, that Popish establishment." Notwithstanding this appeal to the religious antipathy of his hearers, his opponent, Mr. Black, was elected by a majority of 643 votes.

**RUSSIA.**—The news from this quarter is unimportant. Though the public impression is, that the Congress at Paris will accomplish the object for which it is convened, that of establishing a permanent peace; it is significant, nevertheless, that Russia abates but little in her preparations for war. A foreign paper enumerates the following as evidences on the part of Russia to cultivate friendly relations with the Holy See:

"1. Alexander II has dismissed M. Skrizitzync, a Russian employe, who never lost an opportunity of oppressing the Catholic subjects of the Czar. 2. The Emperor has consented that a Catholic Archbishop and Metropolitan shall be elected for Mohileff. 3. The Pope has been consulted about fitting appointments for ten vacant sees. 4. General Nazimoff, a man who is well liked by the Catholics, has been appointed Governor of Wilna. 5. M. de Kisseleff, who is any thing but a bigoted follower of the Greek Church, is to carry on the negotiations with the Holy See. 6. A committee, partly formed of Catholics, is to examine strictly into the state of the Catholic Church in Russia, and to send in such preparatory matter as may be of service in forming a Concordat."

**AUSTRIA.**—The most cordial friendship exists between the Emperor Francis Joseph and Napoleon III, a matter that has excited some little jealousy in other quarters, especially at this time, when Europe hangs in suspense on the important deliberations now taking place in Paris.—The Jesuits are founding a college at Halksburg, to which the Emperor has contributed 75,000 francs. In the Archduke Maximilian, the Fathers have found a protector and a friend.



**THE EAST.**—A conference was held some time since at Constantinople respecting the Constitution of the Danubian Principalities; the conference was broken off, and it was determined to decide all matters at the Congress of Paris.—The following twenty-one articles embodying the rights and privileges of the Christians, are said to have received the sanction of the Sultan: 1. Maintenance of the *hatti-schereff* of Gullbanch. 2. Guarantee of ancient ecclesiastical privileges to the Greek and Armenian Churches. 3. Deprives the Patriarchate of temporal and judicial power. 4. Equality of all religions. 5. Abolition of persecution or punishment on account of change of religion. 6. Admission of Christians to State offices. 7. Introduction of civil tribunals for the Rayahs—(Turkish Christians). 8. The existing civil and criminal laws to be collected into one code or digest. 9. Code of laws to be promulgated in all the languages used in the empire. 10. Prison reform. 11. Police reform. 12. Recruiting, among the rayahs (military service to be open to Christians). 13. Christians may receive military honors. 14. Reform of the Provincial authorities. 15. Right of Franks to possess real estate in Turkey. 16. Direct taxation. 17. Improvement of highways. 18. Public Budget. 19. Christians to be represented in the Council of State. 20. Establishment of a credit bank of commerce. 21. Reform of the currency.

#### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

1. **ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.**—*Religious Reception.*—Miss Kate Lynch, sister of the very Rev. Dr. Lynch, of Charleston, was received into the Carmelite Convent of our city, on the 28th of February. The Revs. Messrs. Dampoux and Foley assisted at the ceremony.

2. **DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG.**—*Ordination.*—The Rev. Michael Muhlberger was ordained priest at the Cathedral of Pittsburg, on the 16th of February, by the Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor.

3. **ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.**—The Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, during the last month, addressed a Pastoral Letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese, urging on them the importance of supporting the diocesan seminary. In the course of the letter the learned prelate used the following strong but truthful language: "The greatest blessing God can confer on a people is to grant them a pious and enlightened, a disinterested and devoted clergy. And the severest chastisement of His wrath for the sins and negligence of a people is to send them bad pastors, that is, men destitute of the knowledge and the virtues which should adorn the ministers of Christ."

4. **DIOCESE OF BUFFALO.**—The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Buffalo made a visitation of his diocese towards the close of February, and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation at several places. At Mount Morris, he celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of Mass, and confirmed sixty-four persons. At Nunda, Portageville, and Angelica, he also confirmed a large number of children and others. At those several places the Bishop preached in his usual happy and eloquent manner; the churches were crowded, not only with Catholics, but also by large numbers of Protestants.—*Religious Reception.*—Miss Bridget McMahon (in religion, Sister Mary Magdalen), received the black veil of the Order of St. Bridget, in St. Mary's Church, Rochester, January first. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Timon celebrated mass and preached on the occasion.

5. **DIOCESE OF HARTFORD.**—*Religious Reception.*—Miss Margaret Mytron received the habit and white veil of the Order of Mercy, in the convent chapel of Our Lady of Mercy, Providence, Rhode Island, on the 31st of January, taking the religious name of Sister Mary Scholastica.—Painful apprehensions are entertained for the safety of the beloved Bishop of Hartford. It is known that he intended to return in the missing steamer Pacific, and in all probability is lost with her. Let the prayers of all Catholics be offered earnestly and fervently for the safety of the venerable prelate, or for the repose of his soul.



6. **ARCHDIOCESE OF OREGON CITY**—The following extract of a letter from the Rev. Father Hoecken, S. J., addressed to the Rev. Father De Smet, and dated the 29th November last, will prove interesting, as showing the progress and condition of the missions in that distant district:

"On my return from our missions among the Rocky Mountains, which it took me three months to visit, I found here a letter of yours full of edifying news, for which I am very thankful. Our college here is progressing. The number of members of our Society is rapidly on the increase, and reaches nearly forty. All over California our holy religion is making great progress, and priests and churches are multiplying. In the Oregon missions our Fathers are doing much good. At the Mountains, Father Adrian Hoecken, a worthy brother of Father Christian Hoecken, the apostle and zealous missionary among the Potowatomies, who died in 1851, whilst on his way to the Upper Missouri tribes, has succeeded in bringing three nations and a part of the Flat Heads, to live under his spiritual guidance. Every thing seemed to be going on well when I left Oregon, but now the country appears on fire. All the Indians living on the banks of the Columbia, from Walla-Walla down to the Dalles, together with the Indians of North California, are in arms against the whites, and commit great depredations. One of the Fathers Oblats, Father Pandosy, has been killed. Please pray and make others pray for our brethren in Oregon. The last accounts I received from St. Paul's Mission, at Coleville, stated that our Indians disapproved highly of the depredations committed by the other Indians, and showed no disposition whatever to join them."

7. **DIOCESE OF BROOKLYN**.—The Right Rev. Dr. Laughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn, lately purchased for the sum of \$25,000, several lots in that city, on which it is intended to erect an academy and dwelling for the Sisters of the Visitation. It will be remembered that a branch of this excellent community removed from this city to Brooklyn last September.

**OBITUARY**.—Died at his residence in Concord, Mass., on February 15th, Rev. J. O'Reilly, from a severe attack of billious fever, in the 34th year of his age. The lamented deceased was a native of Cavan, Ireland, and the special friend of Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance.

The Rev. Andrew O'Connor died at his residence in Lowrytown, Pa., on the 17th of February, in the 60th year of his age. *May they rest in peace.*

#### SECULAR AFFAIRS.

*Report of the Select Committee on Convents and Nunneries*.—We stated last month that a petition had been presented to our Legislature at Annapolis, invoking that body to interpose the sovereign power of the State "for the protection of females in Convents." The petition, it will be remembered, was "laid on the table," but as subsequent petitions were presented on the subject, they were referred to a select committee. That committee, in due time, presented their report, which we consider worthy of being placed on record. It is such as we had reason to expect from all right-minded men, and, all things considered, reflects lasting credit on the gentlemen composing the committee, and does honor to the House by which it was adopted:

"The Select Committee to whom were referred the various petitions, asking further legislation for the protection of persons unlawfully confined in Convents and Nunneries, beg leave respectfully to report:

That they have given the subject that calm and deliberate consideration which its importance demands, and while they have been led unanimously to the conclusions they present, they will not be able to do more than state those conclusions, without furnishing all the reasons in detail which have induced their adoption.

The Constitution and Declaration of Rights of our State, guarantee to every individual the right to worship God in such manner as he may think most acceptable to Him; and they also declare that no person ought, by any law, to be molested in his person or estate on account of his religious persuasion or profession, or for his religious practice, unless under color of religion any man shall disturb the good order, peace or safety of the State. And however persons may differ as to the propriety or necessity of establishing Religious Houses, Monasteries, or Convents, in which professors of religion may seclude themselves from the world, the right of any individual, under our laws, to enter such places, and there remain of their own free will, cannot admit of a doubt.



As to the propriety of persons entering such Institutions, your committee are not called upon to inquire, nor is it made their duty to determine whether such Institutions are consistent with the spirit of the age, with the "well-established" and dearly cherished principles of our Government, or with the expressed sentiments of the American people.

The question to be determined is, whether, in reality, there are within the limits of the State Religious Houses in which persons are unlawfully deprived of their natural, civil, or religious rights, and whether any case has been presented to this House properly supported, which justifies an examination or inspection of such places, or demands additional legislative protection.

Mere complaints that there are religious institutions where such persons are *said* to be detained against their will, are not sufficient to justify legislative interference, for it is possible that unlawful restraints have been exercised in private houses, and many individuals deprived of their liberty and right, in the place recognized by the law to be their castle. Yet no one has thought, because of such abuses, that the Legislature ought to authorise Grand Juries, or Committees, to forcibly enter and inspect private houses on suspicion that these abuses did exist. Such a proceeding would not be tolerated in any free government.

Nor was it intended that Grand Juries or Orphans' Courts should act the part of Grand Inquisitors. That function has been established in other countries by ecclesiastical and civil laws, and the result has been such as to prevent your Committee from recommending any such course in this State.

Nor is it submitted to this Committee to inquire whether any further legislation should be had as to the *property* of persons who may choose to enter those institutions. The single matter referred to them is the *personal protection* of those entering convents, and whether there be, under the existing laws, sufficient remedy for illegal restraint upon such persons.

Your Committee would, therefore, respectfully suggest, in the first place, that no allegation has been substantiated, nor has proof been exhibited that any person is now unlawfully confined in any religious house or convent within the limits of the State.

There is a general charge that such a state of things does exist, and the statement is also made that unsuspecting females are decoyed into such places and there detained against their will; but it is necessary to justify the interference of this body, that the petitioners should state some particular case, and the facts in the case wherein a wrong is committed, or a right violated, so that the House could, as the Grand Inquest of the State, act as all other Grand Inquests do upon oath or statement in regard to the particular facts.

But even admitting for the sake of argument, that the charge be true, and that certain persons are confined against their will, still your Committee are of opinion that the laws of the land, and those now in force in this State, furnish an effectual and complete remedy for all such cases as have been reported for their consideration.

It would indeed be an outrage were it not so, and if, in fact, it were permitted to any religious sect or persuasion to erect private houses or convents with intent to confine persons unlawfully within their walls, and if, in a single instance properly authenticated, such an intention were carried out with impunity, it would not only be a flagrant violation of all law, but an outrage upon the feelings of any civilized community.

But your Committee need only remind the House that that great safeguard of personal liberty, the writ of Habeas Corpus, throws ample protection around even the humblest citizen of our commonwealth; and that if any person, whatever, has reason to believe that any individual is detained unlawfully, or against his will, in any Convent or Religious House, upon oath of such person so believing, before any court of this State, this writ issues, as of right, commanding the owner, director or superior of any such house or convent, to bring before such court the individual so detained; and neither bolts nor bars, nor any religious vows can prevent the service of, or compliance with such writ; but it is a speedy, summary and sure writ of deliverance, to any one deprived of his liberty by any unlawful means, or under pretext of any religious vow or consecration.

Your Committee have, therefore, arrived at the unanimous conclusion, that, if as alleged by the petitioners, persons are retained against their will, in any Religious House or Convent, it is not because the law does not afford ample protection, but because of the neglect to execute its demands; and it is the fault of those interested in the execution of the law, not the defect of proper legislation.

Believing, therefore, that no further legislation is necessary for the security of the citizen, or for the peace, good order and safety of the State, they beg leave, respectfully, to submit these reasons, which have led them to this conclusion, to the further consideration of the House, and to the enlightened judgment of the people of Maryland.

LEWIS P. FIERY, JAMES R. PARTRIDGE,  
ANTHONY KENNEDY, WM. D. BOWIE,  
WM. S. CLARKE."



# The Metropolitan.

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## REV. DEMETRIUS AUGUSTINE GALLITZIN.\*

IN the Providence of God the fearful revolution, which, towards the close of the last century, inaugurated in Europe the reign of terror, death and irreligion, became to America the seed-time for planting the gospel in an uncultivated vineyard. The lurid fires of war in Europe became softened, as it were, by the dews of the Atlantic, into the propitious dawn, which from the East ushered in the light of truth and joy over the vast regions of the West. The patriarch of Catholicity in America, the illustrious first Bishop, welcomed to its shores the exiled priests and missionaries, who came to evangelize the continent. There is scarcely a country in Europe that did not contribute towards the missions in America. France of course stands preëminent; but all contributed. Even Russia, herself plunged in schism, sent one of her noblest sons across the Atlantic to proclaim the true faith on the summit of the Alleghenies. A young prince, of finished education, of great fortune and personal attractions, and trained for the high honors and daring deeds of the military profession, is sent by a worldly parent to make the tour of the United States, when heaven marks him for its own, and commissions him a soldier of the cross. Under that ensign he performs achievements and renders benefits to his race, more truly glorious and more lasting than the triumphs won at the same moment on any of the blood-stained fields of Europe.

Such was the Prince Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin. He was born on the twenty-second of December, 1770, at the Hague, in Holland, his father, Prince Demetrius de Gallitzin, being at the time ambassador at the Hague from the Court of Catharine, Empress of Russia. There were few names more illustrious or more noble than that of Gallitzin, associated as it was with whatever was glorious or heroic in the annals of Russia's history. The mother of our prince belonged to a noble and distinguished German family. She was the Princess Amelia de Gallit-

\* Authorities: Discourse on the Life and Virtues of the Rev. Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, late Pastor of St. Michael's Church, Loretto, delivered on the occasion of the removal of his remains to the new and splendid monument erected to his memory by a grateful flock; by the Very Rev. Thomas Heyden;—*L'extrait de l'histoire de l'Eglise aux Etats Unis de M. Laroche Heron*, published in advance of the work in *La Propagateur Catholique*; &c. &c.



zin, before marriage the Countess de Schmettau, daughter of Field-Marshal Count de Schmettau, one of the favorite heroes of Frederick the Great, and of the Countess de Ruffert. She had two brothers distinguished in the Prussian army, one of whom, General de Schmettau, fell in the battle of Jena.

Destined by his ambitious father for the army, the young prince bore on his breast, while in the cradle, the insignia of military rank. His whole education was therefore of the most rigid and complete military caste. Instead of learning to lisp that sweetest song of Christian infancy, the names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, the ominous names of Voltaire and Diderot were the household words that first caught his tender ears. His father, before going on the mission to the Hague, had been for fourteen years the Russian ambassador at Paris, where he contracted a great intimacy with Voltaire and Diderot, whose conspiracy against religion and society seemed to aim at gaining first the higher and educated classes, and then to infuse the poison of their false philosophy downwards through the masses of the people. The Russian ambassador, like his mistress the Empress Catharine, whom Voltaire flattered by writing to her that he regretted not to have been born a Russian, was also flattered by the friendship and captivated by the learning of the philosophers. For many years Prince de Gallitzin corresponded with Voltaire and Diderot, whose letters to him were full of praises for his devotion to the cause of science, and especially for his advocacy of liberal principles.

The mother of our young prince, the Countess de Schmettau, was born and raised in the Catholic faith, and in her tender years was remarkable for her piety and innocence. When four years old she was sent to boarding school at Breslau, where she remained till she had reached her ninth year. Her personal beauty was as striking as the beauties of mind and heart, which she exhibited at this tender age. She frequented the sacrament of penance with such fervor and such profound contrition, that she was often seen overwhelmed and bathed in tears. But her unguarded ear caught, now for the first time, the sounds of flattery, and the poison passed to her heart. At the age of nine years, while going from the confessional through the aisle of the church, she heard some person exclaim as she passed: "My God! what an angel!" Thus Satan, who was first a tempter in the garden of paradise, dared now to tempt the innocent and unsuspecting within the very walls that were consecrated to the Almighty—and alas! Satan was again victorious. From the moment she heard those words of flattery, the heart of the young Countess Amelia was changed: it became eaten up with vanity. She was subsequently committed to the instruction of an infidel teacher, whose every lesson was directed to the eradicating of all the traces of religion she had acquired at Breslau. Her subsequent marriage with Prince Demetrius de Gallitzin completed the dangers by which she was surrounded, which were too powerful for her weakness to withstand. The princess, now grown utterly indifferent to religion, accompanied her husband on a visit to Paris. Here she was introduced into the circle of the infidel philosophers, the friends of her husband, and particularly to Diderot, then one of the leading minds in those pernicious circles. She read the works of Voltaire and of his colleagues, and was very frequently brought in contact with Diderot, in whose society the prince most delighted. It is related that she frequently arrested the sophisms of Diderot and disconcerted the philosopher by interposing that troublesome little word, *Why*. The reading of the works of the French infidel school and the repeated conversations she had with the philosophers themselves, while rendering her heart callous to religion, could



not entirely destroy her faith nor render her a scoffer at religion. She frequently suffered with disquietude of conscience, which she endeavored to cast aside. Though she studied the sacred writings, it was only for their literary beauties and sublimity, and with this view she also made them a part of the course of studies for her children. With such parents as these, the one an open infidel and the other indifferent and flying from the promptings of conscience, the young prince was of course educated without the slightest idea of religion. He was surrounded by teachers, who belonged to the prevailing school of philosophy. His father went so far as to prohibit any priest or minister of religion from having access to his son, and manifested the greatest determination and solicitude in having his orders obeyed. Demetrius was instructed in every thing except *the one thing necessary*. No expense or care was spared in giving him a perfect education according to the standard of the world, and to direct his desires towards a life of honors and pleasures. But all the schemes of the foolish father were in vain. Heaven had marked out another and far different career for the young and gifted Gallitzin.

The Princess Amelia having spent several years in uneasiness and disquietude of conscience, retired in 1783 to Munster, in Westphalia, in order to avail herself of the great learning of the celebrated teacher, Furstenberg, for the education of her children, and to enjoy some time in the calm repose of a studious retirement. Here she was attacked by a most alarming illness which threatened to prove fatal. The good and learned Furstenberg sent his own confessor to visit and converse with her on the subject of religion. The holy priest, Bernard Overberg, frequently visited the princess, who persisted, in her human pride, to deny that she feared death. The confessor could only prevail on her to promise that, in case she recovered, she would devote herself earnestly and sincerely to the study of Christianity. She recovered, and was faithful to her promise. For three years she studied and sought instructions from Furstenberg and Overberg, both distinguished for their labors in the cause of education in Germany. In 1786 the light of truth broke upon her mind, the grace of faith softened her heart and she became a Catholic. On the 28th of August of that year, the feast of St. Augustine, towards whom she had a special devotion, she made her first communion. She spent the remainder of her life in the practise of piety under the guidance of the Abbé Furstenberg and Father Overberg, and "in prayer, in resistance to her own will, and in regrets for her past life."

The conversion of the mother, and the tender piety and devotion which now added lustre to her example, produced a profound impression on her son. For in the following year, 1787, he too received the grace of conversion, and became a member of the Church of God, receiving the name of Augustine. In one of his works he thus describes his own conversion: "I lived during fifteen years in a Catholic country, under a Catholic government, where both the spiritual and temporal powers were united in the same person—the reigning prince of that country was our Archbishop. . . . During a great part of that time I was not a member of the Catholic Church. An intimacy which existed between our family and a certain celebrated French philosopher, had produced a contempt for religion. Raised in prejudice against revelation, I felt every disposition to ridicule those very principles and practices which I have adopted since. I only mention this circumstance in order to convince you that my observations at that time, being those of an enemy, and not of a bigoted member of the Catholic Church, are, in the eyes of a Protestant, the more entitled to credit; and, from the same motive, I shall also add, that during those unfortunate years of my infidelity, particular care was



taken not to permit any clergyman to come near me. Thanks to the God of infinite mercy, the clouds of infidelity were dispersed, and revelation adopted in our family. I soon felt convinced of the necessity of investigating the different religious systems, in order to find the true one. Although I was born a member of the Greek Church, and although all my male relatives, without any exception, were either Greeks or Protestants, yet did I resolve to embrace that religion only, which, upon impartial inquiry, should appear to me to be the pure religion of Jesus Christ. My choice fell upon the Catholic Church, and at the age of about seventeen, I became a member of that church."

His conversion did not at once turn the young Gallitzin from the career of arms, for which his father had destined him. In 1792 he was aid-de-camp to the Austrian General Von Lilien, then in command of the army in Brabant, at the commencement of the first campaign against the Jacobins of France. But about this time the Emperor Leopold was carried off by a sudden death, and the king of Sweden was assassinated by Ankerstrom. Both these catastrophes having been attributed to the Jacobins, who it was believed were entering in disguise the service of their adversaries to play the parts of spies or assassins, strict orders were issued by the Austrian and Prussian governments excluding all foreigners from the army. Thus deprived of his position in the Austrian army, in the then existing condition of things, Russia not being a party to the war, no field for the exercise of his military prowess was open to the young soldier. Foreign travel being regarded as an essential part of the education of every gentleman of birth and fortune, as a means of acquiring a knowledge of human nature by an acquaintance with mankind, it was first resolved by his father that the young prince should make the tour of Europe. But nearly the entire continent being then the seat of war, a continental tour was unsafe and impracticable; America was then selected, and two years allowed him for travel in the United States. He was accompanied on the voyage by the Rev. Mr. Brosius, a young German missionary then coming over, who was appointed tutor to the young Gallitzin. His learned and pious tutor lost no opportunity of directing the generous heart and cultivated mind of his pupil to the beauties and glories of religion. The example of St. Francis Xavier was frequently presented for his admiration, accompanied with that most appropriate lesson for the great ones of the world: "What will it profit a man to gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul?" Who can fail to see in this event the finger of Providence, thus bringing together, as companions on a long voyage, the priest and the prince, the Raphael and Tobias?

Demetrius Augustine de Gallitzin arrived in the United States in 1792. Feeling an interior call to the sacred ministry, he consulted his spiritual directors at Baltimore and communed in retirement with his God. He became convinced of his vocation, and resolved to sacrifice all worldly honors, titles and pleasures on the altar of religion. The Seminary of St. Sulpice had recently been established in Baltimore under the direction of the excellent and saintly Abbé Nagot, to whom the young Gallitzin applied for admission, and was received as a seminarian on the 5th of November, 1792. The motives and sentiments of his heart in taking this step are poured forth in a letter which he wrote about this time to a friend, a minister at Munster. "In it he begs him to dispose his mother for the step he had finally taken, and informs him that he had sacrificed himself, with all he possessed, to the service of God and the salvation of his neighbor in America, where the harvest was so great and the laborers so few, where the missionary had to ride frequently forty or fifty miles a day, and undergo difficulties and dangers of every



description. He adds that he doubted not his call, as he was willing to subject himself to such arduous labors." The mother of the young seminarian was so astonished at the news of the choice her son had made, that she addressed a letter to the Superior of the Seminary, in which she expressed the doubts she entertained of his vocation to the sublime office of the holy ministry. In his reply the venerable Abbé Nagot assured the princess, "that he had never brought to the altar a candidate for holy orders, about whose vocation he was so certain as that of her son; moreover lest perhaps it might be supposed he was too partial in his judgment, he declared that it was the opinion of the bishop also, and of all who knew him." His theological studies were greatly facilitated by the complete and finished secular education he had received in Europe. The progress he made in sacred learning, the science of the doctors, and in profound piety and humility, the science of the saints, under the excellent and learned professors of the seminary, the Abbés Nagot, Garnier and Tessier, was extraordinary. He was a model seminarian. The remembrance of his example remained long after him one of the most beautiful and edifying traditions of the seminary. After little over two years' study he was elevated to the priesthood on the 18th of March, 1795, receiving holy orders from the hands of the illustrious Archbishop Carroll, and was the fifth priest ordained in the United States. He cherished through life the most profound veneration and affection for Archbishop Carroll, who, in turn saw, in the young prince, throwing aside the sword and the star for the cross and the breviary, an invaluable accession to the American church. It was the habit of the Rev. Mr. Gallitzin to speak of Archbishop Carroll in terms such as these: "In proportion as we approach Archbishop Carroll in our pastoral conduct, in the same proportion do we approach perfection." So charmed was he with the religious and heavenly atmosphere that pervaded the precincts of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, that he desired to spend there the remainder of his days, and did actually become, with the permission of the Archbishop, a member of the Sulpitian Order. The Archbishop, however, soon found it necessary to detail the young priest upon missionary duties, in which he proved himself so efficient and zealous, that he was kept constantly on the mission. These duties necessarily broke off his connection with the Order of St. Sulpice as one of its members.

His first mission was Conewago, where Father Pelentz had already gathered a flourishing congregation. The circuit of his missionary labors was very extensive. Residing at Conewago he attended to the spiritual wants of all the surrounding country for a very great distance, embracing Taneytown, Pipe-Creek Settlement, Hagerstown and Cumberland, in Maryland; Martinsburg and Winchester, in Virginia; Chambersburg, Path-Valley, Strade Valley, Huntingdon, and the Allegheny Mountains in Pennsylvania. His labors and travels through and over this vast region are almost incredible; no hardship, no sacrifice, no danger, could deter him or dampen his ardor for the salvation of souls and the honor and glory of God. But his experience and observation soon convinced him that he could accomplish more good and achieve more permanent results, by concentrating his efforts on a single spot, where he could labor without intermission or interruption for the cause of religion. He at once formed a plan for planting a Catholic colony, in the midst of which he could reside, and still carry the consolations of religion, when necessary, to distant and isolated families and settlements. Selecting for this purpose the rugged and wild summit of the Alleghenies, he took up his abode there in the year 1799.



Not more than a dozen Catholics lived in this region, and these were very scattered. Settling on a farm, which the proprietor had generously and nobly dedicated to the support of religion, he erected with the trees from the mountain forest a rude log building, twenty-five by thirty feet, which was *the first chapel* in which the early Catholics of the present flourishing diocese of Pittsburg first worshipped. The region of country lying between Lake Erie and Conewago, the Susquehannah and the Upper Potomac, was without church, priest or school, except a single congregation established a few years before by the Rev. Mr. Bauers, at Youngstown. The present limits of the diocese of Pittsburg scarcely embrace the entire missionary field which Father Gallitzin attended. No portion of this immense vineyard was ever neglected by him. Day and night he labored and travelled. "During these long missionary excursions, frequently his bed was the bare floor, his pillow the saddle of his horse, and the coarsest and most forbidding fare constituted his repast." These hardships and labors he sustained with a constitution very weak and delicate by nature. He seemed to live by his zeal and love, for it was often a matter of wonder how life could be sustained by the little food he took. His energy and zeal, as well as the fame of his reputation, attracted many persons to the mountains, desirous as they were to become members of the flock over which so good a shepherd watched. He purchased for the immigrants large tracts of land, which he subdivided into small farms and sold on accommodating terms to the colonists; in a great many cases bestowing land gratuitously on poor German immigrants who came to settle in that mountainous region. He was thus compelled to contract a very large debt, relying upon the recovery of his patrimony for the means of paying it.

The father of Prince Gallitzin persisted in remaining a disciple of Diderot, and never became reconciled to the conversion of his wife and son, and was particularly offended at his son's embracing the priesthood, and thus defeating the ambitious views of his father. He embittered the last days of that excellent and pious lady, the Princess Amelia, by reproaching her for the conversion of his son. He died in his infidelity at Brunswick, on the sixth of March, 1803. The good mother bore his reproaches with a patience and humble resignation, with which religion alone could have fortified her. The news of his father's death reached the Rev. Mr. Gallitzin, accompanied by the urgent solicitations of his mother and friends, that he would return to Russia, with the proper evidence of his identity, and claim the family estates as heir and successor to his father, the late Prince Demetrius de Gallitzin. She held before the mind of the zealous missionary, the immense benefits which the possession of such magnificent wealth would enable him to confer upon his new and needy mission. She wrote, urging the same arguments, to Bishop Carroll and the Abbé Nagot. The bishop and the abbé advised him to return, and upon the invitation of the former he visited Baltimore, where "he stated to them that he had caused a great number of Catholic families to settle in a wild and uncultivated region, where they formed a parish of considerable size; that the legislature had proposed to establish there a county seat; that numbers still continued to flock thither." Unable to send a priest to take his place, in the event of his going to Europe, the bishop was convinced by his arguments and concurred in his remaining. He wrote to his mother, "that whatever he might gain by the voyage in a temporal point of view, would not in his estimation, be compared with the loss of a single soul, that might be occasioned by his absence." At the earnest entreaties of his mother he appointed Baron de Furstenberg, the Prime Minister and Vicar-General to the Elector of Cologne, and the



Imperial Counts Frederick Leopold de Stolberg and Clemens Augustus de Mervelt, his agents to press for the recovery of his lawful patrimony. In 1806 his venerable mother, the Princess Amelia de Gallitzin, departed this life with all the consolations of religion, and after having done all in her power to restore the family inheritance to her son, for the benefit of his mission. In 1808 our missionary received the following unfavorable report of their agency from the distinguished personages whom he had authorized to act for him : "The question concerning your and the princess your sister's claim to your father's property in Russia, is so determined by the senate at St. Petersburg, that you, dearest prince, *in consequence of your having embraced the Catholic faith, and clerical profession*, cannot be admitted to the possession of your deceased father's property, and that, therefore, your sister, the princess, is to be considered the sole heiress to the said estates, and is to be put into possession of the same. The council of state has given the same decision, and the Emperor has, by his sanction, given the sentence the force of law. The princess, your sister, has now, by the laws of Russia, perfect control over the income, but cannot give the property away or dispose of it by will. However she is at liberty to sell it and dispose of the moneys arising from the sale. You see, then, dearest prince, that you are only nominally excluded. Your dear and respectable mother often thought it possible and probable that the decision would fall out the way it did, and was wont to say : *It is immaterial whether the sentence in Russia be pronounced in favor of both my children or only of my daughter. My son can lose nothing by it.* Even in Russia the business is considered in the same light. We therefore congratulate you on the happy issue of this business, without minding the *killing letter* of the law—as in this case the spirit of justice and charity makes up the loss to you."

Thus religion was persecuted in the person of her confessor minister, by the tyrannical court of Russia, which disinherited the lawful heir, because he had become a Catholic and a minister of God. No other reason could be assigned for this unjust and oppressive decree. Yet there was a prospect held out by the report of the prince's European agents, as their letter indicates, that a large portion of his estates might yet be recovered for him, and this prospect was confirmed by the promises of his sister, the Princess Maria Anna, whom the Russian court had declared sole heiress of the father, to the exclusion of her brother. She engaged to divide equally with him the revenues of the estates during her life and at her death to leave him all. She thus expressed herself in one of her letters to him : "I need not repeat to you, that you may be perfectly easy, if we only receive the property. Whether under your name or under my name, makes no difference amongst us. I shall divide with you faithfully, as I am certain you would with me. Such was the will of our deceased father and of our dearest mother; and such also will be the desire of my affectionate love and devotedness towards you, my dearest brother." Again : "I flatter myself more and more with the hope, that I shall die easy and contented, when reflecting that God has spared my days, in order to save for you a property *which you certainly intend to spend for his glory, and wish to have only for his purpose.*" There can be no doubt of the candor and sincerity with which these promises were made. But the subsequent marriage of the lady Maria Anna de Gallitzin with an insolvent German prince, named De Salm, absorbed the family estates of the Gallitzins and blasted the hopes of our Allegheny missionary.

The prospects which the reports of his agents in Europe, and the promises of his sister, presented to the ardent mind of the zealous priest, had induced him to



go on in making still more extensive purchases of land to meet the increasing wants of his growing colony, and he had thus become still more deeply involved in debt. Great numbers of settlers were attracted to the colony, and many of these were utterly unable to pay any thing for their lands. But the zealous pastor remained undaunted and undismayed by the difficulties and embarrassments that surrounded him. He even suffered the unhappiness of hearing murmurs from some of his flock at the disappointed hopes they had perhaps too ardently cherished. Yet meekness, cheerfulness and perseverance were ever the means he used to overcome all difficulties. The hardy settlers, who thus pioneered those wild and mountainous regions, suffered at first incredible hardships and privations, but still they had in their midst their saintly and self-sacrificing pastor and father, sharing with them every hardship and misfortune, and even depriving himself of the necessities of life in order that they and their families might not suffer or want. His food consisted generally of black bread and a few vegetables; his clothing of the coarsest and plainest home-spun stuff; and his house was a poor log cabin, whose door, however, was always hospitably open to the poor and the stranger. Involved, as he was, in debt, no creditor or friend ever lost or suffered by his act or by his misfortune; and no portion of his heavy liabilities was incurred for his own pleasure, comfort or aggrandizement. His most ardent hope and sole motive were to plant and rear up that great Catholic colony around the summits of the Alleghenies, to save something for the poor and the church, and to promote the salvation of souls and God's glory. It was alone for these sublime objects that he desired to recover his fortune from Europe. Having failed in its recovery, he now turned his back on home, relatives and fortune, and rejected every appeal and advice to go to Europe, resolved to remain at his chosen post of duty. His energy and perseverance never left him. Through the persevering efforts of his influential friends in Europe he did receive some considerable remittances of funds; but those bore no proportion to what he was entitled to receive and was encouraged to expect. All that he received he spent upon the church and the colony. It is moderately estimated that he expended on these objects about 750,000 francs (\$150,000). This sum he received in remittances at various times from his sister, who did all in her power to be able to redeem her promises to make an equal partition with her brother. When the settlement was first founded the inhabitants had to travel thirty or forty miles for food and all the necessities of life; now their kind friend and pastor had provided them with grist mills, saw mills and other conveniences necessary to make a colony prosperous. The wilderness soon began to smile with plenty and happiness under his paternal care; and it may be cited, as an evidence of the final success of his energy, that, about the year 1837, he was able, in reply to a friend who urged him to return to Europe and make another effort for the recovery of his estates, to write: "I am afraid my journey to Europe must be deferred, *ad Græccas kalendas*, being in my sixty-seventh year, burthened moreover with the remnant of my debts, reduced from \$18,000 to about \$2,500, I had better spend my few remaining years, if any, in trying to pay off that balance, and in preparing for a longer journey."

The many engrossing labors and anxieties, which the founding and maintaining of a new colony in a wild and unimproved country entailed upon him, never for an instant withdrew his attention from the still more arduous and engrossing duties of the mission. He dispensed with an untiring zeal the consolations of religion to his large and increasing mountain flock, and to all in need of them, whether far or near. Labor, toil, journeyings and fasting, seemed luxuries to him when



souls were to be saved. His watchful care was equally active for all parts of his vast mission. He was particularly active in guarding his flock from the seductive and corrupting influences of worldly folly, fashion, extravagance and pleasure. The simplicity of the primitive Christians seemed, under him, to have been revived in that mountain retreat. In the performance of the public offices of the Church his manner was remarkably devout, and inspired others with veneration; his zeal for the honor and respect due to the house of God was ever vigilant. No irreverence, no disrespect, was permitted by him to pass without its just reproof. While all loved him, his presence always inspired awe, even in those most intimate with him. Protestants, as well as Catholics, entertained towards him a profound respect and esteem; and when he said Mass before an audience composed almost wholly of Protestants, as was not unfrequently the case, the decorum and respect that prevailed would have led to the impression that they were all Catholics. He excluded pews and seats from his church, in order to exemplify the practical equality of the Gospel, and to remind Christians that the house of God is the house of prayer and humiliation, not a place of luxury and fashion. His sermons were full of profound religious sentiment, Catholic devotion, overpowering unction, and apostolic eloquence. He took great pleasure in explaining and defending the doctrines and discipline of the Church. Among the special objects of his zeal was the cause of temperance, which he advocated with great success. He even found time amid his many engagements for study and composition. On the day of humiliation and prayer appointed by the State, a Protestant minister of Huntingdon preached a discourse, in which he violently attacked and grossly misrepresented the doctrines of the Catholic religion. This attack called forth from the zealous Gallitzin that brilliant effort of genius and of faith, the *Defence of Catholic Principles*. He subsequently wrote the *Letter to a Protestant Friend*, and the *Appeal to the Protestant Public*. His writings have been compared to those of the illustrious Bossuet. His works have been repeatedly republished both in Europe and America, and are now standard Catholic books. His humility was truly heroic. He studiously avoided any allusion to himself or his acts, and repressed any allusion to his distinguished rank. For many years he suppressed the illustrious name of Gallitzin, and was known only as the *Rev. Mr. Smith*. When told of the celebrity of his works in this and other countries, he usually replied: "That he was glad that the same God who enabled an ass to speak—who enabled the illiterate to convert the universe, had enabled his ignorance to say something to the purpose in favor of the Catholic cause." The severest disappointments never caused his patience to fail him, nor his humility and resignation to falter. One example will illustrate this heroic self-control. His father, while Russian ambassador at Paris, had made a large collection of rare and valuable curiosities and of Greek and Roman antiquities, which he intended for the gallery of Sarsco Zeno. Having become the property of his mother, she directed by her will that the same should be sold and the proceeds applied by the Abbé Overberg to the founding of religious institutions for the education of the poor or other charitable objects. The abbé decided that the establishments of the Rev. Prince de Gallitzin, in the Alleghenies, met the description in the will, and our missionary received the most authentic assurances that he would receive the legacy, which amounted to \$20,000. That sum was actually paid to his brother-in-law, the Prince De Salm, to be forwarded to America; \$10,000 were accordingly sent over, but for the remainder nothing but promises could ever be obtained. Bright were the hopes of doing good which the Rev. pastor of Loretto built upon this prospect;



when disappointed and wronged, as before related, not a murmur, not a reproach escaped his lips. His charity to the poor was fully equal to his humility and zeal. He was their father and guardian. The remittances he received from Europe became, in his hands, the treasures of the Church for the relief of the distressed. Never were they denied relief, whether much or little, he always gave what he had. On one occasion he had given a liberal alms to a stranger and traveller, who appeared to be an object worthy of charity, but who afterwards squandered the money improperly at a tavern. When informed of the deception, the noble donor replied: "I gave it not to him, I gave it to God." The last winter he spent on earth, being an unusually severe season, great distress prevailed among the poor of Loretto; he sent for them all to come to him and partake with himself of whatever he possessed. His devotional life reached a saintly standard. Prayer, meditation and penance, were the daily practices of his whole life. His models among the saints were Francis Xavier, Charles Borromeo and Vincent de Paul; but most especially and above all other saints, the ever Blessed and Immaculate Virgin Mother. Towards her he cultivated the most lively and tender devotion; he recited among his household every day the Rosary, and held her up to all as a pattern of perfection. The church in which he offered up the daily sacrifice was dedicated under her invocation, and the village of the settlement was called Loretto in her honor.

For forty-one years this holy priest led, upon the mountains, a most perfect Christian life, of which the foregoing is but a faint sketch. By precept and by example he illustrated the sublimest precepts of the sacred writings. His ecclesiastical superior, the bishop of the diocese to which the Allegheny mission then belonged, in his letter of the 15th of January, 1834, to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith,\* testifies to the high character and merits of the Rev. Mr. Gallitzin while then living, in these words: "Loretto, in Cambria County, is the residence of a celebrated missionary, Prince Gallitzin, in the midst of a very numerous population. For more than thirty years this venerable man has chosen the summit of the Allegheny Mountains for the centre of his mission; from thence he has gone out from time to time to give the succor of religion to Catholics scattered over an immense territory, where five priests are now occupied. The number of the faithful was very small at his arrival in Cambria County; but his perseverance, in spite of all the difficulties he encountered, has been crowned with heavenly benedictions. The mountains have become fertile and the forests have bloomed. Many Protestants have followed his example in renouncing the errors of the sects in which they had been educated; and Catholics have come from all sides to entrust themselves to the paternal care of a priest, whose humble and pure life excites them to the exercise of evangelical virtues."

The fame of Father Gallitzin's virtues and apostolic labors was spread through both America and Europe, and he was every where regarded with veneration. His works ranked him high as a controversialist and theologian. It was several times contemplated to raise him to the dignity of the episcopate. But his highest and only ambition was to be the humble pastor of Loretto. As he had abandoned the titles and honors of the world, he also, in his humility, considered himself unworthy of honors and dignities in the Church. Bishop Dubourg, in his letter of 28th of November, 1825, to Bishop Flagnet, uses this language in reference to the subject of this memoir in connection with the question of erecting an Episco-

\* Letter of Most Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, then Bishop of Philadelphia, in the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*.



pal See at Pittsburg: "I would propose the Prince Gallitzin as first on the list, and Mr. Maguire as second. I think the first place due to the former, in consequence of his long and useful services, and for the good he has effected in those quarters; and because he has already a large establishment, which would be very useful in the new bishopric."\* After quoting the above passage Bishop Spalding† says: "We do not learn whether the application was actually made to Rome at this time; but we gather from a previous letter of Bishop Dubourg, that he had before petitioned the Holy See to have Dr. Gallitzin appointed a titular Bishop (*in partibus*), as a mark of the estimation in which the Holy See held his distinguished services and great sacrifices in the cause of religion. He had also proposed the same eminent ecclesiastic as the first Bishop of Detroit."

In Holy Week, 1840, he was untiring in the performance of the solemn rites of the Church peculiar to that season, and unsparing of himself in his penitential austerities. While not officiating at the altar or preaching, he was engaged in the confessional. His physician and friends could not prevail on him, while thus toiling, to forego some portion of his fastings. A severe illness was thus brought on, and, as he had lived for his flock, he was now anxious to lay down his life in their service. Those who attended the death bed of the expiring apostle were charmed and thrilled to witness how a Christian can die. After his voice had left him, he still continued to testify his love and hope in *Jesus crucified* by repeatedly making upon his person the sign of the cross. He expired on the sixth of May, 1840, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, at his own beloved Loretto. In September, 1847, the Very Rev. Thomas Heyden, who had received the last sigh of the apostle of the Alleghenies, pronounced his funeral oration in the church of St. Michael at Loretto, on the occasion of the removal of his remains to the handsome monument, which the piety and gratitude of his flock had erected to his memory.

Where the young missionary in 1799 had found, on his arrival in the mountains, but twelve, he left near ten thousand Catholics; and what he found a wilderness, he left a garden. The field of his missionary labors is now occupied by the diocese of Pittsburg, with its distinguished bishop, its sixty-six churches, its sixty-three priests, and its Catholic population of nearly fifty thousand souls.

M. Laroche Heron relates that the conversion of the young Prince de Gallitzin and his mother, had a most salutary influence upon the Gallitzin family in Europe. One of the family, the young Prince Alexander Gallitzin, publicly embraced Catholicity at St. Petersburg, in 1814, at the age of fifteen years. He was at the time a pupil of the Jesuits, and his conversion had such renown and so incensed an angle of the prince, one of the Emperor's ministers of religion, that the Society of Jesus was immediately banished from the possessions of the Czar. An aunt of the young Alexander became a Catholic in Russia, and was received into the Church by P. Ronsin. Her daughter, the princess Elizabeth Gallitzin, having abjured the Greek religion, entered the community of the Sacred Heart, at Paris: after a sojourn at Rome, she was sent in 1840 to the United States, where she established four houses of her order, and died of the yellow fever in Louisiana on the 8th of December, 1843, at the age of forty-seven years.

The memory of the Rev. Mr. Gallitzin is to this day cherished with the warmest sentiments of filial love by the devoted flock which he left behind him. The name of *Gallitzin* has been given to a village, which already has its church

\* Bishop Spalding's *Life of Bishop Flaget*, p. 250.

† *Id.*



and flourishing congregation. The inhabitants of that entire settlement are eminently distinguished by their firm and lively faith, and their zeal; their manners are so frank and innocent, that they have been appropriately compared to those of the patriarchal ages. It may well be conjectured how good was the pastor, who reared up and instructed such a flock. A recent proof of their truly Catholic zeal and devotion, and of their attachment and respect for the Holy See, has been exhibited in the magnificent and enthusiastic reception they extended to Mgr. Bedini, the Apostolic Nuncio. That illustrious person has himself thus described his visit to Loretto: "The journals will inform you but very imperfectly of the course of my travels, and you could not at all form any idea of my visit to Loretto, which has presented a most touching spectacle. This village, sanctified by the apostleship of the Prince Demetrius Gallitzin, is situated upon the highest mountains of Pennsylvania, and is inhabited by Germans, all Catholics without exception. My carriage was preceded by about five hundred persons on horse back, men and women, and followed by fifty vehicles. This peaceful cortège defiling joyously around the vast mountains, under a most brilliant sun, was to us as solemn as it was touching. In fact every where, *and above all at Loretto*, the joy of the Catholics has been immense, and has manifested itself in a most edifying and lively manner. These demonstrations could not have been more brilliant or more beautiful, and they reminded me of the welcome which greeted me in Canada."

R. H. C.

## THE WRITINGS OF CARDINAL WISEMAN.

Few of the great men of our day will, on the pages of Church history, occupy a more conspicuous or more honorable place than Nicholas (Cardinal) Wiseman, either as a member of the Sacred College, the first Archbishop of Westminster, and corner-stone of the new English hierarchy; as a learned and brilliant controversialist, or as a writer abounding in erudition, a knowledge of the Oriental languages, manners and customs; the life of the primitive Christians and all their remains, as well as in a thorough knowledge alike of theology and of the times in which he lived, and above all in the skill and interest with which he communicates the treasures of his vast and richly adorned mind to his hearers and readers: hearers especially, for most of his works are lectures delivered orally, which necessarily lose much in being committed to writing.

It is not our purpose to consider him in his career as a prelate before or since the establishment of that hierarchy which caused such anile fears in the English government, but to give some idea of his works to such Catholic readers as are yet unacquainted with them, or remind the forgetful of the treasures which they have on their shelves. Before entering upon a literary account of them, we may be pardoned for giving some account of his Eminence.

Nicholas Wiseman was born in August, 1802, at Seville, in Spain, where his father was an eminent banker; his mother being, and we believe his father also, of Irish origin. To American Catholics it is not without some pride that we can add that relatives on both his father's and mother's side have been as humble religious in our convents, missionaries as of the ages of faith, laborers to extend the benefits of Catholic education or the works of mercy over the face of our restless, seething, mind-racking land. At an early age young Wiseman was sent



to Rome, and shewing a vocation for the ecclesiastical state, was entered as a student at the English College at Rome. Here, under Dr. Gradwell, and the other distinguished men who filled the chairs of that celebrated house, he advanced so rapidly in science that in 1828 we find him its President.

In 1835 a course of academic lectures which he delivered to the students on the Connection of Science and Revealed Religion, excited attention in Rome, and though his health was extremely feeble, he consented to read them to a large and select attendance in the apartments of his Eminence Cardinal Weld. Short as they were, for he was never able to bear the exertion of reading for more than half an hour at a time, Doctor Wiseman completely surprised his auditors, many of them scientific men, by the richness and variety of the knowledge which he displayed, and the clear unpedantic style in which he imparted it. They urged him to give them to the world in a printed form, and at last yielding to their advice, he proceeded to London in the same year to publish them.

He was not, however, unemployed there; while they were going through the press his health was completely restored, and he lectured in the Advent of 1835, at the Royal Sardinian chapel, with such applause that the Vicar Apostolic of the London District urged him to deliver a series of lectures at St. Mary's, Moorfields, during the ensuing Lent. These were his Lectures on the Principal Doctrines and Practices of the Catholic Church, which he published soon after, adding, to complete his plan, his "Real Presence of the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Blessed Eucharist, proved from Scripture," eight lectures delivered at Rome. He also published, indeed prior to these, his witty, withering annihilation of John Noynder, Esq., who had, like Middleton, attempted to prove Popery to be a child of paganism; or like Bunyan, make them two fierce monsters to devour his pilgrim Christian; monsters whom it behooves all Christians to beware of.

This was not the only result of Dr. Wiseman's visit to England in 1836. The idea of commencing a Catholic Quarterly was conceived by the learned and excellent Mr. Quinn, who applied to the illustrious O'Connell and Dr. Wiseman to aid him. Both consented, and the Dublin Review was started, its first number containing an article from the pen of the future Cardinal.

Dr. Wiseman then returned to Rome, and resuming his duties as head of the English College, delivered in the Lent of 1837, "Four Lectures on the Offices and Ceremonies of Holy Week, as performed in the Papal Chapels." Meanwhile his brief visit to London, his three works thrown almost together from the press: the establishment of a Catholic Review, and his disappearance from England almost as sudden as his appearance, aroused the champions of Protestantism. As some daring Camanche brave on our western deserts, swoops alone into a Mexican town and amid the general terror bears off his booty to his home in the wilderness, even so had the president of the English College dashed into the midst of Protestantism and retired unharmed, with all the laurels of victory. In a moment their whole village turned out en masse; the reviews thundered out like cannon from the walls: Turton with his Cambridge bonnet of divinity, charged like the light horse at Balaklava (that is, as they were supposed to have charged), while a whole army of Bashibazoaks and Zouaves in the shape of Protestant journals, Congregational magazines, Pambles, O'Sullivans and Phil. Alethes, pounced upon him reckless and unsparing, though neither well armed, well mounted nor well disciplined.



While England thus received a man of eminent talent, his works crossed the Atlantic, and in the United States excited profound attention. The lectures on Science and Revealed Religion were at once acknowledged to be the book for the times; the best and most complete answer in the language to the infidel doctrines which have always prevailed, sometimes more, sometimes less openly in this country. The Protestant Theological Seminary at Andover adopted the work of the Catholic Doctor, and had it printed for the use of the Institution as a text book: and time has never weakened the high esteem held for them. So late as the appearance of Gliddon's *Types of Mankind*, a work of a most infidel character, cloaked under the pretence of science, the writer of this article was urged by a Protestant clergyman of ability to exert himself to have these invaluable lectures cheaply re-printed as the best antidote to those atheistic or deistic doctrines which spiritualism and its attendants are more widely diffusing.

Dr. Wiseman at Rome was neither disconcerted by the rude treatment he received from England, nor puffed up by the appreciation bestowed on him by America. He deigned no reply to his adversaries for a time, but when their triumphant air and his silence seemed to announce him vanquished, he came forth in a reply to Dr. Turton, admirable in its tone and complete in its refutation.

His merit was now acknowledged, and it surprised no one to see him in 1840 appointed president of the Roman Catholic College at Oscott, and Coadjutor to the Vicar Apostolic of the London District. From his devotion to the Ven. Francis Ignatius Delgado, Vicar Apostolic of Tonquin, who had been recently martyred, he sought and obtained his title "*Bishop of Melipotamus*," and retained it till in 1850 he was created first Archbishop of Westminster, and Cardinal of St. Pudentiana. His career as a prelate we cannot detail, nor can we here mention his numerous and ever seasonable lectures and discourses, which he has from time to time delivered, but which exist only in pamphlet form or the columns of journals. His only work of recent years, beyond the collected volumes of his contributions to the *Dublin Review*, being his unequalled tale of *Fabiola*.

Our task then shall be to consider in a literary point of view his Lectures on the Connection of Science and Revealed Religion, with those on the Doctrines of the Church, the Eucharist, and Holy Week, as also his *Essays*, and *Fabiola*, alluding occasionally to his recent lectures, almost all of which are on popular topics of the day.

Science had during the last century in Europe, and is now in America by pseudo savants, been made an instrument of assailing Christianity, and Cardinal Wiseman develops the plan to be pursued by the young Levite in arming himself with the weapons which true science affords to overcome and unmask the pretenders to science, who compensate in superficiality what they lack in depth. The principal sciences to which he calls attention are Ethnology, or the comparative study of languages, a science of which Father Charlevoix is, to some extent, the father—the Natural History of the human race—Geology—History—Archæology, and Oriental Literature. Every one of these has been made the basis of charges against revelation, yet no where can better proof of revelation be found than in them; they are indeed a second bible, in which every revealed truth may be found, and found true, as Cardinal Wiseman, and more recently Nicholas, has so beautifully shown in his *Philosophical Study of Christianity*.

Let it not be supposed that a lecture on various unknown and to us barbarous languages, will be devoid of interest or lie like a sandy desert before the blooming



land we seek to enter. Nothing can be more beautiful than the form in which Dr. Wiseman conveys it:

"The learned world slumbered content with the hypothesis that the few languages known might all be resolved into one, and that one the Hebrew. Aroused by new discoveries which defied this easy vindication of the Mosaic history, they saw the necessity of a totally new science, which should dedicate its attention to the classification of languages. At first it seemed as though the infant science was impatient of control, and its earliest progress seemed directly at variance with the soundest truths. Gradually, however, masses which seemed floating in uncertainty came together, and like the garden islands of the Mexican lake, combined into compact and extensive territories, capable and worthy of the finest cultivation. The languages, in other words, grouped themselves into various large and well connected families, and thus greatly reduced the number of primary idioms from which others have sprung."

Thus does he constantly bring from the rich storehouse of his mind old things and new, relieving all by apt simile and imagery. The perorations and exordiums of several of these lectures, for instance, the perorations of the first and second, the exordium of the sixth and tenth, and the concluding one entire.

We are not giving a compte rendre of these admirable lectures; we cannot follow him in his study of Man, or detail his beautiful development of Geology and its harmony with Holy Writ, or see how easily true knowledge scatters to the winds the fabled antiquity of India, Egypt and China. We cannot, with him, study the monuments of the past, and learn that "archæology, the study of ruins and of monuments, while it enlightens and delights us, may well form the basis of the strongest religious impressions and individual evidences."

The eleventh lecture bears especially on the Holy Scriptures, and the knowledge of languages and manners necessary to its appreciation, and thus enters more into the ordinary circle of ecclesiastical studies.

"Religion is like a plant, which drives its roots into the centre of the soul; having in them fine and subtle fibres, that pierce and penetrate into the solidest framework of a well built mind, and strong knotty arms that entangle themselves among the softest and purest of our feelings. And if without, it also put forth shoots and tendrils innumerable, wherewith, as with hands it apprehends and keeps hold of mundane and visible objects, it is rather for their benefit and ornament, than from any want of such support; nor does it from them derive its natural and necessary vitality. Now it is with this outward and luxurious growth, that our husbanding hath been chiefly engaged, rather than with its hidden foundations and roots: we have, perhaps, somewhat extended its beneficial connexions; we have sometimes wound it round some decayed and neglected remnant of ancient grandeur: we have stretched it as a garland to some vigorous and youthful plant, and mingled the fruits of its holiness with less wholesome bearing, and we have seen how there is a comeliness and grace given to both, by the contact; how it may cast an interest and an honor, and a beauty over what else were useless or profane."

Such is his own beautiful summary of these imperishable lectures, with which no English scholar can confess himself unacquainted.

The lectures on the Doctrines of the Church are more popular, and if we may say so, less classic: there is less beauty in form, but no less solidity, an admirable tact in bringing together the arguments by which he establishes each doctrine of the Church. He opens with a general view of the rule of faith, and comparing the Catholic and Protestant one in themselves and in their practical success in converting the heathen nations, leaves the candid mind no room to doubt. Grounding thus the truth of the Catholic Church, he develops the belief as to penance and its accessories; the theory of temporal punishment of sin here and



hereafter, as distinguished from the guilt of sin, and concludes by an exposition of the doctrine of the Communion of Saints, and that of the Real Presence.

In these lectures all is clear, cogent reasoning, illustrated by an endless variety of facts which show his wide acquaintance with the current literature and publications of the time, as well as of those writers of the past in which alone the ecclesiastic writer is usually deemed to be versed. The style is clear, and interests wonderfully, ever enlivened by the rich under-play of suggestive ideas, for he is not one who says all or seems to say all. Each sentence starts a train of thought, often independent of his own. One beautiful passage worthy of being inscribed on the banner of Catholicity here at this moment, we will alone cite :

"The time is gone by when they can raise against us the war cry of our practicing superstitions injurious to God, as much as it is for raising the cry of disloyalty and disaffection to the state. Both have had their day, and the day of both is passed, and no one can serve our cause better or more thoroughly disgust his hearers, than he who shall endeavor to found his attack upon Catholics on such declamatory and groundless imputations as these, Thank God, and thank also the generosity and uprightness of our fellow countrymen, we can now stand fairly and openly before the public. We are anxious not to shrink from inquiry, but to court it; we throw open our places of worship to all men, we publish our books of prayer and instruction before the world; we submit the least of our children and their catechisms to examination; we invite all to inspect our schools, and present the masters and their scholars to their interrogation; all that we write and read is at the command of the learned; and, if in our power, we would open our breasts and ask them to look even into our hearts,—for God knows that we have nothing to shade, nothing to conceal;—and there let them read our belief, as written on its tablets in the simplest and plainest terms. No attack can any longer be allowed by any sensible, reasonable, generous or liberal minded man, except through calm and cool investigation, based entirely on the correct statement of our doctrines, and conducted exclusively, not by vague quotations from the word of God, but by arguments clearly and strongly addressed to his understanding."

Space does not permit us to analyse his lectures on the Eucharist, the best treatise extant, with its terrible crushing of Clarke, Horne, Lee and the other English writers who by pretended Oriental learning had attacked the Catholic doctrine; nor can we follow his triumphant answer to Turton, his lectures on Holy Week, or those admirable ones on prominent topics of the day, with which he has charmed the English public within the last few years.

His contributions to the Dublin Review are now happily collected under the title of *Essays*. Some of these are on Scriptures, and we have nothing in English to compare to his papers on the Miracles, Parables and Actions of the New Testament; that on the Catholic versions of Scripture, Prayer and Prayer Books, minor rites and offices, should be familiar to all, while the varied articles which comprise the third volume equal in interest and beauty his recent lectures, bearing as they do on almost every conceivable topic: though many are devoted to Italy and Christian art.

His latest work, new in its plan and conception, fresh in its execution, *Fabiola*, has not perhaps added much to the literary fame of its author, but has certainly sustained it. The task was difficult—to bring into the realm of fiction the saints whom the Church had for so many centuries revered on the altars, to bring them in as living characters, reviving Rome in the days of the early Emperors, with all its transition, manners, customs and ideas. But few are more intimately acquainted with the Eternal City in its present or past states, few more conversant with the life of the early Christians, few more frequent pilgrims to the Catacombs than Cardinal Wiseman. *Fabiola*, or the Church of the Catacombs, is conse-



quently the most beautiful picture in the language of the early Roman Church ; it is as exact and accurate as a Mosaic ; the plot and conversation barely sufficient to connect the various parts, scarcely enough indeed to make it interest as a tale. As the author himself justly remarks, the information given is fuller for the period than is given in many didactic works, and few can rise from its perusal without a feeling of gratitude. The style is beautiful and graceful, the characters of Agnes especially, of Sebastian, Pancratius, blessed trio of saints, of Syra and her fell brother, of the weak traitor, are all beautifully drawn, and the purity of the Christians contrasted in all its beauty with the dark vices of paganism, which could yet utter its vile calumnies on Christianity, accusing the Catholic then, as now, of being an enemy of God, his country and his race.



# LETTER TO THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

SIR :—The February number of your interesting Monthly, which has just fallen under my eye, contains an article so unjustly reflecting upon the Church of which I am as unworthy a member as a feeble advocate, that I presume upon your courtesy so far as to request the favor of an opportunity to reply.\* If the article to which I allude had appeared in any of the many periodicals devoted to the interests of particular creeds, I should suffer it to pass entirely without notice, no less from a conviction of the futility of any attempt to combat prejudices, so violent and unreasonable as those of which Catholicism is the victim, than from an apprehension, *founded upon experience*, that the opportunity of presenting any refutation, through the source that conveyed the misstatement, would be peremptorily denied me.

Occupying, however, as you do, the position, and claiming the praise of entire independence on religious matters, in the conduct of your magazine, I feel no hesitancy in preferring my request for a portion of your pages, to notice the attack of the writer alluded to, believing as I do that in support of an erroneous theory, he has perverted history, misstated current events, and grossly, though I would fain believe, unintentionally, libeled a body of clergymen as pure and pious as they are universally conceded to be learned and able. The very brief interval that will elapse before your next issue, leaves me but scanty time for investigation, and the number of misstatements in my *text* forces me to give but a short notice to each.

The article to which I allude is entitled : “ The Rise of Despotism in Europe,” and purports to be a sketch of the causes which have led to what the writer assumes to be the existing despotic condition of Europe.

These causes are, in his judgment, three :

1. The oppressions of kings.
2. The assistance of the nobles in these oppressions.
3. And for the most potent of all, the subtlety, cruelty and power of the Catholic priesthood, particularly the Jesuits.

\* This letter was first sent to the editor of the above periodical, but refused an insertion.



With regard to the first of these causes I shall not quarrel with the author of the article, except it be considered such to object that it is a species of solecism to assert, that the oppressions of kings *caused* despotism, when in fact such oppressions *constitute* despotism. Nor do I intend to controvert his second position, though the historical reader will bear me out in the assertion that kings have usually found the nobility the sternest and sturdiest foes to their usurpations. I shall confine myself then to the examination of the truth of his third charge—that the chief instrument wherewith liberty has been crushed in Europe, “was found,” to use the language of the author, “not in the sword of the soldier, but in the power of the priest.” In support of the positions he assumes, the writer of the article in question gives an account of the “*rise of despotism*” in Spain and France, in the former of which nations he dates the subversion of popular liberty from the accession of Charles V, which took place in 1516; and in the latter from the accession of Charles IX, an event that occurred forty-four years afterwards, *before which periods there must, of course, have existed that comparative popular liberty, on the ruins of which the author founds his “Rise of Despotism.”* It is evident that it would be the grossest self-contradiction to affirm that at these periods despotism *arose*, and at the same time to deny that liberty existed in those countries prior to these eras.

And here, at the very threshold of our subject, two reflections of the highest consequence suggest themselves—reflections which our Protestant friends never suffer to enter into the quiet current of their *philosophizings* about history.

*First.* As Catholicism existed with unbounded sway in Europe for more than a thousand years before the epoch of the rise of despotism in these countries, it cannot fairly be charged with *causing* that rise.

*Second.* It is a remarkable fact that European despotisms, according to Protestant writers themselves, sprang up almost, without exception, at the very time of, or immediately subsequent to, the Reformation!

There were priests in France, and nobles, and kings,—Catholic priests, nobles and kings ten centuries before the time of Charles IX, or of Luther, but despotism it seems did not *rise* under their sway. For many ages there were Catholic priests and kings and nobles in Arragon—the Christian portion of Spain—but no breath of despotism sullied the pure air breathed by those brave men, whose oath of allegiance to their king was: “Lo, we who are your equals, choose you for our sovereign, and promise obedience to your government, *on condition that you maintain our rights and liberties*; if not, *not!*”

With these preliminary remarks, let us examine briefly the theory and assertions of our author.

He seems to assume generally throughout his article, that the kings, nobles and priests of Europe during the period which he has chosen to stigmatize as the birth time of despotism, were on terms of perfect concord—that they banded themselves together with a firm alliance for the work of enslaving the people. Nothing can be farther from the truth, and the article itself furnishes the refutation. On the first page the author represents the Castilian nobles *warring with Charles V*, because of his encroachment on the rights of the nation. Truly with a strange forgetfulness of his facts, he speaks on the very same page of “the forces of the nobles and the mercenaries of the king” *uniting* against the people, but he soon recovers himself, and on the fourth page (p. 86 of the magazine) he complacently remarks:



"We have shown, we think clearly, that the union of kings, cardinals and priests have (has) destroyed the ancient liberties of Spain and France."

Not a word about nobles!

The fact is, as I have before intimated, the clergy and nobles were the great bulwark between the prerogative of the crown and the liberties of the people. To quote but one illustration of this from the numberless instances with which medieval history particularly is crowded; when William the Conqueror laid his iron grasp upon the Saxons, confiscating their property, trampling on their rights, and condemning them to slavery, the Norman priests, whom he tried to bribe by offers of preferment to assist him in his tyranny, publicly and loudly rebuked him for his despotism. "They refused," says a Protestant historian, "to accept mitres from the hands of the Conqueror, and charged him, on the peril of his soul, not to forget that the vanquished islanders were his fellow-Christians." (*Maccusley* i, p. 18).

In the next place he tortures the facts of history to support this theory, irreconcilable as it is with itself, and it is to some of his errors on this head that I shall henceforth confine myself.

He begins with an account of the manner in which despotism sprang up in Spain; this he declares to have been by the "usurpation" of Charles V, aided by Cardinal Ximenes, and to carry out his principle he represents the Cardinal as a "baughty priest" who colleague with Charles for the enslavement of Spain. Unfortunately for his theory, history will scarcely bear him out in either of his assertions—not at all in the second. At the death of the illustrious Isabella, the crown of Spain descended by the laws of the kingdom to her only child, Joanna, but the latter being insane, Isabella nominated Ferdinand, her own husband, Regent of Spain, "until the majority of her grandson Charles." (*Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella* iii, 176). Ferdinand died, however, before Charles attained his majority, but during the life of the unfortunate Joanna, who still continued insane, and by his will he appointed Ximenes Regent of Spain. Being himself but Regent, he had no right to make this appointment, and the question arose who should govern Spain. Charles was fast approaching manhood and manifested an ability far above his years. If then he stepped forth and assumed the reins of power which, sooner or later, he would inherit from his mother, and which that mother was incompetent to hold, it is rather over-stepping historic truth to speak of it as usurpation. Moreover, it will be seen that the authority of Ximenes was, in fact, in opposition to the claim of Charles, and not a part of the machinery of "usurpation."

But the second part of the statement is utterly at war with the facts of the case. The author says:

"The Cardinal Ximenes had been declared Regent of Spain . . . . He had been well chosen from his influence as a priest to overawe and to persuade the superstitious Spaniards."

This assertion is entirely gratuitous. Ximenes was the principal adviser of Isabella throughout by far the most glorious portion of her career, and contributed more than any other man in Spain to strengthen and extend the magnificent empire that sprung from the debris of the Moorish dynasty. Nor was he less esteemed by Ferdinand after the death of his consort; he bowed always to his opinions, conscious that he had no higher ambition than the glory of Spain. When finally on his death-bed, the aged monarch turned to his attendant counsellors and asked them to whom he should leave the regency of the kingdom, the



weeping nobles answered with one voice, "Ximenes," and he confirmed their choice. Indeed history speaks in the most exalted terms as well of the *integrity* as the *ability* of this distinguished man; and so far from accusing him of a spirit of opposition to popular right, it informs us that one of the earliest acts of his power was the organization of military companies *among the people*, to secure them against the oppressions of the nobles. (*Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella* iii, 407.)

The silly story about the Cardinal frightening the nobles into terms by the display of an artillery train and military force, which our author repeats, in support of his picture of Ximenes, rests on no foundation whatsoever. Gomez, who tells it, says it was so *rumored*, and this is all the authority for an anecdote, to the spirit of which the whole life of the great prelate is in opposition. (*Gomez De Rebus Gestis*, 158). Indeed, so obnoxious was Ximenes to the parasites of the king, and it is not unlikely to the king himself, that the young monarch had scarcely landed on the shores of Spain, ere he drove into retirement the great Regent! Charles may have wished to tyrannize over Spain, for power is ever self-aggrandizing, but the Cardinal was no accomplice.

Before leaving this topic it may be well to notice another error of our author, which although of little bearing except as corroborative of the despotic character he attributes to Charles, is worth setting right.

He says that Charles did not take the oath to preserve the liberties of the state. This is a mistake: he went to Arragon and solemnly swore to guard her laws and rights, before the Arragonese would acknowledge him. (*Sandoval, Carlos V*, i, page 53).

"Another thing," says our author, "which aided in destroying Spanish liberty, and which strengthened the hands of the king, was the establishment of the Jesuits. . . . absolute despots in their own government—obeying their superiors implicitly and un murmuringly—they were well fitted to advance the cause of absolute power in the state, and to uphold a throne," &c.

The philosophy of this passage is as fallacious as its statements are erroneous. An order owing implicit allegiance to a power outside of the state, is not the instrument wherewith a despot rules. A tyrant is always jealous of divided obedience; he wishes, like Henry VIII, to unite all power in himself, and always strives to weaken the tie which binds the subject to another authority. But the history of the Jesuits is the most conclusive answer to the position of our author, showing, as it does, that kings have always been the greatest enemies of the Jesuits, dividing the honor however with despotic ministers and mistresses. It was Pombal, the despotic minister of a more despotic prince, that drove the Jesuits from Portugal in 1758. It was Madame Pompadour, the mistress of the despotic Louis XV, who effected their expulsion from France, a woman who after a life of forty-four years of debauchery and crime, died a few years afterwards amid the unmeasured and universal execrations of the French people. It was Carlos III, and the high-handed Arnada, one of the despots of Spain, as our author would have it, who drove the Jesuits from that country. Indeed, so utterly untrue is the assertion that the Jesuits aided the kings in domineering over the people, that Ganganelli, in a consistory under Pope Clement XIII, advocated the suppression of the order by His Holiness, in order, as he said, *to avoid the continual complaint of the kings of Europe*, (*Convers. Lexicon Art. Jesuit*), and when he became pope himself he suppressed them.



So much for Spain. Our author then takes up the history of France, and begins his account of the rise of despotism in that country with this statement:

"France had been divided and torn by religious wars. . . . A league was formed to exterminate the Protestants by the Princes of the House of Guise, of which the King was a member."

This is an entirely gratuitous assertion—no such "league" ever existed. The Catholic party in France were led by the Duke of Guise in those wars, in which the Protestants, under Coligni, joined with the old enemies of France, the English, to resist their lawful monarch. During these wars the brave Duke of Guise was basely assassinated by the Huguenot Poltrot, who, it was believed, had been hired for that infamous purpose by Coligni! That the son and family of the gallant Duke should feel the greatest resentment at this cruel murder, and the deepest abhorrence of its perpetrator, is very natural, but that they formed any "league" for the destruction of the Protestants is utterly groundless, and that Charles IX was a party to such a league is *a fortiori* untrue. Although the Huguenots had twice been in arms against Charles, under this very Coligni, he was disposed to forgive both him and them, made peace with them, and invited their leader to the capital on terms of cordial friendship. When some heated partisan fired at Coligni in the street, Charles used every effort to bring the offender to justice, a fact that Walsingham, the resident English minister, when challenged to dispute it, did not deny. Indeed any school-boy could have told our author that when it was represented to Charles that the Huguenots were going to strike a blow at the capital, it was with the utmost difficulty his consent could be obtained to the plan of anticipating the blow by their destruction,—that he opposed the "massacre" till the last moment, and mourned it during his whole after life. The "massacre" was, in truth, the result of political acerbity, heightened and sharpened by deep personal resentment.

The number of the slain at this "massacre of St. Bartholomew" our author modestly estimates at 80,000! I am surprised that he did not copy Perefex, and place it at 100,000; the round number looks bitter. Protestant writers have invented a sliding scale for the victims of this horrible crime, ranging from 10,000 up to 100,000, but no effort was ever made to arrive at the truth of the matter but one. Shortly after the massacre, Caveyrae, a Protestant writer, attempted to gain accurate information on the subject by writing to public men in all the cities and towns of France, soliciting lists of those slain or *supposed to have been slain* in the massacre. These lists he published in 1582, ten years after the event, and they amounted to — seven hundred and eighty-six (786), a number truly terrible, and probably below the fact considerably, but what a huge leap from 80,000! (*Caveyrae, Martyrology Dissert.* 38).

The revocation of the edict of Nantes is the next great epoch of our author in the *despotizing* of France. The discussion of the *right* of this revocation would lead us too far from our subject, nor indeed is it necessary. Catholicism is no more responsible for this act than is Protestantism for the revocation of the treaty of Limerick, entered into by the "Protestant hero," William III. But there is this noteworthy difference between them: the Catholic princes kept their treaty for ninety years, while the Protestant king violated his before ninety *days*!

The next *victim* of our author is Richelieu. Of the masterly statesmanship, the profound sagacity, the indomitable will of this astonishing man, it is needless that I should speak. But that the people of France did not consider him an *oppressor* (and who could be a better judge?) is proved by our author himself, who informs



us that the great Cardinal "passed to his account amid the applauses of the people with the benedictions of the Church." (*Messenger*, p. 85).

Beloved by the people, blessed by the Church, his memory will probably survive the attacks, indeed the names of many of his cotemporaries who feared, hated and envied him.

As a conclusion to his attack upon Richelieu, Mazarin and the Jesuits, our author asks :

"When have priests, Jesuits, bishops, cardinals and popes been advocates of freedom or labored to remove obstacles from the path of a people struggling for liberty?"

The question is answered as easily as it is asked. We reply : when Langdon led the Barons to assert their rights at Runnymede,—when the Norman clergy threatened the haughty Conqueror,—when Anselm rebuked the oppressions of Rufus,—when Las Cases pleaded the cause of the poor Indian in the face of conquering armies and a corrupt court,—when Celestine III excommunicated the Duke of Austria for his injustice,—when Alexander cited the German Henry to answer at Rome for his tyrannies,—when the great Hildebrand ground the same tyrant in the dust,—when the Hungarian Bishops blessed the arms of the unfortunate Magyars,—when the last of the Gregories denounced the imperial Nicholas in the Eternal City for his persecutions,—when the present occupant of the See of Rome began that series of reforms which the revolution swept away in blood.

But I must hasten on ; having dispatched Spain and France, our author turns his attention to Russia. He writes :

"In Russia the Emperor is the head of the church, and however licentious, or however cruel, is considered the vicerent of God on earth. Throughout his broad dominions every priest and every peasant worship him. Such are the governments where an organized priesthood has power."

Therefore, I must be allowed to remark, first, that Russia is, at least, not a Catholic country ; secondly, there is no Catholic nation in the world where the hereditary prince is head of the Church ; and thirdly, the only other land in Christendom where such hereditary ruler is head of the Church is that centre of light, religion and constitutional freedom, Protestant England. Here, also, however licentious or cruel the king may be, he is "head of the church." Henry VIII was a beastly libertine, and "head of the church ;" Elizabeth, a cold-blooded tyrant, and "head of the church ;" George III, a slaving idiot, and "head of the church ;" George IV, the *first gentleman* and greatest scoundrel in Europe, was "head of the church."

But let us bring this already too protracted article to a close, by a notice of the deductions of our author from all his facts and fancies. Divested of the elocution with which they are surrounded, they are—

1. Get rid of the Jesuits.
2. Take education out of the hands of priests.
3. Look into the wealth of prelates! page 89.
4. Make the clergy an elective body chosen by and responsible to the people. Comprehensive enough at any rate.

Of the poor Jesuits our author has the most mortal fear. He sees their cassocks in every passing shadow, their cowls in every rustling leaf. How contemptuous must be his opinion of the sanity of his fellow-countrymen, when he



attempts to lash them into fury against some hundred or two unarmed and defenceless men, for there are not more Jesuits in the Union!

But how, pray, are these terrible Jesuits, these sons of Anak, mighty men of valor, to accomplish this task of enslaving the twelve millions of Protestants and *ten millions of infidels* (see Census 1850) of which this country is composed? Not by making speeches on the hustings. Not by becoming candidates for public office,—their solemn vows forbid them to enter the paths of politics. Not by attempting to brow-beat Congress with monster petitions.

The last prescription of our author is rather too red-republican to excite any apprehensions of its adoption. Christians have an antiquated idea that their ministers, for the discharge of their religious functions, should be responsible to certain ecclesiastical courts and to God, and we have not arrived exactly to that pitch of perfection, on our road of progress, which would justify the opening of polls for the election of parsons.

And now, Mr. Editor, I have finished, imperfectly it is true, and in much haste, my task. The Church whose humble advocate I am, is now passing through one of those fiery ordeals to which, in the wise dispensations of Providence, she has been subjected in every age and in nearly every clime. The pulpit and the press have been directed against her in this country for half a century, utterly in vain. Every weapon that the most fiendish malice could suggest and the most fiendish ingenuity devise, has been hurled at her high battlements, and has fallen harmless at their base. Maria Monks have risen at one period and Leaheys at another with their filthy falsehood to rouse the passions of the people, and though one dies a harmless vagrant in a New York gutter, and the other finds an appropriate termination to his blasphemous career in a western penitentiary, the ranks are soon filled up with fresh calumniators; but all in vain. And now, the strong hand of power is invoked, the torch and sword of persecution! We are to be disfranchised, disgraced, destroyed. The high heritage of freedom, won by the valor of our Catholic sires, is to be wrested from our hands, and we are to be made outcasts and pariahs in a land purchased by their blood; our churches burned, our pastors persecuted, and their flocks scattered and wasted. But though we should perish the Church dies not. "She saw," says the great Protestant historian, "she saw the commencement of all the governments and all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world, and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may (and will) still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

CARROLL.

PETERSBURG, VA., February 23, 1856.



## THE PRESS.

BY J. BALMES.....Translated for the *Metropolitan*.

WE commend the following article to the readers of the *Metropolitan*, as one worthy of the pen of BALMES, and therefore worthy of the most attentive perusal. He gives us the views of a Christian philosopher upon this important subject, in which, with his accustomed ability, he winnows the wheat from the chaff, and gives to the press a well merited eulogy, while he does not attempt to gloss over or conceal the evils which follow in its train. He speaks like a philosopher, not like a demagogue. He distinguishes clearly between use and abuse; and he shows also the necessity of forbearance at times, with what we cannot approve, in preference to setting up legal, but ill judged restrictions, which tend, in fact, rather to increase the evil than to abate it. He illustrates this position forcibly by citing the restrictions upon the press in France during the eighteenth century, and yet in spite of them, as he says, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to point to any period when it exercised a sway more vast, or more terrific. A free press then is a public necessity; its abuses must be met by its proper use, sustained by truth and enlightened public opinion. When these fail, restrictive laws will scarcely prove more salutary or potent. This of course applies only to the discussion of public matters and of general principles; a slanderous or scandalous press, or the conductors thereof, invading private life or injuring personal character, must be amenable to the laws which apply to individuals who thus wantonly and maliciously disturb the peace of society:

The press was inaugurated by the publication of the Bible, it has descended to the language of Billingsgate; thus music, painting, poetry, have sprung up in the temples, and have strayed to the gin shops and to houses of iniquity. But as the vilest poets have not been able to tarnish the glory of Homer, of Virgil, and of Tasso, and as the discordant sounds of a wretched musical instrument detract nothing from the magic notes of Mozart and Rossini; as the prodigies of Michael Angelo and of Raphael are in no wise impaired by the ridiculous imitations of sign-board painters, so the press should lose nothing of its value on account of the follies and excesses wherein it has been rendered an accomplice. Let us never confound abuse with use; if it were necessary to destroy the latter to restrain the former, but little would remain to us on the face of the earth. What is it that man does not abuse? He abuses his intellect, his will, all the faculties of his soul, his senses, his body, his fortune, his reputation, his relations with other men, all in fact, that is under his control. There is no evil to which the abuse of good may not lead: to bury a sword in an innocent heart is to abuse the instrument and the hand, it is to turn from their objects two valuable agents which heaven has allowed us to provide for our happiness.

Upon close observation we find that the press is but speech in a new form, it is a voice which is distinguished from the common voice in this, that it sounds abroad, that it is heard by a larger audience, that it rings through the world with increased force and rapidity, and that, in fine, it is perpetuated by an indelible stamp. It is an improvement on the organ we have from nature; it makes up for its weakness, its limitation and the narrow range of its feeble accents; it resembles writing in this respect, and all the other signs which have been appropriated by man to multiply and preserve speech; the press is nothing else than the most perfect of these signs, a perfected manner of writing and even of speaking. Printing is to writing what daguerreotype is to design, that which all modern inventions are



whose object is to transfer at once to the canvass, paper or metal, an image that the hand of the artist can trace but slowly and by degrees.

These observations reduce to their value the declamations heard every day, for or against the press. It is a fact, as all other facts which exist in the world; it is a good, the abuse of which necessarily constitutes an evil. If it is to be condemned for this, we must also condemn painting, sculpture, poetry, music; we must condemn all sciences and all arts, all the physical and moral faculties of man, all that there is most respectable, most holy, most august upon earth, because, unfortunately, man abuses all. People speak of improprieties; but where are they not? The evils caused by this institution are deplored, but what is there that directly or indirectly does not always involve a great number, were it only from the manner of our making use of it? The language of which the press is the auxiliary, produces doubtless good effects, but how should it not produce evil also, and who can estimate the extent and greatness? Can any one forget what wisdom and experience have taught us, concerning the good and evil which the tongue is capable of, according to the use we make of it?

There are some who speak of this *leprosy of modern society*, of this *destructive element*; expressions of this kind are not wanting among detractors of the press. We recognize fully the evils caused to society by this terrible instrument of thought, by this formidable agent, organ of the intellect, image of its immense activity, of its expansive force, of its marvelous rapidity; but we cannot forget the happy results it has yielded to the sciences, the arts, to society, and to religion itself. We admire, as a favor from heaven, the sublime inspiration from whence so many benefits have sprung; and we concur with the great Pope Leo X, who in the Council of Lateran, held in 1515, at a time when he was engaged in arresting and in healing the evils already caused by the press, did not the less accord the highest eulogies to this grand discovery, which he considered as one of the providential events of his times. *Ars imprimendi libros temporibus potentissimum nostris, divino favente numine, inventa, seu aucta et perpalita, plurima mortalibus attulerit commoda*, etc. It is to be observed, that at this epoch, and before the appearance even of Protestantism, and when printing had as yet but recently left its cradle, this art had already served to such grave excesses that the pontifical authority had to be exercised against its fatal tendencies. There were published in various places *books written in Latin, or in the vulgar idioms, translations from the Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldean, works which involved doctrines pernicious and contrary to religion; and what is yet more remarkable, persons invested with the highest dignities were attacked by the same means, whence great errors of faith resulted, great relaxation of morals, and consequently grave scandals, which appeared to portend others yet more grave for the future*. It was feared already that a *salutary invention destined for the glory of God, the confirming of the faith and the propagation of all virtues, should serve on the contrary for the spiritual ruin of Christians, in causing thorns to spring up with the good seed, in mingling poison with remedy*. It is impossible to appreciate with more prudence and truth the good and bad effects of the press; no one can distinguish with more moderation and discernment between use and abuse, nor better recognize in the discovery itself a signal benefit of Providence, in spite of the dangerous application which may be made of it by the malice of men.

We reproduce with pleasure the grave sentences of Leo X; it may be seen from them that the question of the press is already quite ancient, and all that legislators and publicists have since said that is most serious and most true, is to



be found clearly indicated in the words of this illustrious pontiff; we may equally recognize therein the foresight and sagacity which characterize the course of Roman authority in affairs of this kind. Certainly it is interesting and curious to see the very men now struggling against the assumptions of the press, who formerly regarded as attempts upon human liberty the measures taken by the popes to restrain the abuse of this dangerous arm, to keep it within its true limits, and to protect against its blows the integrity of the faith, purity of morals, and the honor of persons in authority. From this epoch already, the evil was great and the danger still greater; and the chair of Peter, faithful depository of the truth, incorruptible guardian of the most sacred interests of nations, pointed out the inconveniences and the dangers that an invention so glorious in itself might bring upon future ages.

The influence of the press has extended over all branches of human learning, it has acted in extremes the most remote from each other, there is no point which has not felt its irresistible power. Religion, society, politics, science, literature and the fine arts have all experienced the effects of this wonderful invention; it has every where acquired titles to gratitude, and every where it has left subjects of recrimination and complaint. But from the very fact that the new agent was of universal application, it followed that we might always expect to find evil along with the good. The same sun that enlightens, fertilizes, and embellishes the earth, sometimes burns up our fields, poisons the marshes, and lets loose the pestilential vapors which scatter broadcast desolation and death.

If religion has many evils to deplore, it has new triumphs to engrave upon its annals; if it is true that the press has greatly favored the diffusion of error, it is not the less true that with its aid, religious knowledge has elevated itself to an extent that could scarcely have been reached without this discovery. The press has doubtless contributed to prepare our epoch for scepticism and incredulity; but the very contradictions which have sprung up against the Catholic faith, have shown more and more the solidity of its foundations, and have placed at its service a treasure of learning and science, which probably it would never have possessed but for this powerful vehicle of human thought. Take away this marvelous instrument, and tell us how it would be possible that we could have had so many editions of sacred books, in Hebrew, Chaldaic, Syriac, and Greek, to say nothing of other languages? Would the learned have at hand these rich collections, which all contribute to manifest the truth of Christianity, its venerable antiquity, and all the other titles upon which its divine authority reposes? Would we possess these innumerable paraphrases, these magnificent expositions, these luminous commentaries, and so many other labors upon the sacred text made by the fathers and the doctors of the Church? Could these treasures of ecclesiastical science have been thus laid open, or even preserved, without the aid of printing? What shall we say of the editions of the Councils, of the works of the holy fathers, of the pontifical decisions, of the writings of theologians and canonists, of all those grand apologies which have made the truths of religion so luminous, by the light of universal traditions, of criticism, of history, chronology, philosophy, the natural and exact sciences; of those apologies which with the same end, have searched the immensity of the heavens and the bowels of the earth, sounded the mysteries of metaphysics, and the night of past ages, which have, so to speak, evoked ancient peoples with their legislators, their sages, their priests, and sometimes in seizing the truth, at other times in repelling error, have made of all these fragments of the past, a magnificent pedestal for the religion of Christ, an impreg-



nable bulwark against the rage of its enemies! Let us remember that if the press has been a terrible and destructive arm in the hands of the genius of evil, it has also been in the hands of Providence an instrument of inestimable good. No one can, it is true, calculate the extent of evil effected by bad books; but who, on the other hand, can estimate the good accomplished by good books? Doubtless the works of Luther, of Calvin, of Melancthon, of Theodore Beza, of *Æcolampadius*, of *Jurieu*, are spread far and wide, but have we not seen spread in like manner the works of the ancient fathers, those of *St. Thomas Aquinas*, of *Melchior Canus*, of *Bellarmino*, of *Suarez*, of *F. Petau*, of *Natal. Alexander*, of *Bossuet*, and of so many other great geniuses, who do immortal honor to the human mind, and who were such glorious champions of the truth. In times nearer our own, the editions of the works of *Voltaire* and of the philosophers of his school, are indeed vastly multiplied; but they are far from equalling the number of editions obtained by the Christian apologies. *Voltaire* undertook to exhibit Christianity as vile, ridiculous, inimicable to science and the fine arts, as incompatible with all human progress; *Chateaubriand* engaged nobly to show the contrary; he revealed the profound harmonies of religion with all that is great, sublime, beautiful, generous and tender. Now, we demand, which works are better known, those of the philosopher of *Ferney*, or those of the author of the *Genius of Christianity*? Which, in an equal time, have been translated into a greater number of languages, or have had more copies published? The booksellers know very well, as also do the majority of readers. Enter the study of a man of learning, or even in that of a man of moderate information; run over the shelves of his library; *Voltaire* is often absent, *Chateaubriand* rarely or never.

Those who have said that printing was the death blow to superstition and fanaticism, that is to say, in their sense, to the cause of religion, have shown that they were little acquainted with the history of science and of letters since the discovery of *Guttenberg*. Many enemies of Christianity having passed their lives in a limited circle of men and of books, appear to imagine that the world is limited to the circle in which they have lived; they show, at times, such thorough ignorance of all that has taken place out of their narrow sphere, that they are subjects for the indulgence naturally yielded to men of a limited range of knowledge and of contracted views.

Speak to these unbelievers of this or that illustrious defender of religion, speak to them of the works undertaken for the glory of Christianity; they comprehend not what you say, or they are even astonished that there should yet be men sufficiently ignorant to sustain a cause that they considered lost forever. They know the name of *Bossuet*, but probably have never opened his pages; they remember to have heard him called the immortal bishop of *Meaux*, to have heard of his school, to have seen his writings mentioned in the world of letters, and his name inscribed among those of the greatest orators. Pronounce before them the name of *Bellarmino*, probably they hear for the first time of the learned cardinal; or, if perhaps their ignorance is not so great, they have heard of him, but only in some relation to the temporal power of the popes. If you recall the teachings of *St. Thomas Aquinas*, you will immediately observe that they only find in them at best materials for the quibbling of the schools. If you cite the text of one of the fathers, they acknowledge nothing therein but old views respectable only for their antiquity. Persuaded as they are that Catholics live in a very contracted space, breathing only the air of seminaries and cloisters, they cannot conceive that among them are enlightened men, who sustain, or appear willing to sustain, doctrines fallen into oblivion.



In the eyes of these men, whose eyes are shaded indeed by the band of impiety, and whose blindness excites rather pity than indignation, printing was the death of Catholicity; it is so still, it will be in the future a perpetual seal upon its tombstone. Far from sharing in these sinister bodings, we have the firm conviction that this same discovery will be one of the most powerful means that God will make use of to make religion triumphant, and to enable it to reconquer the ground it has lost. Just as Providence has willed that printing should serve admirably to elucidate the most profound questions, to resolve the greatest difficulties raised with so much confidence by the enemies of religion, even so will it decree in the future, among the numerous books of every kind, that printing will scatter over the world, that those intended for the defence of truth, shall prevail over the others both in numbers and in attraction. Since it is not permitted, according to the ordinary course of things, to prevent the poison from circulating in society, we may trust that the antidote will be poured out at least in equal abundance, by the diffusion of sound doctrines, the true aliment of the mind. No, we fear not this prodigious movement which reigns in modern society, and of which the press is one of the principal levers; nor do we tremble in seeing human strength replaced by the power of steam, and this latter agent, guided by an admirable mechanism, imitating the rapidity of thought in the reproduction and multiplication of its most sudden inspirations. These instruments, created by human genius, reproduce with this marvelous rapidity all the divine teachings, preserve the primitive traditions, consign in immortal monuments the discoveries of history and philosophy, the result of which is always to the glory of religious truth, multiply indefinitely those precious books whence infancy and youth imbibe the true principles of the law, the pure morality of Jesus Christ, bring to light incessantly varied writings by thousands, which, under so many forms, such varied aspects, styles so different, in all languages, announce, like the heavens, the glory of the Creator, and publish, like the firmament, the works of his hands.

It is unworthy of Catholic minds to tremble at the sight of a movement so magnificent, or to fear the consequences of such astonishing progress. We know that the Catholic Church must subsist to the end of ages, that the gates of hell will never prevail against her; we have this promise upon a word which never fails, and which the facts must successively verify with a fidelity unwavering and invariable; we cannot doubt, for a single instant, but that the divine author of this promise will hold prepared the remedies necessary for evils that new circumstances may bring forth; we have nothing to fear, then, from any dangers, however formidable they may appear to our own feeble powers.

When the founder of Christianity sent his apostles to preach the gospel throughout the world, he was not ignorant of the revolutions and changes of which the world was to be the theatre. The course of ages was unfolded before his eyes; he saw, as if present, all the events of the future; he saw the moment then when, from the fountain head at Guttemberg, this sublime invention was to burst forth, the profound change it would effect in the world, the irresistible impulse given by it to ideas, and the abuse it would give rise to, on account of the levity, the weakness, and the pride of the human mind; he saw the dangers to which the faith would be exposed, the shipwreck of it with many souls, the losses brought upon religion, the moral ruins of which this discovery was to be the subject; he saw all this, and nevertheless he said—Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Let us acknowledge then, with a profound sense of admiration and gratitude, the



care he has taken to realize his promises, and to save the mysterious bark against winds and rocks down to our day ; and as to what regards the future, let us still leave to Omnipotence the care of perpetuating his work. May he not say to us, as formerly to Job : Where were you when I laid the foundations of the earth, when I set limits to the sea, when I unfolded the heavens and the morning stars praised me together, when, in short, in the immensity of space, these torrents of light, sprung from nothing, spread out at the sound of my voice.

The Catholic religion has no need to envelop itself in darkness to preserve the legitimate ascendancy it derives from its heavenly origin ; it has never eluded discussion, but always invited it, by all means in its power. Long before printing was invented innumerable volumes had been written on all the points of religion and the truths upon which it rests ; but it must be admitted that without this discovery the writings of the ancients could never have found the astonishing publicity they now enjoy ; it would have been equally impossible to multiply, as has been done in these latter times, the works of ecclesiastical history, of controversy, of theology, of criticism, of philosophy, of natural history, and of the exact sciences, which form this marvelous assemblage of learning and genius, the works of so many admirable writers, from which radiates a light so strong and pure that every reasonable man must see that the Catholic religion alone can be true.

*To be continued.*

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"*Sursum Corda.*"

Bending o'er a marble stone,  
These the words that caught my eye;  
Telling of a spirit flown,  
To a home beyond the sky.

Replete with hope and holy love,  
Seemed these sacred words to me:  
Bidding the mourners look above  
For sorrow's balm and sympathy.

A sculptured rose, but scarce full blown,  
Bespoke the youth and loveliness  
Of her who slept beneath that stone,  
The quiet sleep of holiness.

A fragile bud was pictured there,  
Just severed from the parent flower;  
It seemed too delicately fair  
To bloom beyond the Heavenly bower!

A marble cross told of the trust,  
With which the Christian mourners gave  
Their loved one to the silent dust,  
Their idol to the lonely grave.

But neither bud, nor cross, nor flower,  
Were half so full of faith and love,  
As those few words of magic power,  
Which bade the mourners look above.

"*SURSUM CORDA,*" these the words  
I'd have engraven o'er my head,  
When sweetly sing the summer birds  
A requiem for the Christian dead.



## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

*Christ's triumphant entry into Jerusalem.—His Parables.—He refutes the Scribes and the Sadducees.—Foretells the Destruction of Jerusalem.—The Last Supper.—The Institution of the Blessed Sacrament.*

THE Pasch was now beginning, and our Lord sent two of his disciples to procure an ass and her foal, on which, according to prophecy, he was to enter the holy city as king: as such, save the Pharisees, all hailed him: the air resounded with their cries: "Hosanna to the Son of David!" "Blessed be the kingdom of our father David that cometh!" "Blessed be the king that cometh in the name of the Lord, peace in heaven and glory on high!" "Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, the King of Israel!" Thus recognized as king he



*Our Lord Entering the Temple.*

entered the temple amid the joyous crowd, all waving aloft their branches of palm, and showed his power by driving out the traffickers in the temple, declaring it his house, thus proclaiming himself both God and king. To confirm his words he wrought miracles, curing the lame and blind. The priests and Pharisees however murmured still, but Jesus told them that if the people remained silent the very stones would cry out.\*

"But if ye should hold your peace,  
Deem not that the song would cease—  
Angels round His glory-throne,  
Stars, His guiding hand that own,  
Flowers that grow beneath our feet,  
Stones in earth's dark womb that rest  
High and low in choir shall meet,  
Ere His name shall be unblest."†

\* John xii, 13. Matthew xxi, 15. Mark xi, 1-11.

† Keble.



The Eternal Father too would proclaim the royalty and divinity of his Son ; to whom in the Psalms he had said : " I will give thee the Gentiles as an inheritance." Gentiles sought him, but Jesus who had wept over the fall of Jerusalem before he entered it in triumph, now was troubled in soul at the sight of his coming passion, ever distinctly but now vividly present to his mind, and pressing down upon him. " My soul is troubled," he cried, " but shall I say, Father! save me from this hour! no : for this I came into the world. Father glorify thy name!" At these words a voice as of thunder resounded : " I have glorified it, and I will glorify it again." The crowd wondered in amazement at this new prodigy, but the hearts of the priests and Pharisees were deaf to this as to every other proof. " We have Moses and the Prophets," they cried, disowning Christ, as many with the same cry disown his Church.\*

Towards evening he retired again to Bethania, and on the next morning returning, cursed the barren fig-tree, to show God's rejection of the now barren synagogue. The next day in the temple the chief priests gathered around him to demand his authority for his actions, but he reduced them to silence by asking whether John's baptism was of God. He then continued his instructions, more clearly revealing his own death and the destruction of their city, a just punishment of the crime, by which they sought to avert it. This he did plainly in the parable of the tenants who rose against the messengers of their lord, and even cast



*The Pharisees showing the Coin of the Tribute.*

the son of their lord out of the vineyard and slew him ; on which the lord came with power and destroyed them all. Full well they knew that they were meant, those haughty Scribes and Pharisees, and crying, " God forbid," they sought to seize, but durst not. Then they bethought them of entrapping him into what might be construed into treason.† Spies from their body with modest face and

\* John xii, 28.

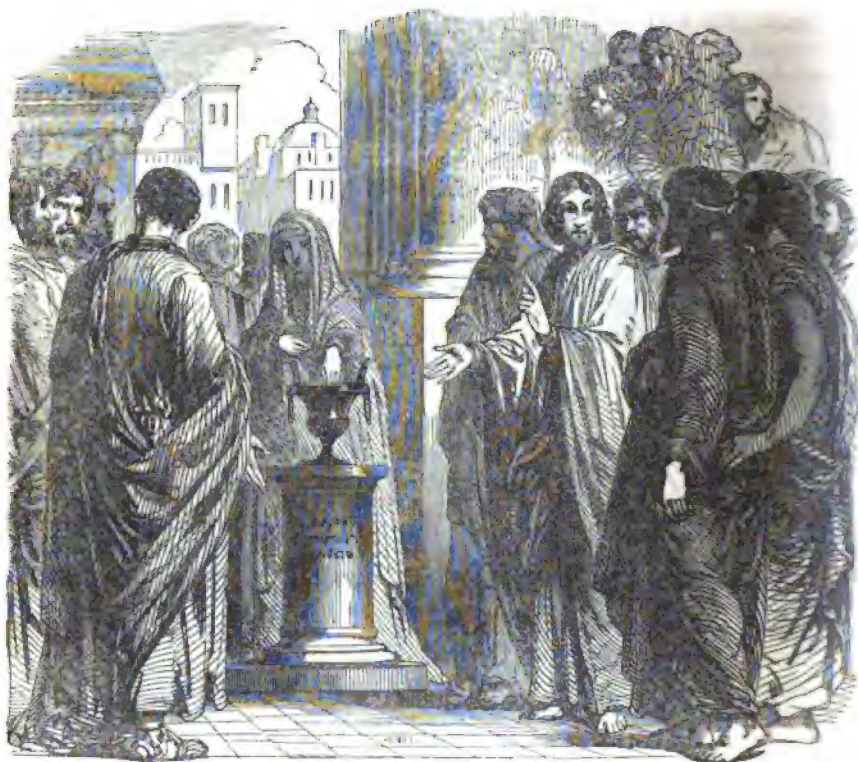
† Luke xx, 9-19.



mien came and asked Jesus: "Is it lawful for us to give tribute to Cæsar or no?" for they hoped to make him unpopular if he affirmed, and a seditious man if he denied it: but he readily baffled their wiles. "Shew me a coin," he cried, and when they handed him one, he looked at it and asked, "Whose image and superscription is this?" "Cæsar's," they answered. "Render then," exclaimed our Lord, "render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's."\*

The Sadducees too, the disbelievers in the resurrection of the dead, and indeed in the immortality of the soul, forgetting their hatred of the Pharisees, assailed Jesus, but by a single text he shewed them that God considered "the dead as still existing," and reducing them to silence, won the applause even of the Scribes.

While declaiming against the vanity of the Scribes, he saw a poor widow cast a mite, a small coin, into the temple treasury. It was an act unnoticed by men,



*The poor Widow casting in her mite.*

but our Lord who knoweth all, turned to his disciples and said: "Amen, I say to you, this poor widow hath cast in more than all they who have cast in to the treasury: for they all did cast in of their abundance, but she of her want cast in all she had, even her whole living."† In the evening Jesus left the temple, and as his disciples expressed their admiration of its beauties and the wealth lavished upon

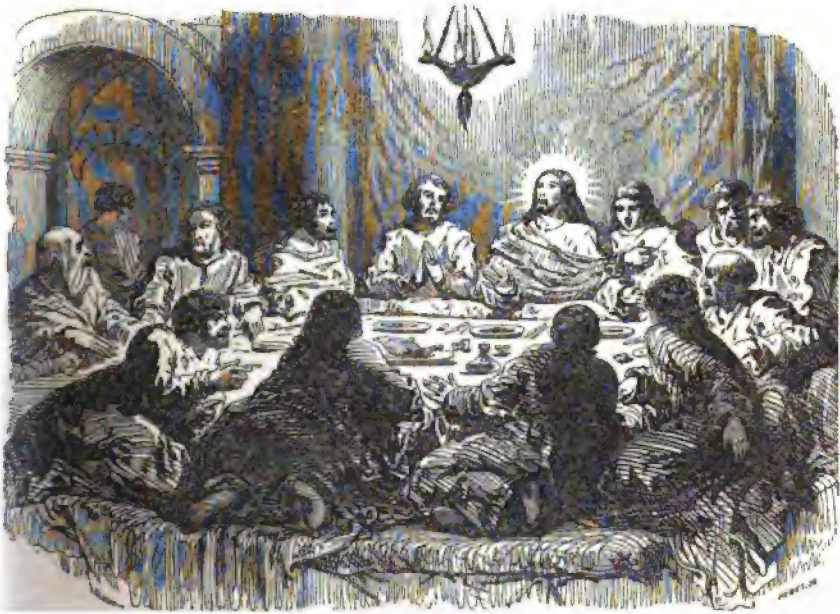
\* Mathew xxii, 17. Luke xx, 20.

† Mark xii, 42.



it, our divine Saviour again announced its destruction, and as they proceeded to Mount Olivet, predicted clearly the terrors of the siege of Jerusalem, a figure of the end of the world. Again and again he inculcated to them by parables the necessity of watching and prayer.

The priests had now resolved to put him to death, and Judas, for a paltry bribe, had agreed to betray his Lord and God into the hands of his enemies. Conscious that on that very evening his passion would begin, Jesus sent Peter and John to prepare a room where he might with his disciples celebrate the Pasch. When evening drew nigh, he himself, with the ten, proceeded to the spot soon to become by his institution the first temple of the new law, the shrine of his worship.



*The Last Supper.*

Reclining with his twelve apostles, he eat the Paschal Lamb with all the ceremonies prescribed by the law, thus closing that ordinance instituted by Moses at his command. For he was the true Lamb of God, of which men had hitherto partaken only in figure, but were now to partake in reality.

“On this table of the King,  
Our new Paschal offering,  
Brings to end the olden rite;  
Here for empty shadows fled  
Is reality instead,  
Here instead of darkness, Light.”





CHARITY.

## HOPE AND CHARITY.

*Translated for the Metropolitan from the Works of Chateaubriand.*

**HOPE**, the second theological virtue, is almost as powerful as faith. Desire is the parent of power; whoever strongly desires is sure to obtain. "Seek," says Jesus Christ, "and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." In the same sense Pythagoras observed that "Power dwelleth with necessity;" for necessity implies privation, and privation is accompanied with desire. Desire or hope is genius. It possesses that energy which produces, and that thirst which is never appeased. Is a man disappointed in his plans? it is because he did not



desire with ardor; because he was not animated with that love which sooner or later grasps the object to which it aspires; that love which in the Deity embraces all things and enjoys all, by means of a boundless hope, ever gratified and ever reviving.

There is, however, an essential difference between faith and hope considered as a power. Faith has its focus out of ourselves; it arises from an external object. Hope, on the contrary, springs up within us, and operates externally. The former is instilled into us, the latter is produced by our own desire; the former is obedience, the latter is love. But as faith more readily produces the other virtues, as it flows immediately from God, and is therefore superior to hope, which is only a part of man, the Church necessarily assigned to it the highest rank.

The peculiar characteristic of hope is that which places it in relation with our sorrows. That religion which made a virtue of hope was most assuredly revealed by heaven. This nurse of the unfortunate, taking her station by man like a mother beside her suffering child, rocks him in her arms, presses him to her bosom, and refreshes him with a beverage which soothes all his woes. She watches by his solitary pillow; she lulls him to sleep with her magic strains. Is it not surprising to see hope, which is so delightful a companion and seems to be a natural emotion of the soul, transformed for the Christian into a virtue which is an essential part of his duty? Let him do what he will, he is obliged to drink copiously from this enchanted cup, at which thousands of poor creatures would esteem themselves happy to moisten their lips for a single moment. Nay, more (and this is the most marvelous circumstance of all), he will be *rewarded for having hoped*, or, in other words, *for having made himself happy*. The Christian, whose life is a continual warfare, is treated by religion in his defeat like those vanquished generals whom the Roman senate received in triumph for this reason alone, that they had not despaired of the final safety of the commonwealth. But if the ancients ascribed something marvelous to the man who never despaired, what would they have thought of the Christian, who in his astonishing language, talks not of entertaining hope, but of practising it.

What shall we now say of that charity which is the daughter of Jesus Christ? The proper signification of charity is grace and joy. Religion, aiming at the reformation of the human heart, and wishing to make its affections and feelings subservient to virtue, has invented a *new passion*. In order to express it, she has not employed the word love, which is too common; or the word friendship, which ceases at the tomb; or the word pity, which is too much akin to pride; but she has found the term *caritas*, CHARITY, which embraces all the three, and which at the same time is allied to something celestial. By means of this, she purifies our inclinations and directs them towards the Creator; by this she inculcates that admirable truth, that men ought to love each other in God, who will thus spiritualize their love, divesting it of all earthly alloy and leaving it in its immortal purity. By this she inculcates the stupendous truth that mortals ought to love each other, if I may so express myself, through God, who spiritualizes their love, and separates from it whatever belongs not to its immortal essence.

But if charity is a Christian virtue, an immediate emanation from the Almighty and his Word, it is also in close alliance with nature. It is in this continual harmony between heaven and earth, between God and man, that we discover the character of true religion. The moral and political institutions of antiquity are often in contradiction to the sentiments of the human soul. Christianity on the contrary, ever in unison with the heart, enjoins not solitary and abstract virtues, but such as are derived from our wants and are useful to mankind. It has placed charity as an abundant fountain in the desert of life. "Charity," says the apostle, "is patient, is kind; charity envieth not, dealeth not perversely, is not puffed up, is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."



# MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.\**

BY PETER PINKIE.

*Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.*

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## CHAPTER XXII.

THE reader will recollect that when Kate Petersham parted with Mary Lee at the light-house steps, the latter looked somewhat alarmed at the serious tone in which her light-hearted friend begged her to remember Randall Barry that night in her prayers. She made an effort in fact to detain Kate for an explanation, but Kate eluded her grasp and bounded down the steps the moment she uttered the words, with the fleetness and agility of a fairy.

On her return to the sick room the agitated girl found Else seated on a low stool beside the little cabin-boy's bed, knitting her stocking.

"What ails ye, dear?" said the latter, with a tenderness of look and tone she seldom betrayed even to her favorite. "What ails ye, Mary? yer so pale."

"Pale! am I pale?"

"Yer as pale as a ghost—what's the matther?"

"Nothing. But come into my room here—I have something to ask you. We must'n't disturb our little patient, you know. How is he, Else?"

"Better."

"Your sure?"

"Sure as can be, dear—he's recoverin fast. He got the 'coal' (crisis) this mornin, an his pul't's greater now."

"Thank God," exclaimed the grateful girl, with all the fervor of her pure loving heart. "O, I knew well the Blessed Virgin would'nt forget him. Her prayers have saved him. Poor fellow, he'll see home and friends once more. Won't he, Else?"

"Hope so."

"But Else!"

"What?"

"You have a secret for me."

"A secret!"

"Yes; I saw it in Miss Petersham's face, and I see it now in yours. You need'nt try to keep it from me, Else. Randall Barry's taken."

"Randall Barry—what in the world pit that in your head?" said Else, evasively.

"Oh Else, Else," sobbed the simple hearted girl, dropping on her knees, and hiding her face in her old nurse's lap, "I know well he's taken."



"Whisht, don't cry, asthore," said Elsie, smoothing down the disheveled tresses of her lovely protegee with her hard bony fingers, whilst the muscles of her own face twitched with emotion—"whisht now, don't cry, dear."

"I can't help it, Elsie—don't blame me."

"I don't blame ye, *asthore*; why shud I blame ye? yer a woman, sure, and only showin a woman's wakeness."

"O had I only taken my dear uncle's advice, and told him not to come again, this had never happened."

"And did'nt ye tell him a hundred times?"

"Yes; but Elsie, dear, he knew it was'nt from my heart," replied Mary, with all the simplicity of a child. "I told him often and often, how my uncle loved me, and how it would break his heart to leave him—and how little I knew of the world, and how poor a companion I would be for one like him—I told him all this many and many a time, Elsie, and begged him to return home to the South, and wait for better and happier days—but he knew my heart was'nt in my words. Oh he knew it Elsie, as well as I knew it myself."

"God love yer innocent heart," exclaimed Elsie, while her old eyes filled with tears, "God love ye dear, yer too good for this world."

"Had I only prayed fervently to God for strength," continued Mary, "I might have overcome my weakness. But alas, Elsie, I'm so selfish I was thinking only of his love for me, all the time, when I should have thought of nothing but his safety. And he's a prisoner on my account, with shackles on his limbs, and the doom of the rebel before him. Oh if I had only parted with him forever the last time he clambered up these rocks to see me—"

"And if ye had," said Elsie, "ye'd have nothin for it. Ye were both intended for one another, and for that reason ye niver cud part him. So rise up now, and don't cry, all 'll be well yit."

"O Randall Barry, Randall Barry! so brave—so faithful—so true to his country and to me," murmured Mary. "Elsie, Elsie, could I see him free once more, were it only for an instant, I would bid him farewell forever, should my heart break in the parting."

There was a sense of desolation in the words or the tones of Mary's voice that touched the old woman deeply, for she stooped and kissed the afflicted girl's cheek several times as she gave vent to her anguish. But when she spoke of her heart breaking, the very idea seemed to recall back again into life the better and holier feelings of her nature, and unable to control the emotion that agitated her soul, she flung her arms around the neck of her foster child and wept over her like a mother.

"Oh God forbid! God forbid! *asthore moohree*," she cried, "God forbid, yer heart'd break. Darlin! darlin! why shud it ever brake, for it's little this world can spare a heart lake yours. Oh angel! ye don't know what yer heart is, or what yer pure innaecint soul is worth to a sinful earth lake this. It's little ye know dear, what ye are. Modest wee crather, yer as simple and bashful as the dazy that grows undher the green fern by the mountain strame; no one sees ye, no one knows ye, no one thinks of ye down here in the black binns of *Arabsheera*—but I know ye, *asthore*, I know what yer heart is; och, och, it's I that diz, ivery pulse of it. And why wud'nt I, Mary darlin; wus'nt it these withered hands tore ye from yer dead mother's arms, here among the rocks; wus'nt it me nursed ye on ould Nannie's milk, and rocked ye in yer cradle up there in my poor cabin on the Cairn. I know what the valie of yer heart is, *alanna*. An to spake of it brakin



for Randall Barry, or sufferin one minit's pain—niver, niver," she exclaimed, suddenly rising, "niver, Mary, while I'm livin an able to prevent it."

The change in Else's look and tone was quick as thought. In a moment her heart had softened under the mesmeric touch of the angelic being she embraced. But it was only for a moment. Again the dark shadow came rushing back upon her soul, and again the relaxed muscles of her face resumed their usual hard and stern expression.

"Let me pass, girl," she said; "I have work to do; let me pass."

"What work?" inquired Mary, looking up in her face.

"No matter—let me pass."

"Else, your countenance terrifies me. Oh I know that dark, awful temptation is upon you again."

"Away, child; take your hands off my cloak—I must be gone."

"What's your purpose, Else?"

"Purpose! I niver had but one purpose for thirty years," replied Else, in hollow tones, "and the time is come now to execute it."

"You shant leave *me*," said Mary, still kneeling, "you shant leave *me*, Else, till you promise to do no harm to Robert Hardwrinkle or his family."

The old woman folded her arms on her brown half-naked breast, and looked down on the face of her foster-child.

"Mary Lee," she said, her voice husky with the passion she strove in vain to conceal, "Mary Lee, yer tears baulked me of my vengeance twict before—take care they don't a third time, for I swear by ———"

"Hush! hush! Else," interrupted her fair protegee, holding up the golden crucifix that hung suspended from her neck, and laying her forefinger on the lips of the figure. "Hush! these lips never spoke but to bless."

"Take it away, girl; take it away," exclaimed Else, averting her eyes from the image as if she feared to look upon it lest her courage should fail, "take it away, and listen to me. I'm bound by a vow made at the siege of Madeira, by the side of my dead husban, niver to forget what Lieutenant Richard Barry did for me that day. Randall Barry is that man's grandson, and he lies a prisiner in Taurny Barracks through the treachery of Robert Hardwrinkle. The time is now come to fulfil my promise, and I'll do it; I'll save Randall Barry, should I lose body and soul in the attempt."

"Else, Else! this is impious," said Mary, "remember there's a God in heaven above you."

"Paugh!" ejaculated the old woman, "I knew no God these thirty years;" and as she spoke she wrested Mary's hands from her cloak, and caught the handle of the door, "let the villain luck to himself now," she cried, "let him and them that brought my only sister to shame an an early grave, that driv my brother from his father's hearthstone to die among the strangers, that hunted myself like the brock through the craggs iv Benraven—hah—let them luck to themselves now, for as heaven's above me, if Randall Barry's not a freeman in four and twenty hours, their roof tree smokes for it. Ay—my own ould bones and theirs 'll burn in the same blaze."

"Else, stop for a moment."

"Away, girl."

"Else, Else," entreated Mary, again attempting to detain her. "Would you commit murder—deliberate murder?"



"Murder! is it murder to burn a nest of vipers?"

"Else, think for a moment. You have an immortal soul to be saved."

"Me! I have no soul. I lost it thirty years ago—let me pass."

"Listen to me."

"No, no, no; I have listened to you too long—away!"

"Grant me but one favor. It may be the last I shall ever ask—for I fear, Else, we must soon fly from this place, and then I can never hope to see you more. Grant me but one favor."

"What's that—mercy to the Hardwrinkles?"

"No, dear Else, but mercy to yourself—to your own soul, dearer to me than the wealth of worlds. Here," she continued, throwing her rosary over Else's neck, "tell these beads to-night before you sleep, and as you pray, fix your eyes on the crucifix."

"Stop, stop," exclaimed Else, her face flushed with passion, while the hood of her cloak falling back on her shoulders and revealing her gray elf locks, gave her the look of a sybil under the frenzy of inspiration. "Stop!" she ejaculated, repulsing the pious and affectionate girl—"stop! I can't touch this blessed thing. Eh, what?" she added, as the rosary met her averted eyes, "what's this?"

"The image of Christ," responded Mary, "whose life was one continuous act of love. Look at those arms extended to bless and forgive the whole world, and tell me can you behold the image of that dying Saviour, and yet feel so hard-hearted as to take the life of your fellow creature?"

"Whisht, girl, whisht," said Else, sinking back on a chair, as if her emotions had overpowered her, "I know all that; but whose rosary is this?"

"Father John's—he lent it to me when I lost my mother's."

"Good God!" exclaimed the old woman, covering her face with her hands, "this rosary was once mine."

"Yours!"

"Ay, ay, I remember it well—I brought it with me from the West Indies, and give it to our priest Gallaher of Gortnaglen, Father John's uncle. Augh, hoch, it looks old and worn now like myself."

"I wish it had grown old and worn in your own hands, Else, dear," said Mary, sitting beside her, and pushing back the gray hairs from her wrinkled forehead. "I wish it had, Else, for then your long life had been better and happier."

"May be so."

"How consoling to reflect, in your old days, you had served God faithfully."

"It's useless to think of that now, Mary—I'm lost."

"Lost! oh, God forbid. Only forgive your enemies, and God will forgive you. Think how he forgave the Jews who put him to death: think how he forgave Magdalen and the penitent thief."

"Child," said Else, with a smile that made Mary shudder, it expressed so plainly the depth of her despair; "child, you speak only of sinners, but I'm a devil."

"No, no, don't smile and speak to me so, you are not—you are not," cried Mary, clinging to her old nurse's neck, "you never could love as you loved me and be so wicked. Oh never speak those awful words again, Else, they terrify me. No, no, you are not so wicked. You are not lost, the friend of the poor orphan can never be lost."



As Mary was yet speaking, a knock came, and Rodger O'Shaughnessy presented himself at the door. He had been engaged, it would seem, burnishing up the old silver salver, for he held the precious relic under his arm, and had pushed the shamois leather, with which he had been rubbing it, into the breast pocket of his old bottle green coat.

"What now, Rodger?" inquired Mary, "has Mr. Lee returned?"

"Not yet, plaze your ladyship," replied Rodger, bowing respectfully. "Oh, it's only Elsie Curley," he added, correcting himself; "I thought you had company. No he's not come back yet, and I wish he was, for there's strangers coming down the road here to the light-house, and not as much as a bit or a sup in the house fit to offer them. I wish to goodness they'd stay at home."

"Never mind, Rodger, receive them at the door, and shew them into the parlor."

"Indeed then I wont," replied Rodger; "they'll have to find the way themselves; and if they're any of the master's acquaintances you know, they'll not expect any thing, 'hem! if you only hint, ahem! that the butler's not at home."

"Very well, Rodger, do as you please."

"And now," said Mary, turning to Elsie, "you promise to tell these beads to-night under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin. Do you promise?"

"Ay, I'll say them to plaze ye," replied Elsie, "but it's of little valie they'll be, for I hav'nt bent a knee to God since afore you were born."

"No matter," said Mary, "God is merciful. He has converted worse hearts than yours. Say your prayers to-night, Elsie, and who knows but the old rosary, once so familiar to your touch, with God's good grace, may awaken those better and nobler feelings which so long have lain dormant in your heart."

"God be with ye, Mary," said Elsie, tenderly kissing the forehead of the gentle girl. "God be with you, *asthore*. I tould ye my intintin, that ye'd know what happened me, if the worst comes to the worst."

"I have no fear of that, dear nurse; there's still a bright spot in your soul which will redeem it from the sins that cloud it, were they as numerous as the sands of Araheera. Go now and remember your promise."

"Ay, ay, I'll remimber it. Bad as I am, Mary, I niver broke my promise yet;" and so saying the old solitary of Benraven wrapped her gray cloak about her shoulders and passed from the room.

Mary, after paying a visit to the little cabin boy, and finding him still asleep, but apparently much easier, approached a window that looked out upon the iron bridge and the narrow road leading from it to the village of Araheera. She expected to see the strangers whom Rodger had announced coming down the hill, but they had already passed the gate and entered the light-house yard. Elsie Curley's tall form was the only object she could see hurrying back to the Cairn accompanied by Nannie, who had waited for her as usual outside the gate, and now went bleating and trotting after her.

*To be continued.*



## Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

**THE LAST HOURS OF LOUIS XVI.**—We abridge the following account of the last moments and execution of the unfortunate Louis XVI, from Allison's excellent History of Europe. His last interview with his family presented the most heart-rending scene. At half-past eight the door of his apartment opened and the Queen appeared, leading by the hand the Princess Royal and the Princess Elizabeth; they all rushed into the arms of the King. A profound silence ensued for some minutes, broken only by sobs of the afflicted family. The King took a seat, the Queen on his left, the Princess Royal on his right, Madame Elizabeth in front, and the young Dauphin between his knees. This terrible scene lasted nearly two hours; the tears and lamentations of the royal family frequently interrupting the words of the King, sufficiently evinced that he himself was communicating the intelligence of his condemnation. At length, at a quarter past ten Louis arose; the royal parents gave each of them their blessing to the Dauphin, while the Princess still held the King embraced around the waist. As he approached the door, they uttered the most piercing shrieks: "I assure you," said he, "I will see you again in the morning at eight o'clock." "Why not at seven?" they all exclaim. "Well then, at seven," answered the King. "Adieu, adieu!" These words were pronounced with so mournful an accent that the lamentations of the family were redoubled, and the Princess Royal fainted at his feet. At length, wishing to put an end to so trying a scene, the King embraced them all in the tenderest manner, and tore himself from their arms.

The remainder of the evening he spent with his confessor, the Abbé Edgeworth, who, with heroic devotion, discharged the perilous duty of attending the last moments of his sovereign. At twelve he went to bed and slept peaceably till five. He then gave his last instruction to Clery, and put into his hands the little property that still remained in his hands, a ring, a seal, and a lock of hair. "Give this ring," said he, "to the Queen, and tell her with what regret I leave her; give her also the locket containing the hair of my children; give this seal to the Dauphin; and tell them all what I suffer at dying without receiving their last embrace; but I wish to spare them the pain of so cruel a separation." He then received the holy sacrament from the hands of his confessor from a small altar erected in his chamber, and heard the last service of the dying at the time when the rolling of the drums and the agitation in the streets announced the preparation for his execution.

At nine o'clock Santerre presented himself in the temple. "You come to seek me," said the King: "Allow me a minute." He went into his closet, and immediately returned with his testament in his hand. "I pray you," said he, "give this packet to the Queen, my wife." "That is no concern of mine," replied the representative of the municipality. "I am here only to conduct you to the scaffold." The King then asked another member of commune to take charge of the document, and said to Santerre: "Let us be off." In passing through the court of the temple Louis cast a last look at the tower which contained all that was most dear to him on earth: and immediately summoning courage, seated himself calmly in the carriage beside his confessor, with two gendarmes on the opposite side. During the passage to the place of execution, which occupied two hours, he never ceased reciting the psalms which were pointed out to him by the venerable priest. Even the soldiers were astonished at his composure. The streets were filled with an immense crowd who beheld in silent dismay the mournful procession: a large body of troops surrounded the carriage; a double file of the National Guard and a formidable array of cannon rendered hopeless any attempts at rescue. When the procession arrived at the place of execution, between the gardens



of the Tuilleries and the Champs Elysées, he descended from the carriage and undressed himself without the aid of the executioners, but testified a momentary look of indignation when they began to bind his hands. M. Edgeworth exclaimed with almost inspired felicity: "Submit to this outrage as the last resemblance to the Saviour, who is about to recompense your sufferings."

At these words he resigned himself, and walked to the foot of the scaffold. Here he received that sublime benediction from his confessor: "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven!" He no sooner mounted, than advancing with a firm step to the front of the scaffold, with one look he imposed silence on twenty drummers, placed there to prevent him from being heard, and said with a loud voice: "I die innocent of all the crimes laid to my charge: I pardon the authors of my death, and pray God that my blood may not fall upon France. And you, my people ——" At these words Santerre ordered the drums to beat; the executioners seized the King, and the descending axe terminated his existence. One of the assistants seized the head and waived it in the air; the blood fell on the heroic confessor, who was on his knees by the lifeless body of his sovereign.

**THE LEGEND OF THE WANDERING JEW.**—This mysterious individual, whose name is proverbial in all countries, is thus spoken of in *Notes and Queries*: Of the many myths which diverge from every little incident of our Saviour's life, the legend of Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, is certainly the most striking and widely distributed. According to the old ballad in *Percy's Collection*:—

He hath passed through many a foreign place:  
Arabia, Egypt, Africa,  
Greece, Syria, and great Thrace,  
And throughout all Hungaria.

In all the nations of the Seven Champions he is found in some shape or other, and it is amusing to note the way in which the story adapts itself to the exigences of time and place. In Germany, where he appeared A.D. 1547, he was a kind of Polyglot errant, battling professors and divines with the accumulated learning of fifteen centuries. In Paris he heralded the advent of Cagliostro and Mesmer, cured diseases, and astounded the *salons* by his prodigious stories, in which he may be truly said to have ventured the entire animal. He remembered seeing Nero standing on a hill to enjoy the flames of his capital: and was a particular crony of Mahomet's father at Ormus. It was here, too, he anticipated the coming scepticism, by declaring from personal experience, that all history was a tissue of lies. In Italy the myth has become interwoven with the national art lore. When he came to Venice he brought with him a fine cabinet of choice pictures, including his own portrait, by Titian, taken some two centuries before. In England, John Bull has endowed him with the commercial spirit of his stationary brethren, and, to complete his certificate of naturalization, made him always thirsty! But the Jew of Quarter Sessions' Reports, who is always getting into scrapes, is not the Jew of the rural popular legends; in which he is invariably represented as a purely benevolent being, whose crime has been long since expiated by his cruel punishment, and therefore entitled to the help of every good Christian. When on the weary way to Golgotha (such is the popular legend), Christ, fainting and overcome under the burden of the cross, asked him, as he was standing at his door, for a cup of water to cool his parched throat; he spurned the supplication, and bade Him on the faster. "I go," said the Saviour "but thou shalt thirst and tarry till I come." And ever since then, by day and night, through the long centuries he has been doomed to wander about the earth, ever craving for water, and ever expecting the day of judgment which shall end his toils:—

Mais toujours le soleil se lève,  
Toujours, toujours  
Tourne la terre où moi je cours,  
Toujours, toujours, toujours, toujours!



Sometimes, during the cold winter nights, the lonely cottager will be awoke by a plaintive demand for "Water, good Christian! water, for the love of God!" And if he looks out into the moonlight, he will see a venerable old man in antique raiment, with grey flowing beard, and a tall staff, who beseeches his charity with the most earnest gesture. Wo to the churl who refuses him water or shelter. My old nurse, who was a Warwickshire woman and, as Sir Walter said of his grandmother, "a most *awfu'* le'er," knew a man who boldly cried out: "Allvery fine, Mr. Ferguson, but you can't lodge here." And it was decidedly the worst thing he ever did in his life, for his best mare fell dead lame, and corn went down, I am afraid to say how much per quarter. If, on the contrary you treat him well, and refrain from indelicate inquiries respecting his age—on which point he is very touchy—his visit is sure to bring good luck. Perhaps years afterwards, when you are on your death-bed, he may happen to be passing, and if he *should*, you are safe; for three knocks with his staff will make you hale, and he never forgets any kindnesses. Many stories are current of his wonderful cures; but there is one to be found in Peck's *History of Stamford*, which possesses the rare merit of being written by the patient himself. Upon Whitsunday in the year of our Lord, 1658, "about six of the clock, just after evensong," one Samuel Wallis, of Stamford, who had been long wasted with a lingering consumption, was sitting by the fire, reading in that delectable book called *Abraham's Suit for Sodom*. He heard a knock at the door; and, as his nurse was absent, he crawled to open it himself. What he saw there, Samuel shall say in his own style:—"I beheld a proper, tall, grave old man. Thus he said: 'Friend, I pray thee, give an old pilgrim a cup of small beere!' And I said, 'Sir, I pray you, come in and welcome.' And he said, 'I am no Sir, therefore call me not Sir; but come in I must, for I cannot pass by thy doore.' After finishing the beer—'Friend,' he said, 'thou art not well.' I said 'No, truly, Sir, I have not been well this many yeares.' He said, 'What is thy disease?' I said, 'A deep consumption, Sir; our doctors say past cure; for truly, I am a very poor man, and not able to follow doctors' councill.' 'Then,' said he, 'I will tell thee what thou shalt do; and by the help and power of Almighty God above, thou shalt be well. To-morrow, when thou risest up, go into thy garden, and get there two leaves of red sage, and one of bloodworte, and put them into a cup of thy small beere. Drink as often as need require, and when the cup is empty fill it again, and put in fresh leaves every fourth day, and thou shalt see, through our Lord's great goodness and mercy, before twelve dayes shall be past, thy disease shall be cured and thy body altered."

After this simple prescription, Wallis pressed him to eat—"But," he said, "no, friend, I will not eat; the Lord Jesus is sufficient for me. Very seldom doe I drinke any beere neither, but that which comes from the rocke. So, friend, the Lord God be with thee."

So saying he departed and was never more heard of; but the patient got well within the given time, and for many a long day there was war hot and fierce among the divines of Stamford, as to whether the stranger was an angel or a devil. His dress has been minutely described by honest Sam. His coat was purple, and buttoned down to the waist; "his britches of the same couler all new to see to;" his stockings were very white, but whether linen or jersey, deponent knoweth not; his beard and head were white, and he had a white stick in his hand. The day was rainy from morning to night, "but he had not one spot of dirt upon his clothes."

Aubrey gives an almost exactly similar relation, the scene of which he places in Staffordshire Moorlands. He there appears in a "purple shag gown," and prescribes balm leaves.

So much for the English version of the Wandering Jew. Nothing tending to illustrate a theme to which the world has been indebted for *Salathiel*, *St. Leon*, *Le Juif Errant*, and *The Undying One*, can be said to be wholly uninteresting.

A GENEROUS SOUL never loses the remembrance of the benefits it has received, but easily forgets those its hand dispenses.



**THE DUTY OF A MOTHER.**—By the quiet fireside of home, the true mother, in the midst of her children, is sowing, as in vases of earth, the seeds of plants that shall sometimes give to heaven the fragrance of their blossom, and whose fruit shall be as a rosary of angelic deeds, that noblest offering that she can make through the ever-ascending and expanding souls of her children to their God. Every word that she utters goes from heart to heart, with a power of which she little dreams. Philosophers tell us in their speculations, that we cannot lift a finger without moving the distant spheres. Solemn is the thought, but not more solemn to the Christian mother, than the thought that every word that falls from her lips, every expression of her countenance, even in the sheltered walk and retirement of home, may leave an indelible impression upon the young souls around her, and form as it were the underlying strata of that education which peoples heaven with celestial beings, and give to the white brow of the angel next to the grace of God its crown of glory.

**WORTHY OF IMITATION.**—A very interesting incident is thus described in the *Gazette de Lyons*.—"A few days ago, as the military guard at the Mayoralty of 'La Guillotière' were presenting arms to the Sacred Host, which was being carried to a sick person, a wedding party of working people, comprising about twenty persons, were coming out of the Registrar's office. They immediately and spontaneously formed into a procession and followed the Holy Viaticum to the sick room of a poor mechanic. The newly-married couple, after the ceremony, left with the sick man the amount of a charitable collection which they had made among themselves in order thus to further consecrate the happy day by a suitable act of charity."

**A BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.**—A traveller who spent some time in Turkey, relates a beautiful parable which was told him by a dervise, and which seemed even more beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of the accusing spirit and recording angel.—"Every man," says the dervise, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder and another on his left. When he does any thing good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is done is done forever. When he has done evil, the angel on his left shoulder writes it down. He waits till midnight. If before that time, the man bows down his head and exclaims, 'Gracious Allah! I have sinned, forgive me!' the angel rubs it out; and if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel upon the right shoulder weeps."

**BARBER'S POLE.**—It was an old superstition that Rome was once delivered from the plague by the god Esculapius, who came there in the form of a serpent and hid himself among the reeds in an island of the Tiber. Ever after, Esculapius was represented with a staff, around which a serpent was wreathed, in one hand, whilst the other rested on the head of a serpent. They were particularly sacred to the god, as emblems of that prudence and foresight, which are so necessary in the profession of medicine. In the middle ages, barbers were likewise surgeons; and when they displayed a staff with a twisted snake at their doors, it was a sign that they cured diseases as well as shaved beards. Barbers are no longer physicians, but the old sign of Esculapius is still continued at their doors.

**TEMPERANCE FABLE.**—The rats once assembled in a large cellar, to devise some method of safely getting the bait from a small steel trap which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relations snatched from them by its merciless jaws. After many long speeches and the proposal of many elaborate and fruitless plans, a happy wit, standing erect, said, "It is my opinion that, if with one paw we keep down the spring, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other." All the rats present loudly squealed assent, and slapped their tails in applause. The meeting adjourned, and the rats retired to their homes; but the devastations of the trap being by no means diminished, the rats were forced to call another "convention." The elders had just assembled, and commenced the deliberations, when all were startled by a faint voice, and a poor rat, with only three legs, limped into the ring, and stood up to speak. All were instantly silent, when stretching out the bleeding remains of his leg, he said: "My friends, I have tried the method you proposed, and you see the result! Now let me suggest a plan to escape the trap. Do not touch it!"



## Review of Current Literature.

1. **THE LOVE OF MARY.** Readings for the month of May. By *D. Roberto*, Hermit of Monte Corona. New York: Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We heartily commend this excellent little book. It comes opportunely as a votive offering to the beautiful month of May, which has been so appropriately dedicated to the Mother of God. It is not a book of prayer, similar to others used during the month of May, but a treatise for each day of that month on the virtues of Mary, and tending to enkindle in the heart of the reader, a tender devotion to the Immaculate Virgin. It breathes throughout the tenderest affection towards Mary, and no one, not even the most indifferent, can read it without feeling their hearts moved with sentiments of renewed love for that amiable mother, and renewed confidence in her powerful intercession. The publishers have placed the Catholic community under obligations to them for having furnished a work so worthy of their patronage; the translator, too, will most assuredly receive that reward which he seeks for the part he has taken in the good work—the prayers of the devout clients of Mary.

2. **THE CONVERSION OF MARIE ALPHONSE RATISBONNE.** By the Rev. *W. Lockhart*. New York: Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The circulation of this book is calculated to do good, as it proclaims wherever it goes, a miracle of divine grace, and publishes anew the power of the Immaculate Mother of God, and her maternal tenderness and solicitude even for those who know not her divine Son. It is a simple narrative of facts, occurring so recently that they are still in the memory of thousands. Its perusal will inspire confidence in the mercy and goodness of God, and filial affection towards the queen of heaven; hence we cheerfully commend it to the patronage of our readers.

3. **LIFE OF NAPOLEON III, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.** By *Edward Roth*. Boston: P. Donahoe. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Few biographies present features more varied and interesting than that of the present Emperor of the French. His early days were associated with the grandeur and magnificence of the old empire; his first lessons were those taught from the lips of the great man, whose name, whose genius, and whose empire he has inherited. There is an interest, almost bordering on romance, in every action of his life, and whether we contemplate the ceremonial attending his birth, his wandering in exile from his native France, his imprisonment at *Ham*, or his emerging from obscurity and ascending the throne of one of the greatest monarchies of Europe, we behold the inscrutable designs of Providence, overruling and disposing all things to some wise and happy purpose. There were some of the actions of Napoleon III, more especially the "*Coup d'Etat*," which we confess we found difficult to reconcile to our republican notions, but all our prejudices vanished on reading in detail all the circumstances attending that event.

The work places the Emperor in that light which is now universally conceded to him, of being a man of comprehensive genius, and a great and sagacious statesman. The care and judgment displayed by Mr. Roth, in this his maiden effort, are highly creditable, and give us bright hopes of his future success as an author. Its style is plain and unpretending. The author indulges in no empty speculations nor flights of fancy, but deals in plain facts, storing his pages with much interesting and valuable information, and passing in review many important events connected more or less remotely with the distinguished personage who forms the subject of the work.

4. **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF AN EASTERN KING;** by a member of the household of his late Majesty, *Nussir-u-Deen*, King of Oude. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

There is nothing exceedingly fascinating about the style or subject matter of this book. Nevertheless in the absence of something better, it may serve to pass away an agreeable, if not a profitable hour.



5. THE TESTIMONY OF AN ESCAPED NOVICE FROM THE SISTERHOOD OF ST. JOSEPH, Emmittsburg, Maryland, the Mother-House of the Sisters of Charity in the United States. By *Josephine M. Bunkley*. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The peculiar character of this work, and the time and circumstances of its publication, induced us to lay it aside, when it came from the press, with the view of noticing its contents and objects somewhat at length. We are not sorry that the pressure of other matter has prevented the execution of this design, for we are now quite satisfied, from a more deliberate examination of the volume, that any thing like an extended review would have been a compliment to which it had no shadow of title. To works of fair controversy we are always willing to give a fair hearing and reply. Even books which are unfair are often able, and many, which are untrue, may be so ingenious and plausible as to deserve and require refutation. But the statements of the "Escaped Novice" are as improbable as they are unfounded. They are not only untrue, but unlike the truth, and the literary ability which has been dedicated to their production is upon a level with their candor. What, for instance, does the reader think of Miss Bunkley's information (p. 201) that Mount de Sales, near this city, "cost over a million of dollars," and is "the residence of Father Deluol, the *superior-general* of the order of Jesuits?" We give this as a specimen of the tale. A few words, as to the way in which it is told.

In our last June number, we noticed a legal controversy which had arisen before the courts in New York, between Miss Bunkley and certain literary hacks who had entered into partnership with her, in the retail bigotry business, for which her supposed experiences at St. Joseph's were to furnish the stock in trade. They were about to publish what they called her narrative, under the title of "*My Book, or the Veil uplifted—a tale of Popish intrigue and policy*," &c., but a quarrel having arisen among them, in regard to the division of the spoils, she sued out an injunction to restrain the publication, just as the work was ready for delivery. It appeared, by the depositions published on that occasion, that Miss Bunkley had contributed but "twenty pages out of three hundred and forty-four," and that her manuscript was so "full of grammatical errors and unfit for publication," as to require to be "re-written."

The present volume contains three hundred and thirty-eight pages, about thirty of which are composed of extracts from a letter, written by a certain "distinguished and excellent Dr. De Sanctis," on nunneries in general. Of the remainder, the larger portion is made up of theological scraps, selections and disquisitions; common places from "anti-popery" controversialists, and the usual amount of unchristian and uncharitable anti-conventual twaddle. The intelligent reader will trace the hand of the clerical artist throughout the whole production, from the Latin extracts from the "*Pontificale Romanum*," which "cannot be given in English," down to the engaging narrative, borrowed from "*Papism in the United States*," the creditable production of that most tolerant and meek-spirited gentleman, the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge. We may possibly be in error, in supposing that any one besides Miss Bunkley had a hand in the business—but if we are, she is certainly a remarkable person, and her abilities would have been quite thrown away on the simple and self-sacrificing career of a Sister of Charity. A lady who, in May last, could not write twenty pages of decent and well-spelt English, and yet has been able, in the short intermediate space, to get as near to good grammar and orthography as by this volume appears, besides profundifying herself in divinity and untranslatable Latin, has certainly not neglected her opportunities!

There are, of course, many persons to whom the spirit of the "Novice's" revelations will quite atone for their absurdity and latitude of invention. Some will like the book, because it abuses what they hate—others, because it adds to the armament which faction is gathering from fanaticism for political strife. Both of these classes are beyond the reach of reason. Bigotry and office-hunting are both bad enough in their places. When they are united, the public has nothing to do, but to stand by its principles, shut its ears, and—button its pockets.



It is to be regretted that so important a publishing house as that of the Messrs. Harper should not be above the temptation of issuing such a work as Miss Bunkley's. For a concern of humbler pretensions, there might be some sorry excuse, in the profit which anti-Catholic literature generally commands. The Messrs. Harper seem to be incapable of even that cheap morality which makes sacrifices it can afford. Becky Sharp was confident that she could be good, if her income were large enough, but it seems that there are some, unhappily, to whom even that height of virtue is inaccessible.

6. **THE CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF NAPOLEON WITH HIS BROTHER JOSEPH—**in 2 vols. New York. D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

These volumes contain a translation of the private letters written by Napoleon to his brother Joseph, from the time that the former began to act a prominent part in the affairs of France to the close of his eventful career. Many of these letters are important, as exhibiting the peculiar motives that influenced the mind of the Emperor in many of the great events of his life; and as they were private, they are free from that reserve, often necessary in other communications. They are not, however, models of composition. They bear the impress of being off-handed, hurried epistles, full of repetitions, inconsistencies, and often obscurities, as it is well known that their great author seldom read over what he wrote or dictated. Many of them are of little consequence, and derive all their importance from being the letters of Napoleon I.

7. **CHARLEMONT, OR THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE. A Tale of Kentucky.** By *W. Gilmore Simms, Esq.*; and **BEAUCHAMP, OR THE KENTUCKY TRAGEDY.** By the same author. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

These are two new volumes from the prolific pen of this gifted author. To those already acquainted with the previous writings of Mr. Simms, it is scarcely necessary to say a word in favor of these his latest productions. They will be found, like those which have preceded them, full of interest, and abounding with thrilling and touching incidents.

8. **PRACTICAL FRENCH TEACHER; OR A NEW METHOD OF LEARNING TO READ, WRITE AND SPEAK THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.** By *Norman Pinney, A. M.*

9. **THE PROGRESSIVE FRENCH READER, SUITED TO THE GRADUAL ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNERS GENERALLY, AND ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THE NEW METHOD.** By *Norman Pinney, A. M.*

10. **PRACTICAL SPANISH TEACHER; OR A NEW METHOD, &c. &c.** By *Norman Pinney, A. M.* and *Juan Barcelo.* New York: F. J. Huntington and Mason Brothers.—Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Verily the school master is abroad and our generation will no doubt be the most enlightened, that ever appeared upon the earth. At least it will not be the fault of our professors and teachers, who cram, even to suffocation, their wonderful acquirements down the throats of our knowledge-loving people. It seems as if we were never to finish our education, and it would not be a wonder to us, if all America were turned into one vast school-house for these gentlemen to try their new methods and labor-saving experiments. There certainly would not be a lack of grammar and readers for the accomplishment of their purpose. For the last six months we have been almost continually invited to examine their new mentors, until we loathe their very appearance. They do occasionally, like these before us now, make some new and original observation, but it is, to use a vulgar comparison, like a needle in a hay-stack. The mass of old standard rules stands the same as ever, and the new are like children's ornaments gathered around them. It would be a far more acceptable labor to the youth, for whom all this erudition is wasted, if they who spend so much time and care in ushering to the public what will scarcely survive the year, would devote their attention to simplifying the old grammarians and reducing them to a more convenient form for the scholar. M. Pinney's methods would, no doubt, suit M. Pinney's classes, if he has any, but we question very much if other teachers and other classes would like them as much. We have never yet found two school-masters of the same opinion in these matters. Are we then to have as many *new methods*? "God send every good man bote of his bale."



11. **SILABARIO CASTELLANO PARA EL USO DE LOS NIÑOS**, bajo un Nuevo Plan, Útil y Agradable; reuniendo la Enseñanza de las Letras, Urbanidad, Moral, y Religión.
12. **SILABARIO CASTELLANO PARA EL USO DE LAS NIÑAS**, bajo un Nuevo Plan, Útil y Agradable; reuniendo la Enseñanza de las Letras, Urbanidad, Moral, y Religión.—Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

These are two nice little primers for boys and girls, in which they are taught with the Spanish, what is of more importance than any language, politeness, good morals and religion. They are printed in good large type, and full of such examples as will interest while they instill good principles into the hearts of those who will use them.

13. **A NEW AND COMPREHENSIVE FRENCH INSTRUCTOR, BASED UPON AN ORIGINAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL METHOD, APPLICABLE TO THE STUDY OF ALL LANGUAGES.** By Stephen Pearl Andrews and George Batchelor. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

It seems we are never to be done with French Grammars and methods of learning French. Almost every new teacher seems to have discovered the philosopher's stone in this alchymy, and if we believe them, all who preceded them were ignoramuses, while they alone possess the true secret, whose touch is to transmute into gold the efforts of the student to possess any language but his own. "Original and Philosophic!" The old poet would tell them: "Cease with vain pleasure to deceive the unlearned crowd." There is about as much originality in this new method, as there is in the apprentice's endeavor to rival his master. "Many things will be produced again," says the Venusian, "which have now fallen away, and those will fall, which now are in use." It is old philosophy, as old as the hills, telling old truths over again, in order to drive away the new-fangled notions, which of late have seized upon men's minds. The authors of this new and comprehensive French Instructor must have read very little, if they think they have done more than polished old brass.

14. **A MANUAL OF ANCIENT HISTORY**; by Dr. Leonard Schmitz, F. R. S. E. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

We are told in the preface of this work, that its object is to give a brief but complete summary of the history of antiquity, from the remotest times down to the overthrow of the Roman Empire in the West. Of the brevity of the work, we have nothing to object, but if the author intended by the word *complete*, to convey the idea that he has presented us with a true and faithful narrative, then we are sorry to say that he has failed in his purpose, especially in speaking of the Church after Christianity became the religion of the Roman Empire. In this portion of his work he has polluted the sacred fountain of history, and substituted his own misguided notions for historical truths. Take for example the following passage, which is a portion of his comments on the Council of Nice: "The pure and simple doctrines of Christ were more and more disfigured by decrees of Councils; the clergy became more and more distinct from the laity; the church acquired great privileges, jurisdiction, large domains, well-paid priests, a splendid outward ceremonial, until, in the end, the Christian religion sank down to a worship of images and relics."

15. **THE CATHOLIC PULPIT**, containing a Sermon for every Sunday and Holiday in the year, and for Good Friday; with several Occasional Discourses. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have received a copy of the Second American Edition of this valuable work, but a pressure of other duties oblige us to defer our notice. In the meantime, we earnestly commend it, not only to the Rev. Clergy, but also to the laity, more especially to those whose situation and circumstances seldom afford them the happiness of hearing Catholic sermons.

**BOOKS RECEIVED:**—The works of the late Edgar Allan Poe, Vol. IV;—*The Modern Revolution and Literature of Ireland*. New York: Redfield.—*Appleton's Cyclopædia of Biography*, containing a memoir of distinguished personages of all ages; by Francis L. Hawks, D.D., LL.D. *The Philosophy of the Weather*; by T. B. Butler;—*Recollections of the Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers*. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—*Hours before the Altar*. New York: Dunigan & Bro.—*The Indian Princess*;—*The Two Sisters of Thanes*. London: C. Dolman.



## Editors' Table.

**SWIFT** month of May! The daughter of joy, of mirth and pleasure! Her balmy zephyrs greet us and remind us that the season of buds and flowers is at hand. Nature, so long ice-bound, comes forth from the tomb of winter, with all the freshness of youth, mantled in green and violets, strewing the valleys and hill-tops with garlands of flowers. Man, too, receives new energy. This beautiful season, the type of serenity and joy, bids him forget the sorrows of the past, and look forward to those uninterrupted joys which are to bloom forever in the spring-time of eternity. It is, moreover, the month of Mary! During this month the Church invites her children, in a special manner, to honor the Mother of God; to sing her praises; to invoke her intercession; to place themselves, their homes, and their families, under the patronage of the Immaculate Queen of heaven.

"Magni nominis umbra, Father Carroll," said O'Moore, yielding the point to his Rev. colleague, and at the same time drawing his chair over to the table. "Here we have been for one full hour discussing, with the seriousness of two doctors of divinity, the merits of a work as barren of usefulness as the sands of Arabia. Who, think you, will be affected by the chimeras of the author? The world will move on as smoothly as if he had never written a line, and time will —. But pardon me, Father C., I submit to your judgment. I am but wasting the time; let us see what we have in the green bag for this month;" at the same time emptying its contents upon the table.

"Poetry of all measures and gradations! And here, first, 'The Crooked Way,' by Fairfax."

"Bless me, O'Moore," exclaimed Father C., "don't shock our readers by any thing under that caption. The world is already too full of crookedness to need any thing on that subject. For charity sake put it at the bottom of the green bag, and let it rest there in happy oblivion."

"Here, then, Father C.," said O'Moore, smiling, "here is something which, I am sure, will please. A chapter on fraternal charity, under the title of 'Forgive and Forget.'"

"Beautiful subject, Mr. O'Moore. Let it be read. There is at least sublimity in the title."

Here O'Moore read the piece as follows:

### FORGIVE AND FORGET.

WHEN dark mists of passion calm reason have shrouded,  
And words of ill feeling give rise to regret;  
Oh! pray let the heart be serene and unclouded,  
And soothed by the precept "Forgive and Forget."

Though deadlly the whisper that blights reputation,  
And hard be the struggle to cancel the debt;  
Ah! think on the insults that brought us salvation,  
Redeemer-like try to "Forgive and Forget."

Though bitter the feeling when friendship so cherished  
Has proved an illusion with dangers beset;  
Though life's dearest treasures have suddenly perished—  
With charity loving "Forgive and Forget."

How sweet is the pleasure! how pure the devotion,  
When deep seated hatred by friendship is met,  
'Twill often produce a responsive emotion,  
When injured we utter "Forgive and Forget."

Refuse not forgiveness when rancor is sleeping,  
When tears of contrition the eyelids shall wet;  
For God is offended; bright angels are weeping,  
When mortals refuse to "Forgive and Forget."



On youth's sunny days, if adversity lowers,  
 The heart will be peaceful though troubles may fret;  
 And life be a series of rosy-winged hours,  
 If ruled by the maxim "Forgive and Forget."

Mount St. Mary's College, March 14th, 1856.

T. F. R.

"How sublime the lessons contained in these stanzas," observed Father Carroll, at the conclusion of the piece. "But alas! how little are these lessons practiced by the majority of mankind. How easily forgotten even by Catholics. How often is the most unintentional inadvertency carped at, magnified into a crime, the facts relating to it distorted, charity wounded and neighbors scandalized, even by those who profess to believe in the sublime doctrines of the God of charity."

"I regret, Rev. Father," said O'Moore, "that this piece did not reach us a month sooner. Its teaching, doubtless, would have proven beneficial to some of our readers."

"Forbear, Mr. O'Moore; let the past be forgotten. Let us shut our eyes to the frailties of others, and practice the lesson we inculcate—'Forgive and Forget.'"

"Here is an offering from our friend 'W.,' not unworthy of our readers," said O'Moore, handing the paper to Father C., who read the piece as follows:

#### THE FOREST TOWER.

*Respectfully inscribed to Rev. H. T. B., of New York.*

O SILENT, solitary Tower,  
 With all thy watch and ward!  
 Where Peace herself has fixed her bower,  
 What is it thou wouldst guard?  
 The swarthy Indian, who of old  
 Was deemed thy deadliest foe,  
 No more arrays his warriors bold  
 With tomahawk or bow.

Far up among the green old woods  
 Where roamed the wolf of late,  
 O tyrant of the solitudes!  
 Thou hold'st thy sullen state;  
 What is it, then, thou hast to fear,  
 Thou grim and ghastly Fort!  
 Why putt'st thou on that front severe,  
 Where none but friends resort?

The gentle birds that shelter nigh,  
 And sing their songs of glee,  
 Are things, old Tower! that will not try  
 To war with thine, or thee.  
 The flowers that bloom around thy base,  
 The lonely flowers of May—  
 Will never rise, a rebel race,  
 To question kingly sway.

Yet gentle birds and flowers are all  
 That dwell beneath thine eye;  
 How quickly, too, the May-flowers fall!  
 How soon the warblers fly!  
 What then, avail thy granite wall,  
 Thy majesty, thy might,  
 The musket shot, the cannon ball,  
 And all the boast of fight?

For many months in every year  
 A foe of flower and bird!  
 No vernal sweets are gathered here,  
 No linnet's song is heard.  
 Then Winter rules thy wide domain,  
 That bleak, that barren dower—  
 And 'round thee flings his icy chain,  
 O solitary Tower!



Thou stand'st all lonely on thy hill,  
 Gloom round thee long hath grown,  
 And many a day thou'lt stand there still,  
 As darkling, and as lone.  
 Fort of the rock and forest-tree!  
 What art thou like or whom?  
 Like thee, O man of Power! like thee,  
 All grandeur, yet all gloom.

M. A. W.

"Permit me, Mr. O'Moore; to add the following lines to our poetical *tableau*. They are appropriate at all times, but more especially during the paschal season :"

CONFESSION.

MAN has no gift for which I'd bend my knee,  
 I weigh the value of his hoarded gold,  
 I grasp the limit of his fleeting power—  
 A print in sand, o'er which times waves are roll'd.

No! not one servile inch for all his store;  
 Tho' he could wake the echoes of the earth  
 In answer to the praises of my name,  
 I'd scorn to bow for all that these are worth.

But to kneel down at God's supreme command,  
 To bend my neck and have my sins forgiven,  
 To stoop beneath his delegated hand—  
 That is a *privilege* from bounteous heaven.

FIDELIA.

At this point our labors were interrupted by a loud rap at the door. On going to learn the demand, we found that it was a messenger with a letter of apology from our friend Mr. Oliver, whose arrival we had been anxiously awaiting. The letter was hastily opened, and read as follows:

THE BUFFALO CONVENTION.

"GENTLEMEN:—Prevented from being present to take part in your deliberations, and feeling a profound interest in the subject set apart for consideration this evening, namely, the "Buffalo Convention," I beg leave thus formally to express my views on the movements contemplated by that convention. I do this from a full conviction that it is our duty, as well as that of the editorial fraternity generally, to examine and weigh well every movement in which the happiness or misery of our fellow beings may be involved; and if good, to extend to it, freely and cordially, the friendly hand of encouragement, irrespective of the parties who may have projected it; if evil, to point out its evil tendencies, in that spirit of forbearance and charity, which should ever be found prominent in the breast of Catholic editors. And in making this examination, we should ever bear in mind, that a fearful responsibility rests upon those who inadvertently or otherwise lend the aid of their pens to the advocacy of measures, that may compromise the moral and physical well-being of our fellow-citizens, and that an equally weighty responsibility hangs over the heads of those who, from want of due consideration, personal pique, petty jealousy, or other unworthy motives, use whatever influence they may possess to prevent the accomplishment of a good cause.

This convention was an assemblage of Catholics, many of them eminent clergymen, distinguished alike for their talents, their piety, and their zeal in the holy cause of religion; they met to consult together for the purpose of devising the best means of improving the moral and social condition of the Irish emigrants in this country and the provinces of Canada. And here I cannot but admire the noble designs contemplated by this body. The amelioration of the hard lot of thousands of those who have sought, and who still seek on our shores an asylum and a home, is surely an object worthy of the philanthropist, and one on which the favoring smiles of Heaven will descend. And after mature deliberation they propose, as a plan for the accomplishment of so desirable and so laudable a purpose, the purchase of lands at points favorable for the formation of



colonies, and having accomplished this, to invite there the Irish emigrants to till the soil and become the owners thereof.

Now if this plan be carried into execution, and I can see nothing to prevent it, if there is only a determination on the part of Catholics generally, who can foretell the countless blessings that must follow from its operations. It is the starting point of a grand and important movement, which in time is destined to extend the domain of the Church, and carry benedictions to the emigrant and his children for generations yet to come. To thousands already here, and to others who may arrive, it will open a new field for legitimate enterprise, a field, in which their toil and sweat will meet with an adequate reward; where their labor will be lightened by the consoling reflection, that it is not absorbed by rack-rents, or devoured by landlords; where they will, moreover, be stimulated by the consciousness that every tree that falls beneath the strength of their arm, every rock that is removed, every sod that is turned, adds new wealth to a homestead they can call *their own*. That the condition of many of the Irish emigrants in this country, especially in our large cities, is deplorable, is obvious to the most inexperienced; and that their sad condition is often brought about by causes over which the poor and generous hearted strangers have no control, is equally obvious. Heart-broken with poverty and persecution in various forms in their native land, they tear themselves from the ties of kindred and home, and with a view of bettering their condition, they seek the shores of America. But alas! how often does that better condition, to obtain which they have submitted to so many trials and privations, vanish from their sight when they arrive in our midst. How often do we find them the unhappy victims of that want, poverty and affliction which they sought to avoid by escaping to this land of plenty. They labor with a willing heart when work is to be had—for the charge of idleness never attaches to them,—still thousands and tens of thousands drag out a wretched existence, and sink to a premature grave, leaving perhaps, a helpless family to the mercies of a cold and heartless world.

The vast majority of the Irish emigrants who come to this country have been trained to agricultural pursuits in their native land, hence the tilling of the soil is an occupation with which they are best acquainted when they arrive among us. It is therefore easy to perceive the immense benefit it would be to this class of our citizens, if, on landing on our shores, they could avail themselves of the opportunity of pursuing that employment with which they are most familiar, instead of exhausting their strength on our public works or other similar employment, injurious alike to health and morals. Open to them the facilities of acquiring land, and thousands will find homes in the healthful and fertile regions of the West, who would, in all probability, drag out a wretched existence amidst the pestilential atmosphere of the lanes and alleys of our sea-board cities, or die on our river banks or lake shores, the unhappy victims of some raging epidemic.

But independently of the advantages that colonization would secure to thousands of poor emigrants, the blessings it will bring upon their children are alone sufficient to commend the subject to the support and generous encouragement of every friend of humanity, and especially every Catholic who loves and cherishes his holy faith. It requires no argument to prove that Catholic children in this country, and particularly in our large cities, are beset by innumerable dangers; and what is more to be regretted, they too frequently become the victims of the bad example which they see around them. In daily intercourse with companions who have no fixed idea of religion, they fall away from the practices of their holy faith, and without the utmost vigilance and attention, such as the poverty of parents often prevent, they will grow up to manhood Catholics in name, but infidels in practice. That this is lamentably true is confirmed by daily observation. Without going beyond the limits of Baltimore, how many young men and young women could I name, the sons and daughters of Catholic parents, who are now the veriest outcasts in society, a discredit to themselves and their religion, and a reproach to the country of those who gave them birth.

These evils might have been prevented had these children been brought up away from the contaminating influences of our cities in a Catholic settlement, where they would



have the advantages of Catholic associates, Catholic schools, and Catholic instruction, and where they might be trained from their earliest days to habits of industry.

Apart, however, from the advantages that must follow from the proposed plan of colonization to the Irish emigrant and to his children, the movement will be attended with immense benefits to Catholicity. Whoever has studied the history of Catholicity in this country, knows how much the Church is indebted for her unparalleled prosperity and her present proud position, to the zeal, to the ardent, undying faith of the Irish emigrant. Wherever he has gone throughout this land, the cross has followed. Wherever he has erected his habitation, there churches have arisen. And so it will ever be. Let Catholic settlements be established, and all the appliances of religion will follow. Let the movement receive that encouragement which its importance deserves, and I feel no hesitation in believing, that ere the present generation passes away, we shall behold new cities spring up where deserts now stand; we shall witness the rise of gorgeous temples, abodes of charity, literary and religious institutions, bright emblems of Catholicity, in localities where now the foot of civilization are unknown.

Like all great movements, the Buffalo Convention will have its opponents. There will be those who can only see in it the scheme of selfish individuals, who seek to dupe the community by their pretended philanthropy. I confess I view the movement in a different light. When I contemplate the happy auspices under which this convention assembled, when I behold its members gathered round the altar in the noble cathedral of Buffalo, invoking the benediction of heaven upon their labors; and when I see the illustrious Bishop of Buffalo bestowing his approval and his blessing upon the objects for which it was convened, I am forced to the conviction that the gentlemen assembled there were sincere in their motives, and honest in their intention; that no sordid and selfish end entered the breast of a single member. Indeed, when we reflect on the well known characters of the gentlemen composing that convention, their high claims to our confidence and respect, it borders on presumption to impugn their motives or question their integrity, much less to charge, that under the pretext of benefitting the poor Irish emigrant, they assembled to concoct some grand political scheme; to cajole the subjects of her Britanic Majesty to cross the St. Lawrence, and to take up their abode among freemen, or, on the other hand, to bid the citizens of this great republic to forsake the stars and the stripes, and go dwell beneath the shadow of the British crown. For myself I can see in the whole movement, no ground for these momentous fears. On the contrary, I behold in this commingling of the people of the two governments, a beautiful and striking illustration of Catholic charity, rising in this as in every other occasion, superior to the ties of country, or local prejudices, and seeking above all the moral and social benefit of man, irrespective of the peculiar spot of earth he may inhabit.

But here, gentlemen, I must conclude. I have protracted my remarks far beyond what I intended. Our readers will pardon me for thus long imposing on their patience; I feel assured, however, that they will sanction the tenor of what is said. Could my voice reach them I would say to them in the language of the 'Address of the Buffalo Convention:' 'We exhort you by the strong claims of kindred, blood and common creed, for your own sakes, for pity to your unprovided offspring, for the credit of the Catholic character, for the vindication of the Irish name, for the removal of our reproach in high places, to act with us as we will act with you, in good faith with one another, and with all the world, until at least every second man amongst you who crossed the Atlantic, in search of independence, can say with truth, he has found it.' *Oliver.*"

"God speed the good work," exclaimed Father Carroll, at the conclusion of the letter.

"And grant the fulfilment of this gracious prayer," rejoined O'Moore.



# Record of Events.

From March 20, to April 20, 1866.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—A correspondent of the *Dublin Weekly Telegraph*, writing from Rome, under date of the 25th of February last, says that it is rumored there that his Holiness intends to send an Apostolic Delegate on an extraordinary mission to Constantinople. "This would not," continues the writer, "be the first time within late years, an illustrious dignitary of the Papal Court has been received in the capital of the Ottoman Empire as representative of the Supreme Head of the Church. In 1847, Pius IX sent to the shores of the Bosphorus the present Apostolic Nuncio at Naples, Monsignor Ferreri, to render thanks to Abdul Medjid for the precious gifts, consisting of horses and costly caparisons, sent by the latter to the Pontiff as token of admiration and respect. The mission, although in itself having no other objects than those of conventional courtesy, nevertheless availed for establishing a certain footing of amicable relations between the Pontiff and the Sultan, and for bringing into credit among the Turks the Roman Catholic Church as well as its august Head by letting all see what honors were rendered by the Padishah to his representative. But the Legation to which it is believed his Holiness has now directed his thoughts, would be of importance and tendencies totally different. Although in the great Congress of Potentates has been established generally the new legislation that is to equalize Christians of all communions inhabiting the Turkish Empire with other subjects of the Porte, nothing still has been specially determined respecting the position or interests of the Catholic population. To accomplish the beneficial work undertaken by removing and eradicating for ever all matter of discord between Catholics and the schismatics, especially concerning the service and devotions of the holy places, the presence and intervention of the Papal Envoy at Constantinople will, no doubt, be of high advantage. Availing himself of the good dispositions of Abdul Medjid towards the beneficent and educational institutions of Catholicism, and seconded (above all) by the influence acquired in the counsels of the Porte by France, an able pontifical diplomatist may succeed in obtaining for the Catholics of the Levant favors which, in other times, it would have been folly to hope or imagine.

With these prospects is connected the journey speedily to be undertaken from hence to Paris by Signor Pitzipios of Scio, author of the "History of the Greek Schism," written and published in Rome by desire of the Holy Father. This gentleman formed, some years ago, the idea of constituting a society whose object should be to adopt and carry into effect all the means found most suitable for the Latins, and, eventually, a reunion between the Oriental and Occidental Churches. This society would have its centre and foundations in Rome, under the shadow of the Vatican; and also would create committees and sacerdotal societies at Vienna, Paris, Brussels—in a word, wherever religious principle prevails, coupled with interest, in the Oriental races and their destinies, and wherever could be hoped for those supports, material as well as moral, indispensable to the success of the enterprise. The Holy Father, who has ever interested himself deeply in the Oriental Church, formerly so illustrious for integrity of faith, till desolated by the schisms of Photius, Nestorius, and others, has welcomed with joyful approbation the sketch of the project of Pitzipios, encouraged him in his most benignant manner, and further, conferred upon him a monthly allowance out of the funds of the Apostolic Dateria, and the Administration of Propaganda, in order that he might apply himself, free from other cares, to the completion of his historico-dogmatic work. "L'Eglise Orientale" (in the French language), commenced a few years since. This publication has now reached the third volume. Issued from the press of the Propaganda, it may be regarded as the *substratum*, in principle, of the Oriental Society, aiming



at the reunion of the two great aggregations in the Christian world. All the monarchs of Europe, including the Czar, Alexander, have received, from its author, copies of this work, and have given unquestionable proofs of interest in its contents, especially the King of Prussia and Napoleon III, who has honored Pitzipios with a letter of acknowledgment, and has ordered that the work should be introduced into France, exempt from all duties."

The obsequies of Cardinal Bianchi, who died on the morning of the 3d of March, took place at the church of San Gregoria on the 6th. The venerable Cardinal was born at Cremona, in 1771, and raised to the Cardinalate in 1835. At an early age he entered the order of Camaldoli, of which he was General; and though raised to wealth and honors, he died as a poor religious.

**SPAIN.**—The following decree will contrast strangely with the course pursued by the Spanish Government some time ago towards the Church. It was addressed to the Regents of the *Territorial Audicacias*:—"Her Majesty the Queen has learned that in certain quarters of the peninsula attempts have been made to disseminate opinions contrary to the dogmas of our Holy Faith, and to what the Holy Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church teaches—her Majesty's Government is resolved to exercise the utmost rigor against natives and foreigners who, on any pretence whatever, shall endeavor to undermine that unity of religious faith which has, under Providence, been the greatest blessing of the Spanish nation, and which is the surest basis of our Constitution and Monarchy. Therefore, wherever there is cause, you will, in concert with the political and religious authorities, use every endeavor to prevent such scandal. You will stimulate the Executive to proceed against the guilty on the first occurrence of a crime forbidden by the laws of the Kingdom and contrary to the Constitution; and you will see that the Tribunals of Justice rigorously follow out the prescriptions of the penal code on such subjects. We wish it to be distinctly understood that as her Majesty will reward public functionaries who do their duty fearlessly in a matter of such delicacy, so she will punish exemplarily the smallest fault into which indifference, negligence, or culpable condescendence might lead them."

The country is unsettled. Tumultuous meetings had taken place at Madrid, Seville and other cities, where the people, arms in hand, protested against the dearness of provisions, the policy of the Government, municipal and indirect taxes.

**NAPLES.**—The King of Naples has come to a definite understanding with the Holy See. His Majesty consents that the celebrated privileges of the Sicilian Monarchy shall be abolished, and has accepted a brief in virtue of which the Holy Father abolishes the secular prerogatives of the Ecclesiastical Tribunals of Sicily.

**BAVARIA.**—The Abbot of Metten has been appointed to the Archiepiscopal See of Munich-Freising. The learned Abbot refused the See of Augsburg, and several times refused the present offer. The King, however, is inflexible, and the Holy Father is favorable to the appointment.

**FRANCE.**—Two memorable events have taken place in the French empire during the month of March. The first in point of time, and the first in importance to the country, and to the present dynasty, is the birth of an imperial Prince; the second is the successful termination of the labors of the Congress lately convened in Paris, by the signing of articles which terminate the war, and once more secures to Europe the blessing of peace. The Empress was safely delivered of a son on the morning of the 16th of March. It would be difficult to describe the joy that this event occasioned throughout the empire, more especially in Paris. The discharge of 101 guns at the *Invalides* announced to the citizens that an Imperial Prince was born; on the following evening the city was brilliantly illuminated in honor of the important event. The prince was baptized with much pomp in the chapel of the Tuileries, by the Bishop of Nancy, in the presence of the Emperor, members of the Imperial family, and other distinguished personages, and received the name of Napoleon-Eugene-Louis-Jean-Joseph, *Fils de France*. The reasons for these names are very simple. He is called Napoleon and



Louis, after his father; Eugene from his mother Eugenie; Jean after the Pope, who is to be his god-father; and Joseph, in compliment to his intended god-mother, the Queen of Sweden, whose name is Josephine.

The Emperor has decided that he will be the god-father and the Empress god-mother to all the legitimate children born in France on the 16th of March. The number it is calculated will be about 2,500. Every one of these children will be entitled to receive 3,000 francs (\$600) if they please to accept it. All the boys are to be christened Louis Eugene, and all the girls Louise Eugene. The Municipal Council of Paris, on receiving the news of the Imperial Prince, voted a sum of 200,000 francs for the poor, of which 100,000 francs are to be employed in redeeming bedding pledged at the Mont de Piété, and the other 100,000 francs in paying the nurses of poor mothers, who are in arrears.

Shortly after the birth of the prince at a quarter past three in the morning, the Emperor sent messages in his own name announcing the event to the Pope, the Queen of England, the King of Piedmont, the Queen of Sweden, the Grand Duchess Dowager of Baden, and, I believe, some other courts. It is a very curious fact, as showing not only the wonders of the electric telegraph, but also the activity of great personages at hours when the world at large is wrapped in sleep, that telegraphic messages of congratulation were received in answer before 6 o'clock from the Pope, Queen Victoria and the Queen of Sweden.

The Peace Congress brought their labors to a close by signing a treaty which puts an end to the present war. The particulars of this important event we give from our foreign file:

"The draft of the general treaty of peace drawn up by the Comité de Rédaction, having, in the sitting of Saturday, obtained the sanction of the congress, the plenipotentiaries of the contracting powers met the next day, as already stated, to proceed to the formal act of affixing their signatures to the document. M. Feuille de Conches, chief of the protocol department in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, had caused seven copies of the treaty, written on parchment, to be prepared and placed on the table of the conferences, in such a manner that each copy was put before the plenipotentiaries of the government by which it is to be ratified. After the text of the seven copies had been carefully compared, the plenipotentiaries proceeded to affix their signatures to the end of the treaty. Count Walewski, as President of the Congress, signed first, and the other plenipotentiaries in the alphabetical order of their respective countries. It was at this moment that the Emperor was informed by electric telegraph that the treaty of peace was signed, and his Majesty sent back word to the members of the congress that he would be ready to receive them after they had concluded their task. But although the mere act of affixing their signatures occupied the plenipotentiaries but a very brief portion of time, yet the whole of the formality of signing lasted nearly two hours, as the plenipotentiaries, in addition to their signature at the bottom of each protocol, had to affix their initials to the different paragraphs, the whole number of such minor signatures being, it is said, 38. The plenipotentiaries of each contracting power signed first the copy reserved for their government, and then the other plenipotentiaries signed in alphabetical order. In this manner, each contracting power figuring at the head of the signatures of the copy which it is to ratify, all difficulties as to etiquette or precedence were set aside. To each signature was immediately attached the private seal of each plenipotentiary.

"Immediately after the close of the sitting all the plenipotentiaries went together to the Tuileries, where they had the honor of being received by the Emperor."

The terms of the treaty will not be made public until after its ratification by the respective governments represented in the Congress. Paris was splendidly illuminated in honor of the event, and a magnificent review of 100,000 men took place in the Camp de Mars, in the presence of the Emperor, who was attended by a brilliant staff. Monseigneur de la Tour d'Auvergne, the bearer of the autograph letter of the Emperor of the French to request the Pope's consent to become the godfather of the Prince Imperial, also presented to the Pontiff the copy of the *Imitation de Jesus Christ* destined for him. The volume, splendidly illuminated and magnificently bound, was enclosed in a case embroidered by the hands of the Empress and her Ladies of Honor.—The religious observances of the Holy Week have been followed up with great zeal and devotion. The square of the Madeleine has been daily filled with long lines of aristocratic equipages, while the evening sermons or lectures of Notre Dame have attracted sometimes



eight or ten thousand hearers round the pulpit of the Père Felix. During the entire week, from Sunday to Friday, the sacred relics have been exposed to the veneration of the faithful at the Metropolitan church.

**ENGLAND.**—The birth of the Imperial Prince at Paris was a subject of much rejoicing in the chief towns and cities of England, and the signing of the treaty of peace was received with marked demonstrations of satisfaction. Parliament reassembled on March 31st, when Lord Palmerston announced that the treaty of peace was signed, and that the objects for which the war was undertaken, were fully accomplished.—The Princess Royal, the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, was lately confirmed at Windsor Castle, in the presence of her mother and the ministers and members of the royal family. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury.—A marriage is spoken of as likely to take place in the course of the present year between the Princess Royal of England and the Prince Frederick, of Prussia, son of the Prince of Prussia, nephew of the present King, and heir apparent to the throne of Prussia. The Princess is only in her fifteenth year.—The proceedings in parliament have not been marked with importance.—As significant of the change that is daily taking place in England in regard to Catholicity, it is worthy of notice, that a bill for the repeal of the "Religious Worship Penalties," and another for the repeal of the "Popish Guardian Restriction" acts, have been laid before the House of Lords, by Lord Brougham, and ordered to be printed. The former of these bills is waiting the second reading. The bill states that "it is hurtful to the interests of religion, and inconsistent with civil liberty, that any person should be subjected to any temporal pains, penalties, or disabilities whatsoever, on account of his religious opinions or his mode of worship." It proposes to repeal several acts from the reign of Edward VI to the 9 and 10 Wm. III. The latter bill repeals part of another act whereby fathers are restrained from appointing Catholic recusants to be guardians of their infant children. The act referred to is the 12th Char. II, c. 24, section 8. It is proposed to enact that no guardian is to be deemed invalidly appointed by reason of being "a Popish recusant."

**Stronge Statement.**—During the discussion on the marriage bill, in the House of Lords, Lord Campbell stated that the law of marriage in Scotland was so uncertain, and so little understood, that it was impossible for many persons to say whether they were married or not, and not one child in fifty from Carlisle all round the coast of Scotland to the German Ocean, knew whether he was legitimate or not!

The Covent Garden Theatre was destroyed by fire. The fire originated accidentally, about six o'clock in the morning, and spread so rapidly that the entire building was left a heap of ruins in the course of a few hours.

The Lord Mayor of London gave a grand entertainment in honor of Mr. Buchanan, the American Minister, previous to his departure to this country. Our worthy representative was exceedingly well pleased with her Britannic Majesty's subjects, if we may judge from the following extract from his speech delivered on that occasion:

"My Lord Mayor, ladies, and gentlemen,—I receive with pride and gratification this testimonial from the company present of the regard in which they hold my country, and of their esteem towards me in the position which I have the honor to hold. I can say, however, in all truth and sincerity, that I shall ever preserve a grateful remembrance of the many kindnesses I have received in this country. I have yet to meet the first Englishman who has not treated me as though I were a countryman of his own. I will say nothing of the reception I have met with from the ladies. I will not speak of the ladies because they are the best part of the creation. I shall carry home with me every sentiment of most grateful feeling towards the people of this country, amongst whom I have never felt myself a stranger. Speaking the same language—reading the same books—united in the kindred ties of a free people, I have ever spoken my sentiments openly and freely, and in every company of English gentlemen I have been treated with the greatest respect."

**IRELAND.**—It is truly gratifying to witness the generous zeal manifested by the Irish Catholics in behalf of their holy faith. Almost every steamer bring us accounts of the erection of new churches, or the founding of new literary or religious institutions. On the late festival of Ireland's patron saint, the ceremony of laying the first stone of a



new church at Randon, to be dedicated to St. Patrick, took place. The church is to be in the form of a cross, and built in the Gothic order of architecture.—From the *Dublin Tablet* of the 5th of April, we also learn, after the close of the ceremonies on Low Sunday, a highly important meeting took place in the parish chapel, Loughrea, to take the preliminary steps, and enter into subscriptions, for the purpose of building a new cathedral in that town. The venerated Bishop of Clonfert, the Right Rev. Dr. Derry, was called to the chair; and at his Lordship's suggestion, J. O'Leary, Esq., and John Smyth, Esq., solicitor, were requested to act as secretaries.

James Smyth, Esq., Masonbrook, moved the first resolution, which was seconded by the Very Rev. Dr. Haly, S. J., in an appropriate speech, pointing out the necessity of a more spacious place of worship, as the present edifice was quite unworthy of the people of Loughrea, which was one of the few towns in Ireland where a bishop resided that had not a cathedral church. He trusted, through the piety and public spirit of the inhabitants, they would erect such a structure as would be a credit to their religion and to their town.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Derry, Bishop of Clonfert, in a most powerful and eloquent address, told the meeting that as this town had the blessing and privilege of being the diocesan parish, it was incumbent on them to erect a cathedral of such a size and proportions as would be an honor to our holy religion, and in every way worthy the people of Loughrea. 'Tis now six hundred years since that magnificent pile, the cathedral church of Clonfert, on the banks of the Shannon, was used for Catholic worship—'twas reared through the piety and Christian zeal of our ancestors, and is a monument well worthy of the time, the men, and the motives—from thence, ere the spoiler came with desolating hand, was the word of holy truth disseminated, and every charity and Christian virtue practised by the holy prelates whose blessing it was to rule over this diocese in those happy days; and if the diocese is of the same extent now that it was then, it is infinitely larger in population, and therefore requires a church of commensurate proportion. I well know (said his Lordship) the extent—nay, the vast responsibility—of the undertaking. Great and continued exertion will be required, but the united and hearty coöperation of the people will accomplish any thing with the assistance of Almighty God; but still we cannot expect a miracle from heaven. You must come forward cheerfully, and with a free heart, and give what you can afford. I have the greatest faith and confidence in your resolve, and as sure as we work and pull together for this great, truly noble, and most desirable object, you shall see a Catholic cathedral erected in honor of the Most High, which shall descend to your children's children a lasting monument of your piety and zeal.

The illustrious prelate concluded his eloquent remarks, by giving in his own subscription for £100. This good example was followed by others, and the sum of nearly £1,000 was subscribed before the meeting adjourned.

The Rev. Dr. Cahill delivered one of those eloquent and soul-touching discourses for which he is so distinguished, on the evening of St. Patrick's Day, in the Augustinian Church, Limerick. Speaking of the zeal of the Irish clergy and the suffering of the people, the eminent divine eloquently observed: "The ecclesiastical history of other countries is contained in resolutions, conferences, synods,—ours in chains, exile, death; their glory is published in books and parchments; ours is proclaimed from the uprooted altar, the martyr's grave. Books are a cold chronicle to Ireland's faith. No! the lonely mountain, the unfrequented valley, the dark cavern—these are burning records: here the priest lay hid—here the flock was fed—these are, therefore, our family titles. Aye, and the beaten spot where the trembling parishioner placed the annual garland over the fallen pastor, these are the inspiring sources from whence the Irish heart must drink its lessons of Ireland's invincible courage and imperishable faith. No, not books. Our national seminary?—no, but the mouldering heart that lived, and bled, and died, for God's unfading gospel!"

The Catholic University continues to receive the warmest marks of encouragement from every part of Ireland. It is said that a magnificent church is to be built in connection with it, and that a monastery will in time be erected near it.



*Consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Walshe.*—On Monday, St. Patrick's Day, the "Apostolic Letters" for the appointment of the Right Rev. Dr. Walshe, as Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, arrived at Carlow. The consecration will take place in the Cathedral of Carlow, on Low Sunday, the 30th inst., on which occasion the Right Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop elect of Cape Town, will likewise be consecrated, and the consecrating prelate will be, as we are informed, the Archbishop of Dublin.

A lamentable accident occurred at Cork on the 31st of March. It appears that a large number of persons assembled in a room on the second floor of a miserable house on Penrose square, when of a sudden, and without any warning save a slight sound of crackling timber, the floor, with all its living weight, fell with a crash, carrying away the lower floor, and its occupants with it, and burying all, including those on the ground floor, in one mass of writhing and shrieking human beings, with dead and dying in awful proportion to the whole. Eighteen were killed on the spot or died shortly afterwards, and about the same number badly wounded.

*AUSTRIA.*—A circular has recently been published at Vienna, and addressed by the Minister of Public Instruction and Worship to the Bishops, for the purpose of inducing them to lend their aid to the government, in order to insure the full carrying out of the new administrative system founded by the Concordat. For this purpose, all the Archbishops and Bishops of the empire are invited to assemble at Vienna on the second Sunday after Easter (April 6th), and there to open conferences, at which the imperial government will be represented by his Eminence the Cardinal von Rauscher, Archbishop of Vienna. In desiring this meeting, as the ministerial circular in question observes, the Austrian Government proposes to itself, above all, to hasten the execution of the Concordat, to render its application uniform in the various parts of the empire; in short, to realize a complete harmony between the Church and the State on questions of detail left in suspense by the Concordat, and to do so either by means of a direct understanding with the Bishops, or, in case that should be impossible, by preparing the ground for those negotiations which the court of Austria would then have to open on this subject with the Holy See itself.

Having thus defined the important mission which the Austrian Bishops will be called upon to fulfil at the future conferences, the circular of Count von Thun points out for their immediate attention different questions already regulated by the Concordat, but which, in consequence of the temporal interests surrounding them, cannot form in practice the subject of Episcopal decisions without previous agreement between the Bishops and civil authorities. Such are, for instance, the questions appertaining to the Ecclesiastical jurisdiction respecting marriage, to the execution of sentences passed against Ecclesiastics by the ordinary tribunals, to the superintendence of the Catholic primary schools, to the appointment of theological professors, and, lastly, to the purchase of real property on account of the Church. On the other hand, appealing to the principles laid down in a note of the imperial plenipotentiary at the moment of signing the Concordat, the circular insists on the propriety of not having recourse, save with the greatest reserve, to the repressive measures in questions touching the press, setting aside by these very terms all idea of preventive censorship; and it expresses the firm conviction entertained by the imperial government, that on this point, as well as on all the rest, the Bishops will cordially strive to preserve a good understanding with the government. Finally, the circular concludes by tendering advice full of prudence to the Episcopal body touching the necessity of maintaining the harmony so fortunately re-established by the Concordat between the Church and State, and it gives a pressing invitation to the several Bishops not to forestall the decisions of the conferences by taking for their respective dioceses premature resolutions not concerted between themselves and their colleagues.

*PRUSSIA.*—The most noted event lately transacted at Berlin is a duel that took place between a certain Herr Von Rochow and Herr Von Hinkeldy, President of the Police, in which the latter was killed. When the King heard the news, he uttered bitter exclamations of grief and rage, and the excitement among the people was immense. Herr



von Rochow, conscious of the power of his party, coolly gave himself up; but both at the "Commandant's" and at the Ministry of the Interior he was permitted to go at large on his parole; and although he was arrested in the evening by the criminal police, the military authorities reclaimed him next morning, and set him at liberty again on his parole. In the House of Peers, on the following day, the President of the Chamber expressed his regret that one of their members should have met with the unpleasantness of having to fight a duel, and of being imprisoned for twelve hours. Before the excitement attending this tragedy had subsided, the city was startled by the announcement of that two other personages holding high positions had severally committed suicide. These things show a very bad state of morals among the higher order of the Prussian nobility.

**RUSSIA.**—News from Russia is unimportant. Every thing seemed at a stand waiting the result of the labors of the Congress at Paris. The typhus fever had prevailed to a fearful extent in the south. At Odessa, on the 1st of March, the hospitals were crowded with patients stricken down with that fever. The typhus has committed terrible ravages in the whole of Southern Russia, and particularly in those places which are near the theatre of war. Bakshiserai, Simpheropol, and Nicolaieff are almost empty. It is estimated that this pestilence has already carried off 100,000 men. It is gradually spreading over Bessarabia.

**THE CRIMEA.**—The strife and bloody contests that were so long witnessed in this locality have at length given place to mutual and friendly intercourse. A correspondent of the *London Times* writing under date of February 29th, thus describes affairs there at that time:

"There was a lively and novel scene this morning at Traktir-bridge. At its further end the white flag was hoisted, and just beyond it were halted some five and twenty Cossacks, who had escorted thither the Russian General Timoeff and his staff. The Generals, who had met to arrange the details of the armistice, occupied two tents, pitched on a strip of green sward in the rear of the bridge. At a few minutes past ten General Barnard and some staff officers rode down through the ravine between the two hills on which the battle of the Tchernaya was chiefly fought, and crossed to the other side of the river. There were perhaps, half a dozen other English officers, about as many French, and a much larger number of Sardinians. All these went over the bridge, and a sort of fraternization ensued between them and some Russian officers—that is to say, there was a good deal of civility, and some ill-treatment of the French and German languages; but, as to carrying on much conversation with our Muscovite friends, it was not an easy matter, for there seemed a mutual embarrassment as to what subject to pitch upon.

"Horses were a natural theme, and the Russians expressed much admiration of some of those present, and were probably rather astonished at their good condition. But the great object of curiosity to us was the fur-capped Cossacks, around whom the allied officers assembled, examining their arms and equipments, and entering into conversation, which, in most cases, was carried on by signs. They were slender, wiry men—ugly enough, most of them, mounted on small, rough, active horses, and carrying, besides sword and carbine, flagless lances, whose long, black poles terminated in a small but very sharp pointed steel head. They seemed well pleased to cultivate the acquaintance of their enemies, and also had evidently an eye to the main chance."

Sister Mary Elizabeth, one of the Sisters of Mercy, died at Balaklava, on the 23d of February. Her funeral was attended by all the clergy in the camp, and by the Sisters of Charity from the Sardinian camp, besides the members of her own Order, and a vast body of Catholic soldiers. An eye-witness writing to the *London Standard*, thus describes the scene: "A breathless silence was observed by all; no one daring to interrupt the fervent throbings which seemed like incense for the departed soul. All nature appeared to join in our holy work; and heaven itself seemed to smile in approbation. Her mortal remains were deposited beside her Sister in Religion, on the hill which commands the harbor. A beautiful marble cross, which stands six feet high, has just been erected by the Catholic soldiers of the 89th, to the memory of Sister Winifred; and another similar one is going to be raised to Sister Elizabeth. The only difficulty is to know who will have the honor of doing it. The spirit of the Catholic soldiers in the



East requires no stimulus in this way; they only look forward with anxiety to the time when some move will be made at home, in order to contribute largely to raise a lasting memorial to the zeal, the charity, and the indefatigable exertion of those good ladies."

**DENMARK.**—The Minister, Scheele, has informed the *Rigstag* that the government of the United States has proposed to prolong, for two months, the treaty that expires on the 14th of April, in order to give opportunity for the completion of the negotiations now pending. Denmark has proposed to abolish the Sound Dues, for the sum of 35,000,000 rix dollars, equivalent to about £4,000,000; and calculates the amount to be borne by each government as follows:—England 12,000,000 of rix dollars; Russia 12,000,000; Prussia 5,000,000; Denmark 2,000,000; Holland 2,000,000; Norway 1,000,000; Mecklenburg 500,000; Sweden 2,000,000; United States 500,000; France 1,500,000; Belgium 500,000; Lubec 250,000; Hanover 150,000; Hamburg and Bremen 200,000 together; Spain, Portugal and Italy 262,000 together; South America 17,000; Oldenberg 75,000, and the other (not Baltic) States 595,000 collectively. It is further proposed to leave it to the option of each State to pay the amount at once or else the interest at 4 per cent. per annum, together with 2 per cent. annually to the sinking fund, terminable in twenty-eight years.

**Nicaragua.**—By recent advices from this region, we learn that a body of General Walker's troops, four hundred strong, was defeated near San Jose, by five hundred Costa Ricans, under General Mora. Gen. Mora, in a despatch to the Minister of War, states that the attack lasted fourteen minutes, when the filibusters broke and fled terrified to the woods, closely followed by the Costa Ricans. The field was strewn with dead. Among the Costa Ricans six officers were killed.

**SOUTH AMERICA.**—*The Angel Gabriel and Negro Riots in Demarara.*—Accounts from Demarara, received via St. Thomas, to March 8th, state that the negroes of British Guiana, stimulated by the harangues of the lunatic Orr, not unknown here as the Angel Gabriel, had risen against the Portuguese Coolies, who profess the Roman Catholic religion, and that several lives have been lost. Having failed in inflaming the minds or arousing the passions of the ignorant portion of the black population by violent harangues, in which he imputed every species of crime and immorality to the Roman Catholics, he took advantage of an existing feud between the negro population and the Portuguese immigrants, most of whom are Catholics, and stimulated an excitement against the latter that ultimately broke out into active hostility, and resulted in the pillaging and demolition of the shops of the Portuguese traders in the city, and several Catholic churches. This occurred on the 18th ult., and was immediately followed by like disturbances in the country, throughout the colony, incited by emissaries from the town. The disturbances in the country seem to be still more serious, being attended, according to the *Georgetown Gazette*, by the loss of many lives. Detachments of the 2d West India Regiment were sent in steamers to Berbice, and up the river as far as the Great Diamond Plantation. The latter had returned with thirty prisoners. The former remained to suppress the civil power at Fort Canjo. Troops were also sent for to the Windward Islands, and a French war-steamer was placed by its commander at the disposal of the Governor. Cholera still prevails at Porto Rico. At Porto Cabello trade was quite active.

**Catholicity in Chili.**—Letters from Chili record the most satisfactory accounts relative to the condition of the Catholic Church in that Republic. The secular clergy of this vast and improving country are well informed, pious, and zealous. The See of Santiago is occupied by a prelate (Mgr. Valdiviero) of no ordinary talents and learning. The Bishop of *La Concepcion*, Mgr. Solis, is highly distinguished by his numerous and rare accomplishments; and Mgr. Donoso, Bishop of *La Serona*, once an humble Franciscan friar, is a celebrated canonist; he has written several books on theology and canon law for the instruction of his clergy, who are by no means unworthy of such an excellent superior.



In the Archdiocese of Santiago there is an excellent seminary. The Superior of this establishment is a gentleman of well known abilities and great piety. Before entering into his important office he visited the most celebrated and best regulated seminaries of France, Italy, and Germany—copied their rules and has wisely so modified them as to adapt them to the climate and country in which he labors for the good of souls.

Among the regular clergy of Chili there are also many men of great virtue and merit. Cases of scandal are few, and every year becoming more scarce under the vigilant superintendence of holy bishops and zealous abbots. Valparaiso has a *Catholic Review*, conducted principally by a few learned and zealous ecclesiastics. It has been combatting heresy and infidelity during the last thirteen years with a success which the enemies of the Faith are more ready to admit than forgive. It is by far the best literary production in the whole republic. Various religious associations, particularly that of the Sacred Heart of Mary, are being established in several localities. We are also happy to state that the material as well as the spiritual condition of this great Republic is most satisfactory; it is fast surpassing all the rival states.

#### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

1. **ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.**—*Religious Reception.*—At the Convent of the Immaculate Conception in this city, Julia Farrel, Sister M. Agatha; Mary Ann Fluskey, Sister M. Monica; and Alice Healy, Sister M. Magdalen, lay sisters, received the habit and veil of the Order of the Sisters of Mercy, from the hands of the Rev. Mr. McColgan, assisted by the Rev. Mr. O'Toole, of Washington. Isabel Atkinson, Sister M. Alphonsa, choir sister, and Fanny Logan, Sister M. Gertrude, lay sister, were also received into the same Order.—On the 8th instant, at the Convent of the Visitation in this city, Miss Mary Sullivan, Sister M. Cephas, and Miss Catharine Simon, Sister M. Mechtilde, received the habit of religion in the rank of choir sisters; and Miss Mary McElhill, sister Mary of the Cross, in the rank of domestic sister. The Rev. Mr. McColgan and the Abbe Le Blond presided.

*Confirmation.*—On the morning of the 11th inst. the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to twelve of the pupils of Mount de Sales Academy of the Visitation. On the 13th inst. the same Most Rev. Prelate administered the Sacrament of Confirmation, at the chapel of the Convent of the Visitation, to nine pupils of the Academy.

*St. Vincent's Infant Asylum.*—We are gratified to learn that the noble daughters of St. Vincent have established in our city, a home and a refuge for a class of children heretofore unprovided for. "This is an asylum," says the *Mirror*, "for infants bereft of their parents by death, or inhumanly abandoned by them. Almost weekly, our papers record instances of the remains of infants discovered, bearing marks of violence, too plainly telling the crime that has ushered the hapless little being into eternity. At other times, unwilling to take the lives of their little ones, unnatural mothers, to conceal their disgrace, expose their offspring to perish in the public streets. Designing to rescue as many as possible of these pitiable little creatures from an untimely death, the Sisters offer to receive in their asylum, and provide for, any infants that may be presented to them, trusting, with the help of God, that the charity of a generous community will sustain them in an undertaking of so humane a character."

2. **DIOCESE OF NEWARK.**—The Right Rev. Dr. Bayley, Bishop of Newark, on the 20th inst. administered the Sacrament of Confirmation at the Church of St. James, in Newark, to two hundred children, who at the same time made their first Communion. The congregation of St. James is under the charge of the worthy and excellent pastor, the Rev. James Callan, by whom the children were prepared for the reception of these holy sacraments. The illustrious prelate delivered on the occasion an eloquent and impressive discourse.

3. **ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. LOUIS.**—*Confirmation.*—The holy Sacrament of Confirmation was administered at the Cathedral of St. Louis on Sunday, April 6th, to a large number of children. They also approached the Holy Communion on the same occasion.—The corner-stone of a new church, under the invocation of St. Michael, was laid on



Low Sunday in the city of St. Louis, by the Very Rev. J. Duggan, V. G. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Rev. P. J. Ryan, Secretary to the Most Rev. Archbishop.

4. **DIOCESE OF BOSTON.**—*Catholic Charity.*—Andrew Carney, Esq., of Boston, has, with characteristic generosity, presented to the Trustees of the Sisters of Charity, the munificent sum of \$12,000 towards the new St. Vincent de Paul Asylum, in the course of erection on Shawmut Avenue. Mr. Carney is an Irish *millionaire*, who has acquired a magnificent fortune by uncommon industry and business aptitude.

5. **DIOCESE OF DETROIT.**—*Confirmation.*—On the 6th instant, a large number of children made their first communion at St. Ann's Church, Detroit; and in the afternoon the Rt. Rev. Bishop officiated at Pontifical Vespers, and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to one hundred and sixteen, whom he addressed in one of those impressive and paternal admonitions which makes so indelible an impression upon the youthful.

6. **DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG.**—*Confirmation.*—This Sacrament was administered in St. John's Church, Birmingham, on the 25th of March, to about eighty children. The Right Rev. Bishop of Pittsburg preached on the occasion. The congregation of St. John's is under the care of the zealous and indefatigable pastor, the Rev. Mr. Reynolds. —*The Benedictine Monastery.*—In the diocese of Pittsburg, between Youngstown and Latrobe, on the slope of "the Chesnut range" (a spur of the Alleghanies) there stands a Benedictine Monastery, richly worth seeing. The Abbot and most of the monks are from Bavaria; the whole community now numbers, if I remember rightly, 230 souls, including novices and scholars. They have, adjoining their house, workshops for carpenters, smiths, &c., all of them lay or choir brothers. Their immediate farm contains some 300 acres, and they have another at a distance. But the chief object of attraction for the passing visitor, is the collection of paintings, rich in contributions from the Munich school, and in specimens of the old masters. Those which are framed and displayed are perilously situated in a loft over the carpenter's shop, the gallery not being yet built. The old paintings are kept in the library, and were obligingly shown us by the Abbot and others of the monks. We understood that a branch of this house is likely to be established this spring in Minnesota, and we cannot but congratulate our friends out there on the good influence likely to be exerted on their society, by a religious Order which combines a love of labor with a love of religion, and a love of art with both.—*Celt.*

7. **ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW ORLEANS.**—*Confirmation.*—The Most Rev. Archbishop of New Orleans administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to one hundred and fifty-five children at the church of St. John Baptist, on the 27th of March, and on the Sunday following he confirmed sixty children at Plaquemine, in the parish of Iberville.—*Magnificent Present.*—R. D. Shepherd, Esq., presented to the worthy pastor of the church of St. John Baptist, in the city of New Orleans, a splendid organ, estimated at \$5,000. This organ was once in possession of the Jewish Synagogue of that city.—*An Outrage on a Catholic Priest.*—A most daring outrage has been committed on the Rev. Mr. Poyet, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, New Orleans. One of the daily papers thus gives the account of the brutal affair: "Yesterday noon, whilst the Rev. Mr. Poyet, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Common street, was waiting for an omnibus, two persons approached him, and demanded a retraction of some real or imagined insult offered to two Creole ladies, by demanding, perhaps somewhat peremptorily, payment of a pew, which, it is said, they have occupied for a considerable time, without any remuneration therefor. The Rev. gentleman observed that he had given no offence, and had no apology to offer, whereupon the twain immediately beset him. He struggled with them, and being a strong, athletic man, although unarmed, would, it is thought, have overpowered them. He wrested a sword-cane from the hands of one of them, when three other interested parties, observants of the struggle, who stood aloof at an opposite corner, ran to the assistance of the twain, and all five, cowardly and inhumanly, it is reported, cut and backed him on his face and head, his arms and hands, inflicting no less than eighteen wounds thereon! No arrests were made at last accounts."

8. **ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK.**—*Catholic Library Association.*—A meeting of many of the distinguished Catholics of New York was recently held at Hope Chapel, with the view of forming a Catholic Library in that city. The object was stated to be

1. The dissemination of Catholic and useful knowledge.
2. To forward the moral and intellectual advancement of its members.
3. To create among its members a spirit of harmony and good feeling, that will be conducive alike to their interests and pleasure. These to be attained by establishing a Library and Reading Room; and by Readings and Lectures when practicable.



Mr. QUINN, the secretary, read letters of apology and encouragement from Dr. Ives and CHARLES O'CONNOR.

Dr. O. A. BROWNSON was introduced amid prolonged applause. He advocated the claims of the infant institution to Catholic support, on the ground that it was eminently calculated to create and foster a Catholic public opinion.

Mr. JAS. A. McMASTER, in the course of a brief address stated that though in this city there were 300,000 baptised Catholics, there was not, outside their homes, a room twelve feet square specially set apart for the purpose, where they could meet in friendly intercourse and intellectual communion. And this was the more strange because Catholics were to be found in the first rank in the legal, the medical, and all the learned professions, as well as of those engaged in the commercial pursuits. That they were not negligent in their public duty, as Catholics, was sufficiently manifested in the magnificent temples and multiplied charities for which their purses were always open, and which were created by their liberality.

Mr. RICHARD O'GORMAN spoke in favor of the objects of the association, basing his appeal on the dignity and worth of Catholicity in a social point of view. He wound up by a glowing tribute to the spirit of religious freedom which the Church, no less than the primitive teachings of Christianity itself, recognized.

9. DIOCESE OF HARTFORD.—On the 19th of March in the Convent Chapel of the Sisters of Mercy, Providence, R. I., Sister Mary Winifred (Miss Margaret Richil), made her solemn vows and received the black veil.—Painful apprehensions are still entertained for the safety of the beloved Bishop of Hartford. There is scarcely any doubt but that he was on the steamer Pacific, and his fate is involved with that vessel, whatever may be the result.

10. ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO.—From the *California Herald* we gather the following particulars of the interesting and impressive ceremonies of the "reception" and of the "profession" of the "Sisters of our Lady of Mercy," performed in the chapel of the City Hospital of that city, which institution is at present under the supervision of the religious order named. A very large company of our most esteemed citizens were present on the occasion. The first ceremony was the profession of Sylvia Brown, whose novitiate of two years had just expired. At this period the novice has completed her term of probation and may assume the black veil. The solemnities that preceded the administration of the Sacrament in this ceremonial, were of a character to impress every beholder with a deep sense of the holy obligations incurred. When these were concluded, the novice pronounced her vows, as follows:—"In the name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and under the protection of His Immaculate Mother, Mary, ever Virgin, I, Sylvia Brown, called in religion Mary Gabriel, do vow, and promise to God poverty, chastity, and obedience, and the service of the poor, sick, and ignorant; and to persevere until death in this Institute of our Lady of Mercy, according to its approved rule and constitution, under the authority, and in the presence of you, my Lord and Most Reverend Father in God, Joseph Allemany, Archbishop of this Diocese, and of our Reverend Mother, Mary Russell, called in religion St. —, Mother Superior of the Convent of Mercy, San Francisco, this 6th day of March, in the year of our Lord 1856."

The candidates for reception were Winifred O'Brien and Catherine Murray. This ceremony takes place after the first period of the novitiate—six months. The novice puts aside the secular dress and assumes the habit of the Order and the white veil, which is worn during the probationary period of two years. The novice kneeling at the foot of the altar, the Archbishop interrogates her. In this ceremonial no vows are required of the novice, and she may withdraw from the Order at any time during the succeeding years of her novitiate. The title of Sister Mary Vincent was conferred upon Miss O'Brien, and the title of Sister Magdalene was conferred upon Miss Murray.

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OBITUARY.—*Death of the Rev. Father Nobili.*—This lamented Father died of the lockjaw, occasioned by a nail running into his foot, at the Jesuit's College, Santa Clara, California, on the 1st of March.

*Father Herrill* died on the 11th inst., at Nicetown, Pa., in the 75th year of his age. The venerable deceased was a native of Drogheda, Ireland.

The Rev. *Michael McGinn* departed this life on the 18th ult. at his residence in Fort Hamilton, L. I.

The Rev. *Father Augustus Murphy* died on Good Friday, at his mission, nine miles from Nashville. Father Murphy was a native of Ireland, and in the 50th year of his age.

On the evening of Easter Sunday, Miss Henrietta Martina Dyer, aged twenty years. She entered the Convent of the Visitation, Washington City, and received the white veil, with the name of Sister Mary Angela, on the 8th December (feast of the Immaculate Conception) 1854. *May they rest in peace.*



The  
Metropolitan.

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MEMOIR OF ARCHBISHOP CARROLL.\*

JOHN CARROLL, afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore, was the son of Daniel Carroll and Eleanor Darnall, and was born at Upper Marlboro', Prince George's County, Maryland, on the eighth day of January, in the year seventeen hundred and thirty-five. Daniel Carroll, the father of our illustrious Archbishop, emigrated from Ireland when a youth, together with his family, who were compelled to abandon their native country on account of the persecutions there waged against their religion, and shortly after his arrival in the province of Maryland engaged in mercantile pursuits. Eleanor Darnall, the mother of John Carroll, was a native of Maryland, and a daughter of Henry Darnall, a wealthy Catholic gentleman of the province. She was educated with every care in a select school at Paris, and was highly remarkable and admired for her profound piety, and for her varied and elegant accomplishments. The virtues of the mother were deeply impressed upon the character of the son, and gave a charm to his long and useful life. These pious parents encountered great obstacles in the education of their son. Catholics, whom persecution had driven from Catholic Ireland, encountered even in Catholic Maryland the cruel tyranny of persecution; Catholic schoolmasters were hunted down by the law and its officers, and Catholic parents were prohibited from educating their children in the faith of their ancestors. But the zealous Jesuit missionaries of the province had established at Bohemia, a remote and secluded spot on the Eastern Shore, a boarding school for youths, where, without observation, the rudiments of a classical and Catholic education were imparted. Here the youthful Carroll, his illustrious cousin, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and Robert Brent, Esq., were entered as scholars in the year 1747. In the following year the three students were sent to Europe and placed at the Jesuit College of St. Omers in French Flanders. During the six years of his collegiate life at St. Omers, our youthful Carroll was ever distinguished for his piety, good example, his close application to his studies, his ready and brilliant talents, and for his gentle and amiable deportment. In 1753 he entered the novitiate of the So-

\* Compiled from the Memoir of the Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll, by B. U. Campbell, in the U. S. Catholic Magazine of 1844. &c.; Biography of Archbishop Carroll, by John Carroll Brent; and from some original sources.



ciety of Jesus, and in 1755 was removed to Liege to make his course of philosophy and divinity. In 1759, being then in his twenty-fifth year, he was ordained in the holy ministry, and in obedience to the injunction of our Divine Lord, he gave his patrimony and all his worldly possessions to his brother and sisters in America, and in poverty took up his cross to follow Christ. Having served as professor at St. Omers and at Liege, he was received as a professed father in the Society of Jesus in 1771. During the year 1772, and part of 1773, he made the tour of Europe as tutor to the son of Lord Stourton, an English Catholic nobleman, and in July, 1773, was made prefect at Bruges, whither the Jesuit Fathers, expelled from St. Omers and Watten by the orders of the Parliament of Paris, had removed their college. While Mr. Carroll was pursuing a life of study and meditation at Bruges, the Society of Jesus, of which he was a devoted and zealous member, was suppressed by the brief, *Dominus ac Redemptor*, of Pope Clement XIV, dated July 21st, 1773, and published on the 16th of August of the same year. The brief of the Pope reached Bruges in September, and plunged in the most profound grief the members of that illustrious and calumniated order. Mr. Carroll, in common with his companions of the Society, submitted without a thought of resistance or even of hesitation to this most severe and disastrous blow. In a letter to his brother, Daniel Carroll, Father Carroll on the subject of the suppression of the Society, after expressing the grief of his heart, exclaims: "God's holy will be done, and may his name be blessed forever and ever." The history of the Church does not present a scene more sublime or more admirable than the submission and obedience of the Jesuits to that most unfortunate brief, by which their existence as an order in the Church was blotted out. The annals of the world present nothing comparable to this splendid act of true Catholic heroism. Upon the publication of the brief, the Jesuit institutions were given up by most of the governments of Europe to plunder, desecration, and every species of vandalism. The English Jesuits of Flanders retired to England, whither Mr. Carroll accompanied them, acted as the Secretary of their meetings, and, in fact, carried on an important correspondence with the French Government in relation to the property of the suppressed order in France. While thus engaged in England he received the appointment of chaplain to Lord Arundel, and took up his residence at Wardour Castle, one of the most splendid and luxurious seats in England. But the charms of Wardour Castle did not withdraw the attention of this holy priest from the most laborious and self-sacrificing duties of his sacred calling, which he continued to perform with unabated zeal and activity.

About this time the quarrel between the mother country and her colonies was hastening to a crisis. Mr. Carroll at once took sides with his own country. Bidding adieu to his beloved companions of the late Society of Jesus, and to his noble and generous friends at Wardour Castle, he sailed from England and reached his native land on the 26th of June, 1774. His first impulse was to visit his venerable mother and devoted sisters, with the former of whom he took up his residence at Rock Creek, where at first a room in the family dwelling, and subsequently a wooden chapel, were the scenes of the holy and zealous priest's ministerial offices. The wooden chapel has since been superseded by a neat brick church, now so well known as Carroll's chapel.

At the time of Father Carroll's arrival in America there was not one public Catholic church in Maryland. The Holy Sacrifice could be offered up to Almighty God alone under the family roof, which explains the fact of the old Catholic chapels of Maryland containing large hearths and fire-places within



them, and massive brick chimneys projecting through the roofs. The number of Catholic clergymen then in the province of Maryland was nineteen, whose names and places of residence, as given by Col. B. U. Campbell, will be read with interest by the present Catholics of Maryland: "Rev. George Hunter, an Englishman, Vicar-General of the Vicar Apostolic (Bishop) of London, was superior of the clergy in Maryland and Pennsylvania. He resided near Port Tobacco, in Charles County, upon a beautiful and productive estate, still known as St. Thomas' Manor. With him resided the Rev. John Bolton, also a native of England; Rev. Lewis Roels, a Belgian, and Rev'ds Charles Sewall, Benedict Neale, and Sylvester Boarman, natives of Maryland. At Newtown, in Charles County, were Rev. James Walton, an Englishman, and Revs. Augustine Jenkins, Ignatius Matthews, and John Boarman, natives of Maryland. Rev'ds John Lucas and Joseph Doyne, occupied the ancient establishment at St. Inigoe's Manor on the St. Mary's River, near the spot chosen by the first settlers of Maryland for the City of St. Mary's. In Prince George's County the Rev. John Ashton was stationed at the Jesuits' farm called White Marsh, Rev. Bernard Diderick, at Boone's chapel, Rev'ds John Boone and Thomas Digges, natives of Maryland; the latter, who was then advanced in years and infirm, resided with an aged sister on the family estate, Melwood. Rev. Joseph Mosely at Deer Creek, in Harford County, Rev. James Framback at Frederick Town, and Rev. Peter Morris resided on Bohemia Manor, in Cecil County, on the eastern side of the Chesapeake Bay." These Rev. gentlemen having been members of the suppressed order of Jesuits, were supported from the income derived from the Jesuit estates; but in this common fund the Rev. Mr. Carroll, maintaining always the kindest and most affectionate relations with his brethren, chose not to participate, since in order to do so, he would have been required by the regulation adopted by the clergy to abandon the particular field of missionary labor which he had chosen for himself at Rock Creek, and perhaps to leave his venerable and aged mother, to whose declining years he was anxious to minister. His missionary labors were chiefly performed at Carroll's chapel and the neighboring country. He traveled always on horseback, making long and frequent journeys to distant Catholic families and settlements, riding frequently thirty miles or more to sick calls, and paying monthly visits to a small congregation of Catholics at Stafford County, Virginia, which was fifty or sixty miles distant from Rock Creek.

This little settlement of Catholics in Stafford deserves something more than a mere passing notice, as forming a remarkable exception from the uniform system prevailing both in the mother country and in Virginia, by which *papists* and all others not conforming to the established Church, were molested and proscribed in respect of their religion. There was at least one little spot in Virginia consecrated to religious freedom, and this was called Woodstock, whose inhabitants were exempted from the severities of the penal code; and vested with the franchise of freely exercising their religion, by a grant under the royal signet of James II. Capt. George Brent, of Woodstock, was the leader of this band of Catholic pilgrims in Virginia in 1686, two of whose descendants were married to Anne and Eleanor Carroll, sisters of Rev. Mr. Carroll, at the time of his missionary visits to Stafford in 1775 and '76. Having been favored with the use of a copy of the remarkable and interesting document, which redeemed Virginia from the general reproach of intolerance, I take pleasure in laying it before the public:



"JAMES R.

"Right trusty and wellbeloved, We greet you well, Whereas our trusty and wellbeloved George Brent, of Woodstock, in our County of Stafford, in that our Collony of Virginia, Richard Foote and Robert Bristow of London Merchants & Nicholas Hayward of London Notary Public, have by their Humble Petition informed us, That they have purchased of our Right Trusty and Wellbeloved Thomas Lord Culpeper a certain tract of Land in our said Collony, between the Rivers of Rappahannock and Potomack, containing of estimation thirty thousand acres lying in or near our said County of Stafford, some miles distant from any present Settlement or Inhabitants & at or about twenty miles from the foot of the mountains, upon part of which Tract of Land the Pet'rs have projected and doo speedily designe to build a towne with convenient fortifications, and doo therefore pray That for the encouragement of Inhabitants to settle in the said Towne and plantation wee would be pleased to grant them the free exercise of their Religion, wee have thought fitt to condescend to their humble Request, and wee doo accordingly give and grant to the Pet'rs and to all and every the Inhabitants which now are or hereafter shall be settled in the said Towne and the Tract of Land belonging to them as is above mentioned, the free exercise of their Religion without being persecuted or molested upon any penall laws or other account for the same, which wee do hereby signifie unto you to the end you may take care and give such orders as shall be requisite—That they enjoy the full benefit of these our gracious Intentions to them, Provided they behave themselves in all civill matters so as becomes peaceable and Loyall subjects, and for so doing this shall be your warrant, and so we bid you heartely farewell.

"Given at our Court at Whitehall the 10th day of Feb'y 1686/ in the third year of our Reign. /7

"By his Maj'ties Commands,

[Royal Signet.]

"SUNDERLAND.

"To our Right Trusty and Wellbeloved Franeis Lord Howard of Effingham our Lieutenant & Governor General of our Collony and Dominions of Virginia in America, and to our chiefe Governor or Governors there for the time being."

The Catholic settlement in Stafford is said to be near the spot where Father Altham first announced the saving word to the Indians in 1634. From 1687 to the time of Mr. Carroll's arrival, the Woodstock families had rigidly and zealously adhered to their religion in the midst of perils. They were occasionally visited by the Rev. Mr. Hunter and other priests from Maryland, who always crossed the Potomac for that purpose in disguise. They were also frequently attended by the good and indefatigable Father Framback, who had to exercise the greatest caution to avoid discovery, sleeping generally in the stable beside his horse in order to be prepared for a sudden flight; and on one occasion barely escaped with his life, his faithful horse having carried him safely through the waters of the Potomac, though he was fired upon before he had attained the Maryland side of the river. After about eighteen months thus spent in the active duties of the holy ministry, the call of his country summoned Mr. Carroll to her service in other and more public scenes.

Open war was now raging between England and the thirteen Colonies. The hopes, which many of our patriots and statesmen had cherished to the last, that a reconciliation might be accomplished, were growing fainter every day, and the public mind was becoming more and more familiarized with the at first startling thought of Independence. To guard against invasion from the Canadas, and even to obtain perhaps their active coöperation in the war with the colonies, or at least to secure their neutrality, became objects of the greatest importance to the struggling colonies. To gain these ends Congress on the 15th of February, 1776, appointed Dr. Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, commissioners, with instructions to proceed to Montreal, and to use every effort of argument, per-



suasion and promises of mutual protection and defense, in order to induce the Canadians either to join the colonies in the war, or to remain neutral. In the resolution of Congress appointing the commissioners Mr. Charles Carroll of Carrollton was requested to prevail on the Rev. John Carroll to accompany them to Canada, in order to facilitate the negotiations with the Canadian clergy, who were understood to be hostile to any participation of the Canadians in the troubles of the time. The Rev. Mr. Carroll, ever mindful of his calling as a minister of peace, and of the duty he owed his country, accepted the invitation of Congress, solely with the view of prevailing on the Canadians to remain neutral and take no part with England against the colonies. We who have become accustomed to the easy, luxurious and swift traveling of the present day, can form no conception of the hardships and dangers which attended a trip from Philadelphia to Montreal in 1776. Having reached New York, they sailed from that port on the 2d of April, and after encountering delays, exposures and extraordinary difficulties, all of which neither affected the hopes nor checked the cheerful spirits of the travelers, they arrived at Montreal on the night of the 29th of April. While the commissioners were engaged in negotiating with the authorities, regulating the affairs of the Continental army then in Canada, and generally attending to the instructions of Congress, the Rev. Mr. Carroll was visiting the Canadian clergy, explaining to them the nature and principles of our revolutionary struggle, pointing out the identity of interest and destiny, which ought to unite Canada to the Colonies, and in answering objections, removing prejudices of race, and appealing to their love of liberty. He was listened to with patience and treated with profound respect. But both the commissioners and Rev. Mr. Carroll were answered by the Canadians, that they had no cause of complaint against the home government of Great Britain, which had guaranteed to them the free and full enjoyment of religion, property and liberty, and had so far sacredly adhered to that promise, and that in return the duty of allegiance was due from the Canadians to the government. There were other causes, however, which, of themselves, contributed greatly to render unsuccessful the mission of the four patriots to Canada. The Provincial Congress, which sat at Boston in 1773, had publicly used in one of their addresses this unfortunate language: "The late act establishing the Catholic religion in Canada, is dangerous in an extreme degree to the Protestant religion, and to the civil rights and liberties of America." Several of the other colonies, including even Maryland, had used similar language in the communications of their complaints to the mother country. Still more, Congress, in their address to the people of Great Britain, adopted October 21st, 1774, had used in reference to the same law, then commonly called the "Quebec Act," such language as the following: "Nor can we suppress our astonishment that a British Parliament should ever consent to establish in that country a religion that has deluged your island in blood, and dispersed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder and rebellion throughout every part of the world."—"That we think the legislature of Great Britain is not authorized by the Constitution to establish a religion, fraught with sanguinary and impious tenets," &c. Such language, thoughtlessly but none the less unfortunately, used in the excitement of the times, was naturally recalled in the minds of the Canadians, by way of contrast, when the "address to the inhabitants of the Province of Quebec," expressing no doubt the true sense and sentiments of the Congress and the country, was presented by the commissioners, containing these declarations: "We are too well acquainted with the liberality of sentiment distinguishing your nation, to imagine that difference of religion will prejudice you



against a hearty alliance with us. You know that the transcendent nature of freedom elevates those who unite in her cause above all such low-minded infirmities. The Swiss Cantons furnish a memorable proof of this truth. Their union is composed of Roman Catholic and Protestant states, living in the utmost concord and peace with one another, and thereby enabled, ever since they vindicated their freedom, to defy and defeat every tyrant that has menaced them." The mission was therefore utterly fruitless, except the lesson it lays before our countrymen, especially worthy of their attention at this time, of the folly of mixing up religion with the affairs of the State. Mr. Charles Carroll and Mr. Samuel Chase remained in Canada to attend to the affairs of the army, and Dr. Franklin and the Rev. Mr. Carroll returned home together. During their connection and association together on the Canadian mission, a warm and intimate friendship sprang up between Dr. Franklin and Mr. Carroll, which ever afterwards was cherished by both till the death of the former.

Remaining a few days in Philadelphia to enjoy the society of two of his former associates and friends of the Society of Jesus, Fathers Farmer and Molyneux, the Rev. Mr. Carroll returned to Rock Creek and resumed the duties of the holy ministry, which he continued uninterruptedly to perform throughout the revolutionary war, ardently sympathizing in the struggle, explaining and defending its principles in his correspondence with his brethren in England, and offering up fervent prayers for its success.

Prior to the Declaration of Independence the Catholic clergy of Maryland and Pennsylvania had been under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of London, whose jurisdiction was represented in the provinces by his Vicar, the Rev. Mr. Lewis, the Superior of the Society of Jesus at the time of its suppression. Some time after the Declaration of Independence the Rev. Mr. Carroll and several others of the clergy addressed a letter to Mr. Lewis, reciting that whereas America was no longer under the temporal authority of Great Britain, it was also proper and expedient that the American Church should no longer be under the spiritual authority of the British Church, and requesting that the clergy might be called together for consultation on this subject. The Rev. Superior acquiescing in these views, several meetings of the clergy were accordingly held, which resulted in the construction of a "form of government" for the Catholic clergy of the provinces, adopted at Whitemarsh, October 11th, 1784. They also sent an address to the Sovereign Pontiff requesting that a superior, holding immediately from the Holy See, and clothed with the necessary powers, might be appointed, which address expressly conveyed it as the opinion of the American clergy that it was not necessary to erect an Episcopal See in America, and that all they desired was the appointment of an archpriest, with the faculty to confer the Sacrament of Confirmation, bless oils, &c. But while these proceedings were taking place in Maryland, the Holy See was entertaining more enlarged views of the interests of religion in America. Accordingly Cardinal Doria, the Papal Nuncio at Paris, addressed a note on the subject of the appointment of a bishop for America to Dr. Franklin, then our minister to France, which Dr. Franklin was requested to lay before Congress. Congress gave for their answer, that such matters were not within their jurisdiction, but pertained alone to the individual states. Towards the close of the year 1784, the Rev. Mr. Carroll received the appointment of Superior of the clergy in the provinces, accompanied with a grant of the extraordinary powers recommended to be conferred in the meeting of the clergy at Whitemarsh. His appointment was hailed with great joy by both clergy and laity. He lost no time in



making the first visitation of the several congregations committed to his charge in Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York and the Jerseys, and displayed a ripe judgment and consummate wisdom, accompanied with the most ardent zeal in promoting the interests of religion and the salvation of souls.

The Rev. Mr. Carroll's great learning and happy powers as a controversialist were called into service about this time. Attacks on the tenets and practices of the Church, and articles advocating the establishment of a state or national religion, which were published and circulated in the colonies, would not permit the pen of so devoted and learned a child of the Church, and so ardent and sincere a friend of liberty, to remain idle. His reply to Mr. Wharton, and his letter to the editor of the "*Gazette of the United States*," have been preserved, the one a powerful defence of the Church, and the other a zealous appeal in behalf of civil and religious liberty. They display the native vigor of his intellect, the immense learning he had acquired in Europe, and the generous impulse of his heart.

When it became apparent that the Holy See still entertained the design of erecting an Episcopal See in the United States, all eyes were turned upon Mr. Carroll as the first choice of the American Church. And when the list of the names of the clergy in the States, on which Mr. Carroll's name was placed last by his own management, was exhibited by Cardinal Doria to Dr. Franklin in Paris, the doctor recollected with great warmth his old friend and companion in the public service, and recommended Mr. Carroll in the highest terms for the appointment to the new Episcopal See. The Pope approved the general choice, and made the appointment accordingly. The bishop elect sailed to Europe to be consecrated in the summer of 1790. He was consecrated by the Right Rev. Charles Walmsley, Bishop of Rama and Vicar Apostolic in England, in the chapel at Lulworth Castle, on Sunday the 15th of August, 1790, the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Returning, he arrived at Baltimore December 7th, and immediately entered upon the duties and labors of his exalted station.

While Vicar-General, Dr. Carroll commenced the foundation of Georgetown College, which he succeeded in permanently establishing in the year 1791. This institution was cherished by the illustrious prelate during his entire life with paternal care, and by its subsequent career of usefulness and glory has far surpassed the highest and fondest hopes of its honored founder.

In 1792 Bishop Carroll founded the Sulpitian Seminary at Baltimore, which was raised to the rank of an University in January, 1805, by the Legislature of Maryland, was eminent for many years as a college for the education of youth, and continues to this day as a theological seminary to give yearly to the American Church learned and zealous priests and missionaries. Bishop Carroll had also been one of three commissioners appointed by the State of Maryland to establish St. John's College at Annapolis, from which institution he received the degree of LL.D., and also received the degree of D.D., as well as that of LL.D. from other colleges and universities in the United States.

The pastoral letters of Bishop Carroll are models of the purest style. They breathe the highest and noblest sentiments of religion, impart the most gentle and paternal advice, and exhibit profound wisdom and varied learning. Being the only bishop, his duties and labors extended over the whole Union, and became so arduous that the necessity of granting him a coadjutor bishop, or of erecting other sees, soon became apparent. Accordingly in the year 1800 the Rev. Leonard Neale was, on the nomination and request of Bishop Carroll, appointed his coadjutor, and in the same year was consecrated.



On the 3d of February, 1796, the venerable and excellent mother of Bishop Carroll departed this life in the full enjoyment of her intellectual faculties, and with sentiments of the most ardent piety, in the ninety-third year of her age.

On the 22d of February, 1800, in compliance with the unanimous resolution of Congress, and the general desire of clergymen and laymen of all denominations, Bishop Carroll delivered a funeral oration in honor of General Washington, in St. Peter's church, Baltimore. All who heard this address pronounced spoke of it as a master-piece of classic composition and of the purest eloquence. Happily for us it has been preserved and handed down to posterity. It is well worthy of being studied by our countrymen, not only for its merits as a classic model, but also for the patriotic sentiments it contains, and as a graphic and life-like delineation of the character of Washington, and an accurate narrative of the trials, struggles and glories of our revolutionary fathers.

In 1803 Bishop Carroll visited Boston at the invitation of the Rev. Messrs. Matignon and Cheverus, and on the 29th of September consecrated the church of the Holy Cross, the first Catholic church erected in the City of Boston. The rapid spread of the faith in the United States, the great increase of the Catholic population and the multiplication of churches, rendered the episcopal duties of Bishop Carroll more than equal to the abilities of a single bishop. The interests of the Church rendered indispensable the erection of several additional sees in America. Accordingly Pope Pius VII, by his brief of 8th of April, 1808, erected Baltimore into an Archiepiscopal See, and erected Suffragan Sees at Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Bardstown. The Rev. M. de Cheverus was appointed Bishop of Boston, the Rev. Mr. Cancanon, a Dominican, Bishop of New York, Rev. Mr. Egan, a Franciscan, Bishop of Philadelphia, and Rev. Mr. Flaget, a Sulpitian, Bishop of Bardstown. On the first of November, 1810, Archbishop Carroll, assisted by his coadjutor, Bishop Neale, consecrated in the Cathedral at Baltimore, Bishops Cheverus and Egan, and on the 4th of the same month Bishop Flaget. The Rev. Mr. Cancanon, while bearing the Papal Bulls to America for the erection of the new sees and appointing the new bishops, died prematurely. Before separating, Archbishop Carroll and his three suffragans enacted a code of regulations for the American Church. Having thus divided with those of his own selection the arduous duties and labors of the episcopacy, Archbishop Carroll devoted the remainder of his life, with his accustomed zeal and activity in all things, to the government of the Archdiocese of Baltimore. Finally after a long life spent in the faithful discharge of every duty and the performance of good works, he was summoned to receive his bright reward in heaven. On Sunday the 3d of December, 1815, in the eightieth year of his age, the good and venerable Archbishop calmly departed this life, universally lamented, respected and beloved.

Truly and justly has Archbishop Carroll been regarded as a model prelate. His piety and zeal for religion were equally ardent from the beginning to the end of his long and active life. He was alike distinguished for his humility and devotion, the sweetness of his temper, his profound and varied learning, and the dignity and gracefulness of his manners. As a patriot he ranks with the fathers of the Republic; as a prelate his position was well expressed, when, from the pulpit of the Cathedral in Baltimore, on the occasion of the consecration of Bishop Flaget, he was saluted by the illustrious Cardinal de Cheverus (then Bishop of Boston) as "the Elias of the new law, the father of the clergy, the conductor of the car of Israel in the new world—*Pater mi, Pater mi, currus Israel et auriga ejus.*"



## ROME, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

*A Lecture, delivered before the "Islington Popular Club," January 31, 1856,*

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

THE title, "Rome, Ancient and Modern," gives, indeed, ample scope to historical disquisition, and abundant range to the imagination. Rome, classical, but heathen, on the one hand, Rome, artistic and Christian, on the other, stand powerfully contrasted before us. The one is warlike, factious, fiery, and full of indomitable purpose, the boiling vortex, which itself agitated and restless, pushes waves of irresistible conquest to every shore; the other, calmly intrepid, exercising a pacific spiritual rule over a still wider religious empire.

—— "Quidquid non possidet armis  
Religione tenet."

The first is the Rome of Cicero, of Virgil, and of Livy, leaving to all Europe an inheritance of taste, and a law of language, of which every civilized nation has accepted the one, and obeys the other; the second is, the Rome of Raffaele and of Michelangelo, even now preserving for the world the models, and dictating thence the canons, of artistic beauty and grandeur.

And still, as though to vindicate her title of "eternal," she seems to have no distinction of past and present. Ancient Rome lives yet in modern Rome, so as to appear indestructible; and modern Rome is so interlaced with ancient Rome, as justly to seem primeval. They resemble two noble figures placed side by side, with the one form of old Tiber, crowned with sedges and pouring out his urn, at their feet; the one clothed in panoply and seated on the fragments of her ruined temples, pensive and repentant; the other standing over her, mild and majestic, and warding off from her broken treasures the jealous stroke of time. The marble halls of the Vatican have offered an asylum to the choicest remains of heathen art, and the Capitol bears on its summit the symbol of the Christian's triumph. It would be difficult, therefore, to treat of Rome otherwise than as one.

It is this fact which constitutes the singularity of Rome, and at the same time gives us a key to what we may call its destiny. It will form the subject of my lecture: for thus only, it seems to me, that I can be faithful to my theme, the bringing of old and new Rome into combination, and exhibiting their reciprocal influences.

I do not know how I can better illustrate the transmutation of the one into the other, than by recalling to your minds the beautiful contrivance of dissolving views.

We have first before us a distinct and rich picture of the ancient city. The descriptions of some contemporary writers, the casual references of others, the inscriptions discovered in various places, medals on which the edifices are often engraved, and, above all, their ruins themselves, enable the antiquarian and the architect to represent it to us in its integrity, its magnificence, and its splendor. Soon the whole scene is transformed. On the same field stands projected a view of scarcely less grandeur, and in many parts of scarcely altered lines; basilicas stand where basilicas stood before; temples often where temples were. But domes rise on domes, and tower stretches beyond tower, here amidst lofty palaces, there among clustering vines and graceful cypresses, or side by side with striding



aqueducts, or massive baths. Yet distinct as each picture is, the transition from one to the other, the melting of the old into the new has been a mystery, which the eye could not pursue. The first slowly faded as the lines of the second struggled through it, they were mingled in confusion for a time, each was indiscernible, inseparable; the field of vision was never for a moment empty, yet you could not tell which, or what occupied it; until at last the lines unravelled themselves, the second outline disengaged itself, gave a new aspect and color to the portions preserved of the primitive representation; while all that was new came out bold, original, and independent.

In some such sort did the transformation of ancient into later Rome take place. A noble and beautiful modern city stands where once stood a greater and richer one; how the change was effected, I cannot pretend to describe. But this is evident, that the fact is exceptional in the history of nations.

The banks of the Nile are strewn with the ruins of massive Memnonia, and the torn limbs of gigantic sphynxes; but they stand solitary upon the marshy banks, stripped of the cities that surrounded them. Green mounds till lately marked, on the barren plains of Assyria, the palaces and temples of proud Nineveh and luxurious Babylon; their colossal sculptures have been drawn up from under the present ground, worthy indeed to be considered the school or the harbingers of Grecian art, but fruitless in their own soil, without succession of themselves, or of the race that produced them. Nay, the graceful columns of the Acropolis still stand; while at their feet lay for ages, only poor and homely edifices, that could claim but little kindred with the monuments of the fairest of ancient cities.

But if neither greatness of empire, solidity of construction, nor beauty of work could save from hopeless destruction the capitals of other countries, we may well be surprised, after reading the history of Rome, how her lot should have been different. To the time of Constantine the city was still receiving additions; Dioclesian had built baths of immense dimensions, which proved that the eye of the Romans, if not capable of refined perceptions, was still able to appreciate grand proportions; and Constantine had erected his triumphal arch and his basilica near, or in, the forum. But the translation of the empire to Byzantium shortly altered this state of things. By degrees Rome was neglected, and soon almost abandoned. After the bright, but transient prosperity of the Theodosian period, calamity and violence fell upon her. The expense of keeping in repair the enormous piles of public edifices, many now become useless, and even hateful, was too great for the resources of a city no longer first in the empire; time began to shake and wear the less solid buildings; earthquakes shattered or rent to their foundations the most massive; and conflagrations wrecked and ravaged, without distinction, the noble and the mean.

And now came what was worse than either, the shock of invasion and the barbarian's torch. The successive torrents that streamed forth from the frozen north, rolled on towards the plains of Italy as naturally as the river runs towards the sea; and once in Italy as naturally converged towards the imperial and sacerdotal city. In the year 404 Alaric, at the head of his Visigoths, took and sacked Rome, stripping it of everything valuable in the eyes of barbarians.

About six years later, another similar outrage took place. In 455, the Vandals, under Genseric, landed at the mouth of the Tiber. Three years before, the invasion of Attila, "the scourge of God," had been staved off, and Rome had been saved, not by the valor of the imperial generals, but by the intrepid interposition of the great St. Leo; and now, a second time, this fearless Pontiff went forth as



mediator for his flock, to propitiate the northern conqueror. He so far succeeded as to dissuade Genseric from burning down the entire city, as he had intended, and thus consummating its ruin. But short of this, for fourteen days and nights, it was given up to the unbridled fury, cupidity, and licence of his unsparing troops.

Again, in 472, Ricimer and his barbarian Goths took and sacked the devoted city. But all the horrors of former invasions were forgotten beside that of Totila and the Ostragoths, in 546. In his fury this victorious chief, who had vanquished eleven imperial generals, decreed that Rome, after being completely pillaged, should become "a pasture for cattle."

When a divine oracle went forth against mighty Tyre, the first-born daughter of the sea, that it should be a "drying place for nets" (Ezech. xxvi, 5, 14), it was fulfilled at once, to the letter and for ever. But when man, however strong and however daring, with all human probabilities on his side, presumes to make similar decrees, he may find it is collision with a higher ordinance that cannot be baffled. Totila sentenced Rome to be a feeding-place for cattle; but an irreversible decree had been long before issued, that it should be the eternal pasture, where the Chief Shepherd should feed the flock of Christ.

Strange to say, the barbarian, as if obeying a destiny which forbade the destruction of that immortal city, listened to the remonstrance of the general whom he had conquered in battle. Belisarius threatened him with perpetual infamy if he destroyed what remained of Roman grandeur; and he refrained from executing his intentions. But he carried away the whole senate, and most of the inhabitants into Apulia, and Rome remained empty for forty days, as it has been described, "a marble wilderness."

We may well wonder what these successive invaders and plunderers found to carry off; and we can hardly describe their ravages better than in the language of the prophet: "That which the palmer-worm hath left the locust hath eaten; and that which the locust hath left the bruchus hath eaten; and that which the bruchus hath left the mildew hath destroyed." One only solution history supplies; that not less industrious, ingenious, and persevering than the ant, the inhabitants, headed by their Pontiffs, as soon as the bitter waters of invasion had subsided, recommenced the work of effacing, so far as possible, the traces of desolation, where most their affections prompted them.

The old basilicas were speedily restored, and, strange to say, new ones built. Rich mosaics adorned their walls, and gold plate and rich vestments reappeared upon, and around, their altars, to be again plundered and again replaced. But even this all tended to the destruction of ancient Rome. Too poor in money, in art, and in skill, to procure and prepare new materials, the laborers found these at hand in the older edifices. Columns were freely taken from tottering porticoes, or dilapidated temples, and adapted to, or incorporated in, newer erections. Fragments of cornices long thrown down, inscriptions torn by hostile or by natural convulsions from their places, were built into the walls, mingled with tiles and bricks of every age and appearance, forming what antiquarians call the "*opus tumultuarium*," which we may translate familiarly by "*pell-mell work*."

Another singular cause of destruction was at work, and has left everywhere traces of its action. This was poverty. Almost every great building retains the marks of having been adapted for dwellings. Holes were made into the walls, and rafters introduced to make a roof, probably by the thousands who remained unsheltered after a sack or conflagration. But further, such was the dearth of



metals, that either they or their invaders pierced the huge stones of massive edifices, to extract the copper cramps that bound them, and thus not only disfigured, but enfeebled those noble works.

What the effects of all these ruinous operations have been upon modern Rome, and what are the considerations to be drawn from them, we shall see later. At present let me pause for a moment, and ask you to reflect upon the condition of the inhabitants left to this afflicted and humbled city, during the period which I have described. What survived to attach them to the heap of ruins, that represented to them ancient Rome? According to the plan in all great cities, the public buildings and more solid structures rose about the Forum, and these remained; but the inhabited parts, the seven hills, and the Campus Martius, must have been by this time a mere mass of roofless, and often crumbled, walls. Their few occupiers must have dwelt in the midst of perpetual alarm; often in the night the crash of some falling arch must have shaken their frail tenements to their foundations; while during the day they must have crept, in fear, along the blocked up streets, beneath the overhanging threatenings of shattered edifices, or through the openings of their gaping fissures. The broken aqueducts must now have poured out their ungoverned waters into marshy pools, instead of healthy reservoirs, till they became choked up, and their sources lost. The very river, encumbered by monuments that had tumbled into its bed, by bridges washed down because unrepaired, and even by materials wantonly thrown in for destruction, seems to have changed its bed, unrecorded in the silence of history.

Should we have been surprised, if we had read of Rome, what we see to have been the consequence of much less utter havoc and desolation; that as to Thebes succeeded Cario, to Babylon Bagdad, as even Jerusalem changed its site after its own final overthrow, so the natives of Rome, worn out by such successive calamities, and almost sick of their early attachment, had migrated to a healthier, safer, and pleasanter spot; and raised a new Rome on some of the beautiful hills which surround the unwholesome spot that Romulus had chosen?

Tusculum, when destroyed, descended from its crags to the sweet acclivity of the hills, and buried itself in their green foliage; Alba, devastated, crossed its lake, and chose a new site, from which it could still look into that calm mirror, yet range across the plains to the very sea. What, I ask again, more natural, than that Rome should have obeyed this-almost universal law?

Reasons there must have been: reasons operative and definite in the minds of those who rejected the pleadings of such natural instincts; reasons deeper still in the designs of that Providence, without which not only a sparrow does not fall, but which even weighed the lives of the "many beasts," as well as of the 120,000 persons who did not know their right hand from their left, when it decided that Nineveh should *not* be destroyed.

Ages of turbulence and confusion succeeded to those of invasion and pillage. Powerful families contended among themselves for feudal dominion, or for sovereign power. Each oppressed, plundered, destroyed in its turn: often altogether in alliance, or in contest. They erected fortresses within the city, or in its immediate vicinity, or among the neighboring villages and towns. And here again the old city was destroyed, for the erection of these and other buildings. Indeed we may say, that even till after the revival of art, this form of plundering continued. At length, just as art and good letters were dawning, while Dante and Petrarca were singing, Giotto painting, many splendid cathedrals being built, the great conservative power of Rome was removed, its very light apparently extinguished.



In 1308, the Pope removed his court, but not his see, to Avignon. During this partial eclipse, Rome was truly dark and desolate, and it must have been indeed a powerful spell which still attached its inhabitants to it, and, we may justly add, attracted the pilgrim to its ruins.

Let us now consider the action of the various causes which we have seen at work, in the production of the modern city. One peculiarity must, I think, strike a superficial observer. During the time that northern Europe, and even northern Italy was creating its architecture, Rome was in a state of deepest dejection. It had indeed no want of what other countries so much needed. It still possessed large, and for the age, splendid churches. They had their laws, their arrangements, their very ornaments either perpetuated, or according to tradition renewed from earliest times. It was not a period for wantonly throwing down what existed, and beginning afresh. Consequently mediæval art made comparatively less entrance into Rome, than into any other city. Indeed, Rome may seem to be almost the barrier at which it stopped. Florence and Bologna accepted it, and nearer still Assisi and Orvieto; but with a single exception, that of the church of the Minerva, no edifice of any magnitude records in Rome the period of pointed architecture.

What was the consequence? First, that later there was no temptation to destroy what existed, so long as it would stand. Some of the basilicas were indeed, at a subsequent period, materially modified, though their ground plan was kept; but it was generally a matter of necessity to preserve the buildings from ruin. And further, when at last the arts revived, and Rome resumed her pre-eminence in them, she had her own models to recur to; and she surely cannot be blamed, if, having passed through the mediæval period of architecture without adopting it, she did not return to it, when already everywhere else it had passed its perfection, and was verging towards decay.

This being the case, we must naturally desire, that as much as possible of the ancient city should have remained, to embellish the modern, and to instruct the world in art. If the ancient Romans had not transferred to their own capital many of the treasures of Greece, there is no doubt but they would have been lost to us. Excepting the Elgin marbles, which, after all, have come to us with some imputation of Vandalism, how little has that fertile soil of art yielded to us of direct profit? We may therefore be thankful that Rome was constituted a treasury to which all the world contributed; and that its stores were so immense, that after the wholesale destruction of ages so much should still survive. But it will perhaps appear a paradox, when I further assert, that the very causes of destruction which I have enumerated, have proved, in the hands of Providence, the means of preservation.

In fact, nothing is more thoroughly destructive than want of appreciation of what is possessed. A gold medal has better chance of doing good to archæology and art by having been buried, than by having fallen into the hands of a Bedouin or a Tartar. Either would melt it for its value, or pierce it for an ornament. It is mother earth that, gradually releasing the numerous treasures in her custody, fills our cabinets with gems, with coins, and with antique jewellery. And so, if there was a wise and mysterious dispensation, that the days of ancient and modern civilization should be separated by a night of gloom, and if that Eye, which saw equally in both, saw that both were good, the best hope for the second was in the concealment of the first.



Then, as the first agent of that provident power came destruction, merciful as the spade or mattock which dashes the clod upon the seed, and conceals it from the bird that would have consumed it, till its time of new life has come. If the vaults of the Golden House had not been filled up with earth, Raffaele would not have found, in freshness of color and distinctness of outline, the arabesques which he transferred to the Vatican, as accessories to his splendid frescoes. If the tombs of the Scipios, or the freedmen of Augustus, or the Nasones, and many others, had not been themselves buried with their dead, we should not have possessed the interesting inscriptions and paintings which they yet exhibit, nor the accurate information which they convey to our very eyes, of the sepulchral rites and funereal honors of the ancients. Still more, had not the tomb at Monte Granaro, out of the Lateran gate, been changed into a hill and covered with a vineyard, and surmounted by a tower, the matchless Portland vase, instead of being the gem of the British Museum, might have been carried on the head of some mediæval peasant, as a piece of domestic crockery, to the well, and some day dashed to pieces by a stumble against a block of porphyry, and swept into the ash-pit. And so may we speak of the numberless Etruscan vases, or alabaster sarchophagi, which subterranean Ceræ, Volterra, Chuisi, or Nola have yielded up, to enrich the museums of all Europe.

And what shall we say of sculpture? Who can estimate what perished of most exquisite art during the middle ages? Of the statues and groups mentioned by Pliny, how many are lost? Are they destroyed, or do they still remain buried, destined to reward the toil, and to rejoice the hearts, of a future generation? No one knows, but all must wish for the second alternative. Undoubtedly during a long period, marble was the most handy material for making lime; and we may doubt whether a mediæval lime-burner would have discriminated much between the Laocoon or Apollo, and some rude garden satyr, unless the latter weighed more, or seemed of a finer grain. Among the statues not long ago dug up by Signor Guidi, the most ingenious, indefatigable, and disinterested of Roman excavators, were two of beautiful execution and grand proportions, which were split in two, by strokes of a sledge hammer found beside them; whether from spite or wontonness, or from more utilitarian motives, it is impossible to say. But this is certain, that, while whatever remained uncovered, unless in some way protected, disappeared; all that we possess of great value, has been recovered from ruins.

Nor, after all, is this scanty in extent or in value. Not only the three museums of Rome, and its private collections, are full of masterpieces of glyptic art, but if you go to Naples, or to Florence, you find the gems of both museums to have been carried away from Rome, whose abundance has likewise contributed plentifully to even more distant collections.

However, therefore, we may deplore the ravages and spoliations, the conflagrations and destructions of barbarous invaders, we have reason to feel indebted to these calamities, as some of the means by which a great deal has been preserved to us, which we highly prize. And, in like manner, were other destructive agencies over-ruled. If columns, and capitals, and friezes were torn from profane buildings, and transferred to sacred ones, these beautiful specimens of eastern marbles would probably have fallen, with many others, and have perished. Porphyry urns now under altars would possibly have been cut up to make tessellated pavements, or to clothe twisted columns, and the matchless Phrygian pillars that supported the Ostian basilica of St. Paul, would have been doubtless calcined by a much earlier conflagration than destroyed them in 1823. Many valuable inscrip-



tions too, which now adorn museums, owe their preservation to their having been encrusted, as building material in a wall.

In like manner, one cannot fail to observe, how, unintentionally, the rude barons of the middle ages have preserved for us, what might otherwise have irrecoverably perished. The Orsini seized on the theatre of Marcellus, used its outward wall as that of their palace, strengthened it, without hurting its lines, by building up the arches, and have saved it. The Gaetani made the circular tomb of Cæcilia Metella the kernel or keep of their castle on the Appian way, built to levy exactions from travelers, but causing the abandonment, and probably the preservation, of the monuments on that famous road. Scarcely any other tomb, in consequence, is so well preserved. Finally, the Frangipani chose the triumphal arch of Titus as their stronghold in the Forum, castelated it, and surrounded it with works, which probably held it together. For when first I saw Rome, this most important monument was shored up, and supported by scaffolding within, until Pius VII had it perfectly restored.

We have now seen through what terrible vicissitudes, and in what marvellous ways the ancient Rome was preserved from total destruction, and made to influence the new. Let us now reverse the picture, and consider, what, at first sight may appear strange, in what manner again, in our times, the old city develops from the new, emerging from it, and seeming to be born again, under the care of its loving daughter.

It is a source of untiring interest in Rome, to follow the fresh discoveries made in antiquarian pursuits. These take such a variety of form, and give such unexpected results, as often to delight and astonish. The two cities may be compared to a palimpsest manuscript; that is, one which having been written over in classical times, has had its lines in part effaced, and written over again, with a later and sometimes valuable work. The practised eye of a scholar, like the late Cardinal Mai, detects the original tracing, without destroying its superincumbent, and usurping successor, and with little artificial help; and thus an old author is rescued from total loss or oblivion. And so it happens in Rome. In excavating the foundation of a house, in hollowing out a sewer, you may come to an old wall, which almost defies the pick; the ready antiquarian easily decides its age; it gives him a clue to the site of a lost edifice; the neighboring cellars are searched, continuations of the work discovered, perhaps a base or capital that clearly belonged to it; and thus the ancient classical city is read beneath churches and palaces, like a book of Cicero under the text of a schoolman. In this manner can the plan and proportions of the *Septa Julia* be traced among the subterraneans and foundations of a variety of buildings, in and near the Corso.

At another time, accident or design leads to the discovery of new regions, not only unexplored, but unknown. A most interesting example has just occurred. On the Aventine stands the venerable old church of Santa Sabina, with a house attached to it, occupied by a community of Dominicans, ever since the time of their founder. About three months ago, these good religious wished to make an alteration in their garden, and reduce it more into the English style. They were, of course, their own workmen, and it was not long before their industry was amply repaid. They met with an opening into which they entered, and found an ancient Christian hall elegantly painted in arabesque. Having cleared it out, they found an entrance into another chamber. In this way they went forward from room to room; so that when I last heard, about a fortnight ago, they were arrived at the tenth apartment. The discovery has excited immense interest, no suspicion



having been entertained of such a monument existing there. One room is covered with names of about the third or fourth century, only one of which had then been deciphered. But this excavation is further important in the way which I mentioned first. For I ought to have told you, that the first piece of antiquity discovered was a portion of the wall of Tullius, the early King of Rome; and this recurring at a distance from a portion found, a few years ago, in the Jesuits' neighboring vineyard, in planting new vines, decides the direction of the wall, and the boundary of the primitive city.

But at times, the manner in which the ancient city comes out of the modern, is even more singular, and resembles more nearly the labors of the geologist. For example, the antiquarian of nature will smite a piece of *lias*; and, in the fracture which he makes, discovers the exact figure of a fish; or sometimes he will find fossil shells firmly embedded in a hard stone. Something like this happened a few years ago, in the last pontificate. It was thought well to disencumber one of the gates (*Porta Maggiore*) of an ugly bastion, which disfigured its side. A most singular discovery ensued. In it was found perfectly embedded, so that no one could have conjectured its being there, one of the most peculiar sepulchres yet known. It is almost, if not entirely, built up of stone troughs used in kneading bread, the whole process of which is displayed on *basso-relievos* round the sepulchre. An inscription of very ancient style, several times repeated, informs us that a baker and bread contractor had erected it to his wife, whose body is buried in what he calls "this bakery" (*in hoc panario*). Being very near the gate and very solid it had been encased in brickwork, and converted into the core of a projecting tower.

These examples may suffice to illustrate in what way ancient and modern Rome are straitly united, and how the latter keeps giving light to new hidden monuments of the former. I have not spoken of the discoveries of single and smaller objects, as statues, inscriptions, and blocks of rare marble. Neither have I entered into the more sacred precincts of ecclesiastical antiquities. Were I to do so, I should have yet to detain you long; I hasten, therefore, to a few concluding reflections.

If we look at Rome as the great conservator of ancient art, as intended to collect and treasure up, and then manifest to the world, what antiquity considered the most beautiful, I have sufficiently explained how amply she has fulfilled her mission. Reading in history, not the will of men, but the dispensations of the world's Almighty Master, tracing through all the crooked lines, the blots and blurs, the erasures and emendations of those who write their annals in this world's book of fame, the straight and fair, and ever undeviating lines of the Hand which overrules them, we see how all that has happened in, and to, Rome, was needful and most wisely ordained, for the accomplishment of a great worldly end.

But can we pause here? When we contemplated the alarms, the dangers, and the afflictions of those who dwelt in Rome during her ages of oppression, when we inferred how natural it would have been for them to have migrated to a happier and safer spot, we stopped short of the reasons which prevented them, of the reasons which influenced their minds, of the reason which so directed their counsels.

Who can doubt as to the first? The inhabitant of any other city could roam abroad, could carry with him his household furniture, and, if a heathen, his household gods, could erect a new hearth, and gather his children round it. So could Alba and Tusculum move, and so Thebes or Babylon. But not so Rome. The



Roman could not remove with him the very stones of his city which were dear, the very dust of his roads which was sacred, to him. He could not bear away the prison in which Paul was Christ's bondsman; he could not carry off the Janiculum on which Peter was crucified; he could not transplant the glorious sepulchre in which both were laid. Nor could he transport the memorials of Laurence and Agnes, and the soil from the holy Sepulchre with which Helena had paved the church of the Holy Cross, nor the Catacombs with their myriads of martyrs, nor the basilicas with their thousand memories. He loved Rome, and not its wonders. Rome monumentless, undecked, ruined, trodden under foot, was still to him the city of Peter, still the throne of his successors.

When I spoke of ancient cities that had passed away never to be rebuilt, I omitted mention of one, the only one that presented a parallel. When Jerusalem was for the first time destroyed, and its people taken into captivity, it was reserved to be a second time built up: for the very stones thereof were pleasing and venerable to God's servants. And, in like manner, no doubt, while Rome was comparatively a ruin, many a Jeremiah has sat upon a broken wall, and sighed over the Mistress of nations a tributary to barbarians, and the city once full of people, seated in the solitude of her own desolation. But the thought that she was to be abandoned never, for a moment, could have entered into his mind. The perpetuity of Rome was an axiom in the Christian's mouth, as much as it was a wish in the heathen's salutation, "*Esto perpetua*."

If this was the bond which tied the inhabitants of Rome to their native city, had it not the high sanction of a Providence so singularly manifested? Has there not been a strong and wonderful hand protecting it, and disposing of events, so as to point to a higher sphere and nobler range than a worldly importance, in the destiny of this city? Can we read its history wisely, and doubt that, in the preservation of Rome something better was to be perpetuated than art, something holier maintained in endurance than letters, something sublimer secured to man than the traditions of a fallen Empire? If a law ruled here different from that of other dominions, other dynasties, and other cities, it surely must be, that the object for which the law was specially made, partakes not of the dissoluble, perishable elements of which *they* consist.

I will not pursue this matter further; for I wish to draw a conclusion in which all may join. Whenever you go in search of ancient grandeur about Rome, upon any of its hills, round its walls, across the bare campagna, to the neighboring mountains, one object surmounts all, crowns all, blesses all. It is the dome that swells over the tomb of the Galilean fisherman, surmounted by the Cross, through which alone he triumphed. As an ornament to his resting place, stands before its gate the obelisk which his persecutor Nero erected. This reflection drew an expression of his feelings from one whom all Europe now regards with admiration, as wise in counsel and mighty in war; and it was this:—"The glory of Rome does not consist in the beauty of the modern city. For me it lies in beholding the remains of the old colossal empire lying prostrate in homage before the Cross."

With these words, spoken to me by Imperial lips, I close my Lecture.



## THE PRESS.

By J. BALMES.....Translated for the Metropolitan.

At all times, but particularly since the invention of printing, the marked difference between the Church of Christ and all others has been most obvious. In other religions discussion was either not permitted, or at least had no considerable development. Obscure in their origin, enigmatical in their forms, tortuous in their course, tyrannical in their government, they have held in an iron grasp unhappy humanity, reducing it to helotism, blinding and corrupting it, so as to enslave it in the most shameful passions. They feared the light because their works were evil; they banished it from the minds of their proselytes, plunging their hearts in pleasure, and their brows, intended to be uplifted towards heaven, they have fixed to the earth. Very different has been the course pursued by Christianity, without admitting the fatal principle of free inquiry as Protestants understand it, since that it is to deny its divine institution, it has always promoted discussion upon the gravest matters, it has not ceased to found and develop those great schools destined to maintain the vigor of religious studies.

Far thus from allowing that printing was a mortal blow to Catholicity, in granting more force and extension to controversy, we may affirm, on the evidence of facts, that this discovery has marvellously aided the designs of the Catholic Church, and one cannot argue, to sustain the contrary, from the abuses which have been and will be made of it, for the triumphs of heresy, of incredulity, and of the most corrupt instincts of human nature. We have already seen with what profound wisdom Leo X expressed himself in this regard, at a time when the necessity of repressing abuse was already felt. Let any one examine attentively the words of this pontiff, and he will see that they involve no protest against the true progress of the age, that the chair of Peter offers no obstruction, as is often charged, to the course of civilization, that it does not endeavor to keep humanity stationary, that it pronounces no anathema against the works of genius, and that it never attempts to clip the wings bestowed upon the human intellect. It attempts, no doubt, to restrain excesses, to prevent the frightful evils which menace religion and society; but still, it confounds not use with abuse, it destroys not the good for mere fear of the evil, it proclaims in a manner the most evident and the most decisive, that the discovery of printing is a signal benefit of heaven, *divino favente numine*, it recognizes that men may draw the greatest good from it, that it may become an instrument of knowledge and virtue in the hands of learned men, such as were never wanting in the Catholic Church, *et viri eruditi in omni linguarum genere, præsertim autem Catholici quibus sanctam Romanam Ecclesiam abundare affectamus, facile evadere possunt*; it believes that this discovery was made for the glory of God, the defence of the faith, the propagation of all that is useful and beautiful, *quod ad Dei gloriam et fidei argumentum ac bonarum artium propagationem salubriter est inventum*. It is thus one speaks acting in good faith, where the mind is guided by pure intentions and a sincere love of truth; it is thus that the Catholic Church has ever acted, and those who reproach her with an opposite conduct, show the most complete ignorance of her history, or impudently belie their own convictions.

One of the most remarkable effects of the discovery of printing in relation to social destinies, is that of having communicated to human thought power and action much greater than those which past ages did possess or could have pos-



sessed. If true that intellect has always exercised a powerful influence over the progress of society, it is not less so, that to obtain this influence, it had to associate itself with certain public interests or institutions; it is upon this condition alone that it can arrive at results of high importance. This is verified in our days, for now, as formerly, ideas must render themselves palpable, so to speak, must become invested with a personification more or less conspicuous, so that society may see in them something beyond the speculations of a school. It cannot be denied nevertheless, that they have found in printing a means of expression of such energy that it brings them immediately in contact with the passions and interests which they approach by close analogy, and that they succeed thereby in enlisting a party which adopts them, which becomes their representative, and which serves as an instrument and a motive power to act upon society. It is thus that they succeed in creating at first, and propagating afterwards, institutions to realize and defend them.

This has resulted in the terrible force with which ideas are invested in these days; thence, the remarkable effects they produce even when wanting in all real vital principle, and destined to pass away like brilliant shooting meteors; thence in short, this new power implanted upon modern society, and which, combining with other powers, acts in a manner more or less visible, but always efficacious and sure.

It is an error to suppose that in countries where the greatest vigilance is exercised, and where there is the greatest severity against the press, it fails to have its influence either upon the progress of ideas, or upon the course of affairs. Its action may be indeed slow, concealed, and indirect; it will need more time to accomplish its work, but its action will not be less real, nor its work less secure. Sometimes it may be turned apparently from its natural course, but it will indemnify itself for the shackles imposed by disguises which will be very ingenious and yet more formidable; it will secure to itself more partisans, because in its mysterious reserve and studied restraint, it will appear as a victim, and it will declare that it suffers persecution on account of its love of popular rights and its zeal in their defence.

In France during the eighteenth century the press was subjected to censure; it would nevertheless be difficult to cite a period when its power was more vast and more terrific. What good did it answer to prohibit certain books, if by the very fact of the prohibition, they were propagated with more rapidity, and sought with keener curiosity? When the revolution of 1789 broke out, the liberty of the press was proclaimed indeed, but the members of the constituent assembly had no need of it, they had already amassed a fund of subversive ideas, by which they overturned a throne, destroyed old institutions, and inaugurated the new epoch in which we now live.

In Spain also, towards the end of the last century, the press was subjected to all the rigors of censure, which did not prevent the ideas in vogue beyond the Pyrenees from inoculating our nation, nor from penetrating even to the steps of the throne in such manner as to close all access to truth, and to prepare the painful agitations which pervade the present generation. At the time even known as the *fatal decade*, any one may have remarked the profound change accomplished in silence by the public or clandestine reading of certain national or foreign books. In proof of this assertion, let any one observe what passed at the death of Ferdinand; among the former adversaries of the dominant ideas, some were dead, others were eating the bread of exile, wandering in distant lands; and suddenly a



numerous youth appeared imbued with the new systems which they had certainly not learned in the public schools, and which therefore must have been derived from books read with so much the more pleasure and avidity, as the reading of them was severely forbidden by the existing authorities.

Far be it from us to say that the excesses of the press should not be restrained by legitimate means, and its attempts to impair sound ideas and good morals; our aim is only to show the effects it produces in spite of all restrictions, and to show also the power the general intelligence has acquired by this discovery.

*Public opinion* is a phrase sadly abused, especially in times of revolution; it represents very often but the opinion of a small number of men, who, the sports of error, of passions, and of interests, sustain doctrines and emit systems in entire opposition to the thoughts and sentiments of the vast majority, that is to say, definitely, of the body whose name they usurp. Public opinion, however, does not the less exist, and this opinion, when not subdued by violence, manifests itself so clearly, that the careful observer can never confound it with the noisy clamor of factions and parties. By public opinion we understand that of the majority of thinking men, whose intellect is sufficiently enlightened upon the object of this opinion. Printing furnishes, no doubt, a ready means of getting up a spurious, fictitious public opinion, or of disguising the true; still it is not less powerful in showing us what it is in reality, so that men who seek it in good faith, need not be misled.

The result is therefore, that the intervention of society in its own affairs is at once more efficacious and more continuous; having at control so prompt a means of expressing its wishes, it has been enabled more readily to exercise its action in a direct or indirect manner, according to the political and social conditions in which each country is placed. There even where the press is not free, it circulates always a multitude of writings wherein public opinion is expressed upon the most important affairs. Whether these writings are published with permission of the government, or whether printed in spite of prohibition, they bring the objects desired under discussion, they enlighten men's minds, excite them, and compel the government to leave the wrong path upon which it has entered. It may be said confidently that printing alone, considered in itself, independently even of the freedom it enjoys in constitutional countries, has given a more vigorous impulse, and procured a greater development of popular intervention, than the most liberal political systems.

These systems, in fact, fulfil by so much the better their object, which is to guarantee the existence of the public liberties, in proportion as they leave more facility to impaired interests and to opinions overthrown, to protest and to complain. The press is substantially, by its very nature, a sure means of arriving at this end, because its existence and its action do not depend in reality upon the combinations of a school, or the concessions of a monarch. It is not, properly speaking, a political institution, and therefore it is not subject to the changes to which institutions of this kind are always exposed. It is a conquest of industry, an art that elaborates products that nothing can prevent from spreading in the world; it is therefore a social fact that men may modify, but may not destroy.

The effects produced by this discovery in the domain of knowledge are incalculable, and one of the most important is that of having brought instruction to the masses, of having placed a vast number of men in possession of true or false knowledge. Let us set aside for a moment the good or the evil the press may have done in relation to the profundity of all branches of human knowledge;



let us but give attention to the diffusion of lights, no one can deny but that this diffusion is incomparably greater than in past ages. We can scarcely conceive how it was possible to acquire even mediocrity of information by manuscripts alone; so that, had we no other proofs of the immense labors of our forefathers, it would suffice to recall to mind the very considerable number of eminent men, who have gained distinction in all parts, and of the popularity which at various periods, different kinds of knowledge obtained. However this may be, it is nevertheless certain that these varied degrees of information must have been relatively, but little diffused; and if the ancients could be witnesses of the numerous means given to us to acquire knowledge, far from being surprised that we have surpassed them in this or that respect, they could hardly comprehend that we should not have over them, upon all points, an incontestable superiority.

A marked defect among the moderns is that of embracing many things, and learning but few thoroughly; and it is not without reason that we are reproached with being sufficiently superficial to discern all subjects, however little grounded we may be in reality in deep knowledge of the subjects in question. In this, as in all other general propositions, which express the result of a mass of observations, difficult to unite and yet more difficult to class, there is always much that is true mingled with much that is false; prudence and reason advise us to reserve so as to avoid the extremes of enthusiasm or of dry criticism. It is true nevertheless that the general intelligence is elevated in our modern times to a height which it had never attained in the most glorious days of Greece and Rome. The admiration naturally professed for all that has received the consecration of ages, leads us to regard the writers of antiquity as men belonging to a race superior to ours, whom we may not even hope to equal. We recognize to the fullest extent the merit of the ancients, and we lament that the study of them should be so neglected, even by those who are so fond of lauding them. But in honest truth, after studying them with earnest perseverance, we have not been able to discover in them wisdom greater than that of which modern Europe gives such magnificent illustrations; we are even constrained to add that the human understanding appears to us to have expanded vastly since the times of old. And we say this with full deference to the great geniuses of antiquity, while recalling the glorious names of Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Seneca, and Tacitus, without excluding poetry or any other kind of literature. It is our conviction that if they have surpassed the moderns in this or that particular, the moderns have surpassed them in so many respects that the balance inclines in favor of the latter; or rather, that comparison is impossible.

We do not mean to say thereby that the invention of printing is the principal cause of the superiority of the human mind in modern times; we know well that the cause rests chiefly in Christianity; it is this, which giving to men ideas grander, more exact and more true, upon God, man and society, has generalized this elevation of thoughts and sentiments distinguishing the people who profess it. Thus it is evident that the superiority of the moderns is based upon the most certain foundations. The catechism alone has diffused among the people ideas that would have been regarded formerly as the purest conceptions of a sublime philosophy; the mind of the masses has thus become familiarized with truths of which the ancients could not even suspect the existence. But in stating these facts as evident and palpable, we do not deny to printing the due merit in the development and propagation of ideas; this is proved, indeed, by the astonishing



progress made by all branches of knowledge as soon as they were brought under the application of the new agent.

From all that precedes, our position at the beginning is sustained; i. e. that no excesses of the press should lead blindly to condemn the discovery itself. Let us never forget that use and abuse are entirely distinct, and that the latter should not make us inimical to the former.

But, it may be said to us, how will it be possible to prevent abuse? What are the means of seizing this Proteus, who takes all forms, and eludes all blows? A problem extremely difficult and complicated, which must be classed among many others weighing heavily upon modern society; and this certainly is not the least important. Perhaps some day, we may approach this grave question with the freedom of thought and expression of our accustomed manner. Our opinion perhaps may be considered severe, but as we have no wish to be classed among the partizans of enslaving the human mind, or of the enemies of civilization, we have spontaneously paid our tribute of admiration to a sublime discovery, the thought of which fills all generous minds with enthusiasm, and all who are pleased with the progress of humanity.

BALTIMORE, *February 22d*, 1856.

## OUR COLLEGES.—No. I.

It can be said with truth that we have an ancient although very imperfect history of our Church in this country. While yet the great west was a wilderness, De Soto and La Salle were accompanied by zealous priests, Franciscans and Jesuits, who added to the discoveries of our great western waters and the surrounding wilds, whilst their principal object was the conversion of the rude children of the forest. When the Catholics, under Lord Baltimore, settled in St. Mary's, Maryland, as early as the year 1634, we find that their priests were with them; and we read of missionaries and even martyrs before the year of our Lord 1790, when the venerated Archbishop Carroll laid the corner-stone of our present spiritual edifice, and thereby introduced a new era in our history.

In the earlier period the missionaries dared not, even if they were able, establish colleges. Whenever they ventured into what is called civilized society to celebrate mass, and administer the sacraments to the scattered Catholics under their care, they were often obliged to conceal themselves from the persecution of the times; when even the tolerant William Penn wrote to Logan A. D. 1708, remonstrating because Catholics were tolerated in Philadelphia. The giants of the American Revolution, and that glorious event itself, brought about a change in men's minds; persecution was considered odious, and declared to be in direct opposition to the Constitution. It was then, with that energetic zeal, prudence and foresight, which were the characteristics of Archbishop Carroll, who may be termed the father of the American hierarchy, that he had, five years previous to his consecration, formed the design of building "an Academy at Georgetown, on the Potomack river, Maryland." As this celebrated institution is the first in order of time, if not of excellence, it deserves to be placed foremost under its present well known title:



## GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C.

Those only who have made the experiment can know how much labor of body, and how many cares of mind, are expended on the undertaking of any ecclesiastical establishment—even the building of a church. To found a college is the most difficult, because, together with the other common obstacles, it is generally looked on as a paying institution, though struggles and privations of years and years are required before any of them is remunerative. Add to this the care of all the churches which then demanded the attention of the sole bishop in the United States, and the exhausted state of the country at the conclusion of the war, and it will seem an undertaking, worthy of St. Ignatius himself, to build a college under such circumstances. Yet a seminary was necessary, and a college was required for the seminary. But the first American bishop was not a man to falter. It is recorded that the first house for the future seminary and academy was built A. D. 1789, and the establishment was opened in 1791, although, it appears, the schools were not commenced until the following year, at least the academy could not boast of many pupils.

It may be well to state here why the seminary and embryo college were not, or only for a very short time, united, contrary to the original design.

At that time the destructive storm of the bloody revolution impended like a black cloud over France. But God, who causes the calm, also guides the whirl-wind. The Sulpitians, who were then, as now, the chief directors of the ecclesiastical seminaries of that country, in view of the threatening danger, resolved to do that good elsewhere which they were not permitted to perform at home. Accordingly the Very Rev. Mr. Emery, Superior General of St. Sulpice, entered into a correspondence with Bishop Carroll for the purpose of establishing an ecclesiastical seminary in Baltimore, under the control of some of the learned and devoted clergy of that institution; and for this purpose Rev. Mr. Nagot went to London in 1790, immediately after the consecration of Bishop Carroll, for the purpose of arranging all the necessary preliminaries. These being satisfactorily adjusted, it was deemed better that the academy at Georgetown should be distinct from the seminary. Owing, however, to unavoidable delays, the Sulpitians, under the direction of Rev. Charles Nagot, did not arrive until after the first establishment was in operation, both as a seminary and academy. But this connection was very short, as we shall see when we come to the historical outline of St. Mary's College of Baltimore, the twin-sister, as it is called.

As oaks grow from acorns, so do we find our best colleges springing from what may be said to be small beginnings. Georgetown College was at first only a preparatory school. "In those days," says the record, "the scholars did not board in the college, and the teachers received salaries." The first student was William Gaston of North Carolina, who was indebted to the college "on account of board for £5 15s." The good (and we may say the great) Gaston discharged that and all his other obligations to his country and to God.

No poet, painter, or philosopher could have selected a place more picturesque, and in other respects better adapted for a college, than the suburbs of Georgetown. The historical waters of the Potomac, on which the immortal Washington spent many a pleasant day in fishing and shooting, flow by the college grounds in a river of majesty, while the grand scenery, through which it passes, is often reflected on its glassy bosom, thus doubling nature's beauty. Georgetown, Wash-



ington, the Potomac, and a great part of the District of Columbia, are in view. It is mentioned that, while the small College of Georgetown was surrounded by a whitewashed pailing fence, a horseman, well stricken in years, but of noble and soldier-like bearing, reined up his charger at the little gate way, and hitched him to the fence. Alighting with grace and ease, he entered the humble enclosure with a benevolent serenity of countenance, and the placid look of confidence, for a cordial reception. This every American gentleman feels in visiting his friends. On this occasion the young Professor Matthews had the pleasure and honor to be the first to welcome to Georgetown College, General George Washington. "I have heard," continues the narrator, "Father Matthews repeat with evident delight the familiar and accurate remarks of the *Pater Patriæ* on that memorable occasion. How *the first citizen* admired the lofty and picturesque situation of the house, and then descanted on the chilling blasts in sharp winter of the fierce northwester: how we must be paid for summer scenery by wintery storms!" This extract is introduced to avoid a dull description of the place; well knowing that what the well-balanced mind of Washington admired, every person of taste must admire. The happy week which the writer spent, enjoying the open hospitalities of that hallowed institution, is one that will be the last forgotten.

Among the other difficulties which Archbishop Carroll had to encounter in giving life and energy to the first of the colleges, the greatest was the selection of a proper president and teachers. These latter often caused confusion by their quarrels among themselves. Rev. Richard Plunkett was installed as the first president towards the close of the year 1791. Report says he deserved the honor, and discharged its duties most faithfully.

The next in succession was Rev. Robert Molyneux, under whose mild and, it may be, too gentle sway, the college flourished and the number of scholars increased.

"The name of the third president," to use the language of the gentleman from whose writings the foregoing extract has been taken, "has since become historical. After having being raised to the fulness of the priesthood, and presiding happily and holily over three dioceses in succession, the Most Rev. Louis Dubourg, Archbishop of Besancon in France, died full of merits and of years. This *man* was the successor of Rev. Mr. Molyneux in the presidency of Georgetown College. The establishment which Mr. Dubourg, while on his return to Louisiana from Italy, made at Lyons, is of itself enough to immortalize his name. He there founded in 1815 'The Association for the Propagation of the Faith.' This single institution, which conveys benedictions unnumbered to millions, and which daily sounds the glad tidings of a Saviour to those who are seated in the silence of death, becomes a monument sufficient to eternize the memory of Dubourg, and to shed a full ray of brightness on any college associated with his name."

After presiding for three years, Mr. Dubourg was succeeded A. D. 1799 by the Rev. Leonard Neale, afterwards the second Archbishop of Baltimore. Up to this time, it is said, the academy had rather the character of a preparatory school than of a college. However, the time of transition was not far distant. At a meeting of the board of directors, held July 27, 1801, it was resolved: "That the first day of October next be the day appointed for those of the students who shall be judged qualified to commence their course of philosophy, whereof due notice shall be given by the president, jointly with the prefect of studies, to the parties concerned; and that the president be requested to prepare and arrange the



school and apartments that are requisite to carry the present resolve into effect." Thus it became a college, though merely a college until 1815. It would seem from the affectionate manner in which the old Catholics of Maryland speak of Father Neale, who was for seven years president of the college, that he died only yesterday. His labors were not in vain.

The next president was (for the second time) the Rev. Mr. Molyneux, who was succeeded A. D. 1808 by the Very Rev. William Matthews. At that period the president did not generally reside at the college, for we find that the late lamented Father Matthews was at the same time president of the college and pastor of St. Patrick's church in Washington; and moreover, that under his guardianship the directors passed a resolution that the president should live in the college, which resolve, however, was not probably carried out until the Rev. Francis Neale undertook the direction of the college. As it reflects on the subject before us, the brief obituary notice, taken from the Catholic Almanac of 1855, will show us the character of this patriarch priest, and how much he must have contributed to the promotion of that establishment, with which, in early life, he was so intimately connected. "April 30th, 1854.—At Washington City, D. C., the Very Rev. William Matthews died in the 84th year of his age. Born in Charles County, Maryland, he made his course of studies at St. Omer's, and afterwards at St. Mary's, Baltimore. He was the fifth priest, and the first American born, ordained in the United States. His ordination took place in March, 1800; he had consequently been fifty-four years in the priesthood, and more than fifty pastor of St. Patrick's church, Washington, to which he was appointed in 1804. He was justly and universally revered as a patriarch."

Father Matthews was succeeded by his relative and fellow-student at St. Omer's, the Rev. Francis Neale, who in 1812 resigned the office in favor of Rev. John Grassi, a learned Italian. Two remarkable events occurred during the presidency of this distinguished clergyman. In 1814 Pope Pius VII re-established the Society of Jesus, and on the 1st of May, 1815, when his Excellency, James Madison, was President of the United States, the college was raised to the dignity of a university. Shortly after this period, the Jesuits took formal control of the Georgetown University under the direction of the late Bishop Fenwick of Boston, A. D. 1817. Its real day of summer sunshine may be said to have then commenced, although interrupted by occasional clouds and squalls. The Rev. Fathers Dubuisson and Beschter succeeded each other in quick succession.

These were the ancient days of the Georgetown University, and we must only relate, as briefly as possible, the subsequent events. The Rev. Fathers Feiner and McSherry were the only two who died during their term of office. The Rev. Messrs. Mulledy, Ryder (each having served two terms), Fenwick, Stonestreet and Maguire added very much to the improvement of the college. In 1843 the astronomical observatory was erected, and the college incorporated. In May A. D. 1851 the Medical department of Georgetown College was opened in Washington, D. C., and shortly after the Rev. Mr. Maguire entered into office in 1852, another very material improvement was effected by separating the junior from the senior department. These now have their separate colleges, play grounds, &c. It would well gladden the noble soul of its venerable founder to behold, after the lapse of sixty-three years, the poor academy rising in dignity and usefulness, and numbering nearly three hundred students. "*Esto perpetua*,"



## THE PRINCIPLES OF FAITH.

ONE who enjoys the happiness of sincere faith in the doctrines of Christ, and whose practice corresponds to his faith, can scarcely realize the thought that very many men of fine intellect and of much general merit should be in this respect blind, while in all others their vision may be remarkably clear. We have known good men to consider that all scepticism was mere pretence; that those who denied revelation did so to affect singularity, or for some other trivial reason, and arguing upon this basis, they would stigmatise the unfortunate unbeliever as also a hypocrite. This is frequently equally unjust and unwise. That flippant young men often deny with their lips all faith in God's revealed truths, while in their hearts, like the devils, "they believe and tremble," we readily concede; but at the same time a wide acquaintance with intelligent men of the world in this country leaves upon our minds the impression that unbelief is as sincere as it is prevalent. And indeed this is no great marvel. Men are naturally influenced by their passions, be they wise or unwise, learned or unlearned, and the passions obscure faith like an impenetrable veil, which nothing but God's grace can rend asunder. But what is grace to the worldling? The small still voice whispers in his ear from time to time that he has other and higher destinies than the goal of his earthly ambition; other and higher duties than those demanded by his calling, and due to society. He hears the voice, he knows it speaks the truth, but like his busy predecessors in the parable of the marriage feast, he has no time just then to attend to it; something else presses which cannot be postponed. Meanwhile, he is selling his birth-right for a mess of pottage, he is rejecting what he may never be able to regain. He stands not alone; his friends about him have the same offers and treat them as he does. "Many are called, but few are chosen," are the words of unfailing truth. After this his heart grows cold; indifference, incredulity, atheism perhaps, follow this ungrateful refusal of God's choicest gifts.

Again, it is obvious to any man of sound mind that truth must be one at all times and in all places, and yet, religion as presented commonly to the American sceptic is full of patent self-contradictions. And the conflicting sects which to his eye represent Christianity, not only contradict each other, but at different times and places, also contradict themselves. It needs not the aphorism of Bossuet to convince him that what is ever changing cannot be the truth. We Catholics think that he ought to see in our Church that stability and consistency which should characterize true religion, but alas! he has been nurtured on the great historical conspiracy which has consigned the *Catholic Church*, the great representative of Christianity *semper et ubique*, to the power of anti-Christ! He argues then that if two-thirds of the visible kingdom of Christ belongs now, and always has belonged to the arch-enemy, and the other third is entirely at war with itself, denying within itself all the elementary principles of Christian faith, even the Trinity, the incarnation, eternal punishment, baptism, &c., &c., he argues, we say, and justly if his premises were correct, that the entire system is radically wrong, and that he is left without any guidance from his Maker to grope his way through life to the impenetrable darkness of eternity. Perhaps he concedes, as do many logical minds of the highest order, that if there is any truth in revelation, the Catholic Church is the depository, as well as the pillar and ground of that truth, but its fancied errors, together with his own wayward inclinations, deter him from close research, and hold him in the bondage of the common enemy.



The thought that God should speak to him, also, and leave so many others in perpetual darkness, is incomprehensible—he is not better than many others, and how can he believe it consistent with God's justice and mercy that he should be of the elect and they of the reprobate? But he reads not other hearts; he knows not the inspirations breathed in other souls. This is indeed a deep mystery, but Catholic faith teaches that God offers grace to all men, and yet leaves their will free. Furthermore, he is not responsible for what is given to, or taken from others. In all the world about us, we see inequalities of condition of which we know the facts, yet we pretend not to explain them. This man is born a prince, that a beggar; this white, that black; this free, that a slave. The differences are obvious—why, we know not; we only know that God wills them. If providence offers a man riches, he does not refuse, because so many others more deserving perhaps, are left in the depths of poverty—he takes them joyfully, if not thankfully. And so when God, by gentle admonitions offers the first little gifts of grace, it is madness to refuse because, upon a blind supposition, he offers less or none to others. All the little whisperings that enter one's mind in regard to death, which stares us ever in the face, to the futility of all human aspirations, which end in nothing but illusions, and of eternity which stands with its boundless immensity before us, and in which we must so soon be plunged, are God's inspirations to save us. We have free will; we may profit by them; we may be condemned by them. No matter what becomes of others, we have all heard these whisperings, and we know whether we have respected or neglected them.

We will suppose a sceptic honest, and ready to embrace the truth when known, but who receives not Christianity because of its mysteries, because of its apparent contradictions to reason. A year or two since at a great convention of the magnates, clerical and lay, of the Episcopal Church, assembled at New York, after much discussion of mooted points and many appeals to the "fathers" and "ancient canons," an eminent lawyer from Virginia arose, and deprecated all such appeals, in favor of those to *common sense* only. This appears to be taking—is a good blow *ad captandum*, but nothing more—the excellent gentleman must have forgotten that faith and doctrine are superior to all human reasoning, ancient or modern, which he meant by common sense. The wise men of antiquity had this gift, many of them in a preëminent degree, yet it never unfolded to them the sublime truths of Christianity; common sense perhaps prevented Newton and Milton from receiving the doctrine of the Trinity; common sense did not suffice to bring such sages as Jefferson and Franklin into any acknowledgment of revealed truths. Religion has its mysteries which are in nowise to be measured by the human mind; reason and common sense deny the incarnation, but faith soars above our lowly powers and teaches us to receive without question the word of God. But is mystery confined to religion alone? What is man? what life? what death? what the world? what time? what eternity? Each is *per se* a deep, ineffable mystery, and the only key we have to any solution is in the revelation granted by the one Supreme Being, Lord of all.

The sceptic must admit that mystery is inseparable from religion, as it is clearly from common life; he cannot fairly demand any severance. He is willing to place the things of eternity before the things of time—he is willing to "save his soul if he has any soul!" Very well, he feels the immortal longings; he will accept religion if it will appear to him in an acceptable form. Now what would he have of it; consistency, justice, mercy, faith and doctrine, a way so clear that fools may not err therein. A good life and eternal reward—a bad life (he has



called for justice) and eternal punishment. Would he in his own heart condemn any human being to eternal suffering? The question is idle—he is neither judge nor executioner—his duty is to save himself, not to pronounce upon others.

He will have consistency. ONE FAITH—the faith of the Catholic Church is ever the same, ever consistent; justice—virtue is rewarded, crime is punished; mercy—in mercy the Son of God opened the gates of heaven to all mankind, and the Father in mercy forgives years of crime for one moment of true repentance. If men would act consistently with the explicit doctrines of Christ, we would have a paradise on earth. The way is secure, the guide is appointed, no one need lose himself unless by his own consent. The humblest follower of Christ may find in his Church a guide that cannot err; and the lowly mind, the little child, the fool, as the scripture says, may tread the appointed way, the narrow path in safety. This cannot hold where all are guides, all teachers, all leaders, all critics; but the divine promises were not given to such. *The blind leading the blind*, the scripture calls them in one place—and elsewhere it says, “unless you become as little children, you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.” What means this—that we should return to childish things, to the customs, manners and habits of children? Why, no, but that we should believe with implicit faith, and not assume arrogantly to exalt our own conceits, or private opinion, over divinely appointed authority.

There is one stumbling-block to sceptics that believers have to look to, and that is, that those who profess to believe often belie their professions in practice. There is no denying the fact, and what can the Christian champion say in the defence of such? Little enough, indeed. He can only say, mournfully, that the Church’s own ungrateful children have always done her more harm than all her other enemies united. Again, he may plead human frailty, for they have no exemption from the fate of others,

“Who know the right, but still the wrong pursue,”

and they must bide the consequences. Our Saviour has uttered a due warning against those who give scandal—their professions of attachment to him will avail them nothing without a change of life. Yet it is folly to blame the Church with their crimes, which are ever so many acts of rebellion against her authority.

Over and above all reason, there is always one thing left to the sceptic if he be honest and sincere—and that is, the *right of petition*. Let him ask God for light and for guidance—he acknowledges a Supreme Being who is his Lord, Creator and Master—he cannot believe that Supreme Being unconscious of his existence, or indifferent to it—he cannot think his life, with all his aspirations and hopes, like that of beasts and birds and butterflies—he has an innate sense that God has created him for something higher and nobler. Then let him in spirit prostrate himself before his Maker; let him implore light, and let him follow up the first glimmerings with which it may please the Almighty to illumine his soul. “Ask and ye shall receive,” says our Lord, and so it will prove—to the man sincerely desirous of serving God faithfully, earnest prayer will be heard and answered, difficulties will disappear like mist before the morning sun, and in time the unbeliever, we do not say the scoffer, will find himself kneeling at the communion rail to receive the bread of life, which he who eats, says our Saviour, shall have life everlasting.

Then after long years of tossing on the billows of doubt, uncertainty and despair, the weary soul finds rest and repose in the bosom of the Church, the only harbor of safety on earth. Her direst conflicts are over; trials, temptations, afflictions, persecutions may come, nay, almost certainly await her, but she throws them aside with a supernatural strength. Does not her angel in heaven who always sees the face of her Father (Matt. xxiii, 10), minister to her, and aid her now that she is “to receive the inheritance of salvation?” (Hebrews i. 14).



## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

### *The Washing of Feet.—The Institution of the Blessed Sacrament.*

WHEN the legal rite had been completed, Jesus laid aside his robe, and girding himself, poured water into a basin, and began to wash his disciples' feet, and wipe them with the napkin which he had girt about him. Amazed at such a humiliation on the part of his Lord, the quick, impulsive Peter, exclaimed: "Thou shalt never wash my feet;" but when our Lord answered him: "If I wash thee not, thou shalt have no part with me," he yielded, saying: "Lord, not only my feet, but my hands and my head."



*Washing of Feet.*

Having resumed his robe and sat down again, he said: "Know you what I have done to you? You call me Master and Lord; and you say well, for so I am. If I, then, being your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; you also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that as I have done to you, so do you also." \*

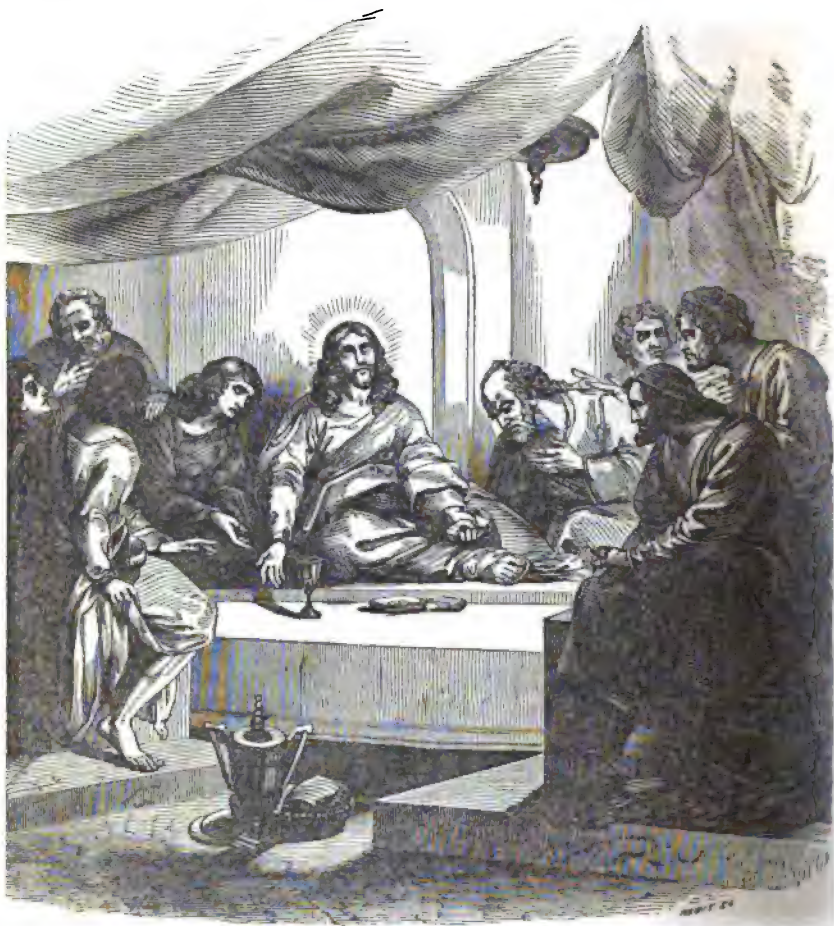
Then preparing for the great mystery he was about to institute, he said: "With desire have I desired to eat this pasch with you before I suffer, for I say to you that from this time I will not eat this *figurative one* till it is fulfilled in the kingdom of God," that is, in the new dispensation.

Then taking bread, he blessed and broke, and gave to his disciples, saying: "Take ye and eat: this is my body which is given for you: do this for a com-

\* John xiii, 4-14.



memoration of me." Then in like manner taking the chalice he gave thanks and gave it to them, saying: "Drink ye all of this, for this is my blood of the new testament, which shall be shed for many for the remission of sins."\*



*The Institution of the Blessed Sacrament.*

Thus in secret, on the eve of his passion, did he institute the priesthood and sacrifice of the new law, establishing his chosen twelve as priests, for they alone of all his disciples and kindred were present: all others who believed in him were deferred till after Pentecost, and then were to partake of the body and blood of the true Lamb, not at his hands, but at those of his apostles.

Such was the institution of the sacrament of love, of which St. John could only say: "Having loved his own that were in the world, he loved them to the end." Such was the institution of that adorable sacrament which the Jews rejected as a "hard saying that no man can bear," but which all Christendom for fifteen cen-

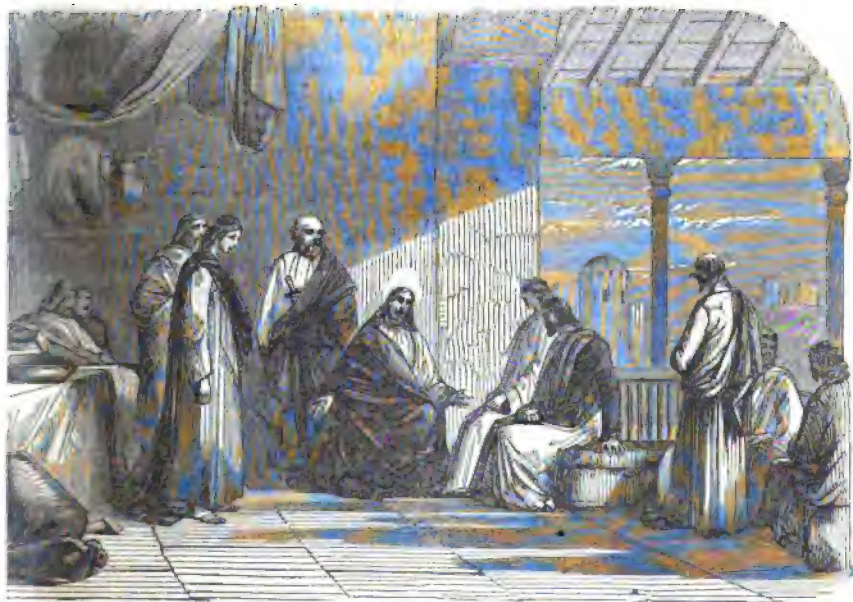
\* Luke xxii, 19. Mark xiv, 22. Matthew xxvi, 26.



turies believed without a dissenting voice, and which even at the Reformation only one of the innovators dared openly deny.

“On the night of that Last Supper,  
Seated with his chosen band,  
He the Paschal Victim eating,  
First fulfils the law’s command;  
Then as food unto the brethren  
Gives himself with his own hand,  
Word made flesh, the bread of nature  
By his word to flesh he turns;  
Wine into his blood he changes:  
What though sense no change discerns?  
Only be the heart in earnest,  
Faith her lesson quickly learns.”

Then the thought of the treachery of Judas made him groan aloud, and he startled all, save that hardened heart, by saying: “Amen, I say to you one of you will betray me.” All looked at each other in trouble, and each asked him: “Lord, is it I?” and Peter whispered to St. John, who reclined on the breast of Jesus, to ask him who it was: and when the beloved apostle asked, our Lord said: “He to whom I shall reach bread dipped,” and he handed bread to Judas. The traitor, fearing that he was discovered, again asked: “Lord, is it I?” “Thou hast said it,” was the reply, which should have made him abandon his guilty project, but it was a grace rejected. The guilty man went out immediately, and hastened in the darkness of the night to the enemies of his Master, whose enmity kept them awake and plotting.



*Christ's last discourse to his Disciples before his Passion.*

When Judas had departed Jesus said: “Now the Son of Man is glorified, and God is glorified in him.” He told his faithful apostles of his departure, and when



Peter boasted of his fidelity, foretold his fall; above all he impressed on them in a discourse, which St. John has preserved for us, the great duties of humility and charity. He foretold them also their own future persecutions, promising, however, to visit them after his resurrection, and when he had ascended to his Father, from whom he came, to send down the Holy Ghost to teach and strengthen them. Then he prayed for his apostles, and not only for them, but for those also who, through the word of his apostles, should believe in him.

Then singing a hymn he went forth to Mount Olivet with his apostles, having first bid them sell a coat and buy a sword; but as there were two there, he told them that it was enough. Peter, still resolved to stand to the last by his dear Lord, took one and used it, fulfilling the prophecy that the Messiah should be numbered with the wicked.

## THE PLAINTIFF THAT WOULD HAVE JUSTICE.

*Founded on a German Work of Lentner.*

THE inhabitants of the little town of Glurns, in the Tyrol, have been always remarkable for their love of justice. Of this they gave a memorable example in 1519. Swarms of field-mice committed such ravage that it was at last determined to destroy them. But first of all it was necessary to obtain execution against them, so that the proceeding might be strictly according to law. The case then was regularly tried. A lawyer was assigned to the field-mice, who pleaded in their favor with great eloquence, and neglected nothing that might contribute to their acquittal. His efforts proving unsuccessful, the town-crier formally ordered the field-mice to leave the country; they did not obey, and then at last recourse was had to a legal massacre.

The best hotel in this conscientious town is known by the name of the *Stork Tavern*. The stabling department is here particularly excellent and deservedly remunerative to the ostler. Travelers, wagoners, horse-dealers, the farmers who furnish oats, hay and straw, and the millers who supply the establishment with bran, all find it their interest to leave Dietrick substantial tokens of their gratitude. Accordingly the honest fellow considers himself quite a personage of some importance. His air, his words, his gait, his dress, reveal the high opinion which he entertains of himself. He is always neatly dressed, and his boots are always radiant with the best blacking: a beautiful ring sparkles on his finger: his *meers chaum* has a bright silver lid almost as big as a saucer. But his greatest ornaments—the chief sources of his pride—are, or rather were, his umbrella of amaranth-colored silk, and his blue double-caped cloak. He hardly ever appeared in public without these appendages. Even on the finest Sunday he went to walk with his umbrella under his arm, and it must be a day of very extraordinary heat indeed when he omitted to buckle on the cloak. As some justification, however, for this custom, it may not be improper to mention that in the upper valleys of the Tyrol winter reigns supreme eight months of the year, and that the water remains solidly frozen for five or six.

But a cloak worn every day cannot last very long, and one morning Dietrick suddenly discovered that his had grown thread-bare. He blushed when he thought that many other eyes might have already made the same discovery. He



immediately determined never again to wear a garment unworthy of him. The cold season was approaching : at the fair of St. Michael he concluded the business with a Jew, who both sold him the necessary quantity of cloth for making up a new cloak, and bought his old one.

The new purchase was a splendid and valuable piece of goods. It was as glossy as silk. Dietrick, in raptures, took it to the house of Master Pancratz, the chief tailor of the place, and ordered him to make it into one of the most beautiful cloaks ever seen. The artist promised to execute a master-piece, but as he was just then rather pressed with business, he said that he could not possibly have it done before St. Martin's day, the eleventh of November. Dietrick would not entrust such a serious undertaking to a vulgar hand. He would wait then till St. Martin's day, but he told the tailor to keep his promise. The month of October was icy cold : a northwest wind roared in the valley, bringing on winter prematurely. But Dietrick bravely bore up against the nipping frost : in imagination he saw himself enveloped in his splendid cloak, and the pleasure produced in anticipation by the magnificent article of dress, rendered him perfectly insensible to the inclemency of the weather.

Dietrick still preserved none the less of his fine airs, and gave himself all the majesty compatible with his fat cheeks, his beet-root complexion, and his bottle-nose, which was, moreover, badly shaped, and by no means harmonized with his other features.

Every time he met the tailor he naturally asked him : " Well, how is my cloak getting on ? " " It is on hand," Master Pancratz would reply ; " when it is finished, I tell you the like of it was never seen at Augsburg, nor even at Munich."

Six weeks passed away. The Sunday before St. Martin's day, the faithful tailor appeared before Dietrick with his work carefully wrapped up. Dietrick was dressing for Mass.

" Just in time, Master Pancratz," said he : " the bell will ring in a quarter of an hour."

The artist untied his handkerchief, and with an air of satisfaction gleaming through his professional coolness, he opened out the superb garment, taking care to display all its beauties in the sunlight. Dietrick's countenance literally blazed with joy. " Never before," he exclaimed, " was ostler so magnificently arrayed ;" and receiving the soft, rich, heavy cloak on his shoulders, he began to feel for the sleeves. But he could find no opening.

" I believe you have sewed up the sleeves," he said at last to the tailor.

" Sowed up the sleeves ? " replied Pancratz. " That would be rather a difficult job, permit me to say, seeing it has got no sleeves at all."

" No sleeves at all ? " cried Dietrick, completely horror struck.

" Not a blessed sleeve," replied the tailor.

" And why didn't you make sleeves, you old blockhead ? " cried Dietrick, now quite beside himself. " Made no sleeves ! What an abomination ! Did you want me to die of spite and anger ? It is enough to set a saint mad ! No sleeves ! And why, in the name of every thing stupid and intolerable, *didn't* you make sleeves ? "

" In the first place you did not give me cloth enough," answered the tailor ; " and in the second, you did not say a single word about them. I did not think you wanted them. Besides they are no longer the fashion."

" Where are they no longer the fashion, pray ? "

" At Vienna, at Paris ! "

" But I am in Glurns, in the Tyrol ! I would not dare to venture out in a cloak



without sleeves! What a wretched excuse! And you pretend, besides, that you had not got cloth enough! That's not the truth, Mr. tailor. That's not the truth! You cabbaged half of it. You had enough to have made six sleeves at least. I understand very well how it is: you snipped off enough to make two or three pair of pantaloons, and as many waistcoats, for your boys."

Hearing these unjust reproaches, Master Pancratz became angry in his turn. His old grey head shook with passion, while he cried out:

"Are you mad, Mr. ostler? It is easily seen that you spent your life only among horses. Three pair of pantaloons and as many waistcoats for my children! Why don't you say I cabbaged enough to clothe all the village?"

"But I gave you ten ells of cloth."

"But prove that with ten ells of cloth I had enough to make the sleeves too."

"There is no need to prove it: it is as clear as day. You would want thirty ells, wouldn't you? At that rate, you would soon make your fortune."

"Since you persist in taking it up that way," cried the exasperated Pancratz, "justice must decide between us. I will allow no man to insult me and treat me as a rogue."

"Go and get justice!" replied Dietrick, as angry as ever. "I must have a coat with sleeves, or not one at all."

"Suit yourself in that respect," said Master Pancratz; and he left the room without saluting him.

On the very first court-day, after this dispute, Dietrick appeared before the provincial judge. He deposited the cloak as his chief witness, and said to the magistrate:

"I appeal to your equity: Master Pancratz has made me a cloak without sleeves, though I gave him ten ells of blue cloth. Can I wear a ridiculous garment? Am I to leave a portion of my cloth in the hands of the tailor? Assuredly not. I come then to claim your assistance: let me have justice!"

The Judge was unwilling to decide before he had heard both sides of the question.

"Your case requires consideration," he observed to the Plaintiff. "You have deposited your cloak: that is well. I will have Master Pancratz summoned before me. I will hear his reasons, I will examine yours, and I shall try to settle your difference according to the strict letter of the law."

The tailor was summoned and appeared before the Judge, to whom he presented a paper where he had written out all his measures, and particularized the quantity of cloth employed in each part of the cloak. He then gave verbal explanations to prove that an inch of cloth could not have remained over. The ostler denied the correctness of the calculations, and made a vigorous speech. Pancratz replied in a fury: Dietrick rejoined, and the Judge, bewildered, declared that he should obtain assistance in order to decide such a difficult question, and adjourned the case for future consideration.

In the interval Dietrick often secretly watched the tailor's children, and employed others to watch them, hoping by this means to discover under the form of little waistcoats and pantaloons the sleeves, whose absence he took so much to heart. However, not the slightest shred of blue cloth could be seen. He himself sounded Pancratz's apprentice, bribing him with a glass of wine to induce him to reveal the truth if his master had appropriated even ever so little a piece. But he could discover nothing. Pancratz came off victorious even in this artful investigation. He brought forward two other tailors to give testimony in his favor before the court.

"No man," said he, "is bound to do what is physically impossible: and whatever way one sets about it, ten ells of cloth are not enough to make a double-caped cloak with sleeves."



The two witnesses acquiesced in this assertion.

"The Judge can perhaps see clearer into this matter than we," said one of them; "but for our part our conscience compels us to pronounce Master Pancratz completely innocent. To make a cloak with two capes and two sleeves out of ten ells of cloth would be one of the greatest wonders ever seen."

This should have been sufficient to clear the tailor, but Dietrick impeached the veracity of his witnesses, called for a more searching examination of the matter, and demanded other arbitrators. Seven tailors of the district accordingly received orders to appear in court together with the instruments of their profession. The Judge had them shut up in the record-room, surrendered them the bone of contention, and ordered them to examine the question in all its bearings.

After some deliberation the tailors decided on ripping up the cloak, and measuring each piece separately. They did so, and at the end of the operation they found a deficiency of one ell.

"What I said was right then!" cried Dietrick, intoxicated with his triumph. "Master Pancratz is dishonest! One ell missing! Just enough to make me a pair of splendid sleeves!"

But old Pancratz did not consider himself vanquished; he appealed from the decision of the seven tailors, and at his instance the Judge consented to summon from Innsbruck two celebrated artists, to whom their practice in a great city should have given qualifications for judging superior to those of the tailors of the district.

In the interim the time was slipping away: the altercation had lasted two months, and it was now in the middle of February. The snow covered the roads, drifted through the narrow streets of Glurns, and formed deep layers on the mountain sides. Icicles hanging from the eaves gave the houses a joyless aspect. All the winds of heaven contributed to the severity of the season, those of the south not excepted, for they became icy blasts while crossing the chain of the Alps. Fully convinced that he should soon recover his cloak, Dietrick would not purchase another: to be sure he almost froze to death in his waistcoat, but what matter? He had justice on his side, and could not fail to gain his cause.

The two tailors of Innsbruck obeyed the order of the provincial judge. They examined the cloak in its analyzed condition, and came to a different conclusion from that of the seven sages of Glurns. The latter had forgotten to deduct the inevitable losses occasioned by cutting and tucking in at the seams. After giving the matter the closest examination they found nothing more was missing than about the third of an ell; and of such a small quantity of cloth it was impossible to make sleeves. The Judge, at last convinced, gave judgment, clearing Master Pancratz, and condemning the plaintiff to costs. The tailor walked through the village with a triumphant air, and sang louder than ever at vespers, as if to celebrate his great victory.

But the proud Dietrick could not restrain his rage. He appealed to the tribunal at Innsbruck,—the Austrian law permitting this recourse to different degrees of jurisdiction—and the elements of the cloak were transported to the capital of the Tyrol. Winter was over, and the warm breezes blew merrily over the country. "Now," said Dietrick, "I can easily await the decision of the new judges;" and he hired a skilful lawyer. But his opponent was as obstinate. The cloak traveled from Innsbruck to Linz, and from Linz to the High Court at Vienna. Dietrick had paid about thirteen dollars for the cloth; the law suit has already cost him more than one hundred. He has passed the present severe winter without a cloak, but has caught a cold, which makes him cough dreadfully. He thinks that the fine weather is very slowly coming round, but he has no notion of giving up. "I know they must award me my cloak at last," he says, while his teeth chatter with the cold; "for I have right on my side, and justice must prevail."

E. R.



# MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.\**

BY PETER PINKIE.

*Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.*

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

WHEN Else Curley reached the Cairn, she was somewhat surprised to find the door of her cabin forced open and the scanty furniture it contained tossed here and there, as if somebody had been searching the house. Lighting a rush candle without further delay, and inserting it in the wooden candlestick attached to her spinning wheel, she threw off her gray cloak and took a hasty survey of the room. Her first glance was at the hearthstone under which Randall Barry had so mysteriously disappeared, when Nannie's blate announced the presence of Hardwinkle's detectives—the second at the cupboard, concealed in the thickness of the wall, from which she furnished the widgeon and wine to her young friend before setting out on his perilous journey to Arranmore. Both however, had escaped discovery—at least there was no visible mark of their having been suspected or examined. Satisfied apparently with these observations, Else drew over her creepie-stool, and sat down to build a fire for the night. Hardly had she touched the tongs, however, for that purpose, when a piece of closely folded paper fell from them on the ashes.

"Humph!" ejaculated the old woman, picking it up, "what can this be? From Lanty, I'll warrint—it's lake his contrivin, to put it in the joint o' the tongs," and hitching over the creepie nearer to the wheel, she brought the piece of crumpled paper close to the dim light, and read as follows:

"Och! thin, sweet bad luck to ye, my ould darlint; isn't this the purty pickle ye got me into. The hole country's out afther me, and here I am waitin for ye this half hour, with Miss Hardwinkle sighin and sobbin on the pillion at yer doore. Upon my conscience it's hung ye ought to be, to thrate me this way afther all the promises ye made to stay at home. But niver mind, *nabokkish*, I'll be even with ye yit. Else, if I only live to get over the amplash I'm in. Of coorse I'm expectin to be shot every other minit, for the polis is afther me in all direcshins. As for the damsel herself, *O hierna!* mortal ears niver heerd the bate of her. Her schreechin brought out ivery livin soul atween here and Ballymagahey. She'd listen naither to rime or raison. I tried to soother her, but ye might as well try to soother a weazel. Bad scan to the haporth she did but squeel and spit at me all the time. Thin I tried to raison with her. I tould her I hadn't the laste bad intintion in life, it bein only the loan of her I was takin in a decent way, till a friend of mine got over his throuble. That made her worse. She wudn't even stop to listen to me. Bad luck to me, Else, if iver I met so onraisonable a female since the hour I was born. Atween scripthur and schreechin she has nearly driven me out of my senses. Hould! whisht! there, by all that's bad she's at it again as hard as ivir. Oh heaven forgive ye, Else Curley, for the throuble I'm in on your account



this blissed day. But I can't stay another minit—I'm off again over the mountain, and remimber if any thing happens me, ye'll find her ladyship at Molshin Kelly's of Carlinmore. No more at present, but remain your obedient.

"LANTY HANLON."

"Note bene. As ye valie yer life, keep close to Mary."

"Heh!" ejaculated Else, as she threw the scroll on the ashes again. "Heh! but I'm sorry I didn't get a houl't of ye, ye spawn of the sarpint. Hah, I'd tache ye a lesson ye'd remimber till the clay covered ye. Little ye thought who was watchin ye this mornin, when ye went to Ballymagahey with yer tracts. Little ye thought who the ould woman was that passed for the widow with the three twins—the poor desarted crathur, that's dyin with the curse of herself and her dead husband on yer back. Hah! hah! Randall Barry, ye'll not have so many constables to guard ye the morrow, while such a high bred dame as Rebecca Hardwinkle's to be sought and found. Ay, Robert, ye'll want more peelers than ye can spare, to guard your prisoner, or I'm far out of my reckonin. Hah, devil as ye are, ye have yer match for onct. And now do yer best, ye black-hearted villain, do yer best, and niver fear ivery time ye play the nave I'll strike with the five-fingers."

Else was here interrupted in her soliloquy by the approach of footsteps, and turning in her creepie seemed somewhat surprised to see the tall but stooping form of Rodger O'Shaughnessy entering the cabin.

"Humph! what now?" she demanded, "any thing wrong at the light-house, that yer here so soon?"

"No, nothin to speak of," replied Rodger, familiarly taking a seat, and stroking down the few gray hairs that remained, with the palms of his hands. "Nothin new that I know of—only the wine's all out, and there's no change in the house at present to buy more."

"Hush," said Else, "that's the ould story over again."

"So I thought," continued Rodger, "I'd step up at my leisure to Mr. Guirkie's, and see if he'd buy this picthur. If it brought only a couple of pounds atself you know, we might lay in a dozen or two of chape wine—cape Madeira or so, to keep up the credit of the place."

As Rodger spoke he drew from beneath his coat a small oil painting, and laid it on the table beside him.

"What in the name o' patience is this?" exclaimed Else, after she took it up and looked at it. "Why, ye must be mad, Rodger; it's her mother's portrait."

"I know," replied Rodger, "but, ahem! it's only a copy."

"Copy or not, ye can't sell it. Mary would niver forgive ye."

"We can't starve," said Rodger, apologetically.

"Starve!"

"Of course, when there's nothing left. There's the salt meat ——"

"Hoot, nonsense, yer always complainin."

"Bedad, then, may be I've raison enough to complain, when the bacon's all gone, and not as much as the smell of wine or whisky in the walls of the house. It's aisy for you to talk, Else, but if ye had the credit o' the family to maintain, and nothin to maintain it with ——"

"Yer not so bad off as that, Rodger, altogether, eh, have ye nothin at all left after the bacon?"

"Nothin to speak of. There's some chickens, to be sure but ——"

"Some chickens. Is there no sheep?"



"Ahem! sheep; well, there's three weeny wethers, but sure there's not a bit on their bones. Surely three poor weakly wethers is a small dependence through the long winter. As for the bits o' picturs, the poor child could do nothing at them since that weary cabin boy came; and in troth it went hard enough on me Else, to see the young creature workin away, from mornin till night, unbeknown to her uncle, tryin to earn with her brush what'd buy little necessities for the house, when she ought to be roulin in her coach with her footmen behind her. Och hoch! Else, it's a poor day whin I'm driven to make lyin excuses to sich gentry as the Johnsons and Whatelys, in regard to the house. God be good to us, it's little I thought forty years ago, when I ust to announce Lady Lambton and Lord Hammersly, and Marquis ——"

"Now stop, Rodger Shaughnessy—stop yer claverin," interrupted Else, lighting her pipe, "yer niver done braggin about yer lords and ladies."

"Ahem! braggin—bedad, it's no braggin, Else, but the truth, and not the whole o' that aither, let me tell ye. Ahem! may be, when I ust to get seventeen pipes o' the best wine ——"

"Hoot, hould yer tongue. Here, take a draw o' this till I make some supper. I have a journey afore me, and I can't delay a minit longer."

"Well, ye may think as ye plaze, Else," said Rodger, taking the pipe from his venerable companion, "but they're changed times with us any way, when them that onct thought a castle too small to resave their company, must now starve in a dissolite light-house. Ochme! ochme! the good ould times when we ust to think nothin of fifty coaches of an evenin, drivin into the court yard."

"Humph, make it a hundher at onct," said Else, what signifies a score or two, in or over."

"Well, may I niver do harm, Else ——"

"Whist, *bedhahusht*, I say, I'm in no humor now to listen to such foolery. I ought to be on the road by this time," and advancing to the cupboard she drew down an oaten bannock from a shelf, and breaking it into several pieces consigned it to her pocket. Then bringing the silver mounted pistol she was in the habit of carrying on her journeys, close to the light, she examined the priming, and finding it satisfactory, thrust it into her breast. "There," she ejaculated, "yer aisy carried any way, and who knows but ye may be of sarvice afore Randall Barry gets clear of his blood-hounds."

"Where are ye bound for, Else," inquired Rodger, "with that waipon about ye?"

"Crohan."

"Yer not bent on murder, I hope."

"Not if I can help it."

"Bedad, then," said Rodger, "I wudn't trust ye if ye got into one of yer tantrums. Ahem! yer a dangerous woman, Else, when yer vexed, or, as the ould sayin is, yer a good friend but a bad inimy. But, Else, cudn't ye lend us a thrifle o' that money ye got from the Yankee? Ahem! I'd pay it back at the end o' the quarter."

"Not a farthin, Rodger. I'm keepin that for another purpose."

"Well, it's not much I'm askin," said Rodger, "only just the price of a dozen o' wine, and a cheese or two, for the credit o' the house."

"Let the house take care of itself," responded Else, throwing the gray cloak again upon her emaciated shoulders. "I'll have use for the money afore long. Rodger, every bit as advantageous to yer master, as to buy cheese with it, or wine aither. So out with ye—I must be gone."



"Ahem! yer in a mighty hurry, Else; wait till I get the picthur under my coat. Ahem, as for a dhrop of any thing, I suppose it's not convainient."

"Humph! a dhrop of any thing. I thought it'd come to that at last," and again opening the cupboard, she drew forth a bottle and held it for an instant between her and the light. "Ay, there's some left," she added, laying it on the table. "Drink it, and let me go."

Rodger raised the bottle also, and seeing it nearly full laid it down again. "Ahem! ahem!" said he, stroking down his long gray hairs, and looking wistfully at Else. "Ahem, it's a liberty L take, but if ye have no objection, I'll carry it home with me."

"Carry it home."

"Yes. Ahem! Captain Petersham and the Johnsons 'll be down to-morrow, and there's not a dhrop to offer them."

"Take it then, take it, and away with ye. I ought to be in Crohan by this time."

"Ye might had company," observed Rodger, carefully corking the bottle and dropping it into his capacious pocket. "Ye might had company if ye only left sooner."

"I want none," replied Else, "the dark night's all the company I ask."

"Well, that Blackamore came down with a constable, just afore I left the lighthouse, and took the boy away with them."

"What," exclaimed Else, "turning on her step, "took the boy away in the state he's in."

"Ay did they, troth, and without as much as sayin by yer lave atself. The constable had a writ with him signed by Mr. Hardwinkle."

"Hah, the villain," exclaimed Else, "that's more of his plottin. Was the boy willin to go?"

"Willin—ye might well say that. The minit he saw the Blackamore, he all but jumped out o' bed with joy, and the poor Blackamore himself kissed and hugged the little fellow till I thought he'd niver let him go. Bedad, I niver thought them naigers had so much good nature in them afore."

"And so he had a writ from Robert Hardwinkle," muttered Else reflectively. "Ay, ay, that was the Yankee's doings, I suspect. Humph, I'm beginnin to think from what Mrs. Motherly tould me about the nigger, when he first got a glimpse of Weeks, they must be ould acquaintances, and maybe thought the boy'd tell tales when he recovered his senses. Hah, hah, Robert Hardwinkle, I'm on yer track again, if I'm not greatly desaved. So the boy's gone," she added.

"Ay, is he," replied Rodger, "and mighty well plazed I am at that same, in regard to Miss Mary, for the creatur cudn't do a hand's turn while he stayed—but hould," said Rodger, suddenly checking himself, "hould, I'll wager what ye plaze, he tuck the rosary with him."

"What rosary?" demanded Else.

"Why, Mary's mother's—Mrs. Talbot's, and I never thought of it till this minit."

"The one with the jewels?"

"Ay, and the gold crucifix. She forget all about it, I suppose."

"Forgot what?"

"That she lent it to him."

"She never lent it; she hadn't it to lend since the day the Yankee first came to the lighthouse. She mislaid it somewhere that day, and niver could find hilt or hare of it since. Hoah! ye were only dhramin, Rodger."



"Dramin—bedad, then," replied Rodger, "it was a mighty quare drame, whin I saw it with my own eyes, and handled it with my own fingers."

"Her mother's rosary?"

"To be sure. How could I mistake it? Didn't I carry it a dozen times myself to the jewellers to have it mended, when we—ahem! when we lived at the castle? Bedad, Else, it's not a thing to be aisy mistaken about, for there's not the like of it in the whole world but one, and that same's many a thousand mile from here—if it's in bein at all."

"Ye mane Mr. Talbot's?"

"Of course. They were both as like as two eggs, and a present, I was always tould, from the Dutchess of Orleans to Edward's father and mother, when they went to France long ago."

"Ay," said Else, resuming her seat and looking up sharply in Rodger's face, as if she feared his mind was wandering, "ay 'as like as two eggs,' and where did the boy keep the rosary, for it's strange I never could see it about him, though I was with him late and early."

"Well, ahem!" said Rodger, "I must tell ye that, Else, since ye asked me. Ahem, one day last week as Lanty was going to Roonakill, I wanted him to bring me a bottle o' wine, for feen a dhrop was in the house, and we expected company that evenin. Well it happened Mr. Lee had no money convanient, and naither had Lanty himself, nor Mary, and I did not know what in the world to do in the amplash I was in, for as luck'd have it, the brandy was out as well as the wine, and not a taste of any thing in the house but a thrifle o' whiskey in the bottom o' the decanter. So thinks I to myself since I can do no better, I'll ahem! I'll try, maybe the cabin boy might happen to have some change in his pockets, and I'll borrow it till he gets well."

"So ye searched his pockets?"

"I did," replied Rodger, "ahem! It was not right, I suppose, but seein the pinch I was in, you know I couldn't very well help it."

"And found the rosary?"

"Yes, sowed in the linings of his waistcoat pocket. I thought first from the hard feel it might be gold pieces, and I ripped it open."

"Sowed in the linins of his waistcoat?" repeated Else, pronouncing the words slowly, and gazing vacantly at her companion as she spoke.

"Ay, she sowed it in herself, I suppose, thinkin the blissed crucifix might help him in his sickness."

"Rodger Shaughnessy," said the old woman, suddenly rising, after a long pause, during which she kept her eyes unconsciously fixed on him. "Rodger Shaughnessy, can you swear on the holy evangelist, you seen that rosary in the boy's possession?"

"Of course I can. Why, is there any thing strange in that? Ye seem to be all of a flutter about it."

"No matter—I have my own manin for it. Now go you back to the lighthouse, and stay with Mary; she's all alone, and needs yer company. I must hurry as fast as I can to Castle Gregory, and then back to Crohan."

"The Lord be about us!" exclaimed Rodger, as he stood looking at the receding form of the old woman descending the hill. "What does she mane now? There she's off to Castle Gregory this hour of the night, and thinks no more of it than a girl would of sixteen. Ahem!" he added, buttoning his coat over the picture, and moving off towards the lighthouse; "she's a wondherful woman."

*To be continued.*



## Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

**THE TOMB OF ST. CHARLES BORROMEO.**—Immediately beneath the dome of the gorgeous marble cathedral of the stately city of Milan, is the subterranean chapel which contains the body of this great and good man. A more sumptuous place of sepulchre was never allotted to the relics of human mortality. Basso-relievs of massive silver incrust the roof, plates of gold adorn the front of the shrine, upon removing which a sarcophagus of crystal exhibits the deceased prelate clothed in his archiepiscopal robes, with a crozier begemmed with brilliants lying by his side, and gold and jewels adorning every part of his person. The remains of the Saint are in a state of very remarkable preservation, and his whole body seems to have escaped the ordinary process of decomposition. The fine aquiline nose which so distinctly marked the lineaments of the archbishop, and by which his numerous portraits and statues are so immediately identified, is of the lifeless corse the still characteristic feature; and the discoloration of time, rather than any of the usual ravages of death, seems to have effected change in the aspect of the prelate, whose decease occurred in 1584. Two centuries and a half have embrowned, but not consumed, the fleshy covering of his venerated reliquie. The Milanese naturally regard with extraordinary respect the tomb of their patron Saint, whose body they perhaps rightly deem to have been thus miraculously preserved from decay. We would not impugn that presumption, because we are inclined to share it; we will, however, take occasion to remark that Europe affords many instances of human bodies being, from some peculiarity in the soil wherein they happen to be interred, preserved for centuries in a wonderful state of entirety and incorruption. Beneath the church of Kreutaberg, near Bonn, are the undecayed corsees of twenty-five monks; and in the vaults of St. Michael's tower at Bordeaux, is a truly remarkable assemblage of dead bodies well preserved, though centuries have elapsed since their inhumation.

If ever a great man deserved well of his countrymen, it was the philanthropic St. Carlo Borromeo. The austerities and self-denial of his private life were incredibly rigorous, while to all with whom his high family and cardinal's rank brought him into daily communication, he was lavish in the exercise of hospitality.

A touching anecdote of his unassuming, self-inflicted penitence, was related of the Saint by the bishop of Asti, who, upon the occasion of a visitation of the diocese, surprised St. Charles, in the middle of a bitterly cold night, studying in a single black and tattered gown. Upon being entreated to put on some warmer garment, the archbishop replied, with a smile, "What will you say if I have no other? The robes which I am obliged to wear in the day belong to the dignity of cardinal, but this garment is my own, and I will have no other, either for winter or summer." The poor had indeed always been the stewards of his worldly wealth! The crowning act, however, of St. Charles's glory, was the indefatigable zeal with which, utterly regardless of personal safety, he labored for the spiritual wants, and administered to the temporal necessities, of his flock, during the great and fatal pestilence of 1575. During that disastrous time, he melted his plate, sold his furniture, and parted with the very bed he lay upon, to provide relief for the poor,—passing his days with the inmates of pest houses, and his nights on bare boards. Conduct like this might well entitle a cardinal archbishop to live in the grateful hearts of his fellow-citizens, and the magnificent sepulchre of Milan attests the fond reverence they still entertain for one who loved and served them on earth, and now prays for them in heaven.

**SURELY**, one of the best rules of conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had left unsaid; nor can any thing be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

*Swift.*



**POETRY.**—The following beautiful paragraph from the pen of G. D. PRENTICE, will be read with pleasure, especially by the lovers of poetry:

"What is poetry? A smile, a tear, a glory, a longing after the things of eternity. It lives in all created existences—in man, and every object that surrounds him. There is poetry in the gentle influences of love and affliction, in the quiet broodings of the soul over the memories of early years, and in the thoughts of glory that chain our spirits to the gates of Paradise. There is poetry, too, in the harmonies of nature. It glitters in the wave, the rainbow, the lightning and the star; its cadence is heard in the thunder and in the cataract—its softer tones go sweetly up from the thousand voice-harps of wind and rivulet, and forest—the cloud and the sky go floating over us to the music of its melodies—and its ministers to heaven from the mountains of the earth and the untrodden shrines of ocean. There's not a moonlight ray that comes down upon stream or hill, not a breeze calling from its blue air-throne to the birds of the summer valleys, or sounding through midnight rains its low and mournful dirge over the perishing flowers of spring, not a cloud bathing itself like an angel-vision in the rosy gushes of autumn twilight, not a rock glowing in the yellow starlight as if dreaming of the Eden-land, but is full of the beautiful influences of Poetry. It is the soul of being. The earth and heavens are quickened by its spirit; and the heavings of the great deep, in tempest and in calm, are but its secret and mysterious breathings."

And from the same graceful writer we print a beautiful specimen of the article he so eloquently describes above. It is entitled

**A NAME IN THE SAND.**—Alone I walked on the ocean strand,

A pearly shell was in my hand,  
I stooped and wrote upon the sand  
My name, the year and day;  
As onward from the spot I passed,  
One lingering look behind I cast,  
A wave came rolling high and fast,  
And washed my lines away.

And so methought 'twill quickly be  
With every mark on earth from me!  
A wave of dark oblivion's sea  
Will sweep across the place  
Where I have trod the sandy shore  
Of time, and been to me no more;  
Of me, my day, the name I bore,  
To leave no track or trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,  
And holds the water in his hands,  
I know a lasting record stands,  
Inscribed against my name.  
Of all this mortal part has wrought,  
Of all this thinking soul has thought,  
And from these fleeting moments caught,  
For glory or for shame.

**WASHINGTON.**—The most popular and attractive lecture probably ever delivered in this country is Mr. Edward Everett's famous lecture on Washington, recently delivered in this city and elsewhere. Many thought the subject exhausted before hearing the distinguished lecturer, but he happily gave such persons cause to change their views. In fact the great man's character is an inexhaustible theme, and even when his virtues, fully understood, come to be merely rehearsed over and over again, even that will be doing one's country a service. Good and true men will never tire of Washington, and



the youth of America should be taught with each rising generation to make him their model. Whoever imitates him fairly, humbly and remotely though it be, will certainly rise to be an honored son of the great Republic. The theme we say, may grow old, but can never become exhausted, for Washington will be a model for all time.

Perhaps now, more than ever, we need his sage and immortal counsels; we want to hear him proclaim again above all the mad clamor of party violence that the *Union* is the main pillar in the edifice of our real independence, and that all citizens, whether so *by birth or choice*, should devote themselves to its perpetuity, especially as it is our "political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed." For we find in these days the very assaults against which we have been thus warned by the Father of his country, and we have now to withstand the dread attempts, by him foreseen and deprecated, to "alienate one portion of our country from another, and to enfeeble the sacred ties which now bind together the various parts."

Mr. Everett's lecture has been pronounced in high quarters *worthy of the subject*, a tribute of praise which could not be surpassed by any other form of words. We could wish however, that he had given due prominence to the expanded views of the great patriot in regard to differences in religious faith, or place of nativity. It never entered his great heart that a native citizen should be proscribed for practising the doctrines of the Catholic Church, or that a naturalized citizen should be degraded because of the accident of his birth under another form of government. His magnanimity feared not to compliment the Catholic body of citizens, and thank them for their fidelity and devotion to the cause of our national liberty; and he spoke always of this country as the asylum for the oppressed of all nations. What kind of an asylum would it be, if the oppressed of the old world were only allowed to live and breathe in the air of Republican America, without the full privileges and immunities of equal rights and full citizenship? His large views upon these subjects should be always proclaimed, as well as the other evidences of his greatness.

**DANIEL O'CONNELL AS HE APPEARED AT THE BAR IN 1825.**—Mr. O'Connell is in particular request in jury cases. There he is in his element. Next to the "harp of his country," an Irish jury is the instrument on which he delights to play; and no one better understands its quality and compass. I have already glanced at his versatility. It is here that it is displayed. His powers as a *nisi prius* advocate consist not so much in the perfection of any of the qualities necessary to the art of persuasion, as in the number of them that he has at command, and the skill with which he selects and adapts them to the exigency of each particular case. He has a thorough knowledge of human nature, as it prevails in the class of men whom he has to mould to his purposes. I know of no one that exhibits a more quick and accurate perception of the essential peculiarities of the Irish character. It is not merely with reference to their passions that he understands them, though here he is preëminently adroit. He can cajole a dozen of miserable corporation-hacks into the persuasion that the honor of their country is concentrated in their persons. His mere acting on such occasions is admirable: no matter how base and stupid, and how poisoned to political antipathy to himself he may believe them to be, he affects the most complimentary ignorance of their real characters. He hides his scorn and contempt under a cloak of unbounded reliance. He addresses them with all the deferences due to upright and high-minded jurors. He talks to them "of the eyes of all Europe," and the present gratitude of Ireland, and the residuary blessings of posterity with the most perfidious command of countenance. In short, by dint of unmerited commendations, he belabored them into the belief that, after all, they have some reputation to sustain, and sets them chuckling with anticipated exultation, at the honors with which a verdict according to the evidence is to consecrate their names.

*Curran's Sketches of the Irish Bar.*

**ABSURDITY.**—Any thing advanced by our opponents contrary to our own practice, or above our comprehension.



**WHAT IS GOD?**—God is simple, without body or distinction of parts. He is simple, because He has nothing borrowed. He is good without qualities, great without quantity; Creator, yet needing nothing; every where, yet without place; eternal, without term; and changing all things, without change Himself. He is good with an infinite goodness, and good to all, but specially good to man. He is infinite in the multitude of His perfections, in their intensity and in their magnificence. He is present everywhere, and in different manners, yet nowhere contracting soil or stain. He is immutable; His eternity defends him from time, His immensity from change of place, and His wisdom from change of purpose. He is eternal without beginning, as well as without end; and eternal with a life which exists all at once, and altogether, and with a perfect possession of it. He subsists by the incomparable unity of His blessed nature; and it is the crowning interest of every man in the world that God should be but one. He is sovereign purity, unspeakable sanctity, and most resplendent beauty. He is always in adorable tranquility; no trouble can come nigh His being. He is known to nature, to faith, to glory; yet He is incomprehensible to all. His name is the ineffable God. His science is beyond our thought, and is the source of His ravishing joy. His being is truth itself, and His life is the inexhaustible fountain of life. His will is worshipful, unblamable, supreme; and His liberty is without parallel, and beyond words. His love of His creatures is eternal, constant, gratuitous, and singular; and His mercy is an unfathomable abyss of the most beautiful compassions and condescensions, and no less also of the most delicate judgments and the most tender retributions. His justice is as irreproachable as His sanctity, and as benevolent as His mercy. His power is illimitable and full of love, and His blessedness is inaccessible. Yet all these are not separate perfections; but He is Himself all these excellencies, and He is one—Three co-equal, co-eternal, and consubstantial persons—One only God. Such, in the dry language of the schools, is the description of Him who is our loving and indulgent Father, God over all, blessed for evermore! Amen.

*Dr. Faber.*

**THE PRESENT POPE.**—Not a great distance from the capital of Chili there is a lonely grave, in which a man who was dying without hope, now reposes with the blessings of religion. At the moment when human hope was vain, and when the cries of widow and orphans distracted the dying man's thoughts, and rent asunder his heart, a traveler entered the house of mourning . . . . . The expiring sinner fixed his eyes on the angel of mercy, his heart softened and he wept. He saw and acknowledged the mysterious bounty of God, and cried aloud for the mercy which he received. The stranger closed the sinner's eyes, and with his own hands dug the exile's grave. He wrapped the dead body in his own linen, and carried it to its final home. He planted a wooden cross at his head, and a wild-rose at his feet. That missionary was the present Pontiff of the Church, Pius IX.

**THE TRUE CAUSE OF A NATION'S DOWNFALL.**—Nations are not ruined by war; for convents and churches, palaces and cities, are not nations. The Messenians, and Jews, and Araucanians saw their houses and temples levelled with the pavement: the mightiness of the crash gave the stronger mind a fresh impulse, and it sprang high above the flames that consumed the last fragment.

*Walt. Savage Lander.*

**FRIENDSHIP.**—In the hour of distress and misery, the eye of every mortal turns to friendship: in the hour of gladness and conviviality, what is our want? it is friendship. When the heart overflows with gratitude, or with any other sweet and sacred sentiment, what is the word to which it would give utterance? *My friend.*

**TRUISMS.**—"Borrowed garments seldom fit well." Haste often trips up its own heels. Men often blush to hear what they are not ashamed to act. Pride is the flower that grows in the devil's garden. More are drowned in the wine cup than in the ocean. He who buys too many superfluities, may be obliged to sell his necessities.

**BEAUTY.**—An ephemeral flower, the charm of which is destroyed as soon as it is gathered; a common ingredient in matrimonial unhappiness.



## Review of Current Literature.

1. **THE VIRGIN MARY AND THE DIVINE PLAN**; new studies on Christianity. By *M. Auguste Nicolas*. Paris: Auguste Vaton. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Of those writers who have devoted their talents to restore Christianity to its position with philosophy, M. Nicolas is deservedly numbered in the first rank. His *Philosophical Studies* is one of the most beautiful and legitimate successes of the age: a success due, not to the dulness and caprice of fashion or the intrigues of a party, but to scientific research, to solidity of doctrine and charm of talent; a success, not marked by vain applause, but by serious conversions; a success in fine not ephemeral, but durable as the religion, which is its object and principle.

Such results should tempt the faith and talent of M. Nicolas and urge him forward in the way he has so gloriously opened for himself. Hence the present volume. It is a philosophical study of Christianity, taken from another point of view. Such is in reality, the nature of Christianity, that its divinity shines forth in whatever way it is viewed, and from whatsoever point we depart, we soon arrive at its heavenly origin. Yet Jesus and Mary, Jesus the foundation and Mary the soil, that bears the divine edifice, are the two centres, to which it is most logical to refer all; whence it is most easy to eradiate the different points of the immeasurable circumference. Now what Jesus Christ was in the former studies, Mary is in these. The end of this book is to show that "the dogma of the divine maternity, the object of the veneration of Mary, affects religion throughout and the most elevated relation of the soul with the Divinity is dependent on it:" p. 2. It is the justification of the Blessed Virgin not separated from its Christian base; it is Jesus Christ manifested on His most accessible and most tender side. And this is the proper merit, the real originality of this work. While the forty thousand volumes, to which the subject of the Blessed Virgin's excellences has given origin, suppose faith or even piety, this one, without forgetting the heart, is addressed particularly to the mind; without forgetting the believer, is addressed especially to the philosopher. It is a temple built to Mary on a new territory, her true possession, which is Christianity entirely. For ourselves we have always believed that the grandeur of Mary consisted in her union with her divine Son, whose divine part she shared, and her justification should therefore be united with the justification of Christianity or be itself this justification. We rejoice to see this old and very dear idea so admirably realised by M. Nicolas.

For such works all the praises in the world are not equal to an analysis. As the religion they defend, their expositions is their most victorious justification: Justificata in semetipsea. The book opens with a beautiful introduction, which is only a general view of the subject or the basis of the demonstration.

"The adoration of the invisible divinity in spirit and in truth," says Leibnitz, "is the summit of all religion." It is the triumph of Christianity. In the old world God was not known, not even completely among the Jews. The ignorance of the dogma of creation drew after it the ignorance of the divinity. Dualism, pantheism, idolatry, are three routes, three abysses of error, through which passes and in which ends antiquity, philosophy not excepted. Antiquity had the *impression* of God; it had not the knowledge of God. Hence history proves that the unity of God, spiritual and invisible, was the great field of battle on which the pagan world and Christianity combatted. Jesus Christ appears and immediately God rendered visible, brings back to Himself the worship of man, who had become sensual and carnal, in order to render it afterwards to the spiritual and invisible God. The only author of the knowledge of God, Jesus Christ is the only means of going to Him for all men, even for philosophers: for philosophers especially who have more pride: for man is diseased and he must be cured; he is free and can submit to the remedy only through humility. Now if Jesus Christ makes us know God, Mary makes us know Jesus Christ, that is, all Christianity. To main-



tain Jesus Christ true God and true man, the term of our worship and destiny as God; the way, the truth and the life as man; is to maintain Christianity whole and entire. Hence impiety has always attacked the incarnation with all its force, has insidiously endeavored to annihilate it by decomposition or parody. But there is a point, which maintains all the rest, the divine maternity of Mary; and hence the Church has always, but especially at Ephesus, concentrated on this dogma all her efforts, knowing well that this point saved, all the rest of the edifice is secured. As Jesus Christ conducts to God, so Mary conducts to Jesus Christ. She is not only a sign that reveals Him to us, she is also a sacrament that gives Him. Her virginal womb, in which He took birth, is ever the matrix of true Christians and true Christianity. All our dogmas have been perverted: one only remains untouched, the divine maternity of Mary. Her humility has withdrawn her from the dangerous honors of philosophers; their disdain has saved her from their respect. (p. 46). But this point maintained, we said, maintains all the rest: the mother still saves her son. Such is the sum of the subject that M. Nicolas desires to treat, and which he is to consider under three distinct aspects: 1st. Mary, as regards the divine plan: 2d. Mary considered in herself, that is, in the mysteries of her life: 3d. Mary living in the Church, or her veneration and her influence. The two last treatises will form a second volume. May it soon be granted to us. Of this volume the only object is Mary as regards the divine plan.

The divine plan with respect to the creation,—divine plan with respect to the fall,—corollaries of the divine plan, are the three books into which this volume is divided. In the first, The Word is regarded as universal mediator of religion;—in the second, as mediator of redemption; and in both the ministry of Mary is studied under this double view. Her relations with God and the world form the subject of the third book.

2. A DISCUSSION on the question, is the Roman Catholic religion in any or in all its principles or doctrines, inimical to civil or religious liberty? and of the question, is the Presbyterian religion in any or in all its principles or doctrines, inimical to civil or religious liberty? Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

It is now exactly twenty years since this memorable discussion took place. The fact that two editions have been issued by Catholics, and none by Protestant publishers, is significant. For some reason or other, the "Discussion" has never been a favorite book with Protestants, even of the Presbyterian stripe. It is not to be had except of Catholic booksellers, and there is no Catholic bookseller, upon whose shelves it may not be found.

These facts furnish a singular commentary on the assertion of Mr. Breckinridge (p. 15), when falsely attributing to Mr. Hughes a desire to suppress, in part, the publication of the debate, he says: "I am consoled by the thought that the young men (of the society, under whose auspices the debate took place) have had so practical a proof that it is not Protestantism, but Popery, which *shuns the light*." For twenty years, this glorious, darkness-shunning, light-loving, discussion-seeking, PROTESTANTISM has been doing all it could to hide the light of this "Discussion" under some friendly bushel, whilst Popery has been all the time at its old work of shunning the light by impudently placing it in a candlestick and endeavoring to make it shine forth as brightly as possible, for the enlightenment of every man that cometh into the world. When will Protestantism become ashamed of making against Catholics the charges, to which itself is particularly obnoxious?

Certainly no one can read this Discussion without deeply sympathizing with Mr. Breckinridge, and believing he spoke feelingly and from experience, when he declared at the close of his last speech that he found Mr. Hughes a most "unamiable" man, and that, had he known, in the beginning, what kind of a man he was, nothing "would ever have induced" him to enter on the discussion. Those who wish to know how amiable *Presbyterianism* is, have only to look on the inimitable portrait which the "unamiable" but distinguished artist has given us of it.



3. **FIRST COMMUNION: A series of Letters to the Young.** Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is the title of a little work, which has passed, we are glad to see, to a second edition in this country. We have read it over and over, and always with renewed pleasure and instruction. We happen also to know its merits by what others say of it. Children, parents, teachers, and pastors, have all one opinion of it. It is the best little book on the subject to put in the hands of "First Communicants." It is nearly a quarter of a century since we enjoyed the privilege of receiving instructions for first communion from a holy priest, and in our turn we have come to help to prepare thousands to approach the holy table; but we are free to confess, we have not heard or read any thing which impressed us so much as these letters.

4. **CONSCIENCE; OR THE TRIALS OF MAY BROOKE.** By Mrs. *Anna H. Dorsey*. New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The Catholic community is already largely indebted to Mrs. Dorsey for the part she has taken in the work of establishing in this country a sound and healthful Catholic literature. This indebtedness is again increased by the offering of *May Brooke*, the last, but not the least interesting of the many favors from the pen of that gifted authoress.

5. **THE HAMILTONS; OR, SUNSHINE IN STORM.** By *Cora Berkeley*. New York: Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This little book seems to have been intended to illustrate the beauty and the charms of virtue, and to show how great an influence it may acquire over those who come within its sphere. True Catholic piety can alone shield the heart, and keep it within the bounds of duty in the days of prosperity, and sustain it in the dark hours of adversity. This truth is aptly illustrated in the story of the *Hamiltons*, and its perusal must exert a happy influence over the minds of youth especially.

6. **THE SERAPH OF ASSISIUM.** By Rev. *Titus Joslin*. New York: P. O'Shea. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This truly edifying life of the blessed St. Francis of Assisium ought to be read by all. No one can rise from its perusal without being edified; no one can follow its pages without deriving therefrom many lessons of profit and instruction.

7. **THE LIFE OF GUENDALINE, PRINCESS OF BORGHESI.** Translated from the German, by *Augustine Francis Hewit*. New York: P. O'Shea. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have not had time to read this little volume, but from a hasty glance at its pages, we deem it worthy the patronage of Catholics. Did it want any thing, however, to give it currency, it will be found in the name of the distinguished translator; every thing bearing the sanction of Father Hewit, bears also its own commendation.

8. **THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE WEATHER, AND GUIDE TO ITS CHANGES.** By *T. B. Butler*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

To persons interested in atmospherical phenomena and the weather in all its phases (and who of us is not?) this work will prove interesting and instructive. The author appears to be thoroughly *weatherwise*, and he professes to instruct the reader so to scan the "countenance of the sky," as to be able to discern what is impending with reliable accuracy. Besides scientific observation, the author gives us the traditional wisdom of the people as expressed in homely couplets, many of which he says are of great value and truth—for example:

"An evening red and a morning gray  
Are sure signs of a fair day;  
Be the evening gray and the morning red  
Put on your hat, or you'll wet your head."

The book is illustrated with diagrams, copied in some instances from other works, but principally from the face of nature herself, by the aid of the daguerreotype.



9. A HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY IN EPITOME; by Dr. *Albert Schweigler*. Translated from the original German, by *Julius H. Seelye*. New York: Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have been much interested in running hastily over this work, which gives a rapid sketch of philosophy and philosophers, from the predecessors of Socrates down to our contemporary *Hegel*, who brings up the last of the long line enumerated and discussed by the author. What shall we say of the substance of the work? We speak our own impressions. The wise men of all ages and of all nations have been really or profess- edly searchers after truth, and what do they tell us?—where is their testimony? Be- hold here, in a small compass, the wisdom, in brief, of Socrates, of Plato, of Aristotle, of Anselm, of Thomas Aquinas, and of Duns Scotus, of Descartes, of Spinoza, of Locke, of Hume, of Voltaire, of La Mettrie, of Leibnitz, of Berkeley, of Kant, of Hegel, and of many others; and yet, confused and confounded, the honest inquirer may ask with the dishonest Tetrarch, "What is truth?" Has philosophy fathomed it?— has the wise man descended to the bottom of the well, and brought it into the light of the open day for the admiration of the world? Alas, no! The history of philosophy is the history of contradictions.

In looking over the pages we turned with natural interest to the section which treats of Christianity and scholasticism. The latter now it is true is all out of date, and the former with many would-be philosophers of later times is in not much higher honor. Our author, with no partiality for scholasticism, gives it a title to respect in the eye of the true Christian. "The effort of scholasticism was to mediate between the dogma of religion, and the reflecting self-consciousness; to reconcile faith and knowledge." Surely this was no discreditable effort.

"The Scholastics all started from the indisputable premise (beyond which scholastic thinking never reached) that the faith of the Church is absolute truth; but all guided likewise by the interest to make this revealed truth intelligible, and to show it to be rational." . . . But against this, a new "philosophy broke loose from theology, and knowledge from faith; knowledge assumed its position above faith, and above authority (modern philosophy) and the religious consciousness broke with the traditional dogma (the Reformation)."

If this scholastic philosophy was not all perfect, neither is any which has followed it; but based as it was upon faith, its errors were less mischievous than those of its suc- cessors. If faith may not be demonstrated by reason it is because it is above, and not below reason, and yet faith and reason must revert for all truth to the divine inspira- tions (John xvii, 17) as received and held by the Church.

And what of subsequent philosophy? Independent of French atheism and German transcendentalism and mysticism, turn for a moment to the English school, wherein Locke is or was the great corypheus. "The empiricism of Locke, wholly national as it is, soon became the ruling philosophy in England." Now turn to Hume, whose philosophy could not admit the immortality of the soul, "the soul being only the com- pound of our notions, it necessarily ceases with the notions—that which is com- pounded of the movements of the body dies with those movements.

"There needs no further proof," says the author, "than simply to utter these chief thoughts of Hume to show that his scepticism is only a logical carrying out of Locke's empiricism."

How far has the national philosophy of England improved on the scholastic phi- losophy?

We are not proposing here, however, to write critical notices of any school, ancient or modern—we say the book is interesting because it brings together the wisdom and the vagaries of so many great minds, and we cannot but draw from its perusal this political moral, that the truest philosopher, whether he stoops or soars, must always keep his eye steadily fixed upon Him who "has the words of eternal life." We are taught that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;" without this safe beginning there certainly can be no good ending, nor any "clearing up" competent to conduct us to the harbor of truth.



10. **AN ESSAY ON PARTY:** Showing its Uses and Abuses, and its Natural Dissolution. By Philip C. Fries. New York: Fowler & Wells. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have read this "Essay" with deep interest. It is a well written paper, and our only regret is that the author did not enter more at large into the subject. Mr. Fries, in the spirit of a true and liberal minded American, claims all that is justly due to the free institutions of his country, regarding her citizens as the children of a common parent, irrespective of their religion, or the land of their nativity. He examines minutely the component elements of the new political party that has sprung up in the country, and shows dispassionately, but forcibly, the evils likely to follow, should this party gain the ascendancy. The following extract will more clearly exhibit the sound and enlightened views entertained by the author in this part of his "Essay," than a volume of commentary:

"Practically viewed, the political objections to Roman Catholics and foreign-born citizens are both illiberal and untenable. Foreign Roman Catholics and foreign Protestants, when they are naturalized, not only swear allegiance to this country, but renounce under oath, all allegiance to every foreign prince and potentate, including even the Pope, as a temporal sovereign. Native Catholics, like native Protestants, tacitly assume the rights and obligations of citizenship. When Roman Catholics, or Protestants are placed in public office, both swear to support the constitution. The oath is never refused. In all the active duties of the citizen, in peace and in war, Protestants and Catholics, native and naturalized, work and fight, side by side, for the honor and prosperity of the common country. These facts of daily occurrence must dispel the delusion created by interested politicians in regard to the dangerous character of Roman Catholics and foreigners, and their disqualification to hold office. Common sense must triumph at last, and teach every man to judge his neighbor socially and politically, by his merits as a man and a citizen."

We commend the work to the attention of all who would wish to gain useful information on the subject of party, viewed in a political light.

11. **ELEMENTS OF LOGIC,** together with an introductory view of Philosophy in general, and a preliminary view of the reason. By Henry P. Tappan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The author of this work professes in "the present attempt to make out the system of logic under its several departments; and to present it not merely as a method of obtaining inferences from truths, but also as a method of establishing those first truths and general principles which must precede all deduction." Every work of this kind, which soars into the higher regions of thought, must, if written with moderate ability, enlist the interest of the philosophic mind, whether or not it settles any of the deep problems, which have so long baffled the scrutiny of the keenest investigation. From a rapid glance over Mr. Tappan's book, we do not see that it solves any of the ultimate mysteries of philosophy, yet it contains no small amount of interesting matter, and shows evidences of ability and reflection. It would have been more creditable to the author, as a philosopher, to have omitted his erroneous statement as to the severe persecution inflicted upon Galileo by a "corrupt hierarchy," for broaching a philosophy different from that currently received at the time. Such statements do not become a man who presents himself to the world as an apostle of truth. Galileo's philosophy was not new to the learned prelates of his time; he was not persecuted for it at all, severely or leniently; his best friends were, at all periods of his life, among the very class that this gentleman wantonly calls a "corrupt hierarchy." The persecution was the obligation to retract, not a philosophical truth, but a theological error, and that error was nothing less than impugning the truthfulness of the holy Scriptures. The Christian world now generally, Protestant as well as Catholic, concurs in condemning Galileo's theology (as he did himself upon mature reflection), while it admits his philosophy.

**BOOKS RECEIVED:**—*Yankee Travels in the Island of Cuba.* By Demoticus Philaethes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—*Post Biblical History of the Jews.* By Morris Raphael. Philadelphia: Moss & Bro.—*Ballads of Ireland.* By Edward Hayes. Boston: P. Donahoe.—*Margaret Mailland.* By Mrs. Olyphant. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.



## Editors' Table.

WELL, kind readers, the heat of summer is again upon us. Old *Sol*, from his ethereal throne is beginning to make the weary inhabitants of this troubled orb feel the rigor of his power. There's no escaping the grasp of the inexorable old monarch. True, a few of you, who are blessed with ease and long purses, may appease or mitigate his wrath by retreating to shady groves and refreshing fountains, but the great majority of you, like ourselves, poor souls, will be obliged to stand to the tread-mill of toil, and, even during the "six long weeks of August," to grind out your daily bread. But murmur not; such is the hard condition of poor humanity. Go with hope, with confidence, and with alacrity, and enter upon the approaching season; it brings us one link nearer the goal of our mortal pilgrimage, when the trials endured by the good and the virtuous in this world of sorrow, will change and brighten into the joys of eternity. Take with you the present number of our goodly magazine, and as you journey onward, solace the weariness of the hour by scanning the following verses. Do not, however, stop to scrutinize their defects, but think only of the love and charity of the Son of Man, which they so beautifully recall. They are the first offering of a fair and youthful poetess, who needs but care and encouragement to attain success:

### THE BLIND MAN BY THE WAYSIDE.

Brightly smiles the summer's sun,  
On lake and grove and fount and bower,  
Resting with golden beams upon  
Each stately tree and lovely flower;  
While the long waving lines of light  
Play on the green enamelled turf,  
Making a scene so soft yet bright,  
A paradise of this our earth.

Lightly thro' the Acacia leaves,  
Faint with its perfumed laden sighs,  
Whispers the gentle summer breeze,  
Until oppressed with sweets—it dies.  
More joyous than the zephyrs sigh,  
The feathered minstrel of the grove,  
Pour forth in one long melody  
The gladsome songs of grateful love.

Amid these scenes of loveliness,  
With earth and heaven alike so fair,  
Where nature glows with happiness,  
Can there be sorrow, pain or care?  
See 'gainst yon palm tree's stately stem,  
There leans a youth so sad and weary,  
As tho' heaven had no joy for him—  
And earth was desert, blank and dreary.

His downcast eye and clasped fingers  
Quiver with some heartfelt grief,  
That in his spirit deeply lingers,  
Seeking vainly some relief;  
Until at last—with voice impassioned,  
Thrilling with a mournful fire,  
In burning language, fitly fashioned,  
Speaks he thus his soul's desire—

"Blind! alas! and doomed in life's long night  
To drag my weary span—nor once behold  
That bright, effulgent, heaven-born light,  
That clothes the earth, and decks the skies with gold.  
How can I live and never see  
The waving beauty of the flowery plain,  
Glowing with nature's jewels! Oh misery!  
Oh never, never-ending source of pain!



- "The summer's wind that lightly fans my brow,  
And cools the burning fever of my blood,  
Whispers to me in murmurs soft and low  
The unseen loveliness of stream and wood.  
The silver ripple of bright Jordan's waves,  
That answers back the wild bird's joyous song,  
As sparkling, flashing diamond-like—its laves  
The fragrant banks and flowers and flows among,
- "But fill my soul with one, the fond desire,  
Once more before I die to see fair nature's face,  
To worship in her temple and adore  
Him—whom in all her beauty man can trace;  
But blind! alas! oh woe beyond all thought!  
Friendless, sightless, joyless and alone,  
God of my fathers! without Thee I've naught.  
Then hear, oh hear, I pray, my heart's wild moan."
- While thus with many a bitter tear  
The youth pours forth his soul's deep sorrow,  
A distant murmur meets his ear,  
A faintly echoed glad "Hosanna!"  
Awhile he lists, in silent wonder,  
To the fast approaching sound,  
So like the distant roll of thunder,  
The tread of numbers on the ground.
- Till all along the shady highways,  
Down the hill sides, on the plain,  
The multitudes crowd from the by-ways,  
Making the echoes ring again  
With the triumphant "Benedictus,"  
Sounding from ten thousand tongues,  
Confessing thus the humble Jesus  
With homage of adoring throngs.
- "Hosanna! in excelsis, hail!"  
(The multitude with one voice sang)  
"Blessed be the Lord's anointed Jesus,  
The great Messiah—God made Man;"  
While in His path the palm branch strewing,  
Emblem of that "peace on earth"  
And that "good will" in all hearts glowing,  
To which His passion should give birth.
- As when the huntsman's distant warning  
On the autumn's breezes borne,  
Rouses the stag, while careless roaming  
The moss-paths of his forest home;  
So the ringing songs of gladness,  
Roused the blind man from his grief,  
Chased from his brow the bitter sadness,  
And brought his darkened soul relief.
- Silent he stands—half hoping, doubting,  
Could this the great Messiah be?  
For whom the multitudes were shouting;  
He whom even demons must obey.  
At length no longer hesitating,  
Moved by a sudden heaven-sent faith,  
Humbly in the dust prostrating,  
A prayer for light he meekly saith.
- Then thro' the numbers blindly breaking,  
With eager, strained, yet sightless eyes,  
Vainly the blessed Jesus seeking,  
In loud and earnest voice he cries:  
"Thou Son of David! oh have mercy  
On my life-long misery!  
Place thy healing hand upon me,  
Grant, oh Lord! that I may see!"



Thro' the shout and wild hosanna  
 Reached his cry—the Saviour's ear,  
 Who heard its deep and soul-felt sorrow,  
 And standing bade them "bring him here."  
 He came, and low in homage falling,  
 Worshipped at the Saviour's knee,  
 Still upon His mercy calling,  
 "Son of David make me see."

With a look so sweet and loving,  
 O'er the suppliant Jesus bends,  
 Pity on each feature glowing,  
 To His face a glory lends—  
 A grace, a beauty, far surpassing  
 Aught of earth or mortal mould,  
 While His brow of regal bearing,  
 Him Lord of all—the Man-God told.

"My son, what wouldst thou I should do thee?"  
 Spoke the gentle pitying Lord;  
 While in homage deep and lowly  
 Hushed the throng to hear His word;  
 E'en nature ceased her glad disporting  
 At her Creator's solemn voice,  
 In awe-struck expectation waiting  
 To see the wonder and rejoice.

"My son, what wouldst thou I should do thee?"

"Grant me, Lord, that I may see!"

"And hast thou faith? believest thou truly  
 I can do this thing for thee?"  
 The blind man paused, and then replying  
 With a solemn voice and loud,  
 That all the multitude might hear him,  
 Said—"Lord, I believe thee Son of God."

Then Jesus, with a mien so loving,  
 Placed His hand upon the brow  
 Upraised to Him with earnest craving,  
 Said in accents soft and low:

"According to thy *faith*, my son,  
 Do I grant thy prayer to thee,  
 As thou believest be it done,  
 Raise thine eyes and look on me."

Prostrate at His feet adoring,  
 Bathing them with grateful tears,  
 Lay the once blind man before Him,  
 Naught but his Saviour's voice he hears;  
 Tho' earth and heaven alike are thrilling  
 With the joyous burst of praise,  
 That far and wide the echoes filling,  
 Swell yet louder on the breeze.

"Hosanna! in excelsis, hail!  
 Be Thou in heaven and earth adored,  
 Glory eternal unto Jesus,  
 Heaven's chosen one—earth's mighty Lord."  
 While thro' the blind man's bosom swelling,  
 Love immeasurably awakes,  
 His every look and gesture filling  
 For Him who all our sorrow takes.

In all that throng but *one* form seeing  
 Gazing in the Saviour's face,  
 'Mid all the sounds but *one* voice hearing,  
 Claps His feet in close embrace:  
 Who says in accents low and tender,  
 "Go, my son, and sin no more—  
 In all thy life this day remember,  
 Remember thou wast blind before."



"Household Memories! There is a beauty, Mr. Oliver, in the following stanzas from our friend Fidelia, which I much admire. Where is the man that has not realized in his own bosom the sentiments they contain?"

A HOUSEHOLD MEMORY.

Before thy death no boding scream  
 Disturbed the silence of the night,  
 No pallid Banshee round the door  
 Forewarning walked, in spectral white.

No Keenie song bewailed thee dead,  
 No ululua broke the air,  
 No frantic wailing round thy bed  
 Marred faith's submission with despair.

Yet sweetest shadow of thy fate  
 Fell on our hearts and deeper grew;  
 Thy rose tree died without a bloom,  
 Then from the root sprung up anew!

Fit emblem of thy budding life,  
 O'er which the earth has wrapp'd its gloom;  
 Fit emblem of that life to come,  
 That breaks the fetters of the tomb.

Thy mother's silent grief and mine,  
 Subdued by heavenward hope and faith—  
 Was mourning meet for thy meek soul  
 That sunk so patiently to death;

And for thy keen—unopened flower!  
 By angels gathered from the stem—  
 The holiest song ear ever heard,  
 The Church's solemn "Requiem."

FIDELIA.

While Mr. Oliver and O'Moore were compromising matters in their own way, Father Carroll entered the sanctum, holding in his hand several large and oddly printed papers. Though bland and affable as usual, there was an air of seriousness visible in his countenance. After passing the compliments of the evening, and apologizing for his late attendance, he observed: "Gentlemen, I hold in my hand a report of the proceedings which lately took place in the British House of Commons. Maynooth, the venerable old Maynooth, so bright in the memory of the past, and with which so many of my early associations are linked, has lately become the subject of attack by English statesmen. Scarcely has the peace of Europe been proclaimed, when fanaticism is rampant in the council of the nation, and the representatives of the people controlled by the veriest bigots, offer a solemn and deliberate act of insult to the Catholic portion of her Majesty's subjects. The old hackneyed charge of disloyalty and distrust is revived against the Catholics of Ireland, while the noble deeds of daring and valor displayed by the Irish Catholic soldiers during the recent war, are still fresh in the memories of all. But their own loyalty and the heroic devotion of their beloved clergy, who shared with them the dangers of the battle field, have been insufficient to shield them from the attacks of insatiable fanatics . . ."

"Rev. Father," exclaimed O'Moore, interrupting the speaker, "do not waste your breath about so trifling a matter. England would not be England, if she let any opportunity pass without offering insult to the faith of her Catholic subjects. And for the annual stipend allowed to Maynooth, let her take it, and devote it if she pleases to the worthies of Exeter Hall. Maynooth can live without it; and will live and flourish as vigorously as ever in the spontaneous offerings of Ireland's generous-hearted sons, in spite of all the Spooners in the dominions of her Britanic Majesty."

"True, Mr. O'Moore, I verily believe the attempt will recoil upon the heads of those who projected it, and prove beneficial to the object they sought to injure; still there is something in the transaction so void of honor, principle and justice, that one cannot view it without feeling indignant."



"Really, Father Carroll, some of the members, in the discussion that followed on Spooner's bill, behaved themselves cleverly; and they have thrown out a little information that may not be lost to the public. Listen to the following:"

Here O'Moore reads from the report of the proceedings in the House while the bill for the withdrawal of the Maynooth grant was under consideration: "Mr. Black, the liberal member from Edenburg moved as an amendment that not only the Maynooth grant, but all the other Ecclesiastical endowments in Ireland, be taken into consideration. Of the £764,403 annually granted by the State for the support of the different religious bodies in Ireland, the Roman Catholics received no more than £26,000, and he was, therefore, astonished that Mr. Spooner, who represented that church who received State support at the rate of £5 8s. per family, should begrudge the 8½d. per family paid the Roman Catholic Church. Mahomedans were occasionally to be seen in the speaker's gallery, and he felt assured that if there were any present that evening, and they should be informed that the House was disputing about the support of the different religions in this country, they would most naturally infer that it was the people who were in receipt of 8½d. per family from the State who had instructed their representatives to complain of the State grants made to that body which received £5 8s. per family. But what would be the astonishment of those Mahomedans upon being informed that the reverse was the case? The Roman Catholics had received State support for the Maynooth College for the last sixty years. It was secured to them by an act of the Irish parliament, which was confirmed by the Act of Union."

"It is some consolation," observed Father Carroll, at the conclusion of the above, "to find that the measure had so many able opponents on the floor of Parliament; but I am even better pleased with the tone of many of the leading English journals. The infamous act has even roused the *Times* into a sense of propriety, although it must surely go much against the grain. It enlarges upon the life, the poverty and the trials of the inmates of Maynooth, and after showing that the grant is not a portion to be coveted, exclaims: 'Maynooth has ever stood between the people of Ireland and that of total spiritual destitution with which men who pretend to speak in the name of Christianity would have afflicted her, and it has provided her with a peasant priesthood able to sympathize with the feelings of the people, and to give to a nation singularly susceptible of religious influences those ordinances and that teaching which, with whatever errors they may be alloyed, maintain among them that spiritual life which has so often comforted them in misery or despair. . . . We trust all Englishmen may yet awake to the absolute necessity of conciliating by every lawful and reasonable means the regard and affection of a grateful and sensitive people, who require nothing but the removal of invidious distinction in order to make them the truest, most devoted, and the heartiest servants over whom the gentle rule of the British crown and British parliament extends.' Tardy justice this, but it serves to shew that the outrage must be great indeed to extort such indignant remonstrances from journals to all intents and purposes anti-Catholic.

"The *Daily News* is equally just in its remarks. 'The gauntlet of defiance,' observes this journal, 'has most unnecessarily and wantonly been thrown down to the Irish Catholics. The Maynooth question is not a question of the sustenance of Romish priests, out of the proceeds of the national taxation. The Roman Catholic Church in Ireland is 'a great fact.' It counts numerous votaries who maintain their own priests, build and keep in repair their own places of worship, and contribute to defray the expenses of the ceremonial observances of their Church. For all these purposes they ask no aid from Parliament, and they receive none; the grant to Maynooth is simply to provide for the education of the Roman Catholic priesthood. Deprive the Irish Roman Catholics of Maynooth to-morrow, and you will have as numerous a priesthood as ever—as strong a bond of union among the members of that Church as ever. . . . We think it a most outrageous injustice to withhold from them what is freely granted to others, under the false and insulting pretext that they are not to be trusted.' The editor winds up by saying:—'We do not believe the sentiments we



have expressed are those of a minority of Englishmen. We believe that the vote of the majority on Mr. Spooner's side is a silly and a dangerous vote, and the sooner the House of Commons retracts the dangerous vote the better.'

"But the best commentary on the whole proceeding," continued Father C., "is to be found in the subjoined article from the *London Illustrated News*. I would heartily commend its perusal to those among us who seek every occasion to revile their Catholic fellow-citizens, and to traduce their religion. The sound views of the writer, though addressed to the people of England, are applicable to the inhabitants on this side of the Atlantic:"

#### THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE MAYNOOTH GRANT.

A NEW war has commenced—a war infinitely more bitter, more damaging, and more deplorable than the war with Russia, which has just been brought to a premature, and perhaps unsatisfactory, conclusion. Mr. Spooner, a theological zealot, backed unfortunately by a large party in the House of Commons, has declared open war against the religion of six millions of his fellow-subjects in Ireland; has prevailed upon a temporary majority of the House to insult that faith and its priesthood; and to undo, in so far as a decision of one branch of the legislature can undo it, the beneficent work of the last six years in a country that only needs repose from theological strife to learn how to prosper. The government vainly opposed Mr. Spooner's motion for the disendowment of Maynooth; and has suffered the disgrace of defeat upon a question on the decision of which it ought to have staked its existence. Of course we cannot imagine any thing so preposterous and so mischievous as that the House should ultimately pass the bill which Mr. Spooner has received permission to introduce; but that it should so far have encouraged the theological rancor of those who care nothing for justice, nothing for peace, nothing for charity, nothing for the consciences of those who differ from them, provided all these be placed in the balance against their own religious convictions, is a matter no less of scandal than of regret. Worse, far worse, than foreign war is the civil warfare of religion. Ireland—that might be, and was rapidly becoming, a source of strength—will become once more a source of weakness to Great Britain, if means be not promptly taken to repudiate the motion of Mr. Spooner to which, in an evil hour, the House of Commons has lent its countenance. What foreign potentate in the world, whatever his armies or his fleets, has it in his power to loosen the allegiance of six millions of British subjects? Not one. But what all the coalitions of Europe and America would be powerless to effect may be effected by religious hate, if its progress be not checked by that Assembly which, through inadvertence rather than from determination, has allowed it to achieve this temporary, but must unfortunate, triumph.

The question of the endowment of Maynooth must not be treated as a theological one. The House of Commons has nothing to do with theology, and is in no sense or way a theological body, or competent to discuss theological subjects. Part of its members are Protestant, considerable numbers are Roman Catholic, and many belong to sections of Protestantism which would, if they had the power, be as ready to destroy the Church of England as the Church of Rome. While the House keeps clear of religion, respects the consciences of those who differ from it, and comports itself as a purely secular body, charged with the making of temporal laws for a mighty nation, which has abolished all religious disabilities affecting Christians, and every disability but one affecting Jews, it conforms to the spirit no less than to the letter of the constitution under which it is elected. But when it affixes, or attempts to affix, a stigma upon, and to break a solemn compact entered into with millions of people who have the same right to be Roman Catholics that any member of the House of Commons has to be Protestant, it not only attempts to violate the constitution, but does so in a manner the most pernicious. If Roman Catholicism were as powerful in Parliament as Mr. Spooner was on Tuesday night, Roman Catholicism might decree that Spooner was a nuisance that ought to be abated; that he was not a fit person to be intrusted with the electoral fran-



chise or with a seat in the House of Commons, or, going still further, it might decree that he should be immured for life in a dungeon, or publicly branded as a dangerous heretic and enemy of the true faith. How would Mr. Spooner and his friends like that? Would they not lustily cry out against the persecution? Have the divine words never fructified in the minds of such persons, that "with what measure ye mete, it shall be meted to you again?" It should be sufficient to them to be at peace with their own consciences, without troubling themselves about the consciences of others, who have the same right to their belief, and to their civil and religious liberties, that they have.

Certainly it may be wrong to pay for the education of Roman Catholic priests out of the public money. We will not take it upon ourselves to assert that it is right, or that if no one had ever thought of endowing Maynooth we should have been very grateful to the person who first brought forward the proposition. But it is as clear as noon, or clearer, that, if it be wrong to pay a small sum of the public money for the education of the poor priests of six millions of Irishmen, it is equally wrong, if not far more so, to pay large sums for the support of a church in the same country which is not the church of the people, and which scarcely numbers one million of adherents. If the grant to Maynooth be rescinded the doom of the Protestant Church in Ireland will be sealed. Mr. Spooner, perhaps, does not see the connection between the two, but there are many millions of persons in England who do, and who desire nothing better than to cut religion adrift from all connection with the State, and to leave the Protestant Church in Ireland to stand or fall by the voluntary offerings of its own congregations. Voluntaryism has achieved one great triumph this Session, in the defeat of Lord John Russell's Educational Bill; but voluntaryism in the matter of Maynooth would be the first, and no inconsiderable, step to something far more serious—the downfall of the Protestant Church of Ireland. How long the Protestant Church of England would maintain its State connection after such an event in the neighboring country is not our present purpose to discuss; for we believe there is sufficient good sense and true patriotism in the present House of Commons to undo Mr. Spooner's work, and to consign his bill to the limbo of all other Parliamentary crudities, absurdities, and mistakes—the waste-paper basket of the House. We wish it were as easy to undo the moral effect of his victory upon the minds of the Irish people. When the State wants money, or soldiers, it never asks, or cares, whether the tax payer or the hero be a Protestant or a Roman Catholic; and it is rather too bad that, ere the peace be well declared, which the money and the valor of all classes and sections of the people have won, theological bigotry should let out the waters of strife in a new direction, and insult a third part of the empire.

We do not hold the Government blameless in this matter. It had no business to be defeated. It was its duty to triumph over Mr. Spooner. But, now that it has been caught sleeping, it is more than ever its duty to be on the alert, and to give a final quietus to the unhappy agitation which it has allowed to assume such unlooked-for proportions. It is the duty of the Government to speak boldly out, and to stake its existence, or that of the present House of Commons, on the stability of the solemn contract made in 1845 by Sir Robert Peel. The question of Maynooth is not a religious one, though it may suit the purpose of Mr. Spooner and his friends to treat it as such. It is a question of national policy and good faith. The country that has just spent a hundred millions sterling, and shed the blood of thousands of its bravest sons, in order that Turkey should be admitted into the European system, is not the country, one would think, to reject from its own political system one-third of its loyal and well-disposed subjects, because it suits the prejudice of another portion of its subjects to treat the Roman Catholic faith as heresy and error. Could we believe that the House would sanction any further proceedings in the matter, or that the Ministry would not immediately end the scandal by a display of its authority, we should rejoice at the day which should end both the Parliament and the Ministry, and replace both by a Legislature and an Executive more in accordance with justice and with decency.



# Record of Events.

From April 20, to May 20, 1856.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—Among those first to render thanks to Almighty God for the restoration of peace, was the Holy Father Pius IX. On the 3d of April solemn thanksgiving for the much desired event took place at the Sistine chapel. After mass, the Sovereign Pontiff himself intoned the *Te Deum*, which was chanted with enthusiasm by those present, who seemed to participate in the ardent wishes of the Church in being ever desirous of maintaining concord among Christian princes.—It is rumored that the Holy Father will celebrate during the year 1857, the Anno Santo, or the Holy Year, which the troubles of 1850 prevented him from celebrating. During that year the spiritual treasures of the Church diffuses throughout the world the graces of a general jubilee.—It is stated that important arrangements have been made between the Holy See and Naples, relating to the nullity of marriages, the nullity of religious professions, and the suspensions granted by the bishops. On the first point the Pope, “in order to give to his dear son in Jesus Christ, Ferdinand, the illustrious King of the Two Sicilies, a testimony of his kindness, and to comply with his wishes,” decided that the privilege of contracting marriage, at present confined to the first two prohibited degrees, shall be extended to the third and fourth degrees, provided the applicants be really poor. But in such cases the supplication to be addressed to the Holy See is to set forth exactly the poverty of the parties, and the canonical causes which induce them to solicit the dispensation; and the Rescript conceding the dispensation is under pain of nullity to make express mention of the permission obtained from the Holy See, and of the date on which it is obtained. As to the nullity of the religious professions, it is decided that the person who, after the five years prescribed by the Council of Trent, shall wish to return to the world, must, first of all, petition the Holy See. Then the Pope, if, on inquiry, he finds there is a sufficient reason so to do, will refer the petition to one or more bishops of Sicily, to be examined. On the receipt of the report thereon, the Ordinary, on his part, will examine into the affair, and will also report to the Pope; and this second report will be submitted to another tribunal of bishops. If the two reports agree, the monk or nun may be relieved from his or her religious vows; if they differ, they are to be revised by different tribunals of prelates, so as to have always two decisions in favor of such relief. As to the third point, it is declared that as suspensions pronounced by the Ordinary cannot be considered as causes subjected to the forms of a public judgment, parties whom they concern can only appeal to the Sovereign Pontiff.—It is thought that the Abbé Bonaparte will shortly be promoted to the rank of Cardinal. On Holy Thursday he received the holy communion from the hands of the Pope, together with Cardinal Antonelli and the twelve poor men who represent the apostles at the washing of the feet at the last supper.—The concourse of strangers at Rome to witness the concluding ceremonies of Holy Week, exceeded 25,000. Numerous conversions to our holy faith have recently taken place.—A Novena was lately made for the conversion of Protestants. On the first or second day an American gentleman made his abjuration; and before the end of the week two Germans did likewise; and a week later several Englishmen were received into the Church. In consequence of this it is proposed to hold another Novena in thanksgiving for the happy results of the first.—On the 12th of April, the anniversary of the accident to the Holy Father last year, the Pope celebrated his wonderful escape on that occasion, by re-opening the Church of St. Agnes; offered up the holy sacrifice of mass in person, and gave communion to the youths of the Propaganda.

SARDINIA.—A probable reconciliation of Sardinia with the Holy See is spoken of. A movement towards this event has been started, and with apparent prospects of suc-



cess. The Sardinian government, through Count de Cavour, has promised to open negotiations with Rome provided France will act as mediating power. This being communicated to Cardinal Antonelli, his Eminence returned a dignified and satisfactory reply. He commences by thanking France for the solicitude which she manifested, and then proceeds to make a distinction between the two kinds of mediations generally seen in political affairs. The first enters into the very groundwork of the matters in dispute, weighs the reasons for and against; decides which party is right, and recommends the arrangements which ought to be decided on. The second kind consists simply in employing one's good offices, but without presuming to decide the question in dispute. That being laid down, it was evident that the Holy See, in its difference with Piedmont, could not accept a mediation of the first description. The dispute did not regard political, but ecclesiastical questions, involving the doctrine and discipline of the Church. But on such questions the Holy See was the only competent judge. As to the second kind of mediation the Holy See would see with joy France employing her good offices; but it was with Piedmont that she would have to act, since it was that power which up to the present time had thrown obstacles in the way of a prompt and equitable arrangement. The Holy See had always manifested the most conciliatory disposition, as was clearly proved by the series of documents published by the Secretary of State's office, and which had up to the present time remained without a word of reply.—The Nuns of the Sacred Heart were sustained in their appeal to the higher court, from the sentence passed upon them by the provincial tribunals for refusing to submit to the "enquiry."

**SPAIN.**—The news from Spain is unimportant, except that indications of an insurrection had occurred at Valencia. Among the beautiful and soul-touching customs that prevail in Catholic countries, that of making solemn processions every year at Easter, for the purpose of administering the Parochial Communion to those whom sickness or age prevents from attending the church, is one of the most interesting. A correspondent of the London *Catholic Standard*, thus writes from Madrid touching this custom:

"Yesterday it was the turn of the parish of St. Peter, and, accordingly, after hearing a low mass at the magnificent church of St. Isadore, I directed my course to the church of St. Peter. The procession was just coming out, and I joined it. First came the parochial cross and several banners of the saints, and the sides were formed by several parishioners carrying wax candles in their hands; next came the choristers, singing anthems in the grave Gregorian chant; and after these the band of a regiment, with heads uncovered, playing marches when the choristers ceased: the clergy followed, and next, under a beautifully embroidered canopy, the high priest carried the Sacred Host, which was by its august presence about to impart consolation to many bosoms for whom the world had but few sympathies. On each side of the canopy marched six soldiers in respectful mood, guarding the Lord of Armies; the procession being closed by a company of military, followed by a numerous and pious crowd. The streets through which the procession passed presented a singular aspect for one unaccustomed to processions. All the balconies were decorated with hangings of different colors and materials, and behind them the people knelt with reverence as the procession moved, and some threw leaves of flowers on the canopy. At last we arrived at a house in which the Blessed Sacrament was to be carried. All stopped, and as the priest moved towards the entrance, the commanding officer gave the order to kneel; the arms were lowered in homage to God, and the band struck a march, called *Royal*, and which is played at the appearance of the Queen in any public place; because here the royal honors are given to God, and not the godly honors paid to kings, as in the time of Elizabeth and James, the abettors of heresy, in your unfortunate country. Whilst making these reflections the priest reappeared with his attendants, and the same scene was repeated as when he entered."

**FRANCE.**—The Treaty of Peace, lately signed at Paris, formed the chief subject of comment and discussion among the public journals. The terms of this important treaty are now made public, and are stated to be:

The first restores perpetual friendship between Great Britain, Sardinia, Turkey, France and Russia.

Second—All territories conquered or occupied during the war shall be reciprocally evacuated as soon as possible.



Third—Russia restores to Turkey Kars and all other parts of the Ottoman territory.

Fourth—The allies restore Russia the towns and ports of Sebastopol, Balaklava, Kamiesch, Eupatoria and Kertsch. [Articles 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th are wanting.]

Ninth—The Sultan communicates to the Powers his *firman* granting equality to Christians which the contracting Powers must approve of, but divest themselves of all right thereby to interfere in the internal administration of the Government of the Ottoman Empire.

Tenth—The Convention of 13th July, 1841, closing the Bosphorus and Dardanelles is re-affirmed.

Eleventh—The Black Sea is neutralized and for ever forbidden to all ships of war of every Power adjoining or distant, with the exceptions specified in articles 14 and 19.

Twelfth—Trade shall be free in the waters and ports of the Black Sea, subject only to police regulations, Russia and Turkey admitting Consuls to all ports on its shores.

Thirteenth—The Black Sea being neutralized, strongholds become useless—consequently Turkey and Russia agree neither to construct nor preserve any military maritime arsenals on the coast.

Fourteenth—The Convention regulating the force of ships for coast-service is concluded individually between Turkey and Russia, but is appended to this treaty, and cannot be altered without general assent.

Fifteenth—The act of the Congress of Vienna\* relative to river navigation is applied to the Danube and its mouths, and its freedom becomes a part of the law of the Empire.

Sixteenth—To carry into effect Article 15, France, Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia and Turkey, appoint each a delegate to put the river in a navigable state, from Ichaka to Tza.

Seventeenth—Austria, Bavaria, Turkey and Wurtemberg, each add a delegate to the Commission of the Principalities, to form a permanent Commission for the purpose of keeping the river navigable, and to superintend its police.

Eighteenth—The general Commission will be dissolved in two years, and the permanent Commission take its place.

Nineteenth—Each of the contracting powers may station two small ships at the mouth of the Danube.

Twentieth—Russia assents to the rectification of the Bessarabian frontier. The new frontier starts from the Black Sea, one mile east of Lake Bourna Sola, to the Akermann Road, along which it extends to the valley of Trajan, passing south of Belgrade, and reascending the River Yalpack to Savatsika, and terminates at Karmari on the River Pruth. Elsewhere it is unchanged.

Twenty-First—The ceded territory is annexed to Moldavia.

Twenty-Second—Moldavia and Wallachia continue under the sovereignty of Turkey, with the guarantee of all the contracting Powers that no Power shall claim the individual right of interference.

Twenty-Third—The Porte guarantees to the said Principalities the continuance of the freedom of religion and commerce. The contracting Powers appoint a Commission to meet immediately at Bucharest, to report on the present condition and wants of the Principalities.

Twenty-Fourth—The Porte will immediately convoke a Divan in each Principality to learn the wishes of the people as to their definite organization.

Twenty-Fifth—Minutes thereof shall be sent to Paris, where the Constitution shall be framed, which the Porte shall promulgate.

Twenty-Sixth—The Principalities shall maintain a militia, and may construct works of defence approved by the Porte.

Twenty-Seventh—If the internal tranquility of the Principalities be disturbed, the Porte must consult the contracting Powers, and cannot employ armed intervention without their consent.

Twenty-Eighth—Servia continues a dependency of the Porte under the guarantee of the Powers, and retains its national administration, and freedom of religion and trade.

Twenty-Ninth—The right of garrison in Servia is reserved to the Porte, but no armed intervention is permitted without the consent of the Powers.

Thirtieth—Russia and Turkey retain their possession in Asia precisely as before the war, but their frontiers are to be marked out by survey.

Thirty-First—The evacuation of Turkey by the Allied and Austrian forces shall take place as soon as convenient. The time and manner of such evacuation shall be the subject of private arrangement between each of the Powers and Turkey.

Thirty-Second—Until new arrangements shall be made, trade shall go on as before the war.

Thirty-Third—A convention (contents secret) concluded between France, England and Russia respecting the Aland Isles, shall be appended to this treaty.

Thirty-Fourth—The ratifications shall be exchanged at Paris, within four weeks.



Before the separation of the plenipotentiaries composing the late Congress of Paris, an important meeting was held on the 8th of April. The business of the meeting related chiefly to the affairs of Greece and Italy. As to Greece little more was determined than that the allied troops would be recalled whenever tranquility and order were restored to that country. There was more difficulty on the Italian question. The *Debats* points out that of the powers assembled at the congress three are Catholic—Austria, France and Sardinia; two belong to the Reformed Church—England and Prussia; Russia is schismatical; and Turkey may be left out of the question. The rights of the Pope and the civil government of the Papal States are bound up in the Italian question. The court of Vienna thinks that the spiritual and temporal powers of the Pope are inseparable, and that if you diminish one you injure the other. Sardinia is Catholic, but not like Austria; rather resembling France, she allows liberty of conscience to all religions. Sardinia does not believe that a better constitution for the Papal States would injure the spiritual power of the Pope. The *Debats* then alludes to a proposition made by the Sardinian government to constitute the provinces between the Po, the Adriatic, and the Appenines, from Ancona to Ferrara, an Apostolic principality, governed by a lay vicar named by the Pope, defended by native troops, and paying a fair share of the expenses of supporting the court of Rome. The restoration of the Code Napoleon to the Papal States is also pointed out as a desirable reform. These propositions of Sardinia were not made direct to the congress. They were first communicated to France and England, which took the initiative of communicating them to the congress. The representatives both of France and England fulfilled this duty in the sitting of 8th April. The *Debats* then gives a version of the remarks made by the representatives of France and England, corresponding to a great extent with the account of Count Waleski's speech. The only difference of any importance is that the allied diplomatists are represented in the *Debats* as recommending the organization of an administrative system for the Roman States conformable to the spirit of the age, and having for its object the happiness of the people. The Prussian plenipotentiaries expressed a hope that the Pontifical government would soon find itself placed in a condition rendering superfluous the occupation of its states by foreign troops. The plenipotentiaries of Austria declined to discuss any questions relative to the internal policy of independent states not represented in the congress. They also declined explanations on the occupation of the Roman States by Austrian troops, adding that they approved, nevertheless, of the sentiments expressed by the French government, and they entirely assented thereto. The affairs of Naples were discussed in the congress, when the King was condemned, but found defenders. The discussion resulted, it is said, in a declaration that the congress recognizes the benefits in Italy which would follow opportune measures of clemency—especially in the two Sicilies. The *Debats* concludes by stating that Sardinia has addressed to the cabinets of Paris and London a note exposing the condition of Italy, and inviting France and England to consult with Sardinia as to the means of providing an efficacious remedy for the evils at present existing in that country.

The French papers announce the appointment of new bishops to the vacant sees of Amiens and Bayeux. Mgr. Boudinet has been elevated to the first of the above sees, and Mgr. Didiot to the latter. They are both said to be men eminently distinguished for their learning and piety.—A new cathedral is to be erected at Lille, a great manufacturing town, which is to be erected into a bishoprick. The cost of the building is limited to \$700,000.

ENGLAND.—The proceedings are not marked by any thing of special importance. In the House of Lords the church bill was moved by the Lord Chancellor. The house divided on the motion, and the government was defeated by eight votes of a majority.—There was general rejoicing in London on the conclusion of peace, but it seems to have been a pretty costly affair after all, as we learn from a conversation which took place in the House of Commons. Mr. Roebuck inquired who was to pay the expenses of the fire-works displayed in the parks. The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied that his



consent had been given to the payment of the expenses which should come within £8,000, nearly *forty thousand dollars*. Sir G. Grey said that notwithstanding the display of fire-works and other demonstrations, it would still be open to Parliament, on the question of the terms of the treaty, to impeach government if it was thought necessary.—The correspondence relating to Central America was laid before Parliament; and it stated that the enlistment papers would be ready in a few days.—A great naval review took place on the 23d of April at Spithead, and is said to have been witnessed by a hundred thousand spectators. The fleet numbered over 240 ships of war, big and little, all steamers, with the exception of two; comprised 34,000 horse-power, carried 3,000 guns, and 33,000 men; included 16 gun-boats and three floating batteries, and extended twelve miles along the water, east and west, across Spithead. The fleet formed four squadrons and performed a number of naval manœuvres for the edification of the Queen. Afterwards the fleet made a sham attack on Portsmouth Castle, and the performances were concluded by illuminating all the ships with colored lights.—From a statement in the *Times* we learn that the recent war cost England the enormous sum of £35,000,000, or about \$175,000,000.

*Conversions.*—On the feast of the Annunciation thirteen converts were received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. D. M. Vesque. They made their renunciation together in the chapel of the convent at Nerwood, in the presence of a large concourse of persons, many of whom were Protestants. The conversion of Mr. Hutchins, a member of the House of Commons, from Symington, gave rise to an interesting incident. After having made his recantation, the honorable gentleman appeared at the table of the House and renewed his oath of allegiance according to the Catholic form. It is stated that upon his conversion he at once offered to vacate his seat in Parliament, and had actually applied for the Chiltern Hundreds, but that the circumstances having become known to his leading constituents (including some dissenting ministers), they requested him not to resign, insisting he had a right to his own conscientious convictions as well as themselves. This proceeding is highly creditable to all parties, and the right feeling thus exhibited towards Mr. Hutchins indicates returning liberality among the English people, to which they had been strangers since the unfortunate ecclesiastical titles bill. It is to be hoped it may be only the commencement of a better era in the politico-religious history of the country. Mr. Hutchins and Lord Edward Howard are the only Catholic members in the House representing English constituencies.—The Jesuits in Liverpool have in course of erection a handsome building adjoining their church, intended for a collegiate school. They have built, with the assistance of a grant from the education committee of the privy council, capacious poor schools which were recently opened. The Fathers have also determined to open a night school for boys, young men, and persons more advanced in life, whose education has been neglected.—The students of Oxford College hissed Gavazzi who had been brought there to lecture on Popery; they called him "Apostate, Judas," &c., and cheered for the Pope, Cardinal Wiseman, the University, &c.

*IRELAND.*—The Redemptorist Fathers still continue to give missions in different parts of the country, attended with the happiest results.—The Jesuit Fathers also lately concluded a mission in Newmarket-on-Fergus, which was crowned with numerous blessings to the inhabitants of that place. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Vaughan at the close of the mission administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to over one thousand persons, the majority of whom were adults. At a meeting of the Corporation of Limerick, lately held, Mr. Cullen gave notice that at the next meeting of the Corporation he would move that petitions be presented to both Houses of Parliament, praying for the appropriation of the revenues of the Church of England and Ireland to secular purposes, namely—the relief of the poor, the payment of grand jury cess, and the education of the people, and that a committee be appointed to prepare such petitions.—*St. Patrick's Cathedral.*—The Primate and Committee of this noble building have recently presented a report of its present condition. After thanking the bishops and clergy in Ireland, their



brethren in America, and the collectors in both countries, for their charity and zeal, they then state that the triforium as also the clerestory of choir and transepts have been completed throughout. The three great windows may vie in splendor of design with any thing in Europe.—Much excitement has been created by the murder of a woman named Kelly. The deed was perpetrated in open day by two persons disguised as women. The unfortunate victim had lately been engaged in a long law suit with certain persons called Thewles, and gained her cause; it is supposed that it was to avenge their real or imaginary wrongs, that dictated the atrocious deed.—*The late Sadlier's Liabilities.*—The report of the committee of investigation has been published. It appears that shares were forged on one of the railroad companies to a large amount. The shares wrongfully issued in duplicate, are stated to be £19,700; the over issued obligations amount to £12,263. But of these latter a large proportion are held in deposit merely. The nominal value of the shares originally and duplicates over issued by Mr. Sadlier is £275,591, for which the company did not receive any consideration. The gross total of Mr. J. Sadlier's liabilities to the company are estimated at the enormous sum of £346,412, or about a million and a half of dollars.—The Most Rev. Archbishop of Dublin has issued a pastoral in reference to the restoration of Peace, from which we extract the following for the edification of our readers:

“The late war, indeed, has shed renewed lustre on our holy religion, and given our Church fresh claims on the affection and admiration of the world. In the midst of the din of arms and universal strife her rights have been recognized and proclaimed in extensive and powerful kingdoms, and she has been restored to the exercise of that freedom to which her divine origin gives her a full claim. Even in the countries where she was lately persecuted in the most cruel manner a new era appears to have dawned, and we may expect that our brethren in the regions of the East and North will soon be able to enjoy the protection of just laws, and to profess their religion without fear of molestation. And have not our brave Catholic countrymen and our powerful Catholic allies shown that the religion they professed, the faith which was dearer to them than their lives, tends to promote discipline, obedience, patience, and resignation, and to inspire the soldier with courage, and to prepare him to sacrifice his life for his country's good? How many brave Catholics have illustrated those principles by their daring actions in the distant regions of the East, and, alas! how many of them, in their career of glory, have shed their blood—how many have been consigned to a lonely grave on the inhospitable shores of the Crimea! Let then, the bigots be silent who pretend that the Catholic religion is hostile to the development of the human mind or to the exercise of the most exalted virtues. And what shall we say of the Catholic chaplains that accompanied the allied armies? Their zeal and devotedness, their courage and sacrifices, have merited universal praise. Many of them have laid down their lives in the service of their brethren, thus giving a most perfect proof of the charity which burnt within them. And can we pass in silence those devoted spouses of Jesus Christ, the Sisters of Mercy and Charity? With unexampled heroism and devotedness, leaving their solitude, they determined to encounter all the dangers of contagion, of pestilential climates, and of war, in order to afford relief and consolation to the dying soldier. Their labors, their sufferings, their charity and zeal, must excite the admiration of every true Christian.”

**RUSSIA.**—A Brussels journal says that the coronation of the Czar will take place about the 31st of August, and with great pomp. It is stated in a letter from Constadt, published yesterday, that a squadron of five war steamers has been ordered to be prepared for sea by the middle of May, and the idea is, that the Emperor and one of his brothers intend visiting France, as instructions have been received to engage pilots well acquainted with the coast of England and France. Shortly after the treaty of peace the Emperor visited Moscow, accompanied by the Grand Dukes Constantine, Michael, Nicholas and a numerous staff. The Emperor made a speech to the nobles, stating that he had signed the treaty of peace. He said: “Russia was able to defend herself for many years to come, and I believe that no matter what forces were brought against her, she was invulnerable on her own territory. But I felt that it was my duty, for the real interest of the country, to lend an ear to proposals compatible with the national honor. My father, of imperishable memory, had his reasons for acting as he did. I know his views and I adhere to them from my very soul, but the treaty of Paris has obtained that which it was my ambition to obtain, and I prefer this to war.”



**SWITZERLAND.**—Under every change Switzerland still retains her inherent hatred to Catholicity, and seeks every occasion to put it in practice. In St. Gall and Thurgau, the civil power has just founded mixed schools, and suppressed the Catholic schools in the less populous parishes, in order to form one school out of several *communes* of different religions.

While in Austria, in Belgium, and even in Prussia, mixed schools are disappearing, they are being imposed on Switzerland by legislation. The object is to prepare Switzerland for a republic, one and indivisible, by rooting out of the minds of the young Catholic principles, and the traditions of cantonal sovereignty. To show the zeal with which Free-Masons and demagogues persecute Catholicity in Switzerland, two facts may be instanced:

The educational department forbade the pupils of the St. Gall Lyceum to assist the offices of Holy Week, especially prohibiting them from joining in the religious chants at the cathedral.

The government has forbidden Mgr. the Bishop of St. Gall to inaugurate the new railway by Ecclesiastical benediction. The company invited the Bishop to bless the railway, the programme was printed and distributed, when, by superior orders, the company was compelled to withdraw the programme, and omit the article relating to the Episcopal benediction.

**CANADA.**—It is with pleasure we announce that the Holy Father has acceded to the earnest solicitation of the Canadian Hierarchy, and erected two new sees in Upper Canada, one at London and the other at Hamilton. The Very Rev. P. A. Pensinault, the most pious and learned Archdeacon of Montreal, is the new Bishop of London. The new diocese will consist of the counties of Middlesex, Elgin, Essex, Kent, Lambton, Huron, Perth, Oxford, and Norfolk. It contains a Catholic population of about 35,000. The Rev. J. Farrell, missionary in the diocese of Kingston, is the new Bishop of Hamilton. He has been for many years in Petersboro', and is represented to us by our friends in that locality as a priest of extraordinary talent and piety. The diocese of Hamilton will consist of the counties of Wentworth, Haldimand, Brant, Halton, Waterloo, Wellington, Grey, Bruce, Manitoulin Islands, Sault Ste. Marie, and the missions of Lake Superior, to the boundaries of the diocese of Bytown and St. Boniface. In this diocese there are about ten separate schools, and a Catholic population of over 25,000 souls. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Connolly, Bishop of St. John, lately made a visitation of his diocese, and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to more than 3,000 persons. He also made arrangements for the erection of five new churches.

**MEXICO.**—Mexico has long been a prey to the ambition of aspiring individuals. Comonfort at length triumphed and succeeded in gaining the head of the government; Tamariz resisted his authority, but was unsuccessful. Puebla, his head quarters, was stormed and taken, and Comonfort, under the pretense that the clergy assisted the revolting party, confiscated, it is said, some fifty millions worth of church property to the use of the state. Against this act of injustice the Bishop of Puebla protested, and many of the chief officers refused to carry the decree into execution. It is stated that the Archbishops of Mexico have offered \$600,000 to have the decree revoked.

#### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

1. **ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.**—*Religious Reception.*—Miss M. Frances Adam, called in religion Sister Mary Peronne, received the white veil and the habit of religion at the Convent of the Visitation in this city on the 13th inst.—The Most Rev. Archbishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation at St. Joseph's, on Sunday the 6th inst., to one hundred and nineteen persons, several of whom were converts.

2. **ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. LOUIS.**—We learn from the *Leader* that the Right Rev. Bishop of Buffalo, at the request of the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Louis, conferred Minor Orders on a seminarian at St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, on the 21st of April. On the following day, the same Right Rev. Prelate conferred sub-deaconship on



Mr. Wm. Ryan; and on the 23d, he conferred tonsure on several seminarians, and ordained; the Rev. Wm. Ryan deacon, and on the day following conferred minor orders on eight seminarians, and raised the Rev. Mr. Ryan to the dignity of priesthood.—It is worthy of being placed on record that the net proceeds of the Ladies' Fair, held at St. Louis lately, amounted to \$7,549 15.

3. **ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.**—*Confirmation.*—The Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on one hundred and twenty-eight persons, at the Cathedral of Cincinnati, on the 11th of May; and twenty-three were confirmed by the same Most Rev. Prelate, at St. Bernard's, on the festival of the Ascension, and twenty-seven at Reading in the afternoon of the same day.

4. **DIOCESE OF BOSTON.**—A new church was dedicated in Medford recently by the Right Rev. Bishop of Boston. The Right Rev. Prelate preached on the occasion.—An interesting scene was witnessed in Boston, on the occasion of the exhibition given by the children of Father Huskin's church. The children of various Catholic Sunday schools attended the exhibition, forming a procession nearly a mile in length.

5. **DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG.**—On the morning of the 20th of April the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburg, visited Bedford, and administered Confirmation to a large number of persons. Among those confirmed were several converts to our holy faith; one of them an aged lady over eighty years of age. She was led to inquire into the doctrine of the Catholic Church from the calumnies she had heard uttered against it, another consoling evidence of the fact, that persecution results in benefitting the cause of Catholicity. The Rev. Mr. Heyden preached on the occasion.

6. **DIOCESE OF MAINE.**—Deeds of outrage still characterize the town of Ellsworth, Maine, rendered infamous by its treatment of Father Bapst. The church which was an ornament to the village, had been repeatedly battered with stones, the windows broken, and the building otherwise defaced, and was finally destroyed by fire, on Sunday night, the 27th of April. That it was the work of an incendiary is generally conceded, as there had been no fire in the church for more than a week.

7. **ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW ORLEANS.**—It is gratifying to witness the daily evidences of the increase and permanent foothold which Catholicity is acquiring in the country. Among these the incorporation of the College of the Immaculate Conception, at Plaquemine, by the Legislature of Louisiana, is not the least. This flourishing institution was only founded in 1853, and now numbers about 130 pupils. By the act of incorporation it is enabled to confer honorary and scientific degrees, thus removing the inducement for the youth in the vicinity of its location to seek education away from home.

8. **DIOCESE OF ALBANY.**—On Friday, May 16th, the Right Rev. Bishop McCloskey, in the Cathedral at Albany, conferred the order of deaconship on the Rev. Miles J. McEnteer, and on the following day raised the same Rev. gentleman to the order of priesthood.

9. **ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK.**—The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in the church of Francis Xavier, on the 15th of May, to two hundred and ninety-three persons. Two hundred and forty-eight made their first Communion on the same day. On Ascension day the same Most Rev. Prelate confirmed two hundred and twenty-eight persons at the Redemptorist church in the city of New York.

10. **DIOCESE OF HARTFORD.**—Since the fact has been ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the beloved Bishop of Hartford was on board the Pacific, and probably lost with her, a question of some interest has arisen concerning the property held by the prelate for the benefit of the Church in his diocese. At first it was thought that the property would be confiscated to the State by a recent act of the Legislature of Connecticut; it appears, however, from subsequent statements and closer examination of the law, that the property will only vest in the State until the congregations, in which the property is located, shall form themselves into corporations, when the property will be deeded by the Treasurer of the State to such corporations.

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**OBITUARY.**—The diocese of Louisville has sustained a severe loss in the death of the Rev. Robert Burns, who died, after a lingering illness, on the 8th of April. *May he rest in peace.*



The  
Metropolitan.

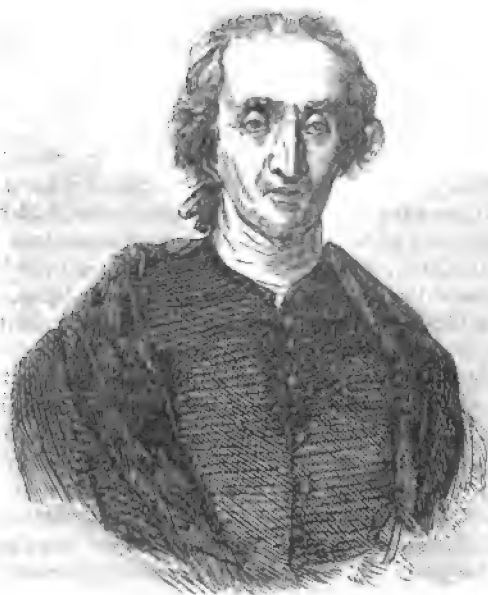
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*Charles Carroll of Carrollton*

MEMOIR OF CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON.\*

THE name of Carroll is justly celebrated in the Catholic history of our country. In the annals of the Church and of the State it stands equally eminent. Indeed it may be well said, that there are but few names in American history more truly

\* Authorities: Latrobe's Biography in Sanderson's Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, vol. vii; Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll, by B. U. Campbell, in the Catholic Magazine, 1844; Lossing's Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence; McSherry's History of Maryland; Bishop Spalding's Life of Bishop Flagnet, &c.



illustrious than that of the subject of this memoir, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who was at once the obedient child of the Church and the intrepid champion of liberty.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton was the son of Charles Carroll and Elizabeth Brooks, and was born at Annapolis on the eighth of September, 1737, O. S., (twentieth of September, N. S.) His grandfather was Charles Carroll, son of Daniel Carroll, a native of Littamouna, King's county, Ireland, of the Inner Temple, and a clerk in the office of Lord Powis, in the reign of James II. Charles Carroll, the grandfather, came to America with a view of bettering his fortune, about the year 1680. Through the friendly intervention of Lord Powis he was selected in 1691 to succeed Col. Henry Darnall as judge and register of the land office, and as the agent and receiver of rents for Lord Baltimore, in the province of Maryland. He took an active part in the public transactions of the times, was an influential person in the administration of provincial affairs; and in 1718 was one of those who were by name exempted from the disqualifications imposed upon Catholics by the penal code of Maryland. Charles Carroll, the father of the signer, was born in 1702, and inherited, with a large fortune, the energy, the virtues, and the firm faith of his father. He also was a prominent and active man in the colonial affairs of Maryland. The Catholics and Protestants in the province were at this time about equally divided in numbers, and the contests, in which the latter had wrested by force from the former the location of the seat of government and the control of the affairs of the provincial government, had kept always rife the spirit of dispute, and proved the unhappy cause of internal strife to the colony. Mr. Carroll, as a Catholic, felt indignant at the odium cast upon his religion, and in the controversies of the day touching the question of religion, he warmly and ably espoused the Catholic cause. Mr. Latrobe, in his excellent and impartial biography of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, says, that "the disqualifications and oppressions to which Catholics were subjected, in the early part of the eighteenth century, amounted to a persecution. Roman Catholic priests were prohibited from the administration of public worship: the council granted orders to take children from the pernicious contact of Catholic parents: Catholic laymen were deprived of the right of suffrage; and the lands of Catholics were assessed double when the exigences of the province required additional supplies. Besides the oppression of legislative enactments, personal animosity was carried to such an extent, that the Catholics were considered as beyond the pale of fellowship; not suffered to walk with their fellow subjects in front of the Stadt House at Annapolis, and finally obliged to wear swords for their personal protection." To this list of wrongs, collected by a candid Protestant writer, it may be added that there was passed not only the statute, entitled, "an act to prevent the growth of popery within the province," but, in imitation of the odious example of the mother country, the Catholics were, besides, compelled by law to contribute to the maintenance of a church and clergy irreconcilable with their faith and their consciences. The persecutions and insults, which Catholics had thus to encounter, caused a large portion of the Catholic population of Maryland to meditate a flight from the very home which they, amid perils and hardships, had reared in the wilderness, and which they, when in power, had consecrated as "*the land of the sanctuary*," in which Protestants were sheltered from the persecutions of their Protestant brethren. Accordingly Charles Carroll, when on a visit to his son, the subject of this memoir, then at school in Europe, was authorised by his Catholic fellow-citizens in Maryland to make the necessary arrangements to procure for this purpose a tract of



land somewhere within the limits of Louisiana, then under the jurisdiction of France. Mr. Carroll applied to the French minister of State for a grant of land on the Arkansas river, but as he pointed out the tract on the map to the minister, the latter became so alarmed at the thought of such an extensive grant of land to a subject, that difficulties and delays were thrown in the way, and the project was finally defeated.

So intolerant towards Catholics were the colonial laws of this date, that Catholic schools were not permitted in the colony. The Jesuit Fathers had, however, succeeded, without attracting the attention of the public authorities, in establishing at Bohemia, a secluded spot on the Eastern Shore, a fine grammar school for boarders, which was intended to prepare students for the European colleges, and which has been appropriately termed "the Tusculum of the Society of Jesus." It was at this institution that Charles Carroll of Carrollton, about the year 1747, acquired the first rudiments of education. In 1748, when about eleven years of age, he was taken, together with his cousin, John Carroll, afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore, to the college of English Jesuits at St. Omer's in French Flanders, where he remained six years studying the classics. He was then entered at the college of French Jesuits at Rheims, where he remained one year, and then went to the college of Louis Le Grand, where he received the visit from his father, alluded to above. After two years spent at Louis Le Grand, he went to Bourges, the capital of the province of Berri, to study the civil law, and after one year thus occupied, he returned to college at Paris. In 1757 he went from Paris to London, and took lodgings in the Inner Temple, where he prosecuted his common law studies till 1764, when he returned to Maryland.

About this time the religious animosities and disputes, which had so long divided the people of Maryland, began to subside. The Catholics had taken so active and patriotic a part in the Indian and French war, towards which they contributed double the amounts contributed by their Protestant fellow-citizens, and were so respectable by their historical association with the first planting of the colony, their wealth, their family connections, their superior education, the purity of their lives, and by their devotion to the prosperity and honor of their native State, and to the cause of American freedom, that the bigotry of the age could no longer sustain itself and the social position of Catholics became greatly improved, though the odious penal laws still remained upon the statute book. Besides these causes the difficulties with the mother country, which the passage of the Stamp Act had about this time, 1766-7, occasioned, turned the activity of the public mind into another channel. The abilities, which had heretofore been spending their force in intestine quarrels, became now enlisted in the discussion of grave constitutional questions, the relations of the colonies to the mother country, the duties and rights of the respective parties and the fundamental rights of British subjects. The discussions on these great American interests in Maryland, were characterized by an amount of talent and learning not surpassed in any other colony. Mr. Carroll took his stand with Chase, Stone, Paca and Dulany, of Maryland, and was equally distinguished for the acuteness and boldness of his views and the ability with which he enforced them.

The storm occasioned by the passage of the Stamp Act was calmed down by its repeal, and each colony again became engrossed in its own local affairs. In the public affairs of the colonial government of Maryland, Mr. Carroll took as heretofore a leading part. His great wealth, finished education and graceful manners, added to his moral worth as a man, gave him great influence in the



affairs of his native State, which he always wielded for the cause of truth, justice and liberty.

It was during this interval of repose, in June, 1768, that Mr. Carroll was married to Miss Mary Darnall, the daughter of Henry Darnall, Jr., Esq. This lady is described in the contemporary prints as "an agreeable young lady, endowed with every accomplishment necessary to render the connubial state happy."

Another political storm, however, soon broke over the province of Maryland. This was occasioned by the attempt to collect the fees of the civil officers of government by the extraordinary process of *proclamation*. The popular indignation was unbounded at this attempt to exercise an unconstitutional and tyrannical prerogative. Mr. Carroll at once espoused the cause of the people, and was, in this most remarkable controversy, the great popular champion, who achieved a glorious victory over the advocates of arbitrary power. In the year 1770 a bill passed the lower house of the legislature, correcting abuses in the old system of fees for the support of the civil officers, and establishing a new tariff of fees. This bill was defeated in the upper house by the influence of a number of government officials, whose fees of office were thereby to be greatly reduced. The discontent of the public mind at this untoward event would have soon subsided, but for the imprudent and arbitrary course of Governor Eden, who, on the twenty-sixth of November, 1770, a few days after the prorogation of the assembly, issued his proclamation fixing the fees to be received by the civil officers, or as it was called at the time "settling the fees by proclamation." This high-handed measure caused an instantaneous outbreak of public indignation, and became the only question of discussion among the people and in the public journals. Warm advocates enlisted on either side of the question, and the discussion was characterized by great feeling and animosity. Among the advocates of the proclamation was a writer, who conducted a dialogue between two citizens espousing opposite sides, and the victory was given to the Second Citizen, or to the cause of the proclamation. Mr. Carroll then stepped forward and assumed the cause and the signature of the *First Citizen*, whereupon Daniel Dulany, Esq., the provincial secretary and the ablest lawyer in the province, became Mr. Carroll's antagonist, under the signature of *Antilore*. Contemporary testimony represents this as having been one of the most exciting newspaper controversies that was ever conducted in any country. Great ability and learning were displayed on both sides. Mr. Carroll, by the boldness and fearlessness of his views, alarmed even his friends and supporters, who were surprised to see one of the largest landed proprietors in the province advocating and advancing sentiments which might prove so disastrous to his own personal interests. In one of his articles, alluding to the disagreement in the legislature, he exclaims, "What was done? The authority of the chief magistrate interposed and took the decision of that important question from the other branches of the legislature, to itself. In a land of freedom, this arbitrary exertion of prerogative will not, must not, be endured." Mr. Carroll gained for the popular cause a triumphant victory: Antilore was completely silenced; and on the fourteenth of May, the people turned out in large masses, carried the proclamation in procession, suspended it from the gallows, and then handed it over to be burned by the public executioner. The newspapers teemed with the praises of the First Citizen, for it was not then publicly known who the author was, and letters of thanks and congratulations came in from all directions, of which the following, which was published in Annapolis, is one from many:



**"To the First Citizen :**

"Sir, your manly and spirited opposition to the arbitrary attempt of government, to establish the fees of office by proclamation, justly entitles you to the exalted character of a distinguished advocate for the rights of your country. The proclamation needed only to be thoroughly understood, to be generally detested; and you have had the happiness to please, to instruct, to convince your countrymen. It is the public voice, sir, that the establishment of fees, by the sole authority of prerogative, is an act of usurpation, an act of tyranny, *which in a land of freedom, must not, cannot, be endured.*

"The free and independent citizens of Annapolis, the metropolis of Maryland, who have lately honored us with the public character of representatives, impressed with a just sense of the signal services which you have done your country, instructed us, on the day of our election, to return you their hearty thanks. Public gratitude, sir, for public services, is the patriot's due; and we are proud to observe the generous feelings of our fellow-citizens towards an advocate for liberty. With pleasure we comply with the instructions of our constituents, and in their names we thank you for the spirited exertion of your abilities. We are, sir, most respectfully, your very humble servants,

WILLIAM PACA,  
MATTHEWS HAMMOND."

Afterwards it became known that Mr. Carroll was the *First Citizen*; his fellow-citizens, the people of Annapolis, then turned out in a body to tender to him their thanks and congratulations for his eminent services in the cause of freedom and the constitution.

During this great public discussion there were not wanting bigoted persons in the province, who, unable to answer Mr. Carroll's bold and able advocacy of popular rights and constitutional law, took pleasure in taunting the author with insults to his religion. The name of *Papist*, *Jesuit*, and many other epithets intended as insults, were cast upon him, and one went so far as to throw it up to him "that he was a disfranchised man and could not even vote at an election." Thus it will be seen that even at that day it had not ceased to be a reproach in Maryland to be a Catholic. But the persecutions and insults, to which Catholics were subjected, could not lessen their fidelity and devotion to their country, nor withdraw their support from the popular cause in the great controversy with the mother country, which commenced shortly after this to revive with redoubled violence. In this they acted from principle; seeing truth on the side of the people in that contest, they were bound to sustain it.

The brilliant abilities and dauntless courage displayed by Mr. Carroll in the controversy with Mr. Dulany, had gained for him a high reputation throughout the colony as well as abroad, and drew to him the respect and confidence of his countrymen. Accordingly in 1773-4-5 he performed an active and prominent part in the measures of opposition and resistance on the part of Maryland to the aggressive colonial policy of Great Britain during those years. Catholic by conviction as well as by education, Mr. Carroll, in common with the Catholic body of the country, had been taught to revere the great principles of liberty, which their Catholic ancestors, led on by a Catholic Archbishop, had forced the tyrant John to recognize and affirm in Magna Charta. They had also been taught to respect the act of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Zachary, in denouncing the tyranny of *taxation without representation* centuries before the Declaration of Independence was penned; and they cherished the same great principle, because it was promulgated in that glorious charter, which the Catholic Peer of England, Lord Baltimore, had prepared for the infant colony of Maryland. The established recognition of the great principles of the American revolution by the highest Catholic authorities for ages, will account for the historical fact, that the Catholic body of the country



in 1776 ardently and *unanimously* espoused the cause of freedom and popular rights. Though the laws of all the original colonies had unjustly discriminated against them on account of their religion, yet when the tocsin of freedom was heard, they buried the remembrance of their wrongs, and made common cause with their oppressed countrymen. Thus the Church enjoys the proud distinction in American history, of having given none but patriots to the country in her days of trial. No Tories came from her bosom to join the oppressors of their country.

Several anecdotes related by his biographer will inform us of Mr. Carroll's zeal as a popular leader, as well as his clear appreciation of the principles involved in the contest, and his deep penetration and foresight into its future result. As early as the year 1771, when conversing on one occasion with Mr. Chase, the latter observed: "Carroll, we have the better of our opponents—we have completely written them down." "And do you think," said Mr. Carroll, "that writing will settle the question between us?" "To be sure," replied the other, "what else can we resort to?" "The bayonet," was the answer; "our arguments will only raise the feelings of the people to that pitch, when open war will be looked upon as the arbiter of the dispute." Several years before open war had actually broken out between England and the colonies, Mr. Carroll had a correspondence with Mr. Graves, the brother of Admiral Graves, and then a member of Parliament, on the subject of American affairs. Mr. Graves, in one of his letters to Mr. Carroll, ridiculed the thought of resistance to the power of Great Britain by the colonies, and remarked that six thousand English soldiers would march from one end of the continent to the other. "So they may," said Mr. Carroll in his answer, "but they will be masters of the spot only on which they encamp. They will find naught but enemies before and around them. If we are beaten on the plains, we will retreat to our mountains and defy them. Our resources will increase with our difficulties. Necessity will force us to exertion, until, tired of combating, in vain, against a spirit which victory after victory cannot subdue, your armies will evacuate our soil, and your country retire, an immense loser by the contest. No sir,—we have made up our minds to abide the issue of the approaching struggle, and though much blood may be spilt, we have no doubt of our ultimate success."

We will cite the history of the brig Peggy Stewart and her cargo of tea at Annapolis, as an evidence of the confidence his fellow-citizens had in his wisdom, and of their respect for his recommendations. The Maryland delegates had passed a resolution on the twenty-second of June, 1774, forbidding the importation of tea into the province. It happened that while the people from all the neighboring counties were assembled at Annapolis, in attendance on the provincial court, the brig Peggy Stewart, belonging to Mr. Anthony Stewart, arrived at the port of Annapolis with a cargo of the obnoxious article on board. The people became infuriated at this violation of the resolution, turned out en masse, and threatened violence to the master and consignees of the vessel and destruction to her cargo of tea. To quiet the public excitement, the committee of delegates took the necessary steps to prevent the unloading and landing of the tea. But this did not satisfy the people, for the vessel still lay in sight with the tea on board. The friends of Mr. Stewart applied to Mr. Carroll for the exertion of his influence to protect them from the popular violence. Mr. Carroll's decision was prompt and immediate: "It will not do, gentlemen, to export the tea to Europe or the West Indies. Its importation, contrary to the known regulations of the convention, is an offence for which the people will not be easily satisfied; and whatever may be my personal esteem for Mr. Stewart, and my wish to prevent violence, it will not be in my



power to protect him, unless he consents to pursue a more decisive course of conduct. My advice is, that he set fire to the vessel, and burn her, together with the tea that she contains, to the water's edge." The parties acceded to Mr. Carroll's recommendation, and Mr. Stewart, the owner, immediately went to the committee and offered to destroy the vessel and tea, as Mr. Carroll had advised. Shortly afterwards the Peggy Stewart, with the tea on board, her sails set, and colors streaming, was enveloped in flames, amid the joyous acclamations of the crowds assembled on the shores.

In December, 1774, Mr. Carroll was, together with Matthew Tilghman, John Hall, Samuel Chase, Thomas Johnson, Jr., Charles Carroll, barrister, and William Paca, appointed on the committee of correspondence for the province; in January, 1775, he was appointed a member of the committee of observation; in the same year he was elected by the people of Anne Arundel county as their representative in the colonial convention, and when that body appointed the committee of safety, in whom was vested the executive power during the recess of the convention, Mr. Carroll was made a member of that committee. In these various and responsible trusts Mr. Carroll was surpassed by none of the patriots of the day in zeal for the cause, or in activity and ability in discharging the laborious duties they entailed upon him.

What merit and principle had not yet accomplished, necessity and a common danger now brought about—a repeal of the laws against Catholics. In the celebrated sermon preached by Parson Boucher, in Queen Anne's Parish, Prince George's county, in 1774, among other high eulogiums passed upon the Catholics and their religion, is the following: "But their fortitude, under trials of peculiar poignancy, is almost as unexampled as their oppressions; and their acquiescence, under a long series of accumulated wrongs, is such an instance of true patriotism, as entitles them to the highest respect." Yet persecution still blemished the pages of the statute book. In the removal of this reproach, Mr. Carroll took an earnest and active part. About this time, 1775, he was appointed a member of the "*committee to prepare a declaration of rights and a form of government for this State.*" In their report the committee incorporated a provision which restored in Maryland that great principle of civil and religious liberty, which Lord Baltimore, Governor Leonard Calvert, and the law-givers of 1649, had established as the fundamental law of the State, but which had been suspended during the whole period of the Protestant ascendancy. In the declaration of rights, reported by the committee, was embraced the following:

"Article XXXIII. That as it is the duty of every man to worship God in such manner as he thinks most acceptable to Him, all persons professing the Christian religion are equally entitled to protection in their religious liberty, &c. Nor ought any person be compelled to frequent, or maintain, or contribute, unless on contract, to maintain any particular place of worship, or any particular ministry," &c. It was thus that religious persecution was banished, it had been hoped for ever, from the soil of Maryland.

The revolutionary contest waxed warmer as the mother country became more obstinate and tyrannical. As Philadelphia was the place where congress held its meetings, and consequently the centre of all the great political movements of the day, all the leading spirits and patriots were attracted thither. Mr. Carroll repaired to that city early in the year 1776, and became an anxious adviser and participant in the patriotic measures of the congress. His abilities and distinguished services as a powerful and intrepid advocate of the cause of American freedom had already



caused him to be well known and highly esteemed as a patriot by the members of the Continental Congress then assembled. They accordingly appointed him, though not a member of their body, one of the commissioners, with Dr. Franklin and Samuel Chase, to manage the momentous relations of the United Colonies with their Canadian neighbors. By the resolution of congress, constituting the commission, Mr. Carroll was "requested to prevail on Mr. John Carroll to accompany the committee to Canada, to assist them in such matters as they shall think useful." The objects of this mission to Canada were to remove from the minds of the Canadians all prejudice against the cause in which the colonies were engaged, particularly the injurious impressions which had been made on their minds by the injudicious proceedings of congress and of several of the colonial legislatures, including Maryland herself, in reference to the "Quebec Act," in which proceedings the most unjust and uncalled-for denunciations had been uttered and published against the Catholic religion, which was the religion professed by the Canadians, whose good will it was now important for congress to conciliate: to explain the principles of the American revolution: to urge a union between the Canadas and the colonies upon the ground of mutual interest and common destiny: to guarantee the right of self-government, and the freedom of religion to the Canadians: to establish a free press: to settle all questions pending between the Canadians and the continental army: to secure currency to the continental money: to regulate and reform the affairs of the army then in Canada, with power to draw on congress for moneys not exceeding in amount one hundred thousand dollars, &c.

After a journey of nearly a month (now performed in two days), in which many exposures, hardships and privations were encountered, the commissioners arrived at Montreal in the evening of the twenty-ninth of April, 1776, and were received with every demonstration of respect and joy by our suffering army. Addressing themselves immediately to the performance of the duties imposed on them by congress, they found themselves surrounded by many difficulties. The inadequacy of the military force engaged in the work, the defeat of Montgomery, and the failure to send the regular supplies, had almost wholly cooled down the ardor, with which the Canadians had at first hailed the cause of American freedom. A still greater obstacle existed in the outraged religious sentiments of the inhabitants and their clergy, occasioned by the rash and inconsiderate language in which the Americans had denounced the act of the British Government, commonly known as the Quebec Act, protecting the Canadians in the exercise of their religion. The most active and strenuous efforts on the part of the commissioners could not regain the confidence of a people already too far alienated. Besides this, the promises of men, money, provisions and clothing, which the commissioners made, were greatly delayed in their fulfilment, in consequence of the then embarrassed and needy condition of the struggling colonies. The embassy to Canada consequently failed entirely. Dr. Franklin and the Rev. John Carroll having started on their homeward journey, Mr. Charles Carroll and Mr. Chase remained some days to regulate the affairs of the army. They arrived in Philadelphia about the ninth or tenth of May, and a few days afterwards made a written report to congress, detailing the occurrences of their mission, and the causes of their ill success in Canada. Mr. Charles Carroll kept a journal of his travels and observations in Canada, a most valuable and interesting historical relic, which was published in 1845, prefaced with an introductory memoir by Brantz Mayer, Esq., of Baltimore.



Upon his return to Philadelphia Mr. Carroll found congress in the midst of the discussion on the great question of Independence. He began now to see realized his views and predictions made from the beginning of the contest. In December, 1775, he had strenuously, but in vain, opposed the instructions which the convention of Maryland gave to their representatives in congress, "to disavow, in the most solemn manner, all design in the colonies of independence." He was now mortified in seeing the representatives in congress of his native State still tied down to those unwise and timid instructions, and he resolved to exert himself at once for their repeal. For this purpose he returned to Annapolis and resumed his seat as a member of the convention then sitting. The question was immediately raised of withdrawing the instructions of December, 1775, and substituting for them instructions "to concur with the other united colonies, or a majority of them, in declaring the United Colonies free and independent States." The crisis of the great question was pressing upon the congress, whose members had already nearly arrived at the resolution of proclaiming Independence, and the loss of a moment of time might deprive Maryland of a share in the glorious act then about to be performed. In these circumstances Mr. Carroll and his friends in the convention brought all their energy, eloquence and arguments to bear in favor of immediate action. Success crowned their generous and noble efforts. On the twenty-eight of June the old instructions were repealed, and those proposed by Mr. Carroll substituted in their stead. The new instructions were received by the Maryland delegates in congress on the second, so that on the Fourth of July Maryland threw an unanimous vote for Independence.

On the fourth of July, 1776, a new election by the convention of delegates from Maryland to congress took place, and Mr. Carroll was elected to represent his native State in that august body. The business of the convention detained him a few days longer at Annapolis. On the sixth of July it was his happiness to see published to the world the resolutions in favor of independence, which it was his glory to have taken a leading part in getting through the convention of the State. The credentials of the new members from Maryland having been received by congress on the eighteenth of July, Mr. Carroll on that day appeared and took his seat in that body. The Declaration of Independence had already been adopted by congress, though not yet engrossed or signed by the members, so that Mr. Carroll had not the happiness of voting for that measure. The public impression, derived from the published journals of congress, was for a long time prevalent, that the Declaration of Independence was both adopted and signed on the fourth of July. But it is now well settled that such was not in fact the case. The idea of signing does not appear to have at first occurred to the members. It was not until the nineteenth of July that a resolution was adopted by congress, in secret session, directing the Declaration to be engrossed on parchment in order to receive the signatures of the members. On the second of August the engrossed copy was laid on the desk of the secretary of congress, to be signed by the members then present, and to be kept open for the signatures of the members then absent, as they should return to their seats. While the signing was progressing on the second of August, John Hancock, the President of Congress, asked Mr. Carroll, in conversation, if he would sign the Declaration? "Most willingly," he replied, and taking a pen he signed his name, as was his habit, *Charles Carroll*. A bystander remarked aloud as Mr. Carroll was signing his name, "there go several millions," alluding to the great wealth endangered by his adherence to the cause of Independence. "Nay," said another, "there are several Charles Carrolls,



he cannot be identified." Mr. Carroll, hearing the conversation, immediately added to his signature the words "*of Carrollton*," the name of the estate on which he resided, remarking as he did so, "They cannot mistake me now." From this circumstance Mr. Carroll ever afterwards bore the surname "*of Carrollton*."

The duties of the board of war having become too arduous, congress resolved, on the eighteenth of July, to add to it another member, and Mr. Carroll received that honorable and important position. Besides his usual activity and energy in the general duties of the board, he brought to their labors, in the investigations growing out of the Canada expedition, invaluable assistance by his knowledge of the people, the country and the situation and condition of the army, acquired from personal observation in his recent trip to Canada as one of the commissioners from congress. During his congressional term he did not omit, so far as his duties at Philadelphia would allow him, to aid in the management of the local affairs of Maryland, in whose convention he still retained his membership. Towards the close of the year 1776 he was appointed on the committee to prepare a new constitution for the State; in December of the same year he was elected a member of the first State senate under the new constitution; and, in February, 1777, he was again returned to congress, of which body he continued an active and influential member until 1778, when the treaty with France quieted all his fears for the success of American independence, and feeling that his duty as a State senator summoned him to Annapolis, he resigned his seat in congress and resumed that in the Maryland senate. In 1781 he was again elected a State senator, and in December, 1788, a senator of the United States from the State of Maryland, under the new Federal Constitution. In drawing lots to determine who of the senators should serve for two, four and six years respectively, Mr. Carroll drew the short term of two years. Congress was then sitting in New York. Mr. Carroll was a member of the old federal party, an active member of the senate, and a constant participator in the debates of the day, in which he always sustained his previously distinguished reputation. On the expiration of his term in the United States senate in 1791, Mr. Carroll was again elected to the senate of Maryland; he was re-elected to that body in 1796, and in 1797 was appointed one of the commissioners to settle the boundary line between Maryland and Virginia. He remained a member of the State senate till the year 1801; when, upon the defeat of the federal party, he retired into private life, being then in his sixty-third year.

Mr. Carroll had been a member of the first committees of correspondence, observation and safety, twice a member of the Maryland convention, twice a delegate in congress, once a senator of the United States, and four times a senator of Maryland, in all which offices he always brought to bear great energy and zeal, the advantages of a thorough education, and great experience and practical wisdom. Mr. Latrobe, in his biography, published in Sanderson's *Lives of the Signers*, thus describes his character as a public man: "During thirty years passed in public life, embracing the most eventful period of the history of the United States, Mr. Carroll, as a politician, was quick to decide and prompt to execute. His measures were open and energetic, and he was more inclined to exceed than fall below the end which he proposed. As a speaker he was concise and animated; the advantages of travel and society made him graceful; books, habits of study and acute observation, made him impressive and instructive. As a writer he was remarkably dignified; his arrangement was regular; his style was full without being diffused, and, though highly argumentative, was prevented from being dull by the



vein of polite learning, which was visible throughout."\* Another writer thus describes his character and accomplishments: "His mind was highly cultivated. He was always a model of regularity of conduct and sedateness of judgment. In natural sagacity, in refinement of taste and pleasures, in unaffected and habitual courtesy, in vigilant observation, vivacity of spirit, and true susceptibility of domestic and social happiness, in the best forms, he had but few equals, in the greater part of his long and bright existence."

Mr. Carroll was a sincere and zealous member of the Catholic Church. His life beautifully proves how well a gentleman in the world can be a Christian, and how the amplest recognition of the duties, which the citizen owes to the State, cannot conflict with the duties he owes to God, nor with his obedience to the Church. He was not a merely nominal Catholic: he was a practical Catholic. At his country seat, Doughoregan Manor, a beautiful chapel was erected under one continuous roof with the family residence, in which regular services were held for the benefit of his family, his dependents and his neighbors. He realized in his religious life that simplicity and faith of little children, which our Saviour constituted a prerequisite for admission into heaven. Eye-witnesses have described it as a truly touching sight, to see the venerable form of Charles Carroll of Carrollton kneeling and bent in prayer before the altar in the chapel at Doughoregan Manor, and to behold the illustrious patriot and statesman, at the advanced age of eighty and upwards, serving the priest at the altar during the celebration of the sacred offices of the Church. His hospitality and liberality were frequently experienced by the prelates, whom duties connected with religion frequently called to Baltimore. At the conclusion of the first Provincial Council of the Bishops of the American Church, held at Baltimore in 1829, the prelates composing that august assembly called in a body at his residence to pay their respects to this illustrious patriot, then in his ninety-second year, who received them with his accustomed cordiality and graceful dignity, and was deeply affected at so delicate and exalted a compliment. In the language of Mr. Lossing, "the good and the great made pilgrimages to his dwelling, to behold, with their own eyes, the venerable political patriarch of America; and from the rich store house of his intellect he freely contributed to the deficiencies of others."

After his retirement into private life, in 1801, Mr. Carroll lived many years surrounded by his children and grand-children, and blessed by the prayers and benedictions of a grateful posterity. Intense was the love, and profound the veneration, which the country loved to manifest towards the few surviving members of that immortal band, who in 1776 signed their names to the great charter of American liberties. It has been beautifully remarked, that, "Like the books of the Sybil, the living signers of the Declaration of Independence increased in value as they decreased in number." Many were the testimonials of affection, which a grateful nation laid at the feet of those illustrious men. One such tribute, and only one from many, paid to Mr. Carroll towards the close of his long and glorious career, we will here introduce:

\*In the copy of Sanderson's Lives, vol. vii, in the Baltimore Library, the following memorandum is written at the end of Mr. Carroll's biography by the enlightened and accomplished author: "The foregoing biographical sketch was written by me in 1826 from memoranda (autograph) furnished by Mr. Carroll, and numerous conversations. When finished, I read it to him, and his remark, *verbatim*, was, 'Well, Mr. Latrobe, you have certainly made me out a much greater man than I ever found myself to be: and yet, really, I hardly think that the facts you have stated are otherwise than strictly true.' He was then, I think, in his 90th year; cheerful, vivacious even, and carefully attentive to his business matters.

J. H. B. LATROBE."

"BALTIMORE, April 24th, 1856."



"TO CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON :

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE, Washington, 24th June, 1824.

"SIR:—In pursuance of a joint resolution of the two houses of congress, a copy of which is hereto annexed, and by direction of the President of the United States, I have the honor of transmitting to you two *fac simile* copies of the original Declaration of Independence, engrossed on parchment, conformably to a secret resolution of congress of nineteenth July, 1776, to be signed by every member of congress, and accordingly signed on the second day of August, of the same year. Of this document, unparalleled in the annals of mankind, the original, deposited in this department, exhibits your name as one of the subscribers.' The rolls herewith transmitted are copies, as exact as the art of engraving can present, of the instrument itself, as well as of the signers to it.

"While performing the duty thus assigned me, permit me to felicitate you, and the country which is reaping the reward of your labors, as well that your hand was affixed to this record of glory, as that, after the lapse of near half a century, you survive to receive this tribute of reverence and gratitude, from your children, the present fathers of the land.

"With every sentiment of veneration, I have the honor of subscribing myself your fellow-citizen,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS."

While the whole country was celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of Independence, the Fourth of July, 1826, "the year of jubilee," there remained but three surviving signers of the Declaration of Independence, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and Charles Carroll of Carrollton. These three names were mingled with the songs of national joy, and saluted with the peals of artillery, expressing the thanks of millions of freemen to their liberators. On that same day, amidst the rejoicings of the festival, two of the illustrious trio, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, passed together from the scenes of earth, leaving Charles Carroll of Carrollton the sole survivor of the fifty-six patriots of 1776. Mr. Carroll survived his compeers six years, when he too, on the fourteenth of November, 1832, departed amid the tears and blessings of the people he had served so well—the last to withdraw his enraptured gaze from the contemplation of the full maturity and beauty of that great Republic, over whose infancy he had watched.

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### Three Calls.

Morn calleth fondly to a fair boy straying  
 'Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew;  
 She calls—but he still thinks of naught save playing,  
 And so she smiles and waves him an adieu!  
 Whilst he, still merry with his flowery store,  
 Dreams not that morn, sweet morn! returns no more.

Noon cometh—but the boy, to manhood growing,  
 Heeds not the time—he sees but one sweet form,  
 One young fair face, from bower to jasmine glowing,  
 And all his loving heart with bliss is warm;  
 So soon unnoticed seeks the western shore,  
 And man forgets that noon returns no more.

Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming  
 With the thin fire-light, flick'ring, faint and low,  
 By which a gray-haired man is sadly dreaming  
 O'er pleasures gone as all life's pleasures go;  
 Night calls him to her, and he leaves his door  
 Silent and dark—and he returns no more.



## PARADISE LOST.

*Translated for the Metropolitans from the Works of Chateaubriand.*

THE *Paradise Lost* of Milton may be charged with the same fault as the *Inferno* of Dante. The marvellous forms the subject, and not the machinery, of the poem; but it abounds with superior beauties which essentially belong to the groundwork of our religion.

The poem opens in the infernal world, and yet this beginning offends in no respect against the rule of simplicity laid down by Aristotle. An edifice so astonishing required an extraordinary portico to introduce the reader all at once into this unknown world, which he was no more to quit.

Milton is the first poet who has closed the epic with the misfortune of the principal character, contrary to the rule generally adopted. We are of opinion, however, that there is something more interesting, more solemn, more congenial with the condition of human nature, in a history which ends in sorrows, than in one which has a happy termination. It may even be asserted that the catastrophe of the *Iliad* is tragical; for if the son of Peleus obtains the object of his wishes, still the conclusion of the poem leaves a deep impression of grief.\* After witnessing the funeral of Patroclus, Priam redeeming the body of Hector, the anguish of Hecuba and Andromache at the funeral pile of that hero, we still perceive in the distance the death of Achilles and the fall of Troy.

The infancy of Rome, sung by Virgil, is certainly a grand subject; but what shall we say of a poem that depicts a catastrophe of which we are ourselves the victims, and which exhibits to us not the founder of this or that community, but the father of the human race? Milton describes neither battles, nor funeral games, nor camps, nor sieges: he displays the grand idea of God manifested in the creation of the universe, and the first thoughts of man on issuing from the hands of his Maker.

Nothing can be more august and more interesting than this study of the first emotions of the human heart. Adam awakes to life; his eyes open; he knows not whence he originates. He gazes on the firmament; he attempts to spring toward this beautiful vault, and stands erect, with his head nobly raised to heaven. He examines himself, he touches his limbs; he runs, he stops; he attempts to speak, and his obedient tongue gives utterance to his thoughts. He naturally names whatever he sees, exclaiming, "O sun, and trees, forests, hills, valleys, and ye different animals!" and all the names which he gives are the proper appellations of the respective beings. And why does he exclaim, "O sun, and ye trees, know ye the name of Him who created me?" The first sentiment experienced by man relates to the existence of a Supreme Being; the first want he feels is the want of a God! How sublime is Milton in this passage! But

\* This sentiment, perhaps, arises from the interest which is felt for Hector. Hector is as much the hero of the poem as Achilles, and this is the great fault of the *Iliad*. The reader's affections are certainly engaged by the Trojans, contrary to the intention of the poet, because all the dramatic scenes occur within the walls of Ilium. The aged monarch, Priam, whose only crime was too much love for a guilty son,—the generous Hector, who was acquainted with his brother's fault, and yet defended that brother,—Andromache, Astyanax, Hecuba,—melt every heart; whereas the camp of the Greeks exhibits naught but avarice, perfidy, and ferocity. Perhaps, also, the remembrance of the *Æneid* secretly influences the modern reader, and he unintentionally espouses the side of the heroes sung by Virgil.



would he have conceived such grand, such lofty ideas, had he been a stranger to the true religion?

God manifests himself to Adam; the creature and the Creator hold converse together; they discourse on solitude. We omit the reflections. God knew that it was not good for man to be alone. Adam falls asleep; God takes from the side of our common father the substance out of which he fashions a new creature, whom he conducts to him on his waking.

Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love.  
——— Woman is her name, of man  
Extracted; for this cause he shall forego  
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;  
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.

Wo to him who cannot perceive here a reflection of the Deity!

The poet continues to develop these grand views of human nature, this sublime reason of Christianity. The character of the woman is admirably delineated in the fatal fall. Eve transgresses by self-love; she boasts that she is strong enough alone to encounter temptation. She is unwilling that Adam should accompany her to the solitary spot where she cultivates her flowers. This fair creature, who thinks herself invincible by reason of her very weakness, knows not that a single word can subdue her. Woman is always delineated in the Scripture as the slave of vanity. When Isaiah threatens the daughters of Jerusalem, he says, "The Lord will take away your ear-rings, your bracelets, your rings, and your veils." We have witnessed in our own days a striking instance of this disposition. Many a woman, during the reign of *terror*, exhibited numberless proofs of heroism, whose virtue has since fallen a victim to a dance, a dress, an amusement. Here we have the development of one of those great and mysterious truths contained in the Scriptures. God, when he doomed woman to bring forth with pain, conferred on her an invincible fortitude against pain; but at the same time, as a punishment for her fault, he left her weak against pleasure. Milton accordingly denominates her "this fair defect of nature."

The manner in which the English bard has conducted the fall of our first parents is well worthy of our examination. An ordinary genius would not have failed to convulse the world at the moment when Eve raises the fatal fruit to her lips; but Milton merely represents that—

Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,  
Sighing, through all her works gave signs of woe  
That all was lost.

The reader is, in fact, the more surprised, because this effect is much less surprising. What calamities does this present tranquillity of nature lead us to anticipate in future! Tertullian, inquiring why the universe is not disturbed by the crimes of men, adduces a sublime reason. This reason is, *PATIENCE* of God.

When the mother of mankind presents the fruit of knowledge to her husband, our common father does not roll himself in the dust, or tear his hair, or loudly vent his grief. On the contrary,—

Adam, soon as he heard  
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,  
Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill  
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd.  
Speechless he stood, and pale.



He perceives the whole enormity of the crime. On the one hand, if he disobey, he shall incur the penalty of death; on the other, if he continue faithful, he will retain his immortality, but will lose his beloved partner, now devoted to the grave. He may refuse the fruit, but can he live without Eve? The conflict is long. A world at last is sacrificed to love. Adam, instead of loading his wife with reproaches, endeavors to console her, and accepts the fatal apple from her hands. On this consummation of the crime, no change yet takes place in nature. Only the first storms of the passions begin to agitate the hearts of the unhappy pair.

Adam and Eve fall asleep; but they have lost that innocence which renders slumber refreshing. From this troubled sleep they rise as from unrest. 'Tis then that their guilt stares them in the face. "What have we done?" exclaims Adam. "Why art thou naked? Let us seek a covering for ourselves, lest any one see us in this state!" But clothing does not conceal the nudity which has been once seen.

Meanwhile their crime is known in heaven. A holy sadness seizes the angels, but

Mix'd  
With pity, violated not their bliss.

A truly Christian and sublime idea! God sends his Son to judge the guilty. He comes and calls Adam in the solitude: "Where art thou?" Adam hides himself from his presence: "Lord, I dare not show myself, because I am naked." "How dost thou know thyself to be naked? Hast thou eaten the fruit of knowledge?" What a dialogue passes between them! It is not of human invention. Adam confesses his crime, and God pronounces sentence: "Man! in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread. In sorrow shalt thou cultivate the earth, till thou return unto dust from which thou wast taken. Woman, thou shalt bring forth children with pain." Such, in a few words, is the history of the human race. We know not if the reader is struck by it as we are; but we find in this scene of Genesis something so extraordinary and so grand that it defies all the comments of criticism. Admiration wants terms to express itself with adequate force, and art sinks into nothing.

The Son of God returns to heaven. Then commences that celebrated drama between Adam and Eve in which Milton is said to have recorded an event of his own life—the reconciliation between himself and his first consort. We are persuaded that the greater writers have introduced their history into their works. It is only by delineating their own hearts, and attributing them to others, that they are enabled to give such exquisite pictures of nature; for the better part of genius consists in recollections.

Behold Adam now retiring at night in some lonely spot. The nature of the air is changed. Cold vapors and thick clouds obscure the face of heaven. The lightning has scathed the trees. The animals flee at the sight of man. The wolf begins to pursue the lamb, the vulture to prey upon the dove. He is overwhelmed with despair. He wishes to return to his native dust. Yet, says he,

One doubt  
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die;  
Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man,  
Which God inspired, cannot together perish  
With corporeal clod; then in the grave,  
Or in some other dismal place, who knows  
But I shall die a living death?



Can philosophy require a species of beauties more exalted and more solemn? Not only the poets of antiquity furnish no instance of a despair founded on such a basis, but moralists themselves have conceived nothing so sublime.

Eve, hearing her husband's lamentations, approaches with timidity. Adam sternly repels her. Eve falls humbly at his feet and bathes them with her tears. Adam relents, and raises the mother of the human race. Eve proposes to him to live in continence, or to inflict death upon themselves to save their posterity. This despair, so admirably ascribed to a woman, as well for its vehemence as for its generosity, strikes our common father. What reply does he make to his wife?

Eve, thy contempt for life and pleasure seems  
To argue in thee something more sublime  
And excellent than what thy mind contemns.

The unfortunate pair resolve to offer up their prayers to God, and to implore the mercy of the Almighty. Prostrating themselves on the ground, they raise their hearts and voices, in a spirit of profound humility, toward him who is the source of forgiveness. These accents ascend to heaven, where the Son himself undertakes the office of presenting them to his Father. The suppliant prayers which follow *Injury*, to repair the mischiefs she has occasioned, are justly admired in the *Iliad*. It would indeed be impossible to invent a more beautiful allegory on the subject of prayer. Yet those first sighs of a contrite heart, which find the way that the sighs of the whole human race are soon destined to follow,—those humble prayers which mingle with the incense burning before the Holy of Holies,—those penitent tears which fill the celestial spirits with joy, which are presented to the Almighty by the Redeemer of mankind, and which move God himself (such is the power of this first prayer in repentant and unhappy man),—all those circumstances combined have in them something so moral, so solemn, and so pathetic that they cannot be said to be eclipsed by the *prayers* of the bard of Ilium.

The Most High relents, and decrees the final salvation of man. Milton has availed himself with great ability of this first mystery of the Scriptures, and has everywhere interwoven the impressive history of a God, who, from the commencement of ages, devotes himself to death to redeem man from destruction. The fall of Adam acquires a higher and more tragic interest when we behold it involving in its consequences the Son of the Almighty himself.

Independently of these beauties which belong to the subject of the *Paradise Lost*, that work displays minor beauties too numerous for us to notice. Milton had, in particular, an extraordinary felicity of expression. Every reader is acquainted with his *darkness visible*, his *pleased silence*, &c. These bold expressions, when sparingly employed, like discords in music, produce a highly brilliant effect. They have a counter air of genius; but great care must be taken not to abuse them. When too studiously sought after, they dwindle into a mere puerile play upon words, as injurious to the language as they are inconsistent with good taste.

We shall, moreover, observe that the bard of Eden, after the example of Virgil, has acquired originality in appropriating to himself the riches of others; which proves that the original style is not the style which never borrows of any one, but that which no other person is capable of reproducing.

This art of imitation, known to all great writers, consists in a certain delicacy of taste, which seizes the beauties of other times, and accommodates them to the present age and manners. Virgil is a model in this respect. Observe how he has transferred to the mother of Euryalus the lamentations of Andromache on the death of Hector. In this passage Homer is rather more natural than the Mantuan



poet, whom he has moreover furnished with all the striking circumstances, such as the work falling from the hands of Andromache, her fainting, &c., while there are others, which are not in the *Æneid*, as Andromache's presentiment of her misfortune, and her appearance with dishevelled tresses upon the battlements; but then the episode of Euryalus is more tender, more pathetic. The mother who alone, of all the Trojan women, resolved to follow the fortunes of her son; the garments with which her maternal affection was engaged and now rendered useless; her exile, her age, her forlorn condition at the very moment when the head of her Euryalus was carried under the ramparts of the camp;—such are the conceptions of Virgil alone. The lamentations of Andromache, being more diffuse, lose something of their energy. Those of the mother of Euryalus, more closely concentrated, fall with increased weight upon the heart. This proves that there was already a great difference between the age of Virgil and Homer, and that in the time of the former all the arts, even that of love, had arrived at a higher perfection.

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## OUR CONVENTS.—VI.

### SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

God's providence—God's providence—thought full of consolation and of hope, inspiring good works without number, and, like his attributes of mercy and love, giving name to societies and congregations devoted to his greater glory and the love of our neighbor in practice. In our desultory sketches we have already named the Sisters of Providence at Burlington, who belong to an institute founded in Canada. That of which we are now to treat was founded in France early in the present century, to repair the ravages caused by the reign of terror. When the fearful revolution, which swept from the soil of France its religious houses and all outward form of religion, first appeared upon the horizon, a young levite, James Francis Dujarié, a native of St. Marie du Bois, in Normandy, was preparing for the priesthood, and had even received deacon's orders; the death of some of the clergy, the flight of others, when the revolution burst forth in all its mad fury, made him resolve to obtain ordination and enter on the ministry where need was greatest, and thus when the altar was prostrate and religion oppressed, he began his ministry. In every disguise conceivable he visited the faithful, confirmed the weak, cheered the desponding, and though constantly denounced and sought for death, he baffled the pursuits of the priest-hunters, and once even successfully took refuge with a party in search of himself. God's providence was his trust, and upborne by it he passed through dangers unharmed. When peace was given to the Church, he was appointed pastor of the market town of Ruillé, in 1802. Here all was to be done: the church restored, the old reclaimed, the sinner converted, the young instructed. One could not suffice to such varied labors, and he sought among the pious women of his flock auxiliaries in his good work. In 1806 he built at the extremity of his parish, on a kind of moor, a house, where a pious young woman directed a school and visited the sick: others joined her and a community was formed. Still the number was small and the permanence of the institute problematical, when a Jesuit Father, to whom Mr. Dujarié had spoken of his little community, met Mlle. Zoe du Roscoeit, daughter of the Count du Roscoeit, a lady who, after her



father's exile and the loss of their property, had supported her family by giving lessons on music and painting. Now that peace was restored to the Church and her family reinstated in a portion of their property, she sought to enter a religious house, but was undecided what institute she should embrace. "My daughter," said the Father of the Society of Jesus, "my daughter, God wishes you at Ruillé." Accepting this as a sign of God's will, and of that providence in which she had so long confided, she hastened to the little house, to which she became so powerful an auxiliary as to be regarded the foundress. The little order at once received an impulse: many joined it, and it was resolved to leave their badly situated and now too narrow house for one in the town and less remote from the church. But before they entered this their venerable foundress expired, in 1821, leaving them, indeed, the example of every virtue. "She was endowed," says one of her spiritual daughters, "with exquisite tenderness; so eloquent were her words, so persuasive her tears, that she conquered hearts before they were aware of the attack. Her example was still more powerful than her words; ever the first in labor, she recoiled before no difficulty and dreaded no hardship. Her delicate hands were bent to the hardest toil: more than once were her sisters moved to see her, with joyful courage, bringing in the wood and water and heating the oven for the community." Such was the foundress of the Sisters of Providence.

They entered their new house in 1821, and the congregation received the royal sanction in 1826. Their rule was drawn up by the learned and holy bishop of Mans, whose edifying death at Rome cannot be forgotten. He undertook it, as he himself expressly declared, as a high testimonial of the lively interest he bore the community.

Before his death the Abbé Dujarié saw them spread over several dioceses, directing schools, hospitals, asylums, where innocence is preserved or penance taught, and no less than two hundred and five assemble for the annual retreat.

Under Mother Mary, the second superioress, who was named by Mother du Roscœit, and still directs the order, it has acquired its greatest development; and when the holy Bishop Bruté, of Vincennes, determined to obtain a female community for his diocese, the Rev. Celestin de la Hailandière, whom he despatched to France for that purpose in 1839, applied to Bishop Bouvier, who had, on the death of the Abbé Dujarié, taken on himself the direction of the sisters. No idea had been entertained by the sisters of establishing so remote a mission, but the ardent zeal of the bishop was inflamed, and he pleaded the cause of Indiana so eloquently that it was resolved to send a colony to America. Three professed sisters and three novices, Mother St. Theodora Guerin being the superior, were chosen for the mission of Vincennes, and on the 16th of July (feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel) the little party set out from Mans for Havre, and after a pleasant voyage, reached New York on the 5th of September. To their disappointment, Mr. Lasale, the merchant to whose care they were commended, was absent, but the excellent bishop of New York, Dr. Dubois, learning their embarrassment, led them to the house of a charitable lady, where they rested several days, and were prepared, by altering their dresses, to proceed on their journey to Vincennes. A long and tedious journey of three weeks was then required to reach Indiana, and on it the sisters had their cross to bear in the insults offered to them by gross and vile-minded bigots. Before their arrival Bishop Bruté was dead, and Mr. Hailandière, promoted to the see of Vincennes, was still abroad. The sisters, however, lost no time in reaching St. Mary's of the Woods, to which they were conducted



by a priest of Vincennes, and where an unfinished house was to be their convent, a log cabin their chapel, and a board their altar.

Thus did the Sisters of Providence, with no aid but providence, begin their order in a land whose language they knew not, in poverty, or rather in destitution, and soon too in sickness, for ere long their beloved superior mother, St. Theodora, was stretched on a bed of pain, and recovered only after a long and doubtful struggle. God listened to the prayers of the sisters, who besought him not to add so severe a trial.

Their house being unfit for occupation, they obtained part of a neighboring farm house; a room for the common hall and a garret for a dormitory. Yet with the snow and rain entering almost at every moment during that long and severe winter, they were so far from losing courage, that they actually received four postulants.

On the 2d of July, 1841, the sisters opened their academy, their building being completed, and soon had a number of pupils. Those not engaged in teaching were engaged in clearing and cultivating the land; but scarcely had their harvest been gathered in 1842, when an incendiary applied a torch to their barn, and the Sisters of Providence beheld the result of their toil, their provision for the winter, destroyed by fire. No hope now seemed left them, as they were burthened by debt already, but Mother Theodora, with Sister Cecilia, a novice, who mingles the blood of the Indian and the French, set out for France, and though at first providence seemed to forget his faithful children, she at last obtained more than enough to meet the expenses incurred by the community during her absence, and pay the most pressing debts.

In the second year of their residence in Indiana the sisters accepted missions; their first was at Jasper, and named after the spouse of the Blessed Virgin; others followed at St. Francisville, St. Peter, Madison, increasing from year to year and from town to town in the diocese, always beginning in poverty and absolute want.\* At present the order comprises eleven establishments,† in which twelve or thirteen hundred children receive the blessings of a Christian education; of this number one hundred and thirty are orphans in two asylums at Vincennes.

In spite of the hatred first vented against the academy of St. Mary's, its reputation is so well established that even Protestants are forced to admit the superiority of its teaching, and confide their children to the sisters as the best instructors of youth in the state. The present number of pupils is about eighty, and as the railroads now intersect the woods of Indiana, the numbers will probably increase.

The house, which was the cradle of the order in Indiana, long remained their chief and noblest one, but as their days of prosperity came, a very fine building was erected in 1852; it is one hundred and ten feet long by sixty five deep, a striking contrast to their original poor accommodations, and at the last annual retreat the sisters numbered seventy-seven, of whom all but twelve were professed. Devoted particularly to the education of youth, this congregation is not a stranger to other works of Christian charity; from the infant still in the cradle to the old man tottering to the tomb, it associates itself to the ills of afflicted nature in order to alleviate them. It is indeed a providence to the land in which it is.

\* We may judge of their poverty by a phrase in a letter of Mother Theodora, stating that unless they could repair the log cabin at St. Peter's, and buy a lock for the door, she should order the Sisters to withdraw.

† St. Mary's, Madison, Jasper, Fort Wayne, Terre Haute, Evansville, Lanesville, Vincennes and Columbus.



The bishops of Vincennes, both Dr. de la Hailandière and his devoted successor, as well the Right Rev. Dr. de St. Palais, have appreciated and encouraged the sisters, and offered so many occasions to their zeal and devotedness, that no other diocese has been enabled to procure any subjects of this excellent congregation. Seldom has this been the case, but the Almighty seems to intend it to thrive and diffuse itself over the State of Indiana, to which in preference to so many others he has called it.\*

\* We are indebted for the materials of this sketch to notices sent to H. de Courcy, Esq., by Mother St. Theodora. Much interesting matter as to their early struggles will be found in a little work, by Leon Aubineau, already mentioned in these sketches. We felicitate M. Aubineau on the fact that the English editors of the *Heroines of Charity*, who plagiarized his work, omitted all mention of his name, for the translation is so full of absurdities, that it would be mortifying to appear as the author.

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### EXTRACT FROM THE FRENCH IN ROME.

*The Paper Money of the Republic—How the French are regarded by the Romans—General Oudinot recalled and departs universally regretted—The Capitol.*

Rome, August 14th, 1849.

How difficult it is to please unreasonable people! The government commission has just issued a decree full of wisdom and moderation, yet most dissatisfactory to all parties. To understand this question, quite an exciting subject of conversation here for the last few days, you must know that Mazzini and his colleagues found it convenient to raise a revenue by issuing bills to which they gave a forced currency, like our assignats of 1793. Whilst the taxes should be paid in specie, and whilst the Roman Republic levied contributions on the rich payable only in specie, it defrayed its own expenses in these bills, of which the unlimited number soon swelled into colossal proportions. Each of the Triumvirs had a considerable number of them at his own disposal, signed already by his colleagues, to which it was enough to add his own signature to change them into ready cash. Of this privilege they were by no means sparing, and accordingly, after their departure, native specie became so rare that I have not yet seen a single Roman crown: the few that are possessed of any conceal it very carefully.

All purchases are made by means of coins of silvered copper, representing four, eight, sixteen cents, or more, or else by those unhappy bills which are every day becoming more dirty and disagreeable, and falling into such disfavor that we who pay in specie obtain thereby considerable reduction in the price of articles. For instance, you are asked for a fine horse six hundred francs in French money, or a thousand francs in bills: and the brokers give you six francs and a half in paper for a five franc piece.

Every one expected to see the Holy Father refuse to recognize the validity of these bills issued by an illegal government. It was even the only means that promised a prompt remedy for the financial embarrassments which the Triumvirs had brought upon the treasury.



But the heart of Pius IX could not consent to a measure which would almost prove the destruction of a great number of merchants, and the government committee has just decided that the bills should be regarded as current until the pontifical government finds itself able, by means of the loan at present negotiating, to withdraw them altogether from circulation. However they have been obliged to submit to the depreciation of a third.

I can easily understand how the Absolutists regard with mortification a measure that weighs so heavily on the treasury, and by which the Holy Father seems to recognize the revolutionary act. But would you not expect that those who had believed themselves on the point of losing the entire value of the bills in their possession, should now deem themselves very fortunate in getting off with two-thirds? Yet it is precisely those that are loudest in their outcries against the measure!

As to the French, it is their business not to interfere with the internal policy of the country. Their part is to secure tranquillity, and to cause the established government to be respected, and of this they acquit themselves with a zeal, a success, and I would even say a chivalrous delicacy, that cannot but excite the gratitude of the Romans, especially as the money spent every day for the maintenance of our army is a new benefit added to that of their deliverance.

Accordingly the great mass of the population regard the French with a friendly eye. The clergy, in spite of their prejudices against the French intervention on account of the flightiness of our character and the instability of our institutions, cannot refrain from doing justice to the admirable discipline of our troops, and take advantage of every occasion to do acts of politeness towards the French officers. Thus the cardinals of the government commission and the chapters of the different basilicas have offered in their turn elegant entertainments to the chief officers of the army, and have invited them to come on certain days to hear mass, in their respective churches. The Roman princes, indeed, generally, vain of their titles and their riches, are too ready to forget that they owe to the French the preservation of both these advantages which themselves had not the courage to defend, and they would gladly assume precedence in the social order. You know the pride of our officers well enough to understand how little disposed they are to recognise any such superiority. Still it is only a few little unseasonable pretensions, a few little mortifications of self-love on both sides, soon to be forgotten, that stand in the way of the best understanding between the officers of our nation and the Roman nobility.

As to the Republican party, small indeed in point of numbers, but increased and directed by a certain number of foreigners, and always dangerous, because thoroughly unscrupulous as to its means, it is not only with indifference it regards the French, but with downright regular hatred, which, though kept in check by terror, nevertheless gives itself scope in the dark, and seeks every opportunity to hurt us. Sometimes the blade of a dagger flashes through the obscurity of night, and treacherously pierces the poor defenceless soldier: sometimes infamous wretches do not scruple to employ the subtle poison of debauchery in their attempts to seduce and corrupt our brave troops.



Mazzini, who still persists in giving himself the name of Triumvir, has fulminated an extravagant address, in which he interdicts all communication with the French.

"Your brothers of Lombardy," he exclaims, "who by abstaining from the Austrian cigars in 1848, gave the signal for insurrection and victory, now cry aloud: 'Italians, reject the productions of France!' Romans, let these words penetrate your hearts! Let every tie be henceforth broken till the day of our common liberty rises again. Refuse every thing then that comes from France, manufactured goods, wines, books. Sunder every commercial connection with that country: and when the French will offer you the articles of their traffic, show them the tomb of the martyred Republicans, and say to these mercenary men: these goods come from the same land as the bullets that killed our brothers, and the executioners that murdered our Republic. Corrupted by selfishness and material desires, France is now nothing but a workshop," &c.

Such absurd trash has not failed to call up old Pasquin, for this statue, ever since it received its name from the satirical tailor, has preserved the privilege of bringing into the world all the good jokes of the city. He has then commented on the proclamation of ex-Triumvir by recommending the Romans to dress like savages, sooner than adopt Parisian fashions, never to go to the theatre for fear of being exposed to the danger of seeing some French play, and henceforth to drink the water of the yellow Tiber at their most brilliant festivals, rather than the claret, the burgundy or the champagne wines that come from the detested land. He advises them moreover to be careful to refuse all gold or silver coins, inasmuch as they must come from the French, for the Republican chiefs had carried off all those that were formerly in the city.

This hatred of the Republican party pursues the French into the ordinary relations of society, and paralyses the good wishes of honest but timid men. Any Roman daring to testify his gratitude or simply to show himself kind and hospitable towards his deliverers, is certain to receive a threatening notice written by an unknown hand, which he is well aware can wield the dagger as readily and as ably as the pen. The air you breathe is filled with a vague terror: a sword of Damocles, as it were, is suspended over our heads, often arresting the smile on the most grateful lips, and freezing the effusions of the most generous heart.

To this universal dismay there is, however, one noble exception. The commander Visconti, highly distinguished among his countrymen for a superior understanding, vast and profound learning, and amiable and benevolent disposition, and particularly for that civil courage now become so rare in Europe, and almost a phenomenon in Italy, continues, in spite of the menaces of which he is the object, to receive the officers of the liberating army. His saloons, of which Madame Visconti does the honors with perfect affability and kind attention, are open every Thursday. I went there last week, and I thought I could remark that the Roman ladies by no means partake of a Republican horror for the French epaulet. The morning after my visit, M.



Visconti sent me an enormous and magnificent bouquet, which I had admired the previous evening on his consal-table. I do not know if this is an attention usual in Italy, but it appeared to me to be extremely graceful.

For the rest, the Roman populace is far from sharing in the ill will the democrats bear us. The other day, a serjeant arrested a perambulating clown who was singing a song by no means complimentary to the French. He caught him by the ear and lugged him off to the guard house through the midst of crowds convulsed with laughter at the spectacle.

Whenever a Frenchman addresses one of the poorer classes to obtain some information or some light favor, he is always kindly received. The mass of the city population is evidently not unfriendly to us, and that of the country is decidedly amicable. In the meantime, thanks to the prudent measures of precaution taken by the energetic governor of Rome, our brave soldiers shall soon be safe from the stiletto of the demagogues; and thanks to their own loyalty, they will not be turned from their duty by the efforts of infamous seductions.

At least I hope so.

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ROME, August 23d.

General Oudinot, whom the Holy Father received at Gaëta in the most flattering manner, has been called home: he takes with him the affectionate regret both of the army and the Roman population. His valor beyond all proof, his noble sentiments, his natural gentleness and courtesy, his upright and chivalrous character, have won the esteem and affection of all. The ladies too are very much grieved at his departure: for the General always procured them the pleasure of a spectacle very rare in our days. Every morning the French cavaliers entered the court yard of the palace Rospigliasi, and went through all the exercises of a magnificent tournament which was to be followed by a brilliant ball.

The Pope has conferred on the Liberator of Rome the grand cross of the order of *Pio Nono*; and the municipality, wishing also to give him a distinguished mark of their gratitude, have got a medal engraved in his honor, the inscription of which records the reëstablishment of peace, and the preservation of the ancient monuments. This inscription has been also engraved under the bust of the General, and he has publicly received the title of Roman citizen.

He was honored with a splendid entertainment before his departure. In the great hall of the capitol, resplendent with the light of thousands of tapers, an immense table, disposed in such a way that the most beautiful antique statues helped to ornament it, was loaded with the rarest fruits and the most exquisite dishes. The senator, the municipal officers, the grandees of Rome, distinguished members of every academy and of the *corps diplomatique*, all the general and superior French officers were present at this banquet to which the ladies, however, had not been invited, to the great regret of many among them. The most curious, however, and I confess I was of the number, got



permission to visit this splendid banqueting hall, and I assure you the effect was gorgeous.

But since I have brought you to the capitol, suppose we go through it rapidly together. Do not expect to find here that terrible citadel of Romulus with its strong and lofty walls, all covered with the spoils of conquered nations. Like all earthly grandeurs this too has fallen, and now hardly a particle of wall remains to point out the ancient construction. The modern capitol has been built by Pope Paul III, on the site of the ancient, and Michael-Angelo, who drew the plan, has preserved the air of boldness and majesty. You arrive at it by a flight of steps of gentle ascent, ornamented at the foot with two sphinxes in black granite, said to be older than the conquest of Egypt by Cambyzes: the colossal statues of Castor and Pollux, holding their horses by the bridle, adorn the upper part of the balustrade, and that of Marcus Aurelius occupies the middle of the piazza. This beautiful statue—the finest equestrian statue we have from antiquity—was carried off by Totila as far as the port of Ostium, when it was recovered by Belisarius.

The edifice consists of three parts distinct from each other, and all crowned by balustrades adorned with statues. The middle one is the palace of the senator, a personage charged to decide the minor suits of the people, the only remains of that senate that was once the greatest power on earth. The building on the right is the palace of the conservators, that is, the magistrates of modern Rome. That on the left contains the museum commenced by Clement XII, an immense and inestimable collection of bronzes, paintings, antique statues, of which a great number are reckoned master-pieces. The Capitoline Venus, and particularly the wounded Gaul, commonly called the Dying Gladiator, I need not say, excite the admiration of all visitors.

### *"Hallowed be Thy Name."*

List to the dreamy tongue that dwells  
 In rippling wave or sighing tree;  
 Go, hearken to the old church bell,  
 The whistling bird, the whizzing bee;  
 Interpret right, and ye will find  
 'Tis power and glory they proclaim:  
 The chimes, the creatures, waters, wind,  
 All publish, "Hallowed be Thy name!"

Whate'er may be man's faith or creed,  
 Those precious words comprise it still;  
 We trace them on the blooming mead,  
 We have them in the flowing rill;  
 One chorus hails the Great Supreme;  
 Each varied breathing is the same,  
 The strains may differ; but the *THEME*  
 Is, "Father! hallowed be Thy name."



## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

### *The Passion.*

Now let us sit and weep,  
And fill our hearts with woe;  
Pondering the shame and torments deep,  
Which God from wicked men did undergo.

The Last Supper had closed, and our Lord, closing the rite of the Paschal Lamb, had instituted that in which he, the true Lamb, was to be eaten to the end of time. Slain from the foundation of the world by Lucifer's desire and rebellion, this Lamb of God was now in time to lay down his life, and so consummate the salvation of man. "For this," sings the Church, "is the true Lamb, who by dying destroyed our death."

As he closed his discourse after the supper, he predicted to his apostles their abandonment of him; although all, and chiefly Peter, protested their resolution to die with him. To show St. Peter how weak we are without God's grace, he foretold that that apostle would deny him thrice. Then he said to them: "When I sent you without purse and scrip and shoes, did you want anything?" "No!" they replied. Then he exclaimed: "But now he that hath a purse, let him take it and likewise a scrip; and he that hath no sword let him sell his coat and buy one. For I say unto you, that this that is written must be fulfilled in me: And he was reckoned among the wicked." They showed him two swords, and saying "It is enough," he went out with them towards Mount Olivet, discoursing with them as he went on the union which they should maintain with him, on the sufferings they would have to undergo, on the Holy Ghost which they were to receive, on his passion, death and resurrection.\*

Passing the torrent of Cedron he came to a place called Gethsemani, where there was a garden in which he had often retired with his apostles to pray.

That garden where of old our guilt began,  
Wrought death and pain;  
But this, where Jesus prays by night for man,  
Brings life and joy again.

Taking with him the witnesses of his glorious transfiguration, Peter, James and John, he entered the garden, leaving the others without, and bidding the three watch and pray, he withdrew a little and prostrated himself in prayer.

The passion of our divine Lord had begun: "My soul is sorrowful even unto death," he exclaimed. Then on his soul burst all the ignominies of his passion, his bitter sufferings, his cruel death, but more than all, the sins of the world, which he was to expiate—all the offences offered to his divine Father from the creation to the end of time—the gates of hell opening to devour thousands, and thousands disregarding the redemption he had purchased, and plunging head-long into the abyss. The sight overwhelmed him with agony and woe: the blood forced from the pores of his body by the emotion of his sacred heart, trickled down like sweat, bathing his garments and bedewing the very earth. "Abba! Father!" he cried, "all things are possible to thee, take away this chalice from me, yet not what I will but what thou wilt." So prostrated was he that his divine Father sent an

\* John xv-xvii..



angel from heaven to comfort and strengthen him to drink to the dregs the fearful cup, on which man's salvation depended.

Thrice he rose to approach his three apostles, but in spite of his gentle reproaches, they slept and could not comfort him: thrice he returned to pray, uttering the same words. He knew that his hour had come, and arousing



*Judas betraying him with a kiss.*

his apostles he bid them prepare, as his betrayer was at hand. Already the noise of an advancing multitude had gathered the rest around them, and the flickering of torches and the sheen of the uplifted swords announced the coming of an armed host. As this body approached, the apostles, to their horror and dismay, beheld Judas guiding them on, and even beheld him advance to kiss our divine Lord, profaning the mark of affection, in order to point him out to his enemies. Peter, who bore one of the swords, could not bear the sight, and drawing his sword, no sooner saw them lay hands on his divine Master, than he rushed upon them, and prostrating Malchus, a servant of the high priest, dealt him a blow, which, however, only severed his ear.\* But our divine Lord bid him put up his sword: "Thinkest thou that I cannot ask my Father, and he will give me presently more than twelve legions of angels?" and touching the wounded man he cured him.† This miracle should have converted his enemies, but though lost

\* Mark xiv, 47.

† Matthew xxvi, 51; Luke xxii, 51.



upon them, it was not the only display of his power. While all stood in amazement he asked: "Whom seek ye?" They answered: "Jesus of Nazareth." "I am he;" and at these words they all fell prostrate. When they rose he again asked them, and when they made the same reply he continued: "I have told you that I am he: if therefore you seek me, let these go their way. Why have you come out against me, as it were against a thief with swords and clubs? When I was daily with you in the temple, you did not stretch forth your hands against me: but this is your hour and the power of darkness."



*Peter strikes the servant of the High Priest.*

His disciples now seeing him in the hands of his enemies, lost courage and fled, and the Jews debating whether they should take him, at last resolved to lead him first to the house of Annas, who would after the end of the pasch be the high priest, for God had so permitted it that this divine office was then in the hands of two political intriguers, Annas and Caiphas, who exercised the sacred functions in rotation. The crowd sought to propitiate the one about to assume the office, and accordingly dragged our divine Lord before him. Full of gratified vanity and triumphing over our Redeemer, the impious Annas questioned him as



to his doctrine and disciples, but Jesus answered: "I have spoken openly to the world. I have always taught in the synagogue and in the temple, whither all the Jews resort; and in secret I have taught nothing. Why askest thou me? Ask them who have heard me what I have spoken to them; they know what things I have said." One of the officers standing by, eager to court the favor of Annas, gave our Saviour a blow, saying: "Answerest thou the high priest so?" "If I have spoken evil, give testimony of the evil," said our divine Lord meekly, "but if well, why strikest thou me." Annas, though addressed by his flatterers as high priest, was not, and accordingly sent our Lord to his son-in-law, Caiphas, the high priest of that year.

Meanwhile Peter, who had recovered from his alarm, followed Jesus at a distance with another disciple, who, being known to the high priest, entered with the divine captive into the court of the house, and obtained admission for Peter. The latter apostle sat warming himself amid the servants and soldiers, when a servant-maid exclaimed: "Thou wast with Jesus of Nazareth." All that he saw alarmed him, and disowning the very master whom he had followed from love,



*Peter denies his divine Master.*

he answered: "I neither know nor understand what thou sayest." Then rising up he left the group, and went into the vestibule, as if to avoid further questioning: though in vain—another servant seeing him began to say to the standers-by: "This is one of them;" but he denied again and again, protesting "I am not." An officer eying him closely, asked: "Did I not see thee in the garden with him?" and another added: "Surely thou art one of them, for thou art a Galilean." But Peter had yielded to the first temptation, and now plunging deeper into sin, began to curse and to swear that he knew not his divine Redeemer. Jesus meanwhile had been led from the house of Annas to the adjoining one of Caiphas, and aware of the fall of his servant, as the cock crew the second time, turned and cast one glance of reproach on his faithless disciple. Overwhelmed with contrition, remorse and love, Peter began to weep, and as tradition tells us,



night after night, till by his glorious death he planted the cross on the very capitol of pagan Rome, he bewailed afresh his weakness and sin.

Caiphas warned of his approach had already summoned the priests and doctors of the law; and as he had, by virtue of his office, prophesied that Christ should die for the people, he now sought means to accomplish it with a show of justice. Many accusers appeared, but not even malice could invent of all their tale a capital offence. At last one said: "We heard him say, I will destroy this temple made with hands, and within three days I will build another not made with hands." Even this was not sufficient, and as Jesus remained silent, the high priest sought to convict him out of his own mouth. Turning to our Blessed Lord he asked him: "Answerest thou nothing to the things that are laid to thy charge by these men?" But our Lord spoke not. "Art thou the Christ, the Son of the blessed God?" then asked the high priest of the Jewish nation, the successor of Aaron—"answer, I adjure thee, by the living God." "I am," replied our Lord distinctly, "and you shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of the power of God, and coming with the clouds of heaven." Then the high priest rent his garments, as was the custom to mark great grief or indignation, and exclaimed: "What need have we of any farther witnesses? You have heard the blasphemy. What think you? . . . He is guilty of death." Then they spit in his face and buffeted him. Not content even with this, they blindfolded him, and striking him, cried in mockery: "Prophecy unto us, O Christ, who is he that struck thee!"

Thus they continued during the rest of the night. Let us pause in adoring wonder to contemplate our divine Lord exhausted by his bloody sweat and bitter agony, dragged like a vile beast from the garden across the torrent and up to the house of Annas, thence to that of Caiphas, with blows and buffets at every step, deprived of all repose or a moment's rest to enable him to bear the new torments that awaited him, deserted by all, mocked and insulted and spit upon. Well do the fathers tell us that not till the day of judgment will man know all that Jesus endured for us that night. *Isaias* had foretold it, saying in the person of our Lord: "I have given my body to the strikers, and my cheeks to them that plucked them. I have not turned away my face from them that rebuked me and spit upon me."

The Sanhedrim, or council of the Jews, had condemned him to death for blasphemy, and according to the law he should be stoned; but our Lord was to show in his death that the power had passed from Jacob to the hands of the stranger. They sought to crucify him, to punish him by Roman law and the Roman gibbet. When therefore it was morning they led him through the city, bound in heavy fetters, to the house of Pilate, the Roman governor, and accused him of disturbing the public peace, of seditiously persuading people not to pay tribute, and of declaring himself to be the *Messias* or King of the Jews. The Roman governor sought to take up the matter formally, but the Jews would not enter his court for fear of contracting legal uncleanness, and when he asked them what accusation they brought, and the grounds of it, they insolently replied: "If he were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered him up to thee." He bid them take him and try him according to their law, but they avowed their thirst for his blood: "It is not lawful for us to put any man to death."

Amazed at their fury, and all that he had doubtless heard of our Lord's miracles and holy life, Pilate entered and asked him: "Art thou the King of the Jews?" Jesus answered: "Sayest thou this of thyself, or have others told it thee of



me?" Pilate answered: "Am I a Jew? Thy own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee up to me, what hast thou done?" Jesus answered: "My kingdom is not of this world. If my kingdom were of this world, my servants would certainly strive that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now my kingdom is not from hence." "Art thou then a king?" "Thou sayest it; I am a king. For this was I born, and for this I came into the world, that I should give testimony to the truth." "What is truth?" said Pilate musingly, and going forth to the Jews he declared that he found no grounds for condemning him, and, as it was his custom, offered to set him, or a robber named Barabbas, at liberty in honor of their festival: but the people asked Barabbas, and cried out to crucify Jesus. They however mentioned that he came from Galilee, and Pilate, hoping to rid himself of a case in which conscience warned him not to enter, sent him to Herod. Again was he dragged through the streets of Jerusalem, again loaded with scorn and blows: his silence induced Herod to treat him as a fool. Clothed in a white garment like an idiot he was again led back to the hall of Pilate. In vain did the pagan governor seek to save him: hearing that he claimed to be the Son of God, he was filled with fear, and his wife, who in dreams had received warning, urged him not to condemn him: but as the Jews told him that whoever made himself a king, was an enemy to Cæsar, he yielded and ordered our divine Lord to be scourged, hoping, weak man! that the Jews would then be moved to pity.

Our Lord was then stripped and bound to the column. Who but God's saints, to whom he has revealed the horrors of that day, can tell the blows dealt on his bruised and feeble frame by the strong arms of the Roman soldiers, whom Satan inspired with cruelty and hate. Every blow of the fearful scorpion or scourge tore its way through his quivering flesh, the virginal flesh of the Emanuel, of the expected of the nations, and his blood began to flow for the ransom of the world. When their rage was appeased, he became the object of their sport. Leading him out to their companions, the whole guard, some hundred in number, gathered around him. Tearing off his mantle, and opening afresh each gaping wound, they threw about him a purple cloak, and plating a crown of thorns pressed it upon his brows.

See! how amid his gory locks,  
The jagged thorns appear;  
See! how his pallid countenance  
Foretells that death is near.  
O savage was the earth that bore  
Those thorns so sharp and long!  
Savage the hand that gathered them,  
To work this deadly wrong.

A reed was thrust into his hands as a sceptre, and there he sat as a mock king. Bending the knee before him, they struck him, saying: "Hail, King of the Jews." Again they spit in his face, and taking his sceptre smote his sacred head, driving in anew the cruel thorns. Fearful ignominy! He who sitteth at the right hand of his Father, he who will sit one day to judge the world, is thus treated with derision and scorn! By whom? Not only by Pilate's guard, O Christian, but by you whenever you commit sin. How often has your reverence been a mockery, how often have you scourged him by impurity, pressed on the thorny crown by pride, or left his sceptre over you a reed by a worldly life?

Pilate, touched by the spectacle, hoped that it would move the Jews; and leading him out he exclaimed: "Behold the man." "Crucify him! crucify him!"





*The Crowning of our Lord with Thorns.*

was the only response, and yielding to their clamor, he came out into the Lithostrotos, and said : " Behold your king ! " Again rose the fearful cry : " Crucify him ! " " Shall I crucify your king ? " " We have no king but Cæsar," was the answer of the priests of God's chosen people, rejecting the Messiah, and acknowledging only the civil power in all things. Washing his hands Pilate cried : " I am innocent of the blood of this just man. Look you to it ; " and as they invoked that blood on themselves and their children, he delivered our Lord into their hands.

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A HUNDRED years, a hundred years—  
How much of human power and pride,  
Of towering hopes, of trembling fears,  
Have sunk beneath its whelming tide.



## THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE ONLY TRUE CHURCH.

### A DIALOGUE.

HERE a short pause ensued ; but after a few moments Theodore thus continued the conversation :

"Col. Haydan, if I were to declare to you my real sentiment concerning the doctrines of your Church, I fear you would doubt my sincerity, and attribute it to some interested motive."

"Theodore, my high esteem for you personally forbids me to doubt of your sincerity on any subject, much less that of religion."

"Then, Col., permit me to tell you that I have long since entertained a secret desire to be instructed in the doctrines of the Catholic Church. For years I have admired the splendor of Catholic institutions, and the sublimity of the Catholic creed ; and if there be one conviction more firmly fixed in my mind than another, it is this, that there can be but one true Church ; that the God of truth never could have established a variety of churches, all teaching doctrines diametrically opposed to each other ; and my only difficulty is to know which is the true Church. Show me that the Catholic Church is the true one, and I will unhesitatingly embrace it. We are told by the sacred penman that our divine Redeemer prayed for his Church, that he promised to send the Holy Spirit to teach her all truth, and that he himself would abide with her for ever ; hence that true Church, which ever it may be, must contain the true doctrine. Convince me that the Catholic Church is the Church established by the Saviour of the world, and I will bow with implicit obedience to every dogma of her teaching ; for if it be the true Church, it could no more teach erroneous doctrines than that the God of heaven could contradict himself."

"Theodore," replied the Colonel, "you have imposed upon me no easy task, considering the circumstances by which we are surrounded, far removed from authorities to which we might refer. But in my early days I carefully studied the principles of my religion, and, as a Catholic, I would blush with shame if I could not answer the queries of those who might desire to be informed on any article of my faith.

"But let me hasten to the point, as the time passes rapidly. You desire to know the ground which the Catholic has for believing that his Church is the Church established by the Redeemer of the world. Among the many arguments that might be advanced in proof of this point, I will only deduce three, and to these I invite your attention.

"1st. The Catholic is the only Church that can trace its origin to the apostolic ages.

"As the Catholic Church is the only body of Christians who hold communion with the Pope or Bishop of Rome, the Catholic can trace back his Church along the current of time, from age to age, from his present Holiness to St. Peter, who received his commission and his power from the lips of Christ himself. In this catalogue of popes, not one is severed from the line of succession, each professed the same faith, and governed the same Church, which he found established before him. Along this unbroken chain of succession of pastors the Catholic can pass with unerring certainty from the present time to the period when Christianity was first proclaimed in the city of David ; and as he moves his hand over this



golden chain, he finds inscribed upon each successive link the same doctrines, the same dogmas of faith, the same sacraments, without change or variation, from the present pontiff to the days of St. Peter.

"This, Theodore, is no unmeaning or vain boast. Bear with me for a few moments, and I will show you that every article of the Catholic faith may be traced to the apostolic age. You believe that there was a period when the true doctrine of Christ was taught on earth?"

"I do most certainly, but I have always been taught to believe that during the primitive ages of the Church, that is, to about the close of the fifth century, the pure doctrine of Christ was taught in his Church, but that during the middle ages the Church of Rome corrupted the doctrines of the apostles, and introduced many innovations. Such is the opinion of Protestants generally."

"Yes, such I am aware is the prevailing notion among Protestants. Time will not permit me," the Colonel continued, "to enter into an examination of every tenet of Catholic belief, I will therefore only call your attention to those most controverted between Catholics and Protestants,—the real presence, the sacrifice of mass, purgatory, invocation of saints, and confession. It is admitted on all hands that these were dogmas of the Catholic creed for ages before the preaching of Luther. Now, Theodore, if I can show you, by reference to historical documents, that these were the identical doctrines taught and believed in the primitive ages of the Church (when you admit the Church taught the true doctrine), you must admit that the Catholic is the Church of Christ."

"I could not resist so conclusive an argument," Theodore replied.

"The formula of prayers and ceremonies," continued the Colonel, "made use of in celebrating the holy Sacrifice of Mass in the Catholic Church is called a *liturgy*. Now the history of the liturgy, or that of the mass, may be traced to the earliest ages of Christianity; hence we find liturgies in use in the primitive Church, bearing the names of the apostles, and of the early fathers, such as the *liturgy* of St. James, of St. Mark, of the Holy Apostles, of St. Basil, of St. Ambrose, of St. Chrysostom, and many others. These are historical documents entirely within the reach of every Protestant who desires to examine them. They are generally supposed to have either been composed or revised by the saints whose names they bear; certain it is that they were very ancient, dating many of them from the days of the apostles, their origin being lost in the dim vista of antiquity.

"Now by examining these liturgies, we find in them the same language, almost the words, which Father Gabriel makes use of every time he celebrates mass in the chapel at St. Inigoës. We find that in the liturgies of St. James, St. Mark, and that of the Holy Apostles, the priest makes use of the same words of consecration:—*This is my body*; adores the divine emblems after consecration; invokes the intercession of the saints, and especially of the holy Mother of God; and prays for the souls of the faithful departed, precisely as the Catholic priest does at the present day during the celebration of the mass.

"What, Theodore, could be more conclusive than this, that the Catholic Church has preserved, pure and unchanged, the doctrines she received from the lips of the apostles? Would time permit I could prove to you that every other doctrine of the Catholic Church could be traced back to the apostolic times; that St. Cyprian, and other contemporary fathers, as early as the year 258, gave instruction on confession in the same manner that the Catholic priest instructs his flock on that dogma of the belief at the present day.



"2d. If you hold that the Catholic Church fell into error, you must admit that during the period which intervened between the fall of the Church into error and the preaching of Luther, there was no true doctrine on earth, which is contrary to the direct declaration of our divine Redeemer, who promised that the gates of hell should not prevail against his Church, that the Holy Spirit should teach her all truth, and that he himself would abide with her for ever. Behold, Theodore, the dilemma in which Protestantism is placed. It must either admit the truth of Catholicity, or hold that the eternal Son of God has falsified his promise.

"3d. Will you tell me, Theodore, what is the ninth article of the Apostles' Creed?"

"I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints."

"Now, Theodore," continued the Colonel, "I maintain that the Catholic Church is the only Church that does not violate this article, which proposes the belief in the true Church of Christ constantly subsisting on earth, and which is that communion wherein the saints are to be found. Now at the time your Church formed a separate communion, either there was a true Church of Christ on earth, or there was not. If there were, your Church, by forming a separate communion, quitted and renounced the true Church. If you say there was not, then you give the flat contradiction to the creed, inasmuch as you make it propose as the subject of your belief, a thing that did not exist. From these imperfect remarks, Theodore, you must conclude that the Catholic is the true Church of Christ."

"Colonel, I ask nothing more. Your discourse to-night has solved the doubts which have so long perplexed my mind. I am fully persuaded that the Church of Rome is the Church of Christ."

### *On a Faded Violet.*

What thought is folded in thy leaves!

What tender thought, what speechless pain!

I hold thy faded lips to mine,

Thou darling of the April rain!

I hold thy faded lips to mine,

Though scent and azure tint are fled!

O dry, mute lips, ye are the types

Of something in me, cold and dead!

Of something vanished like thy hues,

Of fancy flown, of beauty dim;

Yet for the love of those white hands

That found thee by a river's brim,—

That found thee when thy sunny mouth

Was purpled as with drinking wine—

For love of her who love forgot,

I hold thy faded lips to mine!

That thou shouldst live when I am dead,

When hate is dead, for me, and wrong—

For this, I use my subtlest art,

For this, I fold thee in my song.



## THE DANGER OF MIXED MARRIAGES.

FROM a manuscript tale, which has been placed at our disposal, we select the following chapter. We heartily commend to our readers the sensible and well-timed exposition of the dangers of mixed marriage, which it contains :

### MELVILLE.

There resided in the neighborhood of Ellwood, a family by the name of Melville. Charles Melville, the oldest son, was a young man of agreeable manners ; of a refined and cultivated mind, of a noble and patriotic soul : he enlisted with all the enthusiasm of youth in the contest in which his country was engaged in defence of her rights and her liberties, and at the first sound of the war-trumpet he volunteered in her service. He was on the most friendly terms with Colonel Hamilton's family ; he frequently visited the cottage, and charmed with the conversation of Mrs. Hamilton, he would remain for hours listening to her, as she discoursed in her usual animated style on the beauty of poetry, the pleasure of history, the blessings of liberty, the wrongs of her native country, or the dogmas of religion. The virtuous and amiable Rosina, Colonel Hamilton's sister, had wooed his heart ; but he durst not whisper it to a soul on earth ; nor did he even know that she reciprocated his attachment. But how would he accomplish the ardent desire of his heart ? how would he gain the hand of Rosina ? She was a Catholic, devotedly attached to her religion. He knew the opposition his parents and relatives would make to their union on that account. Personally he was friendly disposed towards the Catholic religion, having been educated in France, and having once assisted at the holy sacrifice of mass, he was so impressed with the solemn service, that he ever afterward retained an esteem and respect for the religion.

He joined the army with Colonel Hamilton, and was promoted to the rank of ensign in one of the companies composing the third regiment of the Maryland Line. The Colonel entertained for young Melville the highest esteem, both on account of the friendly relations that existed between him and the inmates of Ellwood, and on account of the amiable qualities of his mind and heart, as well as his ardent patriotism and distinguished valor. His sense of propriety prevented him from writing to any of Colonel Hamilton's family, but in all the Colonel's correspondence with Ellwood, he would request to be remembered to Mrs. Hamilton and Rosina ; this regard was reciprocated on their part, and Mrs. Hamilton in all her letters to the Colonel would present her respects and those of Rosina to Melville.

One evening, while the Maryland troops were encamped at Middlebrook, after the battle of Monmouth, Melville entered Colonel Hamilton's tent. After a friendly salutation, the Colonel addressed his friend with his usual affability :

"Melville," said he, "I have received a letter from Mrs. Hamilton ; she desires to be kindly remembered to you, and Miss Rosina presents to you her particular regard." At the name of Rosina a flush passed across the countenance of Melville, and after a moment's pause he said :

"But, Colonel, why do you say *particular* regard ? does Miss Rosina desire to be remembered to me more particularly on this, than on former occasions ?"



"Well, Melville, I really do not know, but I give you the exact words of the letter," said the Colonel; "here it is, read it for yourself," and at the same time handing him the letter. Melville took the letter, and having read it, remained for some time in deep study. At length, with an air of seriousness, he thus continued the conversation:

"Colonel," said he, "you have long been my friend; you appear nearer to me than any member of my own family, and, therefore, I feel free to unfold to you a secret unknown to a single individual on earth, and at the same time I have a request to ask, which I hope you will not refuse."

"Melville," replied the Colonel, "you know my friendship and esteem for you; confide to me any matter of confidence you think proper, and if you desire it, it shall remain for ever under the seal of secrecy, a seal that shall never be broken; make known your request, and if it be in my power, nothing, I assure you, would give me greater pleasure than to comply with it."

"Then, Colonel," replied Melville, "learn my secret and my request. My affections have long since centered upon Rosina, and I believe she reciprocates my attachment. But I know your tender solicitude for your only sister; you are to her a brother and a parent, therefore I would not intimate to her the sentiment of my heart, without first making known the matter to you, and asking your consent to our union. If given, our mutual regard for each other shall henceforth be more than friendship; if refused, the high estimation in which I have always regarded you shall never be diminished."

"My dear Melville," replied the Colonel, "your request is one of grave importance. Rosina, I am aware, is amiable and virtuous; she possesses in a high degree all those qualities that might render you happy in life; but I fear there is one obstacle in the way, that will prevent me from giving my consent to your union."

"What obstacle, Colonel, do you allude to? and can it not be removed?" enquired Melville, with a countenance which indicated how deeply he felt the language of the Colonel.

"Melville," replied the Colonel with deep emotion, "you know Rosina is a Catholic, devotedly attached to the principles of her religion. Her father on his dying bed committed her to my care; he enjoined on me as a sacred duty to watch over her youth, to guard her against every contingency, that might in the remotest degree endanger her faith or lead her from the practise of her religion, and above all never to permit her to enter into the bonds of matrimony with a man professing a religion different from her own. Melville, I have always respected the sincerity of your conduct, the integrity of your life, the nobleness of your heart; but as a Protestant you cannot understand the beauty of the Catholic doctrine, nor the sublimity of Catholic institutions. The Catholic Church, having received her doctrines from the lips of her divine Spouse, and having preserved them pure and unblemished from the days of the apostles to the present time, watches with the solicitude of a tender mother, over the spiritual welfare of her children; and nothing brings more poignant grief to her maternal heart than to see these children intermarry with those who profess not her faith. Catholic parents are accountable before God for the faith of their children, and although the Catholic mother might not compromise her faith, still how hard is it for her to serve God and save her soul with a Protestant husband."

"Melville, you may love Rosina, and I have no doubt she would find in you every quality she might desire in a husband, but what security has she that her



children would be raised and educated in the Catholic faith? If you love her tenderly, how can it be that you would desire to become, in all moral probability, the cause of the ruin of her immortal soul?

"On the other hand, you may offer no obstacle to the practice of her religion, you may even offer every facility in your power to enable her to practice it, still a thousand circumstances will arise in her union with you prejudicial to her salvation. Man is a frail, weak mortal; he is apt to imitate the example which he sees before him. If then the Catholic wife is blessed with a husband who unites with her in the same religion, joins her in the same prayers, kneels with her at the same altar, who is equally solicitous with her in instructing their children in the faith of their parents, her faith will be strengthened by his example, her piety and fervor will increase as life advances. But on the contrary, if her husband profess a different faith, if he be a man who cannot join with her in her aspirations to heaven, who cannot accompany her to church, who is indifferent about the religious instruction of his children, it will be a miracle if that wife, influenced by his example, will not become cold and indifferent to the duties of her religion, and abandon the practices of her faith.

"Again, Melville, when the parents differ in religion, what a pernicious influence this difference has upon the minds of their children. The mother may tell them to abstain from meat on days prohibited by the Catholic Church; the father will teach them differently by his example; the mother may teach them to make the sign of the cross, to venerate the mother of God, and to invoke her intercession, and to pray for the souls of the faithful departed; the father may laugh at these practices, and treat them as so many acts of superstition. Under such circumstances what can be expected from the children? If they become Catholics, or rather if they do not become Protestants, or infidels, it is only by a miracle of the grace of God. Add to this the influence of Protestant relatives, who leave no device untried to draw the children from the profession and practice of their religion. Hence, my dear Melville, if I hesitate in giving my assent to your union with Rosina, you will pardon me, now that you have heard my reasons."

When the Colonel had concluded these very judicious remarks, Melville remained for some moments in silence, with his eyes fixed upon the hilt of his sword which he held in his hand: at length, raising his eyes quickly, he said: "Colonel, I admit the truth of every word you have said; those who enter into the indissoluble bonds of matrimony ought to be of one heart and one mind, not only in affection, but also in religion. I well know the honesty of your heart and your attachment to your religion, and therefore I anticipated your answer. But Colonel, do I understand you that mixed marriages are prohibited by the discipline of your Church?"

"No," replied the Colonel, "not absolutely prohibited; but the Church has gone as far as her maternal love for her children will permit her, to discountenance such marriages. Remember, Melville, that marriage is a sacred institution in the Catholic Church; it is one of the sacraments ordained by our Lord himself, by which grace is given to the parties receiving it to live in a holy manner in that state, and to bring up their children in the fear and love of God. But when only one of the parties is a Catholic, the Protestant party does not participate in the grace of the sacrament; the priest is not permitted to solemnize the marriage; he appears on the occasion without surplice or stole, merely as a witness to the matrimonial contract; and the Church withholds from such parties her solemn blessing."



# MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.\**

BY PETER PINKIE.

*Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.*

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

"UPON my word, it's very strange," said Mr. Guirkie to Father Brennan, as the latter entered the breakfast parlor at Greenmount to make his usual morning visit, "I declare it is exceedingly strange."

"What's the matter; any thing new since last night?" enquired the priest.

"No; but that abduction of Miss Hardwinkle—Mrs. Motherly has just returned from the post office, and says there are no tidings of her yet. What in the world could the fellow mean by carrying her off?"

"Humph! you'll soon find that out, I suspect. Lanty seldom plays a trick without an object."

"You think Lanty's the man then, without doubt?"

"Certainly—no other would attempt it," and the priest picked up a newspaper, and familiarly took a seat at the window.

"Why, God bless me, if Robert Hardwinkle gets hold of the unfortunate fellow, he'll transport him," said Uncle Jerry, pacing the room uneasily, and bobbing the tail of his morning gown up and down as usual. "He certainly will transport him, eh! What?"

"Never mind," said the priest "Lanty can take care of himself. With all his recklessness he always manages to keep clear of the hangman. Ten chances to one if caught with the lady in his custody, he would not make it appear he was only taking her home, or perhaps prove an alibi, as he did last week in the bailiff's case."

"Just so. I wouldn't doubt it in the least," assented Uncle Jerry, "the fellow's capable of doing any thing. In fact he has imposed on myself a hundred times. No later than last week the rascal sold me hare's ear crottle, not worth a brass button —"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the priest, "you're beginning to find him out at last."

"Well, but after all, the villain has something in him one can't help liking. He's full of tricks, to be sure, but still he's honest in his own way. I wish to heaven he was out of the county for a while at all events. I wish to the Lord he was! for if he stay here that serpent will destroy him."

"Who—Hardwinkle?"

\* Copy-right secured according to law.



"Yes; he'll follow him like a blood-hound. But I had almost forgotten. What of your young friend Barry. Will he be committed to-day?"

"I fear it. Captain Petersham says he can't help committing him. The case is so clear there's no possibility of getting over it."

"Poor fellow. I'm sorry for him, and I'm very sorry on Mary Lee's account. Can nothing be done to save him—eh?"

"Nothing—the serjeant of the police here—Kennedy, who is really a very honest, decent fellow, says he must identify him."

"They say he's a fine young man, Father John."

"Very much so, indeed. He's as handsome and high-minded a lad as ye could meet with any where. But like all young men in love, he is very imprudent. So much so indeed, that I often think he must have been crazy to act as he has. The idea of his running the gauntlet through all the constables and spies between here and Cork, with a reward of £500 for his head, merely to see a foolish young girl, is so provoking to all who feel an interest in his welfare, that ——"

"Hush! hush! Father John, nonsense, say no more about that. Love's a thing you're not competent to speak of, you know. It's out of your line altogether. So far from thinking the less of him for his imprudence, I know I think the more of him. But apropos of the Lees," he added, throwing up his spectacles and halting before the priest, "have you found out who they are or what they are?"

"No, sir; so far as regards their family connexions, I know no more about them than you know yourself."

"I declare! It's very strange. I can find no one to give me the least information of the family. I tried once to draw something from Kate Petersham—she's so intimate there, but the young baggage was as close as an oyster. As for Rodger, I darn't venture to approach the subject at all, lest he should take alarm, and then he would never come to sell me a picture again. But have you no conception of what the mystery is? It can't be murder, I suppose?"

"Oh no! nothing of that nature. It means that Mr. Lee has got embarrassed in his money affairs, and left home for a time to avoid his creditors—that's all, I suspect."

"Poor fellow," said Uncle Jerry, "it's a pity of him."

"It is," responded the priest, "a great pity; for he's an honorable, generous-hearted man as I've met in many a year."

"God comfort him," ejaculated Uncle Jerry again, twirling his thumbs as he looked through the window. "Oh dear! oh dear—what a poor sight, to see a high-minded, well-bred gentleman like him reduced so low—so low as to trim oil lamps for a living."

"It's hard," said the priest.

"Hard! Why, only think of it. Here am I, a miserable, good-for-nothing old imbecile, without kith or kin in the world, and yet plenty of money in my purse—and a comfortable house to live in, whilst down there in the black bins of Araheera there's a gentleman of birth and education, with an angel of a child to take care of, and not a shilling in his pocket to buy the common necessities of life. I declare it's awful."

"The ways of God are wonderful."

"Wonderful," repeated Uncle Jerry. "I tell you what, Father Brennan, one must be well fortified by religion to bear up against it. A beautiful girl like Mary Lee, pining away in poverty and solitude, working—working, night and day, night and day, at her easel to earn a morsel of bread, and I a worn out old rascal,



doing nothing, nay, occupying some useful body's place in the world, when I should have been kicked out of it long ago. Why sir, it's outrageous to think of it. It's actually outrageous."

"Stop—stop, take care, Mr. Guirkie," said the priest, "you talk too fast."

"Sir, it would provoke any man. I say if Aristotle were a saint, it would provoke him;" and Uncle Jerry rose and pushed back the chair violently.

"But this is taking God Almighty to task, Mr. Guirkie. You should remember he orders every thing for the best, and that inscrutable are his judgments, and unsearchable his ways."

"I know that. I know God is good, and I know all that seems strange to us now will be fully explained hereafter, of course. Why, if I didn't believe that I wouldn't put up with it half the time."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the priest—"put up with it. You havn't much to put up with, I should think!"

"No matter for that," said Uncle Jerry, "I have my own feelings on that point, and you know very well, Father John ——" (Here Mr. Guirkie was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Motherly).

"Humph! may I beg to know mam," said he, turning half round and looking angrily at his respectable house-keeper, "may I beg to know why we are interrupted?"

"It's no offence, I hope, to come with a message?" said Mrs. Motherly deprecatingly. "I niver thought it was."

"Didn't you?" said Uncle Jerry, turning his side to her, for he was afraid to look her in the face, "it's no matter what you thought."

"Don't be unkind to the good woman," said Father John, who understood Mr. Guirkie well, and knew all his little weaknesses respecting Mrs. Motherly. "Don't be unkind to her, Mr. Guirkie. She is a very excellent woman, is Mrs. Motherly."

"Humph—good enough if she only knew her place," muttered Uncle Jerry. "But I protest against her inveterate habit of interrupting me when I have company. I shan't tolerate it."

"Just listen to that, Father John, when he knows in his heart and soul that it's his own story he's tellin'."

"My own story, woman?"

"Yes, sir; jest yer own story. For ye niver have company in the house but ye thrate me this way. There's no livin with ye, when there's any body to the fore."

"And how is it when he's alone?" enquired the priest, smiling.

"He's as quiet as a lamb, your Reverence."

"It's false," said Mr. Guirkie, "I say it's false."

"False! Oh the Lord pardon ye sir, the lord pardon ye for beliein yerself; for I'd take it to my death, Father Brennan, there's not a quieter nor a kinder man livin, when he's by himself."

"Indeed!" said the priest, emphasizing the word, and looking significantly at Mr. Guirkie. "Ho! ho! that's the way of it!"

"Pray what do you mean, Mr. Brennan?" demanded Uncle Jerry.

"Oh nothing, nothing particular," replied the priest, who was fond of a quiet joke at Mr. Guirkie's expense. "I was merely thinking of what Captain Peter-sham says of you and Mrs. Motherly."

"Of me and Mrs. Motherly?" repeated Uncle Jerry.

"Of me and Mr. Guirkie?" echoed Mrs. Motherly. What could he say of me, yer Reverence? I defy him to say any thing of me but what's dacent."



"Of course you do, Mrs. Motherly. You have always been, since you came to reside in my parish, an honest, respectable woman. Captain Petersham when he spoke of you and Mr. Guirkie, never pretended to insinuate ——"

"Oh, I dar him to it," exclaimed the good woman, "I dar him to it, and he'll be here face to face, afore many minutes, for the message I came with was from his groom that he'd call here on his return from the barracks. I'll dar him to say any thing against my character. Och, och, it'd be a poor day with me, to hear my name now in the mouth of the people, after livin fourteen long years a widow, without man or mortal ever persumin to throw dirt at my door. Hierna! the Lord be about us, to spake of Mr. Guirkie and me, in the same breath."

"My good woman," said the priest, rising from his chair and approaching her, "you take this quite too seriously."

"Well, listen to me, yer Reverence, for a minit."

"No, no, not now—some other time—it's all a joke, you know."

"Joke; but I'll let neither man or woman joke with my kerakter, Father Brennan. I'll not lie under it, yer Reverence. Mr. Guirkie's a good man, sir, and a dacent man, and has the good will of rich and poor, but may I niver cross that flure again, if he had the vartues of all the saints in the collinder and all the goold in the bank of England to boot, if I'd ever as much as think of him, barrin as I ought to do, and as it becomes my place to do. I know he's kind to me, sir, and very kind to me ——"

"Quit the room, mam," commanded Uncle Jerry, "quit the room, instantly;" and snatching the spectacles from his face, he motioned with them to the door. "I command you to quit the room."

"And yer house too," replied Mrs. Motherly, raising her apron to her eyes. "Oh dear, oh dear, isn't it a poor thing that an ould woman like me can't button her master's leggins, or tie his cravat, but he'll suspect her of thinking of what she niver dreamt of?"

"I suspect you!"

"Ay, just you, Mr. Guirkie, for I believe in my heart no one else could ever make up such a story. I don't deny that I liked ye for a master in spite of all yer odd ways, and that I tried to take care of you, when I seen ye couldn't take care of yerself, but it's little I thought ye'd conster my kindness in the way ye did."

"Mrs. Motherly," said Uncle Jerry, running his hands under his skirts, and bending towards his housekeeper, "may I beg to be informed whether I am master in this house, and if so, why don't you quit the room when I command you?"

"As for this cruel thratement, after so many years slavin and workin for ye, night and day," continued the weeping widow, without paying the least attention to her master's request, "I forgive ye for it."

"You're resolved then not to quit the room," said Uncle Jerry; "eh, have you actually made up your mind *not* to leave?"

"Och, hoch! ye'd be dead in yer grave many a year ago, Mr. Guirkie, only for the way I watched ye, for yer Reverence there, you know yerself, the poor man has no more wit nor a child ——"

"Humph—I see ~~you~~ won't go, Mrs. Motherly. Very well then," said Uncle Jerry. I shall—let me pass."

As he rushed through the entrance hall of the cottage, his slippers clattering against his heels and his spectacles swinging from his fingers, the hall door opened and Captain Petersham entered, whip in hand.



"Soh ho! what now?" exclaimed the burly Captain.

"Good morning, sir," responded Uncle Jerry, bowing stiffly.

"You're excited, Mr. Guirkie, eh! What's the matter?"

"Excited; can't I get excited in my own house, if I please, Captain Petersham, without being obliged to account for it?"

"Undoubtedly, sir, most undoubtedly. Why not?"

"That is," said Uncle Jerry, correcting himself, "that is if I'm *master* of the house, but it seems I am not. My house-keeper, Mrs. Motherly there, is *master*;" and he glanced back at the parlor door.

"Ho, ho!" ejaculated the Captain, "it's only a lover's quarrel, then. Come, come, Mr. Gurkie, you musn't get angry with Mrs. Motherly if the good woman grows jealous with you now and then, you must try to conciliate her you know, the best way you can."

"Captain Petersham, your language is offensive," said Uncle Jerry, "and I shan't put up with it any longer."

"And Captain Petersham, you must clear my karacter this very minit," sobbed Mrs. Motherly, coming up from the parlor with her apron to her eyes, followed by Father John. "I'm a lone woman, sir, and have nothing but my karacter to depend on."

"By the lord Harry," exclaimed the Captain, looking from one to the other, "here's a pretty piece of work. Ho! ho! and Father Brennan, too. By George, sir, you're the very man. You can settle the whole of it in a jiffy."

"How so?"

"Why, marry them at once, sir. Marry them instantly. Nothing else will ever put a stop to their love quarrels."

Mr. Guirkie on hearing this could contain himself no longer. "Captain Peter sham," he cried, "I shall not ask you to quit my house, for nobody ever did quit it yet at my request, and nobody ever will, I suppose, but, sir, I'll leave you and your friends to occupy the premises. For my part, I leave this neighborhood to-morrow, and seek for some place where I can live in peace."

"Mr. Guirkie, are you mad?" said Father John, stopping him as he turned the handle of the hall door.

"Gentlemen, dear, don't let him go out without his cap," said Mrs. Motherly, "and them slippers of his, sure they're no bether than brown paper—he'll ketch his death of cold. Oh *hierna! hierna!*"

"Mr. Brennan, am I to consider myself a prisoner in my own house?" demanded Mr. Guirkie.

As the priest was about to reply, the clatter of horses' feet was heard approaching, and the next instant Kate Petersham mounted on "Moll Pitcher," came cantering into the court yard, and reining up at the door, jumped from the side saddle.

"Mr. Guirkie, a word with you," said Kate, taking his arm, and leading him back to the parlor; "as for you, Father John, I must see you before the trial comes on."

*To be continued.*



## Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITE.

**DIALOGUES OF ST. GREGORY.**—*How the man of God with only a look loosed the bonds of the rustic.*—There was a certain Goth of the Arian heresy, Zalla by name, who persecuted the religious of the Catholic Church with the utmost cruelty; so that no ecclesiastic or monk whatever who came in his way, might leave his hands alive. One day when fired by his avaricious desires and thirst of plunder, he was vexing a certain countryman with cruel torments, and was putting him to the torture in various ways, the latter overcome by his pains declared that he had given up his goods to the servant of God, Benedict; hoping while his tormentor believed this story, to gain some rest from his cruelty and a few hours more to live. Zalla then ceased from tormenting the rustic, but binding his arms with strong thongs he set forth upon his horse, driving the other before him, to shew him who was the Benedict who had received his property. The rustic thus leading the way with his arms tied, conducted him to the monastery of the holy man, whom they found sitting alone and reading before the entrance of the house. The rustic then turning to the ferocious Zalla said: "Behold this is the Benedict of whom I told thee." He having looked upon him with his angry passions, and in the foolishness of his perverse mind thinking himself about to act with the terror which was his wont, with a loud voice called out: "Rouse up, rouse up, and restore the goods of this man, which thou hast received." At which words the man of God immediately raised his eyes from his book, and having looked upon him, he presently after turned his regard upon the countryman, confined with bonds; and when he bent his eyes upon his arms, the knotted thongs began in a marvellous manner to unfold themselves with such rapidity, that by no haste of men could they have been loosed so quickly. When then he who had come there bound stood thus suddenly released, Zalla, astonished at the might of his power, fell down, and bowing the rigid neck of his cruelty at his feet, commended himself to his prayers. The holy man however by no means left his reading, but calling the brothers, directed him to be conducted within, and food to be set before him, with blessing. Whom, when he returned before himself, he admonished to cease from his enormous cruelty. And he departing thus subdued, dared ask nothing more of the rustic, whom the man of God not with the touch of his hands, but with looking upon him, had set free. Behold, Peter, how as I have said, they who familiarly serve Almighty God, may sometimes of their power work wonders. For while still in his seat, he checked the ferocity of the terrible Goth, and with a glance dissolved the bonds and notted thongs which girded the arms of the innocent one, by the celerity itself of the miracle he shows, how with the power he had received he performed what he did. In the next place, I will shew how great a miracle of another kind he was able to obtain by his prayers.

**LIBERTY CAP.**—In the court of the temple of the Goddess of Liberty, the Roman prætor emancipated all slaves, who by money, important services, or otherwise, had obtained the right of freedom; when manumitted, they were presented by their masters with a white robe and an iron ring, and as none but freemen were allowed to cover their heads in Rome, a part of the ceremony consisted in giving a cap, such as was then worn. Hence Liberty and the cap became associated, and when medals were struck in honor of Brutus, Liberty was represented with the freeman's cap on one side and two daggers on the other. This emblem has since been adopted by almost all nations as the emblem of liberty. With the Spaniards at a very early period, with the Swiss and with the Americans, North and South, it has successively been a popular badge of freedom. The French, during their revolution, wished to establish the cap as a national emblem, but took the *bonnet rouge*, unluckily choosing the Phrygian cap, which belonged to a people who never knew freedom.



**MOZART'S REQUIEM.**—In the street Saint-Joseph, at Vienna, was a shop of ancient and modern curiosities, occupied by the honest George Rutler. Every week, for a long while, a pale faced gentleman might have been seen entering it, who after purchasing some little trinket, would stop and play awhile with the broker's little children. He was well known in person, seemed an old friend, and yet they knew not his name.

One morning, hearing Rutler hushing the noise of his children, he learned that Madame Rutler had given birth, a few hours before, to her twelfth child.

"The twelfth!" said he. "Have you a godfather, Mr. Rutler?"

"Alas, sir! godfathers are not lacking to the children of the rich; but I know not where I shall find one for this poor little new-born girl."

"Ah! Suppose then I do you the office, and we will call her Gabriella. And, if it please you I will remit you one hundred florins for the expenses of her baptism. I will not meddle at all with it, and here is my address, that you may let me know it when all is ready."

"Ah, sir! But how can I ever repay you for this favor?"

"I ask this only: that you will let me sit a few moments at this piano. The thought, with which, for a long time, I have endeavored to conclude a musical composition, has just flashed over me. If I do not try it now, it may escape me entirely."

The good man Rutler places a stool before the instrument; the gentleman seats himself, opens it, and, after a delicate prelude, touches the keys with an expression which proves him a perfect master. In a few minutes the passers-by pause at the shop door; the music acts like a charm upon the little ones, and they no longer need their father's voice to still their cries. All, adults and children, listen, spell-bound to the heavenly harmony, and they feel that the musician is Mozart himself.

Without giving the least attention to the crowd about him, as soon as he had judged himself of the effects of his inspiration, he took a sheet of paper, traced the air, rose with cheeks more flushed than usual, renewed his offer to his host, and departed.

About three days afterwards Rutler repaired to the indicated address; but he shuddered when he gained it, for a coffin stood at the door; Mozart was no more! Sad at heart, he returned, and with weeping eyes regarded the piano from whose keys had issued the *last* notes of Mozart; of that *requiem*, the conclusion of which a fatal pre-sentiment had for two months prevented.

The child of whom he desired to become the godfather received the name of Gabriella, as he had wished; and when the story became known, the curious ran in crowds to bargain with the broker for that piano which had been but a single time touched by the god of German music. It found more than one amateur ready to purchase it, and Rutler sold it finally for four hundred florins, *which was the dowry of Gabriella.*

**GOD IS PASSING BY.**—Where the gentle streamlets flow,  
Where the morning dew-drops glow,  
Where the zephyrs wing their flight  
In the cool and welcome night—  
Whispering through the fragrant grove  
To the heart that "God is love!"  
Where the light cloud skims the sky,  
Worship! "God is passing by!"  
Hoary forest, rugged rock,  
Roaring torrent, earthquake shock.  
And when thunder rends the sky,  
Tremble! "God is passing by!"

THAT WAS excellently observed, say I, when I read a passage in an author where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, there I pronounce him to be mistaken.

Swift.



**THE HONEST FATHER.**—The following story, whether veritable or otherwise, contains many salutary lessons, which we commend to our readers:

One evening, a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat together by the way-side, near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took a loaf of bread, which he had bought in town, and was about to break it, and to give one-half to his boy.

"Not so father," said the boy, "I shall not eat till after you. You have been working hard all day, for small wages, to support me, and you must be very hungry. I shall wait till you are done."

"I shall divide the loaf with my son, but eat it I shall not; I have abundance; and let us thank God for his great goodness in giving us food, and in giving us what is better still, cheerful and contented hearts. He who gave us the living bread from Heaven to nourish our immortal souls, how shall he not give us other food which is necessary to support our mortal bodies."

The father and the son thanked God, and then began to cut the loaf in pieces, to begin their frugal meal. But as they cut one portion of the loaf, there fell out several pieces of gold of great value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing forward to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father.

"My son, my son!" he cried, "do not touch the money; it is not ours."

"But whose is it, father, if it is not ours?"

"I know not yet to whom it belongs; but probably it was put there by the baker through some mistake. We must inquire. Run."

"But father," interrupted the boy, "you are poor and needy, and you have bought the loaf, and then the baker may tell a lie, and ——"

"I will not listen to you, my boy, I bought the loaf, but I did not buy the gold in it. If the baker sold it to me in ignorance, I shall not be so dishonest as to take advantage of him. Remember Him who tells us to do to others as we would have others do to us. I am poor indeed, but that is no sin. If we share the poverty of Jesus, God's own Son, O let us share also his goodness and his trust in God. We may never be rich, but we may always be honest. We may die of starvation, but God's will be done, should we die in doing it! Yes, my boy, trust God and walk in his ways, and you shall never be put to shame. Now run to the baker, and bring him here, and I shall watch the gold till he comes!"

So the boy ran for the baker.

"Brother workman," said the old man, "you have made some mistake, and almost lost your money;" and he showed the baker the gold, and how it had been found.

"Is it thine?" asked the father; "if it is, take it away."

"My father, baker, is very poor, and ——"

"Silence, my child; put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this poor man from losing his money."

The baker had been gazing alternately upon the honest father and his eager boy, and upon the gold which lay glittering upon the green turf.

"Thou art indeed, an honest fellow," said the baker; "and my neighbor, David the flax-dresser, spoke the truth when he said thou wert the honestest man in town.—Now, I shall tell thee of the gold:—A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave me that loaf and told me to sell it cheap, or give it away to the honestest poor man whom I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me as a customer, this morning; as thou wouldst not take the loaf for nothing, I sold it to thee as thou knowest for the last pence in thy purse; and the loaf with all its treasure—and certain it is not small—is thine; and may God grant thee a blessing with it."

The poor father bent his head to the ground, while tears ran from his eyes. The boy ran and put his head upon his neck, and said, "I shall always do like you, my father; trust God, and do what is right; for I am sure it will never put me to shame."

THE mind has more room in it than most people think, if you would but furnish the apartments.

Gray.



**FOOLSCAP PAPER.**—Everybody knows what "foolscap paper" is, but would probably be puzzled to tell how it came to bear that singular cognomen. Well, when Charles I found his revenue short, he granted certain privileges amounting to monopolies, and among these was the manufacture of paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain parties, who grew rich, and enriched the government at the expense of those who were obliged to use paper. At this time, all the English paper bore in water marks the royal arms. The Parliament under Cromwell, made jests and jeers at his law in every conceivable manner, and among other indignities to the memory of Charles it was ordered that the royal arms be removed from the paper, and the fool's cap and bells be substituted. These were also removed when the Rump Parliament was prorogued, but paper of the size of the Parliament's journals still bears the name of "foolscap."

**THE IMMORAL PRESS OF GREAT BRITAIN.**—It appears from the *Edinburgh Review*, that the total number of immoral publications issued is 29,000,000 annually, being more than all the publications of the different religious societies, and the seventy religious magazines. The present circulation in London itself of deeply immoral publications amounts to 4,000,000 weekly, and in one large manufacturing town alone, the weekly issue of an impious, blasphemous paper exceeds 23,000; the editor and proprietor of the paper both deny the existence of a God!

**PARODY.**—We take the following excellent parody from an exchange, slightly altered from the original:

Lives there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said:  
I will a *Catholic monthly* take,  
Both for my own and children's sake?  
If such there be let him repent  
And have *our monthly* to him sent.

**RESOLUTIONS.**—Never to resent a supposed injury till I know the views and motives of the author of it. Not on any occasion to relate it.

Always take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never to think the worse of another on account of his differing from me in political or religious opinions.

Not to affect to be witty, or to jest so as to wound the feelings of another.

To aim at cheerfulness, without levity.

Never to court the favors of the rich by flattering either their vices or their vanities.

**WHAT THE PRESS SHOULD BE—**

Firm in the right, the daily press should be  
The tyrant's foe, the champion of the free;  
Faithful and constant to its sacred trust,  
Calm in its utterance, in its judgment just;  
Wise in its teaching, incorrupt, and strong  
To spend the right and to denounce the wrong;  
Long may it be ere candor must confess,  
On Freedom's shore a weak and venal press.

**TARRING AND FEATHERING.**—This, it seems, is not a "peculiar institution" of the country, but is an European invention as well as a Tupinamban. Holinshed records the following ordinance of Richard I (1190) for seamen: "If any man be taken with theft or pickery, and thereof convicted, he shall have his head polled, and hot pitch poured upon his pate, and upon that, the feathers of some pillow or cushion shaken aloft, that he may thereby be known for a thief; and at the next arrival of the ships to any land, be put forth of the company to seek his adventures, without all hope of return unto his fellows."

*Mills' Hist. of Crusades.*



**THE FREE FLAG OF AMERICA.**—Here is a gem from the isle of emeralds, which poetically pictures the famine period, when in Ireland's night of gloom the stars of the republic shone out and irradiated her dark and dismal sky. As it seems not impossible, says the *Dublin Nation*, that the stars and the stripes may be flashing in Irish waters ere long, is there any reason why we should not hail it, yet happily at peace with our lords and masters:

Flag of the free! I remember me well,  
When your stars in our dark sky were shining,  
'Twas the season when men like the cold rain fell,  
And poured into graves unrepining—  
'Twas the season when darkness and death rode about,  
In the eye of the day dim with sorrow,  
And the mourner's song had scarce strength to moan out,  
E're he followed his sire on the morrow.

Flag of the free! I behold you again,  
And I blessed God who guarded me ever—  
And I found in your shade that the children of men—  
Half the glory of Adam recover—  
And they tell me—the knaves!—thou dost tipify sin,  
That thy folds fling infection around them—  
That thy stars are but spots of the plague that's within,  
And which shortly will raging surround them.

Not so! oh not so, thou bright pioneer banner,  
Thou art not what factions miscall thee;  
Where humanity is, there must ever be honor,  
Shame can't stain, let what else may befall thee,  
Over Washington's march, o'er the Macedon's freight;  
When flying the angel's ordained thee;

“The flag of the free, the beloved of fate,  
And the hope of mankind,” have they named thee.

**RULES FOR STUDY.**—Professor Davis, an eminent mathematician, in conversing with a young friend of his upon the importance of system in studying, as well as in every thing else, took a piece of paper and wrote off the following important rules: 1. Learn one thing at a time. 2. Learn that thing well. 3. Learn its connections, as far as possible with all other things. 4. Believe that to know everything of something, is better than to know something of everything.

**TO MAKE APPLE PIES WITHOUT APPLES.**—One cup of sugar, one tea-spoonful of tartaric acid, two cups of water, one cup of light bread crumbled fine, one egg. Season with lemon or any thing that suits the taste. Let the water be warm when the bread is put in, that it may soak soft. Bake with a crust, as you would an apple pie.

**A COMPARISON.**—A pleasant, cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who delight to torture lost spirits.

**WHAT LITERATURE IS.**—Poetry is said to be the flower of literature, prose is the corn, potatoes and meat; satire is the aquafortis, wit is the spice and pepper; love letters are the honey and sugar; letters containing remittances are the apple-dumplings.

It cannot be too deeply impressed on the mind, that application is the price to be paid for mental acquisitions, and that it is as absurd to see them without it as to hope for a harvest where we have not sown the seed.

**PRUSSIAN NEWSPAPERS.**—The police of Berlin have forbidden newspapers to admit advertisements for wives and husbands, on the ground that they are contrary to propriety.



## Review of Current Literature.

1. HOMERIC BALLADS AND COMEDIES OF LUCIAN, translated by the late *William Maginn*, LL. D. Annotated by *Dr. Shelton Mackenzie*. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is the fourth volume of a series of books, published by Redfield, comprising the literary labors of the brilliant and accomplished Maginn.

The Homeric Ballads consist of detached portions of the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*, translated into the various ballad measures of our language, and into some metres that can by no means be entitled ballad measures. Thus we have one in the Spenserian stanza, and another in the irregular or syllabic verse, of which Sir Walter Scott was so fond. In this collection, Mr. Maginn has done in English, what the rhapsodists did in Greek, split up Homer into independent songs, and treated each extract as a separate and distinct poem. The translations are executed with both accuracy and spirit, qualities which it is not always easy to combine.

Accompanying them we have some capital bits of philological criticism, which not only assist the general reader to the comprehension of the translations, but constitute valuable annotations upon the original text. Pope is criticised with that severity with which a reader of the original must necessarily regard a paraphrase which wanders as far as possible from its text. Mr. Maginn shows that the English poet has completely misconceived the spirit of his author and produced a poem altogether different from that of the ancient Greek. It is emphatically *Pope's Iliad*; nothing could well be more unlike *Homer's*. Still, with all these capital defects, Mr. Maginn consents to consider the production of Alexander Pope a splendid work of art. To coincide with him, we shall be compelled to consider the English *Iliad* as a near adaptation of the Greek poem to the artificial taste of the days of Queen Anne and admire it as we should admire the ingenuity of the trimmer of box borders, who while he violates the grace and propriety of nature, produces a result which gives pleasure to the spectator and has a sort of fitness in the formal arrangements of which it is a part.

The translation of Lucian's Comedies is also worthy of commendation. Mr. Maginn has caught the scoffing spirit of the Greek Voltaire, and has rendered his nervous prose into vigorous blank verse.

2. PAUL FERROL, a tale by the author of "IX Poems by V." From the fourth English edition. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We do not know when we have read a more thoroughly disagreeable and purposeless novel. It is a printed night-mare. The hero of the novel murders his wife in the first chapter, but his guilt is concealed from the reader till near the close of the volume. He marries an early love, lives a life of intellectual pleasures passionately devoted to his wife, and desiring her to be as wholly given up to him. Throughout the volume we can detect no twinge of remorse. He is as indifferent to the act as is the steel with which the murder is committed. There remains in him, however, a certain savage sense of justice and honor, which does not allow him to shield himself from punishment at the expense of an innocent victim. Accordingly when such an one, who has been guilty of some little pilfering from the dead body, has been arrested on suspicion of the murder, the real culprit, after bidding a passionate farewell to his wife and young daughter, hastens to the authorities and surrenders himself. He pleads guilty and is of course condemned. His daughter induces her lover, upon whose suit the father has frowned, to interfere and bribe the jailers. He does so, and escapes. He hastens to America, leaving behind him the corpse of the wife, who died heart-broken, at the intelligence of her husband's guilt. In this country, attended and cheered by his daughter, he dies, and the novel ends.

What possible object the author could have had in writing such a story we cannot even conjecture. We would say that its moral effect was exceedingly bad, if we thought



that the hero could excite interest sufficient in his fate to excite any influence upon the readers of the novel. He is too cold, too thoroughly inhuman to do any thing of the sort; and therefore the story, though worse in its moral tone than Bulwer's Eugene Aram, cannot be expected to do the same amount of mischief.

3. **LE CORRESPONDANT.** A Monthly Magazine, devoted to Religion and Literature. Paris: Charles Douniol. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have received seven numbers of this able periodical, commencing from Oct. 25, 1855, the first number of a new series. A work like the *Correspondant* is bound to make a strong impression upon the public mind, particularly among the educated and cultivated classes. A mere enumeration of its contributors, would prove its claim to respectful attention, showing that many of the first intellects of France make it the channel to convey their thoughts to the world at large. We have not yet been able to read many of the articles, but we may mention several which have arrested our attention, selected at random, and not for any known superiority over others: *De L'Avenir Politique de l'Angleterre*, by M. de Montalembert; *De Quelques Tendances de la Littérature Française*, by M. de Lacombe; *L'Univers et Le Correspondant*, by M. de Caux; *Washington et Lafayette*, by M. de Metz-Noblat; *Le Correspondant et la Littérature*, by M. de Pontmartin; *Des Caractères de la Polemique Religieuse Actuelle*, by M. de Broglie; *Conférences de Toulouse*, by R. P. Lacordaire, &c.

Besides the able contributions named above, and others, by distinguished men whose services are engaged by *Le Correspondant*, we find a gratuitous contribution, equally unlooked for and unwelcome, we presume, in the February number, "*Signé, Billaut*," and countersigned by *Le Commissaire de Police*, CH. NUSSE. In other words, the proprietors of *Le Correspondant* had published in the preceding number an article distasteful to the ruling powers, and had called down upon themselves an *Avertissement*, a gentle admonition to rein up a little or take the consequences. The offending article was one we have mentioned, *Des Caractères de la Polemique Religieuse Actuelle*, by M. de Broglie. The proprietor of the Magazine appeared quite surprised at the action of the government, and he remarked that "The notice sent us leaves us entirely ignorant what portions of the article of M. Le Prince de Broglie appeared to deserve this penalty. It is well known, moreover, that this act of authority cannot be followed by any commentary."

Of course our American curiosity was piqued to know what kind of illicit traffic in literature had thus been visited by imperial censure, and the condemned article, like forbidden fruit, became the first object of attraction.

We gave it then a rapid reading, and found many good things in it certainly, but withal a little sauciness of manner towards the government. There was more perhaps, implied than expressed, and accustomed as we are to the broadest charges against our ruling powers, we could scarcely detect anything sufficiently explicit to call for restraint. Doubtless an insinuation expresses more in France than the most violent diatribes do here, but this rigid censorship of the press is to us something beyond comprehension. There is, or was, a somewhat acrid discussion going on between *L'Univers* and *Le Correspondant*, of the merits of which we are not prepared to judge; M. de Broglie's general propositions appear to us to be sound and well timed, if not always conclusive. He says a portion of the religious press of France has a defiant tone towards those not friendly to the Church, and he thinks more mildness and forbearance would answer a better purpose. He says decidedly that this tone is injuring the cause of religion instead of advancing it. This being an *ex parte* statement, we can only say, that if true, "more's the pity." He informs us, moreover, that the general expression of the world's press is less favorable to religion now than a few years back, which he accounts for as follows: Hope and fear are the principal motive forces in the human breast. At the revolution of 1848 the people of France were struck with terror, and they crowded around the altars of God to save them from such terrible chastisements as had fallen upon them before, and to ask for the reinstatement of religious authority.



In time, from various causes, the ardor of that time cooled down, and the press adapted itself to the spirit of its patrons. And now, notwithstanding that the churches are well filled with devout worshippers, there is a hostility springing up in various quarters, at war with this spirit of devotion. Perhaps M. de Broglie colors his picture too highly, and overrates this hostile feeling, he writes like an advocate and we think he does, but be it as he says, what does it signify? Is it the sufficient cause for melancholy forebodings? we think not. It is but the ancient warfare between the world and the Church, which may be stilled for awhile, but which can never cease. In past ages the nature of the war was different, but now the surges of infidelity sweep over every land. How can France be exempt? The gates of hell are powerful, always were, and always will be—yet they can never prevail. And so indeed, he says, there is a tendency towards an extensive combination and reaction against the Church, over all of which she will triumph in the end, “*qui en doute ?*” but after great losses and trials.

He says well, elsewhere, that the Church was constituted by her divine founder to adapt herself to all forms of government, without identifying herself with any; she has survived all revolutions of human affairs; she has borne the imperial despotism of the Cæsars, has partaken of the organization of the feudal sovereignties, has sustained the tempered monarchy of Christian Kings, and thrives now upon the republican soil of America, sustaining all without consolidation with any form. He would not have her now bound up with any existing absolute power of chance growth, or depending upon the caprice of the multitude—with a power that emergency (or necessity) creates, that force maintains, that chance changes! Let him not fear, however, for he has already told us how she has ever survived all the mutations of human affairs, and how she has avoided consolidation with any form of government.

We cannot pursue this further, nor pronounce any sentence on the actual religious polemics agitating France, or on the special differences between *Le Correspondant* and *L'Univers*, or other religious papers. We must say, however, that the former appears to give a generally correct view of the theories, views and principles, religious and literary, of many of the first men of France.

4. GLEANINGS: SOME WHEAT—SOME CHAFF. By *Miss A. A. Goddard*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Miss Goddard, in her preface to this book, hopes that it “may escape the rough growlings of some unsympathizing critic.” While we earnestly hope that the prayer of the fair authoress may be heard, we beg leave to assure her that we do not belong to that unsympathizing class, and so far from “growling” at the grateful present she has offered us, we take pleasure in commending it to our readers.

5. RECOLLECTIONS OF THE TABLE-TALK OF SAMUEL ROGERS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This book is, we believe, made up of gleanings from the writings of the distinguished man whose name it bears, but is given to the public without the name of an author to vouch for the authenticity of its contents, an omission which we much regret. Whether it be the veritable production of the pen of the great poet and scholar or not, it contains much that is agreeable and entertaining. Its chief staple, however, is anecdote, detailing many peculiarities of the private life, amusing incidents, witticism, and caustic sayings of the literati of England, with whom Rogers was for so long a period familiar.

6. MARGARET MAITLAND OF SUNNYSIDE. By *Mrs. Olyphant*. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

It may be that our penetration is somewhat obscured, or that we do not understand the half Scotch in which the book is written, but we confess that we have failed, after several trials, to discover what has been the aim of Mrs. Olyphant in the work she has presented to the public. It fails to amuse; it imparts no instruction, at least to our mind; and its style would tire the patience of any mortal, unless he would impose the reading on himself by way of penance.



## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The public will learn with pleasure that Messrs. Murphy & Co. will shortly issue the following works, viz.

**ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY AND TRIGONOMETRY.** By *B. Sestini, S. J.*, author of *Analytical Geometry, Elementary Algebra, and A Treatise on Algebra*—Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in Georgetown College.

To those engaged in the laborious duty of teaching, it must afford much satisfaction to know that such men as Prof. Sestini have undertaken the arduous task of simplifying and rendering more pliant the instruments, if we may use the expression, of imparting instruction. Of the learned Prof. it is unnecessary to speak; his well known reputation, and the numerous works with which his name is connected, are a sufficient guarantee for the character of the new work shortly to be presented to the public.

One of the chief merits of Prof. Sestini's Mathematical Works, and one that has rendered them so deservedly popular, is the clearness and brevity with which they present to the pupil the most difficult mathematical problems. Touching this subject, we transcribe the following observations from the preface of the work, now being prepared.

"But the opinions of men vary with the times; and one who in our days would venture to recommend the abridgment of the time commonly given, in modern institutions, to natural sciences, and given, not unfrequently with considerable prejudice, to a more solid instruction in literature and moral philosophy, would be censured as the ignorant advocate of an obsolete theory. . . . .

"The preceding remarks have already furnished the reason of the plan followed in the present elementary work: and, first, since geometry is not to be severed now from the other branches of mathematics, but forms part of the same science with them and succeeds algebra, he who teaches or writes a Geometry for schools, supposes the knowledge of algebra, or at least some practice in algebraical language. In the present work, with the exception of the doctrine of ratios and proportions, which is common to all the various branches of mathematics, it may be said that nothing is supposed or borrowed from algebra, except its language; and he who objects to it as a mixing up of algebra with simple geometry would judge as some did of the publications of the Baron of Zach, written with Greek characters, but in the French language, and thought by them to be Greek, when, in fact, it was nothing else but French. But, some would ask, why make use of the algebraic language in geometry? I would ask in my turn, Why do you wish that geometry should succeed algebra? Is it not to derive some benefit from algebra? But I will rather propose another question: Is it not you who require to travel over a long journey in a short time? The algebraic language is laconic: it says much in a few words; and that which, if expressed in the old style, would require a book, may be reduced to a few pages by the use of the terminology of algebra, whilst the reasoning remains still as vigorous and as lucid as before. In this manner you secure copiousness of matter and economy at the same time, and the pupil is prevented from losing the practice of algebraic language."

**THE LIFE OF MRS. ELIZA A. SETON, Foundress and first Superior of the Sisters, or Daughters of Charity, in the United States.** By the Rev. *Charles I. White, D.D.*

No work ever issued from the Catholic press of America has met with a more flattering reception from the public than the "*LIFE OF MRS. SETON.*" Its instructive and interesting character, arising from the variety and importance of the details presented in the narrative, gives it a charm for every class of readers. Whether we view the subject of this biography in youth or mature age, as a daughter or a mother, as an inquirer after religious truth, or as a member of the Church, in secular or in the seclusion consecrated to the practice of the evangelical counsels, she appears, at all times, a model for imitation. In a literary point of view, her letters and other writings are admirable specimens of English style, remarkable for their force and elegance. In addition to these features of the work, it is so constructed as to embody the more prominent events in the history of the Church in the United States during the period which it embraces.



GRANTLEY MANOR, the well known and favorite novel, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. To be followed by other works of this distinguished authoress.

Lady Fullerton is indeed a novelist—not a mere tale-writer; but, with all her power and ability, she seeks no artistic triumph. Her novels have a lesson—a moral—of practical utility; while every page contains observations and suggests reflections that cannot fail to excite noble and generous feelings in the hearts of the young. Her works have become a part of the standard Catholic literature of our language. Amid the host of lady writers who have contributed their portion during the present century, there are few who surpass her, or even vie with her. There is a charm and beauty in her narrative totally independent of the descriptive power to which of late so exaggerated a position is assigned. She paints characters, not inanimate scenery.

A UNIFORM SERIES OF THE POPULAR TALES AND ROMANCES of M. *Hendrik Conscience*, the great novelist of Belgium,

The Flemish author, whose works are about to be presented to American readers, has long enjoyed an European reputation. He was born at Antwerp, of French parentage; and, although perfectly familiar with his paternal language, chose to select the old familiar tongue of the Flemings to introduce his admirable stories to the understanding and heart of his countrymen. It might have been supposed that their publication in a dialect so uncommon throughout the continent, would have limited his readers to Belgium and Holland; but such was the interest excited by his descriptive power, his pathos, humor and originality, that we find his books were speedily translated in Germany, and followed by editions in English at London, French at Paris, Danish at Copenhagen, Italian in Italy, and even in Bohemian at Prague. As a writer of fiction he has perhaps never been surpassed. His romances possess the varied interest of Scott, Dickens and Anderson; while his every day stories are full of nature, simplicity, humor and pathos which have made Boz and Anderson household names throughout our country. A British writer has well remarked that the characteristics of his works "are a hearty, sincere appreciation and love of the poor in all its forms; a genial sympathy with its occupations, its joys and sorrows; a recognition of its dignity, and an earnest, reverent treatment of all its conditions."

The first volume contains three tales, the first of which is a bold description of the ravages of intemperance, that bane of villages in the old world as well as the new. The second story is a humorous account of the discomforts and disasters of an humble and industrious family by a sudden accession of wealth, and teaches the admirable moral of contentment with our lot in the world. The sketch of "Blind Rosa," is one of those simple and rapid narratives in which the delicate and tender characteristics of M. Conscience are peculiarly displayed. The second volume of the series, "Lion of Flanders," which the British press has well compared with the most striking portions of "Ivanhoe" and "The Heart of Mid-Lothian." The third, "Tales of Old Flanders;" "Count Hugo of Craenhove;" "Wooden Clara," and "The Village Innkeeper." The fourth will present another admirable romance in "Veva; or, the War of the Peasants," and "The Conscript;" while the fifth will close the series with "The Miser," "Rick-ticketack," and that excellent story of pathetic humor, "The Poor Gentleman."

THE CATHOLIC BOOK BUSINESS IN THE U. S.—One of the gratifying evidences of the progress and increase of Catholicity is the constant increase of Catholic Booksellers throughout our vast country. It is but a few years since their number was very limited beyond the Publishers in our large cities, but now we find them springing up rapidly in all parts, and conducting their business with that degree of intelligence, energy and zeal that must insure success.

We have been led to these remarks by a recent letter shown us from the gentlemanly and efficient agent for the Metropolitan in New Orleans, Mr. Thomas O'Donnell, announcing that he had removed to a new and elegant store, enlarged his business, &c. It is but a few years ago since Mr. O'Donnell commenced his present business, with small means and limited experience.—His success is an evidence of what perseverance and industry, combined with honesty and prudence, can accomplish even under the most disadvantageous circumstances. We wish him increased success, and congratulate the citizens of New Orleans, on having such a worthy gentleman engaged in the business in their city.



## Editors' Table.

"It is really too bad, Mr. Oliver; here we are at the end of the month, with scarcely a single line of poetry wherewith to treat our readers. Our poetical contributors have either become bankrupt or conspired against us with a full determination to starve us outright. It is too bad, Mr. Oliver; and if I had but the smallest portion of time at my disposal, I would write my own poetry, and would not be beholding to a single one of them."

"They are excusable, Mr. O'Moore, for if the old adage be true, they are unaccountable beings."

"Really, Mr. Oliver, this is too severe a rub," rejoined O'Moore, rising and making a circuit of the room. "Unaccountable beings! Mad, you mean, Mr. Oliver; you might as well use the plain English word. What a compliment! The Homers, the Virgils, the Miltons, the Byrons, and the Moores, were a set of poor demented mortals! It is well for you, Mr. Oliver, that a few of those 'unaccountable beings' are not present to hear your comments, otherwise I fear it would be difficult for you to escape violence at their hands."

"Pardon me, Mr. O'Moore, I see you take the matter seriously. I assure you I meant no disrespect to the favored sons of the muse. I only alluded to an old proverb, for the truth of which I cannot vouch."

"No disrespect!" added O'Moore, ironically. "But tell, Mr. Oliver, did you ever write a single stanza of poetry in your life?"

"Once only," was the modest reply.

"And did you grow mad in the effort?"

"If that be one of the usual effects of poetical inspiration, I confess I did."

"Then indeed, Mr. Oliver," said O'Moore with a smile, "I verily believe you have never entirely recovered from the fit."

This caused a hearty laugh in the company, in which Mr. Oliver himself joined with the utmost good humor.

"Well, come, let us see what our Table contains," said Father Carroll, who enjoyed the dialogue of his two colleagues. "Here is something in the shape of poetry," continued the Rev. gentleman, holding up a paper.

"Its title?" demanded O'Moore.

"*How Sweet it is to Pray.*"

"That's something really that escaped my notice. Read a line or two of it, Father Carroll, that we may judge of its merit."

The Rev. gentleman then read as follows:

When the heartless world heeds thee not  
In thy sorrows' lonely gloom,  
When thy hopes, so fondly cherished, lie  
In the dark, dreary tomb;  
When the dear one thy heart so loved  
Is gone for e'er away,  
How sweet it is to turn to God—  
How sweet it is to pray!

"That's passable; let us have a little more of it," observed O'Moore at the conclusion of the above.

When freedom's gone from thy native hills,  
When tyranny's foul hand  
Defiles their sacred beauty—when  
O'er thy loved stricken land  
Slavedom's desolation weeps  
The dreary hours away—  
When thou'rt a slave—in living death!  
How sweet it is to pray!



"How long is the piece?" inquired O'Moore, interrupting the reading.

"Only four closely written pages."

"Four pages! Then I am sure our readers have quite sufficient. The author should study metre, rhyme, harmony, yea, the whole art of poetry, before he again invokes the muse of song."

"Here is still another effusion—a selection," said Father Carroll, opening a neatly folded paper, which he read as follows:

#### THE HOMESTEAD.

It is not as it used to be,  
When you and I were young;  
When round each elm and maple tree  
The honey-suckles clung;  
But still I love the cottage where  
I passed my early years,  
Though not a single face is there  
That memory endears.

It is not as it used to be!  
The moss is on the roof,  
And from their nests beneath the eaves,  
The swallows keep aloof.  
The robins—how they used to sing  
When you and I were young;  
And how did flit the wild bee's wing  
The opening flowers among!

It is not now as it used to be!  
The voices loved of yore,  
And the forms we were wont to see,  
We see and hear no more.  
No more! Alas, we look in vain,  
For those to whom we clung,  
And love as we can love but once,  
When you and I were young.

"Permit me, Mr. O'Moore, to offer the following selected verses. I am no poet, nor even a judge of poetry, but I think they will be found acceptable to our readers. They were written after witnessing the solemn and imposing ceremony of Confirmation."

"Truly, then, Mr. Oliver, your judgment is better than your taste," replied O'Moore, after reading the verses. "Beautiful lines! and worthy of a place in our pages. This, Mr. Oliver, will atone for your severe criticism on poets."

Tread softly through the sacred aisle,  
And humbly join in prayer;  
For 'tis a solemn hour to all  
True Christians gathered there,  
As meekly kneel a silent band  
To share a right divine—  
And solemnly the prelate paused,  
Who dealt the holy sign,  
Ere on each bow'd and youthful head,  
His consecrated hands he laid.

"Oh, Lord! defend thy servant now!"  
The tones are in my ears;  
They bring again the blessed thoughts,  
The scenes of other years.  
It comes again! a kneeling band—  
A home—far distant now—  
The pressure of a solem hand—  
The mem'ry of a vow;  
With thoughts of that now broken chain  
Which earth may never link again.



"Oh, Lord! defend thy servant now!"  
 How fervent was the tone!  
 Urging that youthful throng to cling  
 With hope to CHRIST alone:  
 To leave a false, delusive world,  
 Its smiles and frowns to dare;  
 And as they owned the Holy Cross—  
 The cross indeed to bear—  
 For God alone, in mercy free  
 To us, must shield and shelter be.

Oh, LORD! the dew upon the flower,  
 The first fruits of the tree—  
 Youth, in its glorious morning hour,  
 Were they not offered thee?  
 The fervent prayer, the contrite tear,  
 Laid on thine altar's shrine,  
 Are they not cherished in thine eye?  
 Then, Saviour, with thy love divine,  
 Keep through thine own eternal grace,  
 That band who bow'd in holy place.

"The following, Mr. O'Moore, taken from an exchange, is a modern poet's views of what a prudent man should be; it contains more true philosophy," continued Father C., "than a volume of that which now passes under the name of poetry:"

THE PRUDENT MAN.

Life's tenure warns the prudent man,  
 The path of virtue to pursue,  
 And keep the future still in view;  
 And, like a christian pilot, plan,  
 To reach that unseen, happy shore,  
 Where human ills are felt no more.

Hence, tho' temptation's wiles beset  
 His hours of labor, or of rest,  
 Of meekest tempers of the test,  
 He feels earth's trials must be met;  
 And joys he can't eschew a lot,  
 Which purity itself could not.

E'en on his couch he feels delight  
 To speed his orisons on high,  
 Like yonder tenant of the sky,  
 He sings his sweetest praise by night;  
 For flowers of prayer in heaven bloom,  
 When all else moulders in the tomb.

From ways he shrinks that lure to sin,  
 And shuns the first approach of crime,  
 Which rampant stalks ahead of time,  
 And hearkens to the voice within:  
 He knows this course, a few brief years,  
 Will death divest of many fears.

The more he finds earth's ways are vain,  
 And knows God's moral laws change not,  
 By some unheeded, nay—forgot,  
 The more he strives heaven's love to gain,  
 And, *Friend*, you know 'tis life to try,  
 To learn to be prepared to die.

CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON AND ST. CHARLES' COLLEGE.—We have hitherto failed to allude to the ably written and interesting Biographical Sketches, which have appeared in the present volume. To the learned and distinguished author we tender our grateful thanks; he has placed us as well as our readers under many obligations for the valuable services he has rendered in the cause of Catholic literature. The memoir of the illustrious Carroll of Carrollton, which we give in the present number, will be read with more than ordinary interest. If there be aught that we can add to give in-



creased interest to it, it would be a more direct allusion to the noble act of munificence, which crowned the declining years of the venerable patriot—an act that adds special lustre to his name, and which should increase the veneration in which he is held among the Catholics of the United States. We allude to the liberal donation which he made a few years previously to his death towards erecting a preparatory ecclesiastical seminary, in which young men might be trained for the sacred office of the priesthood. This institution, under the name of St. Charles' College, was, by his own application and request, chartered by the Legislature of Maryland in the year 1830. Its venerable patron was present at the laying of the corner-stone, but did not live to witness the completion of the building. It was not until the year 1848 that the earnest desire of his heart was realised, as the college did not go into operation before that period.

Since that time the number of its students has been steadily increasing; and by the munificence of individuals, and the charity of the churches of the archdiocese of Baltimore, the seminary has been enabled to continue, without embarrassment, its work of mercy and love, imparting gratuitous instruction to some, requiring a moderate compensation from others, diffusing among all the benefits of a moral and religious education, and thus laying the foundation of a learned, pious and devoted priesthood.

### A GOLD MEDAL AND LETTER FROM HIS HOLINESS, PIUS IX.

We are happy, for the honor of our city, to publish the letter, which the firm of Messrs. Murphy & Co. received this week from Rome. These gentlemen, in common with their fellow Catholic publishers throughout the Union, have labored earnestly for many years in the cause of religion. Signal success has crowned their meritorious services; and though the emoluments of trade have not failed to reward their enterprise and industry, they feel a higher satisfaction in the consideration of the religious fruits which, they hope, have resulted from their numerous and valuable publications. If we count the small number of Catholic works which were on the shelves of our libraries a few years ago, and now contemplate the list of valuable books which they display, we ought to praise as well as pay the men, who, in so short a period, have done so valuable a service to the public.

A few months since a young gentleman going to the Eternal City, rendered our friends the kindness to carry out a richly embellished copy of the Documents relating to the dogmatical decree of the Immaculate Conception, to present in their name with their most respectful and humble compliments, to his Holiness Pius IX. From the benignant courtesy which always marks the conduct of the Court of Rome, they have had the distinguished honor to receive the following acknowledgment, and testimonial of their labors, by the hands of a young clergyman, returning from the Propaganda College to the diocese of Charleston.

On two former occasions the Holy Father was pleased to signify his approval of their labors, by letters bearing his own sign-manual, which they treasured in silence. At the urgent recommendation of some friends, they have consented to publish this, not so much to proclaim the honors bestowed on them by the Head of the Catholic Church, as to show the kindness and paternal sentiments, with which the Sovereign Pontiff regards the most distant members of his flock.

The rich Gold Medal, which the Holy Father sends to Messrs. M. & Co. is similar to those which he distributed to the Cardinals and Prelates of that solemn assembly gathered around his august person, on the ever memorable eighth of December, 1854. We subjoin the Holy Father's letter, with a translation:

ILLMI DNI DNI COLDMI:

Excepit libenti plane animo Maximus Pontifex Pius IX. librum, quem obsequentissimis Vestris Litteris dono Eidem offerre voluistis, in quo Dogmatici Decreti de Immaculata Virginis et Matris Dei Mariæ Conceptionis Acta referre, et versione anglica adjecta, typis edere voluistis. Huic officio, ut verbis suis responderem mihi Summus idem Pontifex injunxit, qui non parum in Vestra ejus modi fide, pietate ac religione gavius est. Mittit Ipse ad Vos, quod unum supererat, numisma in memoriam dogmatici ejus Decreti eorum ex agri Australis primitiis: ac paternæ præcipue in Vos caritatis suæ pignus adjungit Apostolicam Benedictionem, quam Vestrum singulis in coelestis omnes gratiæ auxilium amanter impertitus est.

Superest, ut opportuna hac occasione studium iterato tester mei in Vos obsequii, ac fausta et salutaria omnia enixe Vobis ipsi precor a Domino.

Vestri, Illmi. Dni.

Dat: Romæ die 2. Aprilis 1856.

Humillimus et Adolestissimus Servas

DOMINICUS FIORAMONTI,

Illmi. Dni. Nri. ab Epistolis Latinis.

Illmis. Dnis. Dnis. Coldmis. Dnis. Joanni Murphy et Typographis Bibliopolique sodis Baltimoram.

*Honorable and Respected Sir:*

The Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX, has received with great pleasure the book, which according to your most respectful letter you desired to present to him, containing the acts and documents relating to the dogmatical decree of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, with the English translation of the same, published by yourselves. For this service, the Sovereign Pontiff has commanded me to convey to you in his own words, that he is greatly rejoiced by your faith, piety and religion. He himself sends to you, the only remaining medal, struck in memory of the dogmatical decree, from the first Australian gold received here; and as a pledge of his paternal and high regard for you he adds his Apostolic Benediction, which he lovingly imparts to each of you as an earnest of every heavenly favor.

I embrace this opportunity to repeat to you the expression of my high consideration, and to earnestly beseech our Lord to grant you all success and happiness.

Given at Rome, April 2d, 1856.

Your most humble and obedient servant,

DOMINIC FIORAMONTI,  
Secretary of Latin letters.

To Messrs. John Murphy & Co.  
Printers and Booksellers, Baltimore.



# Record of Events.

From May 20, to June 20, 1856.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—It is not an easy task at present to understand the political condition of Italy, and especially of Rome. Since the close of the Peace Congress, at Paris, the English and Continental journals have had much to say in the affairs of Italy. They would have us believe that England, France and Austria had taken upon themselves the guardianship of the affairs of Italy; that they were about to dictate to Naples, Tuscany and even to His Holiness Pope Pius IX, how they should govern their states, and all this to gratify Sardinia, and her infidel Minister, Count de Cavour. The London Times tells us that the "Italian Question" must be settled; meaning thereby that Italy must, *volens volens*, accept such reforms as England and her neighbors may desire. The same journal states that France and Austria despatched notes, urgent and pressing, to the Neapolitan government, demanding something in the way of reforms, though "no reforms are positively indicated." In the British Parliament, Lord Clarendon has consented to produce the papers addressed by Sardinia to the Paris Congress, and gave it as his opinion that before the close of the session, action would be taken on the affairs of Italy. That England desires to interfere in the affairs of Italy, especially of the Papal government, there is not the slightest doubt; but that either France or Austria entertains the remotest idea of such interference, except so far as to restrain violence in the weaker states, is extremely improbable. A leading French journal thus speaks of the subject: "We have read the verbal note and fail to find terms energetic enough to express the sentiments inspired in us by the document, and by the publicity given to it. We perceive in it nothing more than a demand, as perfidious as unjust, addressed to an independent sovereign; and the sovereign thus menaced is not alone in the full enjoyment of the rights which constitute the independence of States, but he is at the same time the head of the Catholic Church. Even the note handed to the Divan by Prince Menschikoff did not approach in language that which the Sardinian government has thought proper to adopt in reference to the Holy See; and the concessions demanded of the Sultan by Russia were far from placing the head of Islamism in the position to which it is sought to reduce the head of the Catholic Church." And if we may judge from the following extract, translated from the *Austrian Gazette*, an official journal, it is not likely that Austria entertains any very serious intention of joining England, in her crusade for the melioration of the condition of the Italians: "Count de Cavour has reckoned without his host. He hoped to make the Italian question an apple of discord between Austria and France, and has found what he least expected—that the accord between those great powers is established precisely on that point in the closest and firmest manner. We learn from good authority that the courts of Vienna and the Tuilleries are in perfect harmony as to the attitude to be assumed in Italy. A superficial examination into the state of things in that country is sufficient to convince any impartial observer that no idea can be entertained of withdrawing the French and Austrian troops from the States of the Church, so long as the Mazzinists do not refrain from their revolutionary agitation in the Italian peninsula. The country, sapped by revolution, cannot be abandoned to its own strength in case fresh disturbances should have to be put down. The continuance of the military occupation of the Papal States remains, therefore, a measure, concerted between France and Austria, against which all the Sardinian memoirs will have no more effect than soap bubbles. It is not to be inferred from this that Austria would not advocate inevitable and indispensable reforms in the administration of the States of the Church. The two courts have, on the contrary, agreed to make urgent remonstrances to the Pope on the subject, but the repre-



sentations will not be couched in the violent language made use of by the London journals, when speaking of the abuses which exist in the Papal States, or in the passionate declamations adopted by Piedmont against Rome. They will be addressed in the form of friendly counsels, such as Catholic powers ought to give to the head of the Church, with all the consideration due to an independent sovereign. The point of view in which France and Austria have placed themselves on this occasion is very different from that which pre-occupies Count Cavour *e tutti quanti*. France and Austria wish to strengthen and to consolidate the Government of the Pope by salutary reforms, whilst Piedmont only advocates those which might serve as weapons to the revolutionary party against the Pope. In a word, Piedmont, which dreams of an aggrandisement of her own territory at the expense of other Italian princes, seeks to fish in troubled waters. Austria is hated because she is powerful, and she is intrigued against because she opposes the overthrow from which Piedmont calculates on deriving advantages; natural and successive ameliorations are not to the taste of those gentlemen. It causes painful surprise to hear the same complaints incessantly repeated that Austria is too strong and too preponderate; that the great powers should put an end to this state of things; and that they should give additional strength to Sardinia, in order to ward off a revolutionary explosion."—The Grand Duke of Tuscany was in Rome at latest dates; and it is stated that the Tuscan ministry are about to remove certain points of difference between Tuscany and the Holy See, and to bring the whole system of government into harmony with the views of the Papal Cabinet, in order to prepare the way for a new Concordat, on the basis of that lately concluded with Austria.

Advices from Rome announce that the Pope is about to create a new Austrian Cardinal, and to carry out his plan of national Cardinals, by giving the hat to an oriental prelate, who will reside at Rome. The object of the latter choice will be Mgr. Anthony Gazeno, Bishop of Heipollis, or Balbea. It is well known that one great object of His Holiness is to attempt once more to unite the Eastern and Western Churches, and nothing will prepare so readily for this, humanly speaking, than to have in the Sacred College and in the Councils of the Pope, prelates of the Oriental Churches; and nothing, speaking in the views of faith, will lead to it more effectually than the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, to which doubtless numberless graces are attached.—The Belgian Brothers of the Order of Mercy have been intrusted with the direction of the prison of Termini. Thus almost all the houses of Detention in Rome are now confided to the care of these good Religious brethren, whose inexhaustible charity is working wonders. The prisons for females are intrusted to the care of the Belgian Sisters of Providence.—On the first of May, according to custom; the Sovereign Pontiff assisted at the Mass of the Ascension, in the Basilica of St. John Lateran; and afterwards His Holiness ascended to the balcony of the Basilica, and there bestowed a solemn benediction on a multitude of the Faithful and the French and Pontifical troops.—Mgr. Cripino Agostinucci, Bishop of Montefeltro, died on the 5th of May, at his palace. The Right Rev. deceased was born at Urbino, on the 23d of October, 1797, and was elected Bishop in the Consistory of the 5th November, 1849.

SPAIN.—Accounts from Madrid state that the committee charged with the investigation of the conduct of the ex-Queen Christina, was about to make a report; it will leave to the Cortes to determine whether or not Her Majesty shall be impeached. Several Cabinet Councils have been lately held to decide what shall be done with regard to Mexico. It seems evident that war will be declared against that republic, if the indemnity claimed by Spain be not paid. The amount claimed by Spain as losses incurred by Spanish subjects during the struggle of Mexico for independence, is six millions. Mexico has called for a revision of these claims, urging that some of them are fraudulent. Spain refused this demand, and Mexico endeavored to enforce it by compelling the complainants to deposite their titles, with available security for the amounts already paid thereon, threatening to confiscate the property of the Spanish holders should they refuse to do so, and actually carrying out the threat in several cases. This is resented



by Spain, and a squadron has been sent to Vera Cruz to back its complaints.—Recent accounts state that a conspiracy has been detected, having for its object the assassination of the Queen.

FRANCE.—Nothing of special importance has transpired in the French Empire during the past month. It is stated the treaty entered into between England, France and Austria, has given some umbrage to the Emperor of Russia. Count Orloff recently had an audience with the Emperor Napoleon, to ask an explanation on the subject. The Emperor protested against any anti-Russian interpretation.—The prosperity of the Church of France continued unabated. As an evidence of this, we mention the annual ordination in the single diocese of Paris, which took place in the Church of St. Sulpice, the Archbishop officiating. The number of the ordained was greater than, and nearly double, that of any previous occasion since the Revolution. They were as follows: Priests, 56; Deacons, 45; Sub-deacons, 73; Minor orders and Tonsure, 135, being in all 309. The Archbishop of Paris has taken measures to introduce into his diocese the Roman Liturgy instead of the Parisian. This subject, so long desired, has at different times since 1849 occupied the deliberations of the Chapter of the Archdiocese, but many circumstances have occurred to prevent this happy consummation. It has now, however, at length received the desired solution, and the unity of the Liturgical rites will be carried out by an Ecclesiastical Commission.—The reported ill health of the Empress Eugenie, is contradicted. Her Majesty, according to the latest accounts, was in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits.—A great international exhibition of Agriculture has been opened at Paris.—An inundation of the Lotre took place lately, and caused an immense destruction of property.

ENGLAND.—The disagreement between the United States and England has assumed more than ordinary interest. The latter country has anticipated the dismissal of Mr. Crampton, though not yet informed of the fact. The *Times* seems to think that Mr. Dallas will be dismissed, but that this does not by any means imply a state of war, or even necessarily preludes that dire calamity. Peace may be maintained with America, though without any diplomatic representative. It presumes that with the Presidential election will close the warlike policy which pervades the Washington Cabinet, and closes by urging a temperate policy so as, if possible, to prevent a quarrel rather than to seek in establishing one. The recognition of Gen. Walker's government by the cabinet at Washington has considerably stirred up the English press. On this subject, the *Times* has the following remarks: "It is an alarming manifestation of the ideas which actuate the American government and leads to most disagreeable anticipations as to the possibility of an amicable solution of any dispute with men who seem to recognize no other law than their wishes and their passions; but it is no cause of war; it is not even necessarily a ground of diplomatic complaint. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty has not been in terms violated, and it may probably be expedient in the present critical state of the relations between the two countries, rather to pass the matter by in silence than to incur the risk of introducing fresh difficulties into a discussion already sufficiently perilous, or give an excuse to those who are even now only too ready to risk an occasion of quarrel. If war do come we must meet it as we may. Let us at any rate have the satisfaction of reflecting that this greatest of human calamities has not been precipitated by an undue sensitiveness, or any avoidable interference on our part." The proceedings in Parliament have been somewhat important. A motion was made, virtually to abolish the established Church in Ireland. This gave rise to a lengthy and animated discussion. The subject was finally disposed of by a vote against it of seventy of a majority. The Catholics of Ireland are, therefore, doomed to support the "Establishment" until another and more successful effort is made to relieve them from it. The question of the Danish sound dues is to be brought under the consideration of Parliament. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has given notice that he shall shortly move for the appointment of a committee to take the matter into consideration. Serious riots had taken place at Manchester, between certain clubs of laborers, which, it was feared, would result in the loss of life.



**IRELAND**—The Tenant Right movement still progresses. Several large and enthusiastic meetings have lately been held in favor of the objects contemplated by the agitation. The pardon of Smith O'Brien has given general satisfaction; at latest dates, he had not returned to the country. It is rumored that he will be returned to Parliament at an early day, if he shall accept the honor. Thos. Hughes has been elected to Parliament from Longford without a contest. The Rt. Rev. D. McGettigan was consecrated Coadjutor Bishop of Raphol, on Trinity Sunday. The imposing ceremony took place in the Cathedral of Letterkenny, county Donegal; the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, primate of all Ireland, officiated on the occasion, assisted by several other distinguished prelates. The Jesuit Fathers closed a mission at Mullingar with great success. Twenty-four priests were occupied in the Confessionals during the whole time of the mission. The beautiful church attached to the Catholic University has been finished and dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. Among the many instances of charity and benevolence which continue to prove the zeal of the people in the cause of religion, the noble gifts of Sir Thomas Reddington and his mother, Mrs. Reddington, are worthy of notice. The former has made a grant of twenty acres of land, free of rent, to the Sisters of Mercy at Kilcoran; and the latter gave nearly £6,000 towards erecting the Convent. The Irish journals speak of emigration as again becoming active, especially among the laboring classes.

**RUSSIA**—The Emperor, at latest dates, was enjoying the hospitality of the King of Prussia. The following appointments had been made: M. Budberg, Ambassador at Berlin, to Vienna, replaced at Berlin by Baron Brunow; Prince Dolgorouski, formerly Minister of War, Ambassador to Paris, and Count Chreplowitch, Ambassador to London.—The Central Committee of the Polish Democracy have published a protest against the terms in which the Czar granted an amnesty to Polish refugees. They assert that in taking up arms for their national independence in 1830, they fulfilled a duty, not any thing to be pardoned, and they could not now, without renouncing their country's claims, accept the title of pardoned rebels.—It is announced that Russia is about to commence a campaign against Caucasus.

**AUSTRIA**—The political aspect of Austria remains unchanged. The Concordat lately concluded between Austria and the Holy See, continues to gain favor throughout the Empire. A new church is to be erected in Vienna, to commemorate the event. It is to be called the Church of S. Saviour. The foundation stone has been brought from the valley of Jehoshaphat, in the Holy Land, and bears an inscription in Gothic Latin, to this effect: "This stone was broken where the heart of Christ broke." Medals in gold, silver, and bronze, have been made in commemoration of the laying of the foundation stone, and a handsome sum is expected to be realized from their sale. It is to be appropriated to the erection of the church, which is to be of the purest Gothic architecture, from designs by Herr Teudl, an Austrian architect of celebrity.

**CANADA**—*Diocese of Harbor Grace*.—On the 25th of May the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dalton was consecrated Bishop of this new diocese. The consecration took place in the Cathedral of St. John's. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Mulock officiated, assisted by the Very Rev. Deans Mackin and Dalton, as *quasi Episcopi*.

*Diocese of Arichat*.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop of this diocese, who had long suffered under a severe affection of the eyes, we are happy to learn, has completely recovered, under the care of Dr. Howard, of Montreal.

*Diocese of New London, C. W.*—The Rt. Rev. Bishop of this new diocese has issued his first pastoral letter. He announces his decree making choice of the Ever Blessed Virgin Mary, in the miraculous privilege of her Immaculate Conception, first patron of the Diocese, and St. Patrick as second; also of St. Peter as first Titulary of his Cathedral, and of St. Lawrence as the second.

*Diocese of Hamilton, C. W.*—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Farrell, of this diocese, has also issued his first pastoral. The diocese is placed under the patronage of the ever glorious and Blessed Virgin, in the mystery of the Annunciation.



## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

1. ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE—*The Dedication of St. John's Church.*—This beautiful church, which was commenced little more than a year ago, was solemnly dedicated to the service of Almighty God, on Sunday, the 15th inst., under the patronage of St. John the Evangelist. The Very Rev. Mr. Coskery performed the ceremony of dedication and celebrated High Mass, assisted by the Revs. Messrs. McColgan and Hinchy; several other clergymen were present on the occasion. The Rev. Mr. Hewitt, of St. Alphonsus Church, preached the dedicatory sermon, an eloquent and impressive discourse.

This church, built as it has been chiefly by the offerings of the poor, is an honor to the Catholics of St. John's congregation, and is a monument worthy of the zeal and energy of their beloved pastor, the Rev. Father McManus. To provide a place of worship suitable for his numerous flock, has been the great object of his ambition since he came among them. On the 15th inst. he had the satisfaction of witnessing the realization of his most ardent wishes. On that occasion, as we beheld him for the first time kneeling before that beautiful altar, the great ornament of the edifice, we heard him in imagination raising his voice to the throne of Omnipotence, and saying from the inmost recesses of his soul:

“Oh! thou Omniscient—Omnipresent God!

Whom angels worship, and whom men revere;

This sacred pile we consecrate to thee,

Oh Lord of hosts—thy humble suppliants hear.

If sinners bow the penitent knee

And low in dust thy sovereign power adore;

May listening angels waft the atoning prayer,

And breathe responsive, ‘go and sin no more.’

If seared in soul, despairing spirits come,

By earth forsaken and by friends betrayed;

If from these walls their plaintive cries ascend,

Hear thou in heaven and grant them present aid.

If deep affliction emanate from thee,

And budding hopes are prostrate in the dust;

If near the shrine the stricken mourner bow,

And own in tears thy chastening hand was just,

Then hear thou Father from thy throne on high,

Breathe resignation to the broken heart;

And for his sake who bled on Calvary's Mount,

The balm of Gilead to their wounds impart.

Father of light, our supplications hear!

Thou covenant God! thy promises we claim!

We plead no merit, yet we fearless come,

And ask redemption through a Saviour's name!

Long shall the cross, symbolic of our creed,

Majestic stand this sacred place above;

A beacon light! the pious Christian's guide,

Undying emblem of a Saviour's love.



And he, thy delegate to erring man,  
 Who daily bows before this holy shrine,  
 Endow him, Father, with persuasive power,  
 With pathos deep, and eloquence divine!

To bring conviction to the retrograde,  
 Convince the doubtful, the desponding cheer:  
 And let his life of purity attest  
 'Tis theory reduced to practice here."

May he long live to enjoy the fruits of the fatigues and labors he endured in the erection of the noble edifice.

**Religious Reception.**—On the morning of the 11th, at the Convent of the Visitation, Mount de Sales, near Baltimore, Sister Mary de Chantal Dunlevy made her solemn profession of the three religious vows, in the rank of Choir Sister.

**Confirmation.**—The Most Rev. Archbishop administered Confirmation recently in the Chapel of the Immaculate Conception, Convent of the Visitation, Washington, to twenty-seven persons, seven of whom were converts.

At the request of our Most Rev. Archbishop, collections were taken up in the several Catholic churches of this city, on the 8th inst., for the sufferers of the Cape Verde Islands. The sum collected amounted to \$757 37.

2. **ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.**—A very handsome and substantially built church was recently dedicated at Urbana to the service of Almighty God, under the patronage of Mary the Immaculate. The Most Rev. Archbishop preached on the occasion, and confirmed thirty persons.—The Right Rev. Bishop Baraga was lately in Cincinnati, and preached in favor of his destitute Indian Mission.

3. **ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK.**—The Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, on the 12th inst., delivered a lecture at the Academy of Music, in the city of New York, on the "Life and Services of Daniel O'Connell." Of this grateful tribute to the memory of Ireland's greatest son, we will not speak at present. The illustrious Archbishop concludes his lecture in these words: "Such, but very poorly presented, was Mr. Daniel O'Connell. I do not say that he had not his faults. I do not say that he was infallible, either as a politician or as a statesman; but I do say, that 'take him for all in all,' Ireland never produced his equal before, and, I fear, never will again. And I say further that, be they few in number or be they many, I, at least shall ever claim to be one of those who cherish a profound respect, under every point of view, for the illustrious memory of the great "Liberator of Ireland."

4. **ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW ORLEANS.**—From the *Lafourche Union*, we learn that the Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc, on Sunday, the 1st of June, administered Confirmation to one hundred and thirty-one persons, in St. Joseph's Church, Abbe Menard, Pastor. The sermon of the Archbishop, delivered in French, was characterized by the usual fervor and eloquence of this beloved Prelate of the Catholic Church. He exhorted the congregation to continue in the holy practice of faith and virtue, and gave encouraging words to those who were about to be confirmed, that they might be fortified by the sacrament which he was about to administer and faithfully contend against sin and error. When the ceremonies of confirmation were concluded, the St. Mary and St. Joseph's societies formed in procession and marched to the residence of the pastor, where the Archbishop addressed a few words to them, inculcating the principles of our faith, encouraging them in their noble object—the sanctification of members, and the necessity of union. On the feast of Pentecost, the Archbishop confirmed 509 persons at the Cathedral at New Orleans, of whom several were converts. On the feast of Corpus Christi, the same Most Rev. Prelate received the final vows of three ladies of the Sacred Heart Convent, and gave the habit to two postulants.



5. **DIOCESE OF CHICAGO.**—We regret to learn that the Cathedral at Chicago was recently entered by some miscreant, and robbed of the sacred vessels. The sacred elements were strewn upon the floor of the sanctuary.

6. **DIOCESE OF DETROIT.**—The corner-stone of a new church, under the patronage of St. John, was laid at Jackson, on the 15th inst. The Rt. Rev. Bishop officiated at the solemnity.

7. **DIOCESE OF LOUISVILLE.**—From the *Catholic Telegraph* we learn that the Right Rev. Bishop of Louisville on his visitation to the church of St. Stephen, at Owensborough, delivered a lecture on the evening of the 24th of May to a large audience, composed in great part of Protestants, on the current charges against the Catholic Church, especially those affecting the loyalty of Catholics to our free government. Next day after having administered Confirmation in the church he opened a new subscription for completing the interior of the edifice and paying the debt already contracted. The amount subscribed on the spot was about \$700; and there is every reason to believe that the balance required will be promptly contributed through the zealous exertions of the Pastor, Rev. E. O'Callaghan.

On the 27th the Bishop administered the sacrament of Confirmation in the church of St. Alphonsus, Davies county, beyond Panther Creek. This church is not yet plastered, but the people promptly subscribed considerably more than the Bishop asked as requisite for completing the building. Forty-two were here confirmed, and the Bishop preached an encouraging sermon to the Catholics. The Catholic settlement on Panther Creek is fast increasing; there are already two churches where but a few years ago there was scarcely a Catholic family, and the Rev. Mr. Boale has been appointed Pastor of the district. This colony was founded by the Haydens, descendants of the first Catholic settlers in Kentucky, and it is already in a highly flourishing condition. The Bishop was much edified with the primitive fervor and piety of the people. On the 21st of May the same Right Rev. Prelate visited the church of St. Colomba, Hancock county, and confirmed eleven persons. He subsequently visited the church of St. Laurence, Davies county, and confirmed forty persons.

8. **DIOCESE OF HARTFORD.**—A solemn requiem for the lamented Bishop O'Reilly, who was on board the lost steamship Pacific, was celebrated at Providence on Tuesday last, all the Bishops of the province being in attendance, to testify by their presence their respect for the memory of the deceased. The Archbishop of New York preached a touching and eloquent sermon on the occasion. Subsequently, a meeting of the Bishops of the province of New York was convened, in that city, for the purpose of nominating a successor to the lamented Bishop.

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**OBITUARY.**—Died, on the 20th instant, at Loyola College, the Rev. *George King*, S. J., in the 61st year of his age.

The Rev. Father, whose departure we notice, had been for several years Treasurer of Georgetown College, D. C., until the wants of the missions determined his superiors to send him to the Eastern Shore of our State. In the various missions both in that part of the State and in the adjoining counties of Delaware he labored as an active and zealous missionary for nearly twenty years. Weakened by his toils in the Apostleship, he was entrusted with the care of the house and missions of Newtown, in St. Mary's county, where with more assistance he would not be exposed to so much fatigue as in the lonely and scattered missions of the Eastern Shore. But his Master was satisfied with his labors for the advancement of his glory, and after a few months in his new charge he has been called, we trust, to the reward of eternal bliss. He departed this life, fortified by all the rites of our holy religion, and sustained in the moment of departure by the presence and prayers of his Religious brethren. The Society of Jesus, to which he belonged, has lost in him a strenuous and diligent laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. R. I. P.



## SECULAR AFFAIRS.

1. *Nominations.*—The first and perhaps the most important of the events that have taken place at home during the last month, are the nominations of candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States. The various political parties have their candidates now fairly in the field. The American or Know-Nothing party met in convention in Philadelphia and nominated Millard Fillmore, of New York, for President, and Andrew Jackson Donelson, of Tennessee, for Vice-President. The Democratic National Convention met at Cincinnati, and nominated James Buchanan, of Pa., for President, and John C. Breckinridge, of Ky., for Vice-President. The seceders from the American Convention that nominated Mr. Fillmore, met in New York, and nominated Mr. Banks, of Mass., for President, and ex-Gov. Johnson, of Pa., for Vice-President. The seceders from the seceders from the American party, have nominated Commodore Stockton, of N. J., for President, and Kenneth Rayner, of N. C., for Vice-President. And lastly, the Republican party met in convention at Philadelphia and nominated Col. John C. Fremont, of California, for President, and Wm. L. Dayton, of N. J., for Vice-President. The platform of the American party, while it retains all its hostility to foreigners, has been modified somewhat in its opposition to Catholics. The Democratic platform, adopted at the Cincinnati Convention, thus speaks on the subject of toleration:

"*Resolved*, That the foundation of this union of States having been laid in, and its prosperity and pre-eminent example in Free Government built upon, entire freedom in matters of religious concernment, and no respect of person in regard to rank or place of birth; no party can justly be deemed national, constitutional, or in accordance with American principles, which bases its exclusive organization upon religious opinions and accidental birth-place. And hence a political crusade in the nineteenth century, and in the United States of America, against Catholics, and foreign-born, is neither justified by the past history or the future prospects of the country, nor in unison with the spirit of toleration and enlarged freedom which peculiarly distinguishes the American system of popular government."

The platform of the Republican party, which nominated Col. Fremont, is mainly distinguished by its opposition to slavery. What may be its views in reference to foreigners and Catholics, is difficult to determine; the concluding resolution is the only one that makes any allusion to the subject, and runs in the following words:

"*Resolved*, That we invite the affiliation and coöperation of the men of all parties—however differing from us in other respects—in support of the principles herein declared, and believing that the spirit of our institutions, as well as the constitution of our country, guarantees liberty of conscience and equality of rights among citizens—we oppose all legislation implicating their security."

It does not appear that the seceders have any platform particularly different from the Republican party; opposition to certain nominations seems to have been the cause of their separation.

2. *Dismissal of the British Minister and Consuls.*—Mr. Crampton, the British Minister at Washington, was officially notified, on the evening of the 28th of May, of the discontinuance of all intercourse with him as the representative of Her Britannic Majesty's government, and his passport put in his possession. The following is a copy of the letter informing him of his dismissal:

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE, Washington, May 28, 1856.

"Sir:—The President of the United States has directed me to announce to you his determination to discontinue further intercourse with you as Her Majesty's diplomatic representative to the Government of the United States. The reasons which have compelled him to take this step at this time, have been communicated to your Government. I avail myself of this occasion to add, that due attention will be cheerfully given to any communications addressed to this department from Her Majesty's Government affecting the relations between Great Britain and the United States which may be forwarded to this Government through any other channel. Should it be your pleasure to retire from the United States, the President directs me to furnish you with the usual facilities for that purpose. I consequently enclose the passport in such cases. I avail myself of this opportunity to renew to you, sir, the assurance of my respectful consideration.

WILLIAM L. MARCY.

"John F. Crampton, Esq., &c., &c., &c."



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COMMODORE JOHN BARRY, U. S. N.

*John Barry*



## MEMOIR OF COMMODORE JOHN BARRY, U. S. N.\*

THE gallant achievements of the Navy, in every war in which the country has been engaged, have rendered that arm of our national defense an object of pride to every American citizen. Called into existence at a time when England was the undisputed mistress of the seas, the navy had every difficulty to contend with in its infancy, but it surmounted every obstacle, and turned it into an instrument of its own glory, like some gallant ship at sea, triumphantly riding over the waves that oppose her progress. There is no name connected with its early struggles and first victories, more illustrious than that of the subject of this memoir. His exploits were daring and gallant, indeed they strangely partook of the romantic. By his useful and glorious career, as an officer, he gained for himself the proud title of "Father of the American Navy."

John Barry was a native of Wexford County, Ireland. He was born in the year 1745, in "the sea-side parish of Tacumshane, fronting on the Atlantic." His father was an agriculturist, being, what was called in Ireland, "a snug farmer." The purest principles of religion, and an ardent attachment to the ancient faith of his forefathers, were deeply impressed upon the character and the heart of the youthful Barry, and have shone forth, most honorably, throughout his whole life. His father's residence was so near the beach, that "he had but to step out of his own door, to stand beside the sea." The broad and majestic Atlantic being the object of his daily view, soon became the subject of his constant contemplation: thus the mind of the parish boy was expanded, and inspired with an ardent admiration of the ocean, not unmingled with curiosity, to explore its trackless expanse, and brave its perils. No doubt, too, the thrilling story of many a hardy and service-worn sailor, returning to Tacumshane from distant voyages, was dwelt upon with eager admiration by the future hero, whose ardent imagination received, in this humble school, the first sparks of that generous fire, that gave so bright a lustre to his subsequent career. Discovering his fondness for the sea, at an early age, his father placed him on board of a merchantman, and at the age of fourteen or fifteen he traversed the Atlantic, and began to sail regularly between Philadelphia and the British ports. At that early age he selected America as the land of his adoption. He employed the intervals between his voyages, in the zealous cultivation of his mind, and by his own exertions, acquired a good practical education. He gained the confidence of all who knew him, and very soon became engaged in the service of several of the most respectable merchants of Philadelphia. By self-culture and fidelity to duty, he rose steadily and rapidly in his profession, to which he was zealously devoted. At the age of twenty-five years he was the captain of "the Black Prince," one of the best packets running between London and Philadelphia, and afterwards a vessel of war. The owner of "the Black Prince" was Mr. Roe Meredith of Philadelphia, in whose house Washington was generally a guest, during his visits to that city. It was here that Washington first met the young sailor, "and marked the future commodore." Commodore Barry retained the confidence and esteem of the father of his country through life. At the breaking out of the revolu-

\* *Authorities:* Cooper's Naval History; National Portrait Gallery; T. D. McGee's Catholic History of American and Irish Settlers; Writings of Washington; Allen's Biographical Dictionary; Encyclopedia Americana. The accounts of naval engagements are taken minutely from the foregoing works, and especially from Cooper.



tionary war, Captain Barry was a prosperous man, actively engaged in his favorite profession, and rapidly acquiring a fortune. Early in 1775 he espoused the cause of the oppressed colonies with great enthusiasm, and embarked his all in the struggles of his adopted country. There was then no American navy in existence, to tempt the gallantry and experience that were then enlisted in the merchant service: the Congress possessed no ships to offer, in exchange for the fine and noble merchantmen, engaged in colonial commerce. But Captain Barry was one of those bold and enterprising spirits, suited to the exigences of the times, and well fitted for bringing into existence, and inaugurating with glory on the high seas, an infant navy. Abandoning the lucrative pursuits, in which he had been so fortunate, in order to hazard all in a doubtful contest, he gave up, to use his own language, "the finest ship and the first employ in America, and entered into the service of his country."

Towards the close of the year 1775, Congress purchased several merchant vessels, with a view of having them hastily fitted up as ships of war, and committed to Captain Barry the superintendence of the equipment of this, the first fleet that sailed from Philadelphia. At the same time he superintended, by the authority of the Philadelphia Committee of safety, the building of a state ship for the public service. In this new fleet Captain Barry received the command of the brig "Lexington," of sixteen guns, then lying in the Delaware, and Paul Jones entered as first lieutenant in "the Alfred." When the flag of the Union was first adopted by Congress, the Lexington, Captain Barry, and the Alfred, were the first ships that hoisted afloat that new ensign of freedom. Captain Barry received orders to proceed to sea, and clear our coasts of the enemy's small cruisers, with which they were greatly infested. This commission was without emolument, but none the less readily accepted by Captain Barry; notwithstanding there were a British forty-two gun ship and two frigates constantly and vigilantly cruising along the capes of the Delaware. In the midst of a far superior hostile force, Captain Barry successfully accomplished his mission. Besides capturing several of the enemy's smaller cruisers, and forcing the rest of them to keep in port, the Lexington, on the seventeenth of April, fell in with "the Edward," an armed tender of "the Liverpool." A close and spirited contest, which lasted nearly an hour, resulted in the capture of the enemy by the Lexington, which had four of her crew killed and wounded, while the enemy was nearly cut to pieces, and sustained a much heavier loss in men. This affair is worthy of note, as the first capture of any vessel of war by a regular American cruiser in battle. The first naval victory and capture were hailed with great joy by the country, as an off-set to the unfortunate contest of Commodore Hopkins' squadron with "the Glasgow."

From the Lexington Capt. Barry was transferred to the command of the frigate *Effingham*, of twenty-eight guns, then building at Philadelphia. In the naval establishment created by the resolution of Congress of tenth October, 1776, embracing twenty-six vessels of various grades, Captain Barry was placed on the list of captains, and he still retained the command of the *Effingham*. The rigors of the winter having suspended navigation, the *Effingham* was one of the vessels that were taken up the Delaware off Whitehill, in order to escape the British forces, who were in possession of the City of Philadelphia and the forts of the river. Ice-bound, the *Effingham* could not be brought into action. But the restless and ambitious spirit of Captain Barry would not permit him to be idle. Having won laurels on the ocean, he now turned his attention to the defence of his country by



land. General Cadwalader having raised several companies of Pennsylvania volunteers to reinforce General Washington's army, then much reduced in numbers, and pressed by the Hessians, Captain Barry obtained command of a company and some heavy cannon, and rendered gallant and important services to the cause in that gloomy, but finally victorious campaign. He acted as aid-de-camp to General Cadwalader, and, at the important operations at Trenton, received praise for his courage and activity, winning the respect and admiration of every one. After the British army, under Lord Howe, had obtained possession of Philadelphia, Captain Barry continued in command of the *Effingham*, which was still ice-bound in the Delaware, a few miles from the city, and in a position which the British General saw could be rendered of great service to the royal cause, if the vessel and her commander could be gained over to the royalist cause. This he had some hopes of accomplishing, since the Captain was then in a position to risk nothing personally by abandoning the patriot for the royalist cause. Accordingly an offer of fifteen thousand guineas was made to Captain Barry by Lord Howe, if he would deliver up the vessel to the royalists, and to this was added the offer of the command of a British ship of the line. The bribe was indignantly rejected, and this noble answer returned, that "he had devoted himself to the cause of his country, and not the value or command of the whole British fleet could seduce him from it." Early in 1777 the British succeeded in burning the ships belonging to congress in the Delaware, by means of detachments of soldiers; thus the *Effingham* perished with the rest.

During the winter that the *Effingham* was up the Delaware, the enterprising and active spirit of Captain Barry remained impatient of the inactivity of his position. He could not permit himself to continue idle any longer. He conceived the daring plan of annoying the enemy by means of small boats properly manned, which, being stationed down the river and bay, might intercept supplies, and, in case of danger, take refuge in the creeks, into which the larger craft of the enemy could not pursue them. He planned and executed several of these bold enterprises, which resulted in great damage to the enemy, and in the seizure of supplies of invaluable service to the American army. On one occasion, in particular, he fitted out from Burlington four row boats, attached to the *Effingham*, and proceeded with muffled oars down the Delaware, which was filled with the shipping and smaller craft of the enemy; some alarm was given at one point of their passage, but dashing onward, two of the barges or row boats passed on uninjured, and with sudden and daring intrepidity, the little force, under Captain Barry, attacked the enemy's two ships and a schooner loaded with valuable provisions for the British army. The two ships mounted six four pounders, with fourteen men each, and the schooner, which was attached to the engineering department, mounted eight double-fortified four pounders and twelve four pounds howitzers, and manned with thirty-three hands. The force with Captain Barry amounted to only twenty-eight men. The hostile force was thrown into dismay by so sudden and daring an attack, and the two ships and schooner soon capitulated to the Americans; the terms of the capitulation providing for the safe removal of several ladies, who were on board, and their baggage, to Philadelphia. The sudden appearance of a fleet of the enemy's craft compelled Captain Barry to burn one, perhaps both of the ships, not, however, until he had secured their valuable cargoes: but he wrote to General Washington that he was determined to hold on to the schooner at all hazards. The biographer of Commodore Barry in the National Portrait Gallery thus speaks of this gallant and successful enterprise: "The



courage that inspired the small and heroic band is not alone sufficient to account for his wonderful success, but it must be ascribed to a combination of daring bravery and consummate skill, by which the diminutive power under his command was directed with unerring rapidity and irresistible force. The trophies of his valor, productive of no personal benefit to himself, nor calculated for mere display, consisted of articles eminently serviceable to the American army, which was then in great want of them." The following highly complimentary public testimonial of thanks was received by Captain Barry from the commander-in-chief:

"To Captain JOHN BARRY.

"HEAD QUARTERS, 12 March, 1778.

"SIR:

"I have received your favor of the ninth inst., and congratulate you on the success, which has crowned your gallantry and address in the late attack upon the enemy's ships. Although circumstances have prevented you from reaping the full benefits of your conquest, yet there is ample consolation in the degree of glory, which you have acquired. You will be pleased to accept of my thanks for the good things, which you were so polite as to send me, with my own wishes, that a suitable recompense may always attend your bravery.

"I am, sir, &c.

"GO. WASHINGTON."

In September, 1778, Captain Barry received the command of the *Raleigh*, of thirty-two guns, and on the twenty-fifth of that month he put to sea from Boston, having a brig and sloop under convoy. It was not long before his courage and skill were brought into active exercise. The wind being fresh at N. W., the *Raleigh* ran off at N. E. About noon two strange sails were discovered to leeward, about fifteen miles distant. The strangers giving chase, Captain Barry ordered the convoy to haul nearer to the wind, and to crowd all sail. Afterwards the strange ships were discovered to belong to the enemy, being "the *Experiment*," fifty, Captain Wallace, and the "*Unicorn*," rating twenty-two and mounting twenty-eight guns. After dark, the *Raleigh* lost sight of them, the wind being light and variable. Having tacked towards the land, the *Raleigh* cleared for action, and kept the crew at quarters all night. In the morning, the weather being hazy, the enemy's ships were not in sight, and the *Raleigh* soon made the land ahead, quite near. At noon it became clear, and the enemy were discovered in the southern board and to windward, crowding sail in pursuit. Again the weather became hazy, the pursuers were no longer visible, and the *Raleigh* hauled off to the eastward. At day-light Captain Barry took in all sail, in order to conceal the position of his ship, which now drifted under bare poles. Nothing being visible at six A. M., the *Raleigh* crowded sail again and ran S. E. by E., but at half-past nine the enemy were again discovered astern in pursuit. The *Raleigh* now hauled close upon a-wind, heading at W., with the larboard tacks aboard. The enemy now came to wind, all three vessels carrying hard with a staggering breeze. The *Raleigh* outsailed her pursuers, making eleven knots two fathoms on a dragged bow line.

The wind moderated at noon, when the *Unicorn* overhauled the *Raleigh* quite fast, even the *Experiment* also holding way with her. At four P. M. the *Raleigh* tacked to the westward, in order to discover the *Unicorn*'s force, making in this movement several small islands whose names were unknown. To his great surprise and grief, Captain Barry found that not one of his crew was acquainted with the coast, so that before he could reach a place of security, about five P. M., the



Unicorn nearly closed: the Raleigh edged away and crossed her fore foot, brailing her mizzin and taking in her stay-sails. The Unicorn showed a battery of fourteen guns of a side, including both decks, and now displayed St. George's Ensign. The two ships exchanged broad sides, as they crossed each other; the Unicorn came up under the quarter of the Raleigh, when a warm, steady and general action ensued, which lasted seven hours. At the second fire, the Raleigh, having been obliged to crowd on all her sails in order to keep clear of the larger ship, Experiment, unfortunately lost her fore-topmast, mizzin top-gallantmast, jib and fore-stay, which rendered four of her guns useless and greatly encumbered her with the wreck, giving the enemy great advantage in manœuvering throughout the engagement. Finding the broad side of the Raleigh getting too hot for her, the enemy soon shot ahead, and, for a short time, while the crew of the Raleigh were clearing the wreck, she engaged to windward and at a distance. Not long afterwards, however, the English vessel edged away and attempted to rake her antagonist, when Captain Barry bore up, and, bringing the ships along side each other, endeavored to board; but this move the Unicorn, favored by all her canvass and by her superior sailing in a light wind, readily prevented. By this time the other hostile ship had got so near as to render it certain she would very soon close, and finding it impossible to escape, Captain Barry called a council of his officers. It was determined to make an effort to run the brig ashore, the land being within a few miles. The Raleigh accordingly wore round and stood for the islands already mentioned, her antagonist sticking to her in a most gallant manner, and both ships all the time maintaining the action with spirit. About midnight, however, the enemy hauled off, leaving the Raleigh to pursue her course towards the land. The engagement had now lasted seven hours, both vessels having suffered materially, particularly the Raleigh, in her spars, rigging and sails. His ship being soon after concealed by the darkness, Captain Barry had some hopes of getting off among the islands, and was in the act of bending on new sails for that purpose, when the enemy's vessels again came in sight, closing fast. The Raleigh immediately opened a heavy fire from the stern guns, and every human effort was made to force the ship towards the land. The enemy, however, easily closed again, and opened a heavy fire, which was returned by the Raleigh until she grounded, when the Experiment immediately hauled off to avoid a similar result. Gaining a safe distance, both the enemy's vessels continued their fire from positions they had taken on the Raleigh's quarter. Captain Barry, finding that the island, which is called Wooden Ball and lies about twenty miles from the mouth of the Penobscot, was rocky and might be defended, determined to land and burn the ship, the enemy having ceased firing and anchored at the distance of a mile. The greater portion of the men had got on shore, and a boat's crew went to take ashore the remainder, together with the midshipman who was left in the ship to set fire to the combustibles. After waiting in vain till day-light, it was discovered that the midshipman had treacherously extinguished the lights, and surrendered the ship to the enemy. The Unicorn was much cut up after the affair, and had ten men killed besides many wounded. Capt. Barry saved eighty of his men, and had twenty-five killed and wounded. He gained great credit for his courage and perseverance on this occasion. General Washington, in his account of the affair to congress, writes that Capt. Barry made a "long and very gallant resistance." His conduct was submitted to a court martial, and his reputation only gained brighter lustre by the investigation. The command of another ship was given to him at the first opportunity.



For some time after his courageous defense of the Raleigh, Captain Barry was actively engaged in the public service, in several voyages to the West Indies. He received the title of Commodore, being the first American officer upon whom it was conferred. In 1781, the frigate *Alliance*, a great favorite in the service, was placed under his command. In February of that year he sailed from Boston for France, having on board Col. Laurens, a brave and distinguished young officer, who was charged by congress with an important embassy to the French Court. Commodore Barry was so careful of his reputation that he felt great regret and hesitation about going to sea with so inferior a crew as then manned the *Alliance*. It is probable, however, they soon became efficient seamen under his strict and excellent discipline. Having captured on the outward passage a small privateer called the *Alert*, the *Alliance* landed Col. Laurens at l'Orient, and on the thirtieth of March sailed on a cruise, in company with the "*Marquis de la Fayette*," forty, then bound for America with provisions. On the second of April they fell in with and captured, with little resistance, two Guernsey privateers, the *Mars*, a heavy vessel of twenty-six guns and one hundred and twelve men, and the *Minerva*, with an armament of ten guns and fifty-five men.

Having parted company with the "*Marquis de la Fayette*," the *Alliance* continued her cruise until the twenty-eighth of May, when she descried two sails making directly for her. The strange vessels came up after dark, and hauled up on the same course with the *Alliance*, with the manifest view of postponing the engagement to the following day. A dead calm prevailed at the succeeding daylight, and when the mist disappeared the two vessels were seen not far off with British colors flying. They proved to be the sloop-of-war "*Atalanta*," Capt. Edwards, rating sixteen guns and carrying a crew of one hundred and thirty men, and her consort, the brig *Trepassy*, Capt. Smith, rating fourteen guns and carrying a crew of eighty men. The sea was perfectly calm, which left the *Alliance* floating in the water like a log without steerage way, while the enemy were enabled by means of sweeps to command their movements and select their own positions. The hostile ships could not get within hailing distance before noon, when Commodore Barry ordered the enemy to haul down their colors. This was of course refused, and the battle commenced. For more than an hour the *Alliance* fought at great disadvantage, the enemy being on her quarters, where only a few of the aftermost guns could bear on them. This advantage, increased by the calm, at one time seemed to promise a certain victory to the enemy, for they had the fight principally to themselves. In this unfavorable position of things, Commodore Barry received a grape shot through the left shoulder, and after remaining on deck for some time, was obliged by loss of blood to be carried below. This misfortune greatly increased the disheartening position of the Americans, who were suffering under the close fire of two spirited and persevering antagonists. At this crisis the ensign of the *Alliance* was shot away, in the interval of loading the guns, and at the same time her fire slackened, when the enemy, supposing she had struck her colors and reckoning the day already theirs, permitted their crews to leave their guns and give three cheers for victory. At this gloomy juncture, one of his lieutenants went to Commodore Barry to represent the great injury the ship had sustained and the difficulties with which she had to contend, and asked whether they should surrender: "No," replied the Commodore, "if the ship can't be fought without, I will be carried on deck." This thrilling answer was at once reported to the crew, and inspired them with renewed ardor and perseverance. Concurrently with this, a light breeze struck the sails of the *Alliance*, and she came



fairly under steerage way. A single broad-side poured into the enemy changed the whole state of the combat, and the royalists had to return to their guns, discovering that the victory yet remained to be won. After a brave and noble resistance, which had lasted nearly all day, and before the dressing of the Commodore's wounds would permit him to reach the deck, the British vessels struck their flags. Both their vessels were badly injured, and sustained a joint loss of eleven men killed and thirty wounded. The Alliance also was much damaged in her rigging and hull, owing principally to the fire of the enemy across her quarter and stern; her loss was eleven killed and twenty-two wounded. Commodore Barry made a cartel of the Trepassy, and sent her into an English port with the prisoners, but the Atalanta was retaken while about to enter Boston harbor, by a squadron of the enemy cruising off that place.

In the ensuing fall, Commodore Barry, in compliance with orders received, refitted the Alliance for the purpose of carrying the Marquis de la Fayette and Count Noailles to France on important public business. Having performed that duty, the Commodore sailed for Havana, and continued for some time cruising and rendering important service to the American cause on the West India station. The Alliance was kept constantly in active service, being a great favorite, on account of her superior sailing qualities. Amongst other services performed, the Alliance was sent to Havana for specie. In March, 1782, she sailed from the port of Havana, in company with the Luzerne, Captain Green, loaded with a large amount of specie, and with supplies. Shortly after leaving port, the Alliance and Luzerne encountered a British squadron, which gave occasion for a brilliant trial of the Commodore's naval skill and prowess. The largest of the enemy's vessels was equal to the Luzerne in swiftness, whilst the English sloop surpassed her. The conquest promised to prove an easy one for the enemy. In order to facilitate their escape, the Luzerne was lightened by throwing her guns overboard, and the specie was transferred to the Alliance. In the chase, according to a tradition in the service, the Alliance ran fifteen knots by the log, with the wind ahead. While thus endeavoring to save his precious freight from falling into the enemy's hands, Commodore Barry discovered a sail on the Alliance's weather bow, which turned out to be a French two-decker of fifty guns. Exchanging signals with the French vessel, and supposing he would be supported by her, Commodore Barry wore round and took his station on the weather quarter of the Luzerne. As the British sloop, the Sibyl, rating twenty and mounting thirty guns, endeavored to close her, he bore down and engaged the Sibyl, before the other ship of the enemy could come to her relief. The French vessel, however, did not enter the engagement, but kept her wind, and the Alliance had to sustain the whole action. The enemy's guns had been actively engaged from the commencement, but the guns of the Alliance were rendered more effectual, by having been reserved until she was within a very short distance of her adversary. The action lasted about three-quarters of an hour, when the Sibyl retired and made signals of distress to her consort. The Alliance now stood for the French vessel, and having spoken her, it was determined to give chase to the enemy and endeavor to bring the two British vessels to action again. It was soon perceived, however, that the French ship was too heavy a sailer to attempt to overtake the enemy, and the pursuit was abandoned. The coolness and intrepidity, no less than the skill and fertility in expedients, which Commodore Barry displayed on this occasion, are described in naval annals as truly wonderful: every quality of the great naval commander was brought out with extraordinary brilliancy. The



loss of the Alliance was three killed and eleven wounded, while that of the Sibyl is said to have been thirty-seven killed and fifty wounded. When hailed by the British squadron and asked the usual questions as to the ship, the captain, &c., the hero gave this spirited and characteristic reply: "The United States Ship Alliance, saucy Jack Barry, half Irishman, half Yankee—who are you?" It is related in the "*Annals of Philadelphia*," by Watson, that "the widow of Commodore Barry, remembering with what esteem her husband regarded this ship, had a tea-caddy made out of her wood, as a memento."

The difficulties which embarrassed the formation of a navy, during the revolutionary war, were very great: it would occupy too much space in this brief memoir to detail them. The very nature of the war, which was almost entirely confined to land, in consequence of the invasion of the country by the British land forces, was unfavorable to naval preparation. The paramount necessity and duty, on the part of Congress, to provide the means of resistance to the British armies, left little time or means for maritime defence. Besides, the enemy were in possession of the rivers and ports, especially of the most important of all the American ports for naval operations, that of New York. So that only six of the thirteen vessels laid down in the arrangement of October, 1775, could ever get to sea: the remainder either fell into the hands of the enemy's land forces, or were destroyed by the Americans to prevent that result. The absence of system and discipline, dissensions about rank, the dangerous and injudicious but perhaps necessary expedient of raising sailors from landsmen, and even from the prisoners taken in the war, were great drawbacks upon this branch of the public service. The Alliance was the only frigate-built vessel that went to sea after the first or second year of the war, with a full crew. These irregularities would have sacrificed that favorite ship of the revolution, and her precious freight in the West Indies, but for the intrepidity and skill of Commodore Barry. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the infant navy gained renown in a contest with the greatest maritime power in the world, and several naval heroes won immortality. The historian of the navy mentions Jones, Barry, Barney, Biddle, Manly, Nicholson, Wickes, Rathburne, Conyngham and Hecker, as "the naval names that have descended to us from this war with the greatest reputation."

After the termination of the revolution Commodore Barry still remained in the service, and at its head, and took an active part in all measures relating to the navy. During the misunderstanding with the French government, which occasioned a partial naval war, he rendered eminent services in protecting the American flag and commerce from the depredations of the French privateers which infested the seas. His experience and skill as a commander rendered his assistance and counsel of invaluable advantage to the country in laying the foundations of the present permanent navy. He succeeded in getting the government to adopt a superior model for ships, and it is considered that the new arrangements then introduced into the service have often since supplied the want of numerical strength. Under the administration of the elder Adams he superintended at Philadelphia, the building of the fine frigate *United States*, forty-four, of which he retained the command until she was laid up in ordinary, under Mr. Jefferson's administration.

The law of March 27th, 1794, provided for six frigates, and Commodore Barry's name was placed at the head of the list of commanders; he retained the rank of senior officer of the navy till his death. The "*United States*" was launched at Philadelphia, on the tenth day of July, 1794, and was the first vessel that got afloat under the organization of 1794. Early in July the next year the ship was



ready for sea, and Commodore Barry proceeded to cruise in her to the eastward. Commodore Barry was remarkably fond of aiding young officers in their profession, a trait of character strongly indicative of true greatness of soul. He carried out with him, in his first cruise in the "United States," many young gentlemen, who afterwards did honor to themselves, their preceptor and their country: among these we will mention such names as Ross, Mullony, James Barron and Charles Stewart, who were the lieutenants of the "United States," and Decatur, Somers, Caldwell, Jones and Crane, who were her midshipmen. His "boys," as they were called, were made of noble stuff, and their names are among the brightest ornaments on the pages of our naval history.

The government now resolved to send a stronger force to the West Indies. Commodore Barry hoisted a broad pennant on board the "United States," proceeded to the neighborhood of Cape Cod, and then sailed directly for the West Indies. In addition to the flag ship, the squadron consisted of the "Delaware," Captain Decatur, and the "Herald," Captain Sever. In this cruise they captured the privateers "Sans Pareil," sixteen, and "Jaloux," fourteen, and sent them in, in the fall of the year.

In the latter part of the year 1798, the West India force was divided into four squadrons, the principal of which was confided to Commodore Barry. In addition to the "United States," which was the flag ship, the squadron consisted of the Constitution, Captain Nicholson; George Washington, Captain Fletcher; Merimack, Captain Brown; Portsmouth, Captain McNeill; Herald, Master Com. Russell; Pickering, Lieut. Com. Preble; Eagle, Lieut. Com. Campbell; Scammel, Lieut. Com. Adams; and Diligence, Lieut. Com. Brown. These vessels were kept constantly and actively cruising during the year 1799, passing from point to point, and making a general rendezvous at Prince Rupert's Bay. Among numerous other captures made by the squadron, Commodore Barry, with the United States, captured the French privateers l'Amour de la Patrie and le Tartuffe. Towards the close of the year 1799, the French government had become persuaded, by the active and determined measures of the United States government, to consent to enter into negotiations, and assurances were given that new ministers would now be received with more respect than those previously sent, who had encountered only insult and neglect. On the third of November, Commodore Barry sailed from Newport, R. I., with the "United States," having on board the American envoys to the French government, whom he conveyed to their destination. He then returned to the West India station, where he cruised during the year 1800.

Commodore Barry continued at the head of the navy till the day of his death. He was always ready for any duty, and rendered important services to the country, no less by his exertions when afloat—notwithstanding an asthmatic affection with which he was suffering for many years—than by his counsel when ashore, in shaping the naval policy of the government. No man could be more devoted to his adopted country than Commodore Barry, as a long life of public services will testify; yet he was never ashamed of the oppressed land of his birth, which he dearly loved, and which he visited after the peace of Paris. It is related that the people of his native parish of Tacumshane remember his visit to this day with unabated gratitude. After an useful and brilliant career of glory, this good and brave man was carried off by his old complaint, the asthma. He died at Philadelphia on the thirteenth of September, 1803, and was buried in St. Mary's burial ground.



Commodore Barry was through life a sincere Catholic and a devout and pious Christian; not contenting himself with the name of Catholic, he lived a life of practical obedience and strict observance of the duties of religion. Dying without children, he left the Catholic orphan asylum of Philadelphia his chief legatee. Many noble and generous qualities combined to render his character one of singular symmetry and beauty. All who knew him loved and honored him, and his memory is still held in especial veneration in Philadelphia, the city of his residence. We prefer, however, to give his character in the disinterested language of others, which has now become the voice of history. The National Portrait Gallery thus describes him: "His private-life was amiable as his public career was brilliant. In his domestic relations he was ingenuous, frank and affectionate. In his intercourse with mankind, his deportment secured him an extensive circle of friends. Deeply impressed with religion, he exacted an observance of its ceremonies and duties on board of his ship, as well as in the retirement of private life. His lofty feelings of honor secured the confidence of the most illustrious men of the nation, and gave him an extensive influence in the various spheres in which his active life required him to move. The regard and admiration of General Washington, which he possessed to an eminent extent, was among the enviable fruits of his patriotic career. His public services were not limited to any customary rule of professional duty, but without regard to labor, danger or expense, his devotion to his country kept him constantly engaged in disinterested acts of public utility." In Allen's biographical dictionary we find the following brief but enviable eulogium: "The ravages of war did not harden his heart into cruelty. He had the art of commanding without superciliousness, haughtiness or wanton severity. Another trait in his character was a punctilious observance of the duties of religion." In the *Encyclopedia Americana*, Commodore Barry's personal appearance is thus described: "This estimable man was above the ordinary stature; his person was graceful and commanding; his whole deportment was marked by dignity, unmixed with ostentation; and his strongly marked countenance expressed the qualities of his mind and the virtues of his heart."

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### *An Apology.*

Too LATE I said: forgive the crime;  
Unheeded flew the hours.  
How noiseless falls the foot of time,  
That only treads on flowers.

What eye with clear account remarks  
The ebbing of the glass,  
When all its sands are diamond sparks,  
That dazzle as they pass?

O who to sober measurement  
Time's happy fleetness brings,  
When birds of paradise have lent  
Their plumage to his wings?

*Spencer.*



## THE WRITINGS OF LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

IN the summer of 1846 it was announced in the English papers that Lady Georgiana Fullerton, authoress of *Ellen Middleton*, had returned to the Church from which her erring ancestors, misled by private judgment, blinded by ambition, or yielding to the rigor of penal laws, had so unfortunately withdrawn. Her conversion was an accession to the English Catholics in many ways, for she was not only a lady of high rank, extensive means and amiable qualities of mind and heart, who would be active in the works of charity and piety so loudly called for by the impoverished state of Catholics wherever English is spoken; that is, wherever Catholics for three centuries have been systematically robbed and systematically debarred from the advantages of education. Lady Fullerton was moreover an authoress of rare talent and admirable power, who had already as a writer of fiction won undisguised and sincerely expressed approbation in the old world and the new. Known wherever the English literature of the day reaches, Lady Georgiana, whose conversion was soon followed by that of her husband, Captain Fullerton, is by birth Lady Georgiana Gower, daughter of the late and sister of the present Earl of Granville, one of the present ruling statesmen of England.

Possessed of wealth and all its luxuries, happy in her domestic relations, a literary talent and a love of literary pursuits has been not fruitless in her. *Ellen Middleton* displayed her peculiar powers, and placed her at the head of the living writers of her sex. And this work, although written before her conversion, has nevertheless a most Catholic bearing; it seeks to show the necessity of confession, the necessity of a clergy who shall inspire the confidence of the penitent, and the necessity of an absolving power. In the Puseyite idea which clung to the few words in the Book of Common Prayer, which in translating the order of the visitation of the sick from our ritual were inadvertently left, Lady Georgiana makes *Ellen Middleton* find peace in a dying confession. Her plot of the story is complicated, a series of wheels within wheels, the interest is intense, and *Ellen* so admirably drawn, that you pity but can scarce condemn. Her instrumentality in the death of a little cousin, whom in a moment of passion she struck, and who, losing her balance, fell down a flight of steps into a stream, is the great burthen on her mind. She dare not confess to her bereaved aunt and uncle her share in their loss: she endeavors to hide it and to still her own heart, but that fatal blow was seen by two, her aunt's brother, Henry Lovell, and his nurse. The latter had aided Henry to pay gambling debts, and he in return pledged himself to marry her grand-daughter Alice. This he does, though deeply enamored of *Ellen*, and neglecting his own wife, compels *Ellen* by threats of exposure to permit him constantly in her company, even after she too marries Edward Middleton, the object of her choice. This intimacy, the letters between them at last come to Edward's knowledge, and he separates from her: but discovers his error as she is dying in a lonely spot to which she had withdrawn to escape from Henry and murmur against fate. As we have said, the interest is intense, and nothing can be more ably drawn than the vile character of Henry nor the weakness of *Ellen*, her want of a director, one to whom she could confide the secret of her unhappiness, and in his counsel find guidance for the future and in his absolution relief from the terrible past. So highly wrought is it that at times it becomes disagreeable in its impressions; yet with all our indignation against the vice and weakness of the two



main characters, we read on. It is not indeed the most suitable subject for a tale, that of a wife solicited to leave the path of duty : a wife even reluctantly weaning the husband of another from that other's heart; but with this objection we sum up all that we can bring against *Ellen Middleton*. Its powerful delineation, its distinctness of character, its plain yet elegant diction, so far removed from the affected drawl of some of our lady writers, who seem to shun plain, homely English; its purity of thought, and constant indirect lessons, all gave the tale a rank among the highest of the lighter fictions of our day, and established on a firm basis the reputation of the fair and talented authoress. She renders poetic justice to all the personages that figure in her story : the intellectual Henry, no vulgar seducer, but a man who owns no subjection and regards the sanctity of no tie which offers an obstacle to his unholy and misguided passions, is fearfully punished; poor wavering Ellen, who to save herself from the discovery of an unintentional homicide, imperils her good name, her husband's affections, her very life, expiates her weakness by exile, sickness, loneliness and misery, cheered at last however by peace restored and love regained.

*Grantley Manor* was written after she became a Catholic, and though generally well received, met with severe censure from some of our Catholic reviewers, chiefly from the fact of the heroine Ginevra's reciting the Lord's Prayer with her Protestant half-sister and begging her prayers. Conceding that Ginevra erred, she did what in mixed countries, where faith and error stand side by side, is and has been, is and will be done by many more beside Ginevra; and it was perfectly in keeping for Lady Fullerton to introduce it, although an exposition of Catholic doctrine should perhaps have been given to enable the reader to decide that she was wrong at times and not to be imitated. For our part we find fault with Ginevra for not, on her discovering her father's actual address, which was not known at the time of her marriage, a marriage contracted by her in good faith by the authorization of one who stood in the position of guardian to her, announce the whole matter to her father; or, if she felt herself bound by any pledge to her husband to conceal it, that she did not lay the matter before her confessor, and obey the direction which he should give her as to the course which she was in conscience bound to take. If under any view of the case, her director should have advised her to pursue the course she did, we could be reconciled to it.

Having thus censured book and reviewers, it would seem as though our readers were acquainted with both. The plot of *Grantley Manor*—for we will give it—turns on two daughters of Col. Leslie, one Margaret, by his first wife, the daughter of an English parson, the other Ginevra, by his second wife, the sister of an Italian painter. The former is brought up in England, a Protestant of course, by her grand-parents, aided especially by a fatherly William Sydney, a liberal sort of a man in his way. Of her sister she is kept in almost profound ignorance. Ginevra loses her uncle, but he shortly before his death makes the acquaintance of Edmund Neville, the son of an Orange, Popery-hating Irish squire, and finding Neville deeply in love with Ginevra, and his niece not insensible, urges her to marry him, convincing her that he, in the absence of her father, who is a sort of wanderer in India and elsewhere, has the right to dispose of her hand. The plot turns now on the fact that the elder Neville threatens to disinherit his son if he marries a Catholic, and makes such a will. The younger Neville persuades Ginevra to conceal the marriage, and meet her father as though she is not, hoping at last to overcome his father's prejudice; but her father dies, and he sees no hope except in forcing Ginevra to become a Protestant. Here her faith is dis-



played in all its beauty, in her struggle against a husband whom she loves, but she gradually sinks, and, misled by a report that he is about to marry another, she hastens to the church, where he finds her bereft of reason, and acknowledges her as his wife. As the reader will see, the first fault is a mixed marriage, and that without the knowledge of the respective parents; the second, the concealment of it from those parents, and all the misery caused by that concealment, when only a probable loss of property on one side could result from openness. In this point of view there are few tales which can convey a better moral, or lessons which in our times and circumstances are more sorely needed. Nor have we many who can convey them better than Lady Fullerton, whose style, pure and refined, yet homely honest, is the embodiment of an imagination rich and vivid, ardent yet chastened—a knowledge of the human heart and of its wants,—of powers of observation and description which please and never weary, and above all, a vein of satire, that conveys many a lesson, especially to young women. Margaret's character is peculiarly well drawn, and is evidently and naturally the style of character with which she is best acquainted—a character naturally good, in whose development the true faith has had no part.

The next work of our authoress is *Lady Bird*. In it, too, we find the complex plot in which our authoress delights, and a heroine with as fatal a wooer as Edmund Neville. *Lady Bird* is a strange yet not unnatural creation, the child of a stern, cold, haughty English Catholic father and a sickly Spanish mother, who never, from ill health, could preside over her household and form the hearts of her children. Gertrude, the *Lady Bird*, at last meets a Count d'Arberg, a man of singular talent, high rank and sincere piety. An affection is formed, and d'Arberg waits on Gertrude's father, to be rudely repulsed and forbidden to communicate with his daughter. Threatened with a Spanish marriage, believing herself abandoned by d'Arberg, she flies to the cottage of Mrs. Redmond, an old friend of the family, where Maurice Redmond, who passionately loved her, hurries her into a marriage which no excuse can palliate. Troubles ensue: Maurice, a musician, fails to support her; they come to America, which Maurice reaches only to die, and to crown all, they meet d'Arberg, whom she had seen reported in the papers as having become a priest, and in his arms and hers Maurice expires. He then renounces the world, and she, reconciled to her father, returns home to lead a life made up of works of mercy, her haughty spirit chastened in the crucible of affliction.

The characters all are well drawn, though some are not unlike those in her previous works. *Lady Bird* herself is extremely well developed, but the lesson for the young of either sex, lies in Maurice, a young man whose religion is but enthusiastic impulse, whose heart is not imbued with its great truths, whose passions are violent, and who to gratify them will sacrifice honor, friendship, another happiness here or hereafter. How many a Maurice the Church in this country has to deplore, who, wanting a solid foundation, and living in a society whose morality, social and political, is more corrupt than that of Rome in the last days of the republic, finds in himself no armor against temptation, but falls, and worse than Maurice, exiles himself from the confessional. How many such have made the life of their wedded partners more wretched than Lady Fullerton's talented pen can give to the *Lady Bird*?

In these works readers will be struck with the tone of English life as portrayed by her pen, a life simpler and less exaggerated than our own, with fewer extravagances of conversation, dress or manners. Much of our follies is undoubtedly derived from trashy novels, which purport to portray high life in England,



but which emanate from pens that reek of the worst purlieu of London. Lady Fullerton in her tales furnishes many hints for reform and picture, which the young will not be misled by. The errors of her characters are never made so alluring as to be models of imitation, and their bitter punishment cannot in our remembrance be severed from their fault.

She has also written some poems we believe, and a few fugitive pieces, of which the "Old Islander" is one so beautiful and charming, so simple and so touching, that we wonder it has not been reprinted here. Her life of St. Frances of Rome seems to have acquired less popularity among us, although the holy matron of Rome was the foundress of an order that comprises the noble ladies of Rome and poor colored women of Baltimore—an order existing only in the eternal city and our western republic. Lady Fullerton's idea was to popularize the lives of the saints, to make lives that all would read, even those who shrink from ascetical reading; and in this she has fully succeeded. Analogies, comparisons of times, circumstances and events, place the time of St. Frances beside our own: we behold her life as a wife and mother, her struggles and trials, and feel roused to abandon our gentility and respectability in order to practice the works of a Christian, to bring forth fruits worthy of penance. Many are disheartened by the lives of saints, because they see a summit of perfection and have no courage to aspire to perfection in their own state, or see it in cloistered saints and think that those living in the world have no models. No mother that has ever read Lady Fullerton's life of that virtuous Roman matron, whose tomb and home she has visited, whose feast she describes as celebrated in our days, can fail to store the little biography as a household treasure, and make her little one familiar from childhood with Frances and her gentle Agnes and her lovely Evangelista.

With the hope that critics have not by their strictures diverted the accomplished authoress from pursuits which a love of literature and a desire to do good alone suggested, we must close our desultory sketch, repaid if our readers make a better acquaintance with the subject of it.

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### Sic Vita.

Like to the falling of a star,  
Or as the flight of eagles are,  
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,  
Or silver drops of morning dew,  
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,  
Or bubbles which on water stood:  
Even such is man, whose borrowed light  
Is straight called in and paid to-night.  
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;  
The spring entombed in autumn lies,  
The dew dries up, the star is shot,  
The flight is past—and man forgot.



## OUR COLLEGES.—No. II.

THE venerable Proto-Bishop of America associated the cares of the churches with those of colleges. They not only harmonize, but they strengthen each other. Hence the now great College of Georgetown, as already noticed, is not the only monument of his zeal, but another, nearer at home to himself, will speak of his piety. In compliance with the wishes of Pope Pius VI, expressed in a bull issued on the 6th November, 1789, and also in accordance with his own desire for the more permanent establishment of our holy faith, Bishop Carroll was consecrated on the 15th of August the following year, in the chapel of the Castle of Ludsworth, England, by the Right Rev. Charles Walmesby, Bishop of Rama, *in partibus infidelium*. This venerated bishop was the oldest of the four Apostolical Vicars of that country, and was, moreover, an acquaintance and sincere friend of our own good Bishop Carroll. As a memorial of the day of his consecration—and it may be called an immortal monument—the newly consecrated bishop placed the whole of his vast diocese, then extending over all the confederated states of North America, under the patronage of the blessed Virgin, queen of angels and of men. No wonder then that blessings should come in abundance. Among the first of these was the promise of the Very Rev. Mr. Emory, Superior General of the Sulpicians in France, to establish a seminary in the new world. On the 10th of July, 1791, the Rev. Charles Nagot, having under his jurisdiction Rev. Messrs. Garnier, Tessier, Delavan, Leondoux, and five young seminarians, landed in Baltimore, after a very stormy and protracted voyage of three months. Young Chateaubriand, afterwards so celebrated, was one of their fellow passengers, and shared in their fears and hardships. To this arrival may be traced the remote origin of St. Mary's College, but it must be seen in its present condition before its history can be narrated.

### ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, BALTIMORE.

In a central part of the monumental city, the graceful spire, surmounted by a cross, of a beautiful gothic church, is sure to attract the attention of the beholder, and invite him to enter its sacred precincts. It is called St. Mary's Chapel, on account of its connection with the late college and the present seminary. The spacious grounds near the chapel are occupied by extensive buildings, a large gravelled yard and a beautiful shrubbery or garden, in which there is a miniature Mount Calvary, with its cross and other memorials, to remind the pious student of eternity and life. The stranger, as well as the acquaintance, will find in the proverbial politeness of the Sulpicians all the attention and information that any gentleman may require. This charming place was purchased at the instigation of the late Most Rev. Dr. Carroll, although it required years of toil and patience to erect the fine college, build the high walls, and cultivate the enclosures.

When the Rev. Mr. Nagot, with his fellow laborers and seminarians, as already related, landed in Baltimore, they sought the residence of the bishop, who was at the time in Boston on business connected with his sacred office. But a bishop's hospitality does not depart with himself: they were kindly received, and had the honor of being the first, on the Sunday after their arrival, to sing solemn vespers in St. Peter's church, in Saratoga street. Never before were those sacred canticles heard in the new diocese. But they were not without a home of their own; for the bishop, in expectation of their arrival, had before his departure for Boston



rented a house for their accommodation; and as soon as possible afterwards a house and the lot, referred to above, were purchased, where the seminary was permanently established.

As in Georgetown, the institution, which was at first only a kind of preparatory school, increased into an academy, afterwards grew into a college, and finally enlarged into a university—so St. Mary's grew gradually. Sometime after the establishment of the ecclesiastical seminary, a day school for boys was kept by a few of the Sulpicians, but as the number of pupils continued to increase, and the members of the institution received a fresh supply of members, it was resolved to add a collegiate department to the seminary. The documents do not tell at what precise period this was affected. The Rev. William Dubourg was appointed the first president, and in 1806, by an act of the legislature of Maryland, St. Mary's College was raised to the degree of a university. As the students increased, so the buildings increased. Youths from the different states of the union, the West Indies, Cuba, Peru, Brazil, and in latter years from Mexico, received there an education to enable them to fill with honor those stations in life to which Divine Providence had called them, so that at the present day many are a credit to their *Alma Mater*, while they are obtaining renown for themselves in their several avocations.

Some of the students of the college, after completing their collegiate course, entered the seminary and became good and zealous priests, while a few enrolled their names in the Society of St. Sulpice, and rendered efficient aid to the cause of religion and education.

In 1852 it was thought that the collegiate department might be suppressed, without any detriment to the public, as there were so many eminent Catholic colleges in existence, and after mature reflection, a resolution to this effect was carried into execution, by closing the college, thereby giving the Rev. gentlemen every opportunity of devoting their undivided attention to the ecclesiastical department, which was their first and main object. Nothing has been lost, but much gained; for better disciplinarians for students for the church can scarcely be found. The apparatus, and instruments of chemistry, natural philosophy and astronomy, which were in the college, have been retained for the seminary, which is in a very flourishing condition.

The Presidents of this College were: Rev. Messrs. Wm. Dubourg, J. B. F. Paquet, Simon G. Bruté, Edward Damphoux, Louis R. Deluol, Michael F. Wheeler, Samuel Eccleston, J. J. Chanche, Gilbert Raymond and O. L. Jenkins. Of these, three were appointed bishops to new sees, viz: Right Rev. William Dubourg, for New Orleans; Rt. Rev. S. G. Bruté, for Vincennes; and Right Rev. J. J. Chanche, for Natchez, while we all recollect the late Most Rev. S. Eccleston, Archbishop of Baltimore. These, and two or three of the other Rev. gentlemen, are now, we may reasonably suppose, enjoying the fruits of their labor.

#### LOYOLA COLLEGE, BALTIMORE.

This flourishing institution, although of recent origin, is noticed here because it is the successor, and may be considered the continuation of St. Mary's, under a different name, in a different part of the city, and under different directors.

In 1852, when St. Mary's College was closed, the Jesuit Fathers rented two houses in Holliday street, where they opened a day school, which was attended by nearly all the students of the late college. To insure success in this new undertaking, professors of well known ability, and of many years experience, were



engaged, and a charter of incorporation was granted by the Legislature during the following year, when degrees were conferred upon two of the students.

In September, 1853, the corner-stones of the new college and adjoining church were laid by the venerated Archbishop Kenrick, attended by the clergy of the city, and the Rev. Dr. McCaffrey, president of Mt. St. Mary's College, preached on the occasion. This college, which was inaugurated on the 22d of Feb., 1855, is one hundred and twelve feet in front, by fifty-five feet in depth, and is five stories high, furnished and fitted up in excellent style, with all the modern improvements, such as gas, water, &c. &c. The church, which shows a front of seventy-five feet, and a depth of one hundred and twenty-five, built, as is also the college which is united to it, of brick, with granite basements, is in the pure Ionic style. It is said, that when completed, these structures will be among the most imposing in the city.

As the history of Loyola College has not yet commenced, although at present reckoning upwards of one hundred and fifty attendants at its schools, it is not necessary to say more at present. The officers and faculty are: Rev. John Early, S. J., President; Rev. Charles F. King, S. J., Vice-President; Rev. James A. Ward, S. J., Professor of Natural Philosophy; Rev. Edward H. Welch, S. J., Professor of Mental Philosophy; Martin F. Morris, S. J., Professor of Rhetoric and Mathematics; Charles F. Kelly, S. J., Professor of Humanities, Mathematics and French; Thomas McDonough, S. J., Albert Peters, S. J., Matthew Gardiner, S. J., Edward Henchy, S. J., adjunct Professors of Humanities, Mathematics and French; Joseph A. Pizarro, A. M., Professor of Spanish.

#### MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, EMMITSBURG, MD.

Few places are associated with so many endearing recollections as the mountain homestead. Every student thinks with some degree of pleasure of the church on the hill-side, where often, in the early autumn mornings, he beheld the extensive valley beneath as an expansive ocean. And how often, in the sultry summer days, does he not long for the fountain of clear cold water near the college, where many times he quenched his thirst? But the charm is everywhere. Hence it happens, as with persons born and nurtured in the same neighborhood, the alumni of the mountain (and they are now scattered all over the union, and engaged in almost every honorable pursuit), meet each other as old friends, although they may not have been previously even acquainted. It is no wonder, then, that a college of such promise should produce fruit in abundance. Two archbishops, eight bishops, and a great number of our most zealous and useful priests, claim Mount St. Mary's as their home.

As most institutions partake, more or less, of the spirit of their founders, and especially in one like Mount St. Mary's, where the founder and the early history of the college are so intimately connected, it may not be amiss to give a brief outline of the life and character of the late Bishop of New York. The Rev. Dr. White, in his admirable "*Life of Mrs. Eliza A. Seton, Foundress and First Superior of the Sisters of Charity in the U. S.*," furnishes the required information.

"Born in Paris, on the 24th of August, 1764, he was remarkable from his early years for those qualities which distinguished him in after life, piety, energy and perseverance. Having finished his scholastic course with great honor, he embraced the ecclesiastical state, and was elevated to the priesthood in the year 1787.



He officiated in Paris until the outbreak of the revolution, when, like many others of his brethren, he was forced to seek an asylum in a foreign land. Having arrived at Norfolk, Va., in July, 1791, he obtained from Bishop Carroll the necessary faculties for officiating at that place and at Richmond. Furnished with commendatory letters from General Lafayette, he formed the acquaintance of many distinguished men of the times in this country, among whom were James Monroe and Patrick Henry, to the latter of whom he was indebted for occasional lessons in the English language. The kindest attentions were paid to him by these and other illustrious individuals; and it was undoubtedly owing to their intervention that he was permitted to offer up the Holy Sacrifice in the capital of Virginia, where but a short time before a Catholic priest was compelled, in visiting his flock, to disguise himself for the protection of his person and life. When he had acquired some knowledge of the English tongue, Mr. Dubois was appointed by Bishop Carroll to the charge of the congregations of which Fredericktown, in Maryland, was the central point, and from the year 1794 to 1808, he was continually employed in passing from one station to another, preaching, administering the Sacrament, and instructing the young. By his exertions, the first Catholic church at Frederick was erected, and from this place he visited once a month, and alternately, the church in the village of Emmitsburg, and a chapel at the base of the mountain, about two miles distant from the town. At this period the country around wore but slight traces of cultivation; the wildness of the forest was visible on every side. In November, 1805, the two congregations above mentioned assembled on the brow of the hill, cleared a sufficient space for the site of a house, and having hewn logs for the purpose, they erected a small one-story residence (known afterwards as Mr. Duhamel's house), containing two rooms. In the following spring they commenced the building of a brick church higher up the mountain, which was completed in 1807. Mr. Dubois soon after took possession of the house, and together with the pastoral duties which he performed, commenced a school for the instruction of youth in knowledge and piety. This school was originally held in a small brick house at some distance from the mountain, but was soon removed to a more commodious log tenement on the rise of the hill.\*

"Rev. Mr. Dubois having in 1809 become a member of the Society of St. Sulpitius, to his care were transferred the pupils of the preparatory seminary, near Abbottstown, Pa., the object of which was to form professors for St. Mary's College, and students for the seminary at Baltimore. In the spring of that year, sixteen youths were conveyed from the institution in Pennsylvania to the establishment near Emmitsburg, which was designed as an ecclesiastical school, and an appendage of that in Baltimore. But the salubrity of its situation, the pure and delightful water that abounded on the spot, and above all, its remoteness from the vices and distractions of a city, induced many parents to solicit admission for their children, though not aspirants to the priesthood; and their request was granted the more readily, as, besides forming many young persons to virtue and science, it afforded useful employment to ecclesiastical students who, in pursuing higher studies, could devote a part of their time to the teaching of inferior classes: By this arrangement also they, as well as the institution, were relieved from the expense of their education, and the house was supplied with a body of competent

\* It was probably about this time that the college grounds were granted by Mrs. A. Chloe Brooks to Rev. Messrs. Dubourg, Dubois, &c.



instructors. The undertaking succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations of its zealous and holy founders.

"Such was the beginning of Mount St. Mary's College, which has become so fruitful a nursery of science and religion, and rendered such important services to society and to the American Church."

The first college building of Mount St. Mary's was a commodious, though not a very large house, built of logs, to which a frame tenement was annexed, and subsequently, as the number of students increased, a second log-building was added. Even as early as 1812 we find that it was no inconsiderable institution, although it had no stone facades or other embellishments to adorn its un-Grecian architecture. All its beauty was within. It had a president, in its founder, who never tired, and was always cheerful and at work; he was poor, and yet so liberal that he attracted around him persons of a kindred disposition who, under his direction, became most efficient teachers and disciplinarians, and afterwards most zealous bishops or priests. Within its wooden walls about sixty students were also at that time learning to be useful to themselves and their country, and to practice their duties towards God. But it was not in reality until the year 1818, when its "guardian angel," in the person of the late Bishop Bruté, came to reside there, that the college assumed that importance that it has since not only retained, but exalted. Mr. Bruté was born in 1779, and in 1803 graduated in medicine with the highest honors. But the cure of souls, and not of bodies, was his vocation, and accordingly he commenced the study of theology in the seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris, and five years afterwards was ordained a priest, and joined the society. In 1810 he sailed for America with the late Bishop Flaget. As already mentioned, he was appointed President of St. Mary's, in Baltimore, but from the beginning he loved the mountain, and wished to share in the labors of his saintly fellow countrymen. His wishes, however, were not fully gratified, until the period above mentioned. The extensive library which he brought to the college was in itself an immense advantage, but almost nothing compared to his own living words, his untiring zeal and bright example of holiness.

The study of theology was introduced soon after the arrival of the saintly Bruté, who was appointed professor of divinity and lecturer on Sacred Scripture, besides which, he taught one or two classes in the collegiate department with wonderful success. With two such men as Dubois and Bruté as its leading spirits, and with such principal professors as Rev. J. B. Purcell, the present Archbishop of Cincinnati; Rev. James Smith, J. McClosky, now bishop of Albany, New York; R. V. Whelan, now bishop of Wheeling, Va.; Rev. C. C. Pise, Rev. J. J. Mullen, of New Orleans; Rev. A. Hitzelberger and Dr. Anthony Hermange, it is no wonder that the president and his assistants were eager to petrify the wooden edifice or edifices into a magnificent stone building. The project, after mature deliberation, was speedily executed, and early in the spring of 1824 the grand stone edifice was nearly ready to take the place of the old log college.

Pentecost Sunday of that year was a joyous day at the mountain. During the morning and afternoon many a prayer of thanksgiving ascended to heaven from the church on the hill-side. The president, teachers and students rejoiced, because they were on the eve of occupying the new college, and the good people in the neighborhood were glad to see so grand a work in their midst. But alas! it was not to be so. That very night they were all aroused from sleep by the lurid flames and crackling noise occasioned by the conflagration of the building, and Monday morning beheld it a heap of smouldering ruins. It is generally supposed that it



was not a mere accident, but was the work of an incendiary. It is also reported, that Mr. Dubois never showed more christian heroism than on that occasion. While he witnessed the rapid progress of the devouring fire, his chief anxiety was to prevent those persons who came to arrest the spread of the conflagration, from exposing themselves to imminent danger. The help on which he relied was to come from heaven, and he prayed for it calmly and silently, as he looked on the wreck of his many years' labors, but not of his hope. In a few days he laid out the plan for a college larger and more magnificent than the one destroyed, and started with renewed energy on the most painful of all missions which a priest must often perform—that of collecting funds for pious purposes. "By appeals to his personal friends and the friends of education, he succeeded in accomplishing his object, and in the summer of 1826 he took possession of the new edifice, with a numerous band of pupils, and with that heartfelt satisfaction which arises from the consciousness of having achieved a magnificent work, in defiance of the most formidable obstacles." That same year, however, he was called away by the voice of authority from his mountain, to assume the arduous task of directing the spiritual affairs of the Catholics of the diocese of New York, as its third bishop. Before he died, in 1842, he had the satisfaction of beholding Mount St. Mary's flourishing under the direction of priests whom he himself had educated.

The immediate successors of Bishop Dubois in the presidency of Mount St. Mary's, were the Rev. Messrs. Michael de Burgo Egan, who died soon after in Marseilles, whither he went for the benefit of his health, and J. McGerry, who for a period presided over the institution. These exemplary gentlemen, as well as their successors, did honor to the college over which they presided. The next director of this institution was Rev. J. B. Purcell, the present distinguished Archbishop of Cincinnati, under whose administration the college was chartered in 1830. He also was removed from the mountain that he still loves, by being appointed in 1833 to succeed Bishop Fenwick in the see of Cincinnati. The Rev. Francis B. Jamison, who was vice-president before, was then chosen as president, and was succeeded by Rev. Thomas R. Butler, now vicar-general of the diocese of Covington. The present president is the Rev. John McCaffrey, D. D., under whom the college has not only kept its stronghold, but has, as it were, been multiplied in buildings and usefulness. Since 1851, not but Catholic boys, or such as may be instructed in the Catholic religion, are admitted into the college. Besides the vast structure, equal and similar to the one left by Bishop Dubois, another, intended for the juvenile department, will be shortly ready for students.

The ecclesiastical department is also in a very prosperous state. The chairs of Divinity and Sacred Scripture, vacated in 1834, when Rt. Rev. S. G. Bruté was consecrated the first bishop of Vincennes, were worthily filled by the very Rev. E. Surin, at present vicar-general of the diocese of Philadelphia, and he has had successors well deserving of the sacred trust of teaching those who are to be the instructors of others unto righteousness.

In conclusion, the writer wishes here to express what has often been, and is now, a wish of his heart, and the subject of many a prayer, that as the principal object of the pious founder was to establish a house for the education of ecclesiastics, so may we live to see the day when Mount St. Mary's will be made a National Seminary, and have representatives from every diocese in the United States.



## NAPOLEON'S VISIT TO THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES.

On the afternoon of the first of September, 1806, Napoleon mounted his horse and quitted St. Cloud, accompanied only by his grand marshal, his aid-de-camp, Rapp, and a page. After enjoying a brisk gallop through the Bois de Boulogne, he drew up at the gate of Malliot, and dismissed his attendants, with the exception of Rapp, who followed him into the avenue of Neuilly. Galloping by the spot where the triumphal arch was then beginning to rise from its foundations, they reached the grand avenue of the Champs Elyssées, and proceeded towards the Hôtel des Invalides. There Napoleon stopped and gazed at the splendid edifice, glowing in the beams of the setting sun.

"Fine! very fine!" he repeated several times. "Truly Louis XIV was a great king!" Then addressing Rapp, he said, "I am going to visit my invalids this evening. Hold my horse—I shall not stay long." And throwing the bridle to his aid-de-camp, Napoleon passed beneath the principal gateway. Seeing a man dressed in a military hat, and with two epaulets badly concealed by his half-buttoned *redingote*, the sentry supposed him to be a superior officer, and allowed him to pass without question.

Crossing his arms on his chest, the visitor, having reached the principal court, stopped and looked around him. Suddenly the conversation of two invalids coming out of the building attracted his attention. In order to listen, he walked behind them regulating his pace by theirs, for they walked very slowly. These two men seemed bowed down with years. The less feeble of them led his companion, and as they tottered on he looked anxiously around.

"Jerome," said the elder, in a husky voice, "do you see him coming?"

"No, father, but never mind! I'll read him a lecture which he won't forget in a hurry—careless boy that he is!"

"But Jerome, we must make some allowance for him—we were once young ourselves. Besides, I dare say he thought my prayers would not be finished so soon this evening—the boy has a kind heart."

Napoleon stepped forward, and addressing the old man, said, "Apparently, my friends, you are waiting for some one?"

The younger looked up and touched his hat, for he saw the gleam of the epaulets.

"Yes, colonel," replied he, "my father Maurice and I have been waiting for my truant son. He knows well that his grandfather requires the support of his arms to reach the dormitory, as one of mine is—" Here he shook his empty sleeve.

"You are a brave fellow," said the Emperor, "and your son has done wrong. But how came your father," he continued, as they walked along, "to remain so late out?"

"Because, colonel, he always devotes the afternoon of the first of September to commemorate the anniversary of the death of the king under whom he formerly served."

"What king was that?"

"His late majesty, Louis XIV," said the old man, who had not before joined in the conversation.

"Louis XIV!" repeated Napoleon in astonishment. "Where can you have seen him?"



"Here, in this place; he spoke to me, and I answered," said Maurice.

"How old are you?"

"If I live till Candlemas, colonel, I shall be one hundred and twenty-one years old."

"A hundred and twenty-one years!" cried the Emperor. And taking the old man's arm, he said kindly, "Lean on me, old comrade, I will support you."

"No, no, colonel; I know too well the respect—"

"Nonsense! I desire it." And the Emperor gently placed the arm within his own, although the veteran still resisted.

"Come, father," said Jerome, "do as the colonel orders you, or else the end of your politeness will be; that you'll have a fine cold to-morrow. And then this young Cyprian is not coming yet!"

"You must have entered this Hôtel while very young?" said Napoleon, as they walked along.

"Yes colonel; I was but eighteen when I fought at Freidlingen, and the next year, at Blenheim I received a wound in my neck which disabled me, and obtained for me the favor of entering here."

"It was not a favor," interrupted Napoleon—"it was a right."

"I have lived here upwards of a hundred years. I was married here, and I have seen all my old comrades pass away. But, although there are only young people now in the Hôtel, I am very happy since my children came to join me."

"M. Jerome," said Napoleon, how old are you?"

"Going on ninety-one, Colonel; I was born in 1715."

"Yes," said his father, "the very year that his late majesty, Louis XIV, died. I remember it as well as if it were yesterday."

"What battles have you been in, my friend?"

"At Fontenoy, colonel, at Lamfeld, at Rosbach, at Berghen, and at Fribourg. It was in the last battle I lost my arm. I came here in the year 1763, in the time of Louis XV."

"That poor king," said Napoleon, as if speaking to himself, "who signed a shameful treaty that deprived France of fifteen hundred leagues of coast."

"And for the last forty-three years," said Maurice, "Jerome has watched me like a good and dutiful son. Pity that his should be so forgetful!"

"Well," said Napoleon, "I will do my best to supply M. Cyprien's place. At your age it is not good to be under the night air."

"Here he comes at last!" cried Jerome.

The Emperor looked with some curiosity at this wild boy, for whose youth allowance was to be made, and saw to his astonishment an invalid of some sixty years old, with two wooden legs, but one eye, and a frightfully scarred face, advancing toward them as quickly as his infirmities would permit. Jerome began to reproach his truant son, but the latter interrupted him by holding up a flask, a piece of white bread, and a few lumps of sugar. "See," he said, "it was getting these things that delayed me. I knew grandfather would like a draught of warm wine and sugar after his long stay out; so I went to my old friend Colibert, and persuaded him to give me his allowance of wine in exchange for my mounting guard in his place to-morrow."

"Well, well," said Jerome, "that was thoughtful of you, my boy, but meantime we should have been badly off but for the kindness of this noble colonel, who has made your grandfather lean on him."



Cyprien saluted the Emperor, whom, in the increasing darkness, he did not recognize, and said, "Now then, sir, with your permission I will resume my post."

"And an honorable one it is," said Napoleon. "Pray, in what engagement were you wounded?"

"At the battle of Fleurus, colonel, gained against the Austrians by General Jourdan, now Marshal of the Empire. A volley of grape-shot knocked out my eye, and carried off both of my legs at the same time. But," added Cyprien, striking his powful chest, "my heart was not touched, nor my stomach either, and they have both, I hope, some good days' work in them yet."

Napoleon smiled. "The battle of Fleurus," he said, "was fought, I think, in 1794!"

"Yes, colonel."

"That was already in Bonaparte's time," remarked Maurice.

"Grandfather," replied Cyprien, "please to say the Emperor Napoleon the Great; that is his proper title."

"In the time of his late majesty, Louis XIV."

"Ah, grandfather," interrupted Cyprien, impatiently, "we're tired of hearing about that monarch of the old *régime*, who used to go to war in a flowing wig and silk stockings! He's not to be mentioned in the same year with the Emperor, who dresses and lives like one of ourselves. Is it not so, colonel?"

Napoleon knitted his brows, and answered coldly: "You are mistaken, M. Cyprien; Louis XIV was a great king! It was he who raised France to the first rank among the nations of Europe; it was he who first marshaled 400,000 soldiers on land, and one hundred vessels on the sea. He added to his dominions Roussillon, Franche-Comté, and Flanders; he seated one of his children on the throne of Spain; and it was he who founded this Hôtel des Invalides. Since Charlemagne, there has not been a king in France worthy of being compared to him!"

This eulogium on the monarch whom he almost idolized, caused the dim eyes of old Maurice to sparkle; he tried to straighten himself, and said, in a broken voice: "Bravo! bravo! Ah! colonel, you are worthy to have served his late majesty, Louis XIV. Had you lived in his time he would have made you a field-marshal!"

Somewhat abashed, Cyprien stammered out, "Excuse me, colonel; but you know I never knew this king of grandfather's. I only heard him spoken of by some of the oldest men here."

"And those who spoke disrespectfully of him," said Napoleon, "did wrong. Here, at all events, the memory of Louis XIV ought to be venerated."

At that moment lights appeared at the end of the court, a sound of voices was heard, and many persons approached. Rapp had waited a long time on the spot where the Emperor had left him; but when it became dark, and his master did not return, he grew uneasy, and giving the horses in charge to a soldier, he entered the Hôtel, and told the governor, Marshal Serrurier, that the Emperor had been for the last hour *incognito* within the walls. The news spread quickly among the officers; they hastened to look for their beloved master, and found him on the terrace conversing with his three companions.

At the cries of "Here he is! long live the Emperor!" Cyprien, fixing his eye attentively on the supposed colonel, suddenly recognized him, and clasping his hands, exclaimed: "Ah! sire, pardon me. Father, grandfather—this is the Emperor himself!"



"You the Emperor, colonel?" cried the two old men.

"Yes, my children," replied Napoleon, kindly holding each by an arm, in order to prevent them from kneeling, "although much younger than you, I am your father, and the father of every soldier who has fought for the honor of France!"

At that moment, Rapp, the Governor, and their attendants, came up and saluted Napoleon. With a stern look, he said to his aid-de-camp, in an under tone, "You should have had patience to wait." Then turning to the others in an affable manner, he said: "Approach, marshal and gentlemen; help me to recompense three generations of heroes. These brave men," pointing to Maurice, Jerome and Cyprien, "have fought in three glorious battles—Freidlingen, Racours and Fleurus. Marshal," (to Serrurier,) "lend me your cross; you shall have one in its stead to-morrow," he added, smiling. "Give me yours also, Rapp."

Having received the two crosses, Napoleon gave one to Jerome, the other to Cyprien; and then taking off his own, he fastened it on the breast of the venerable Maurice, saying, as he did so, "My old comrade, I regret that I did not sooner discharge this debt which France owes you."

"Long live the Emperor! long live the Emperor!" shouted all present.

"Sire," said old Maurice, in a voice trembling with rapture, "you have made the remainder of life happy to me and my children."

"My brave fellow," replied Napoleon, giving his hand, which the old man seized and pressed respectfully with his lips, "I repeat that I am only discharging a debt which our country owes you."

Meantime the news had spread throughout the Hôtel that the Emperor was there. All the inmates, disregarding rule and discipline, came out of their rooms, and rushed into the court, crying out, "Long live the Emperor!"

In a moment Napoleon found himself surrounded by a crowd of eager veterans, each trying who could get nearest to his beloved general.

"My Emperor!" cried one, "I was with you at Toulon!" "And I at the passage of St. Bernard!" "And I at Trebia!" "You spoke to me at Aboukir!" "I shared my bread with you at Roveredo!" "I picked up your hat at Marengo!" "I was at Austerlitz!" etc., etc.

Napoleon smiled at the reminiscences of these extempore Xenophons, and tried to answer each individually, inquiring whether they were content with their position, or wished for any thing with which he could supply them.

At length Napoleon took leave of the governor; and the crowd opening, respectfully made way for him to pass to the gate. Rapp had sent back the horses, and ordered a carriage with an escort of dragoons to be in attendance. The Emperor got in with his aid-de-camp, while the echoes of the Seine resounded with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur!*

"This has been one of the happiest evenings in my life!" he said to Rapp. "I should like well enough to pass the remainder of my days in the Hôtel des Invalides."

"Then I," replied the aid-de-camp, with his usual frankness, "should like to be assured of dying and being buried there."

"Who knows?" said Napoleon; "that may happen; and I myself—who knows—" He did not finish the sentence, but fell into a profound reverie, which lasted during the remainder of the drive.

On the 15th of December, 1840, a funeral car, covered with crowns of laurel, preceded by the banner of France, and followed by the surviving relics of her forty armies, passed slowly beneath the Triumphal Arch de l'Etoile. The sarcophagus



it bore contained the moral spoils of him who, in the space of fifteen years, had well-nigh conquered the world. The dead Napoleon was thus tardily borne to his place beneath that dome raised for the shelter of heroes.

Late in the evening, when the crowd had slowly dispersed, when the murmur of its thousand mournful voices was hushed, when the solitude was complete, and the silence unbroken, an invalid, a centegenarian, almost blind, and walking on two wooden legs, entered the chapel where reposed the body of Napoleon. Supported by two of his comrades, he reached with difficulty the foot of the imperial catafalque. Taking off his wooden legs in order to kneel down, he bent his venerable head on the steps; and presently, mingled with sobs, he uttered in broken accents the words, "Emperor! father!"

At length his companions succeeded in drawing him away; and as he passed out, the superior officers of the Hôtel respectfully saluted the old man. He who thus came to render his last homage to his master was Cyprien, the grandson of father Maurice.

## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

### *His Crucifixion—Entombment.*

Lo, with gall his thirst he quenches!  
 See the thorns upon his brow!  
 Nails his tender flesh are rending!  
 See, his side is opened now!  
 Whence to cleanse the whole creation,  
 Streams of blood and water flow.

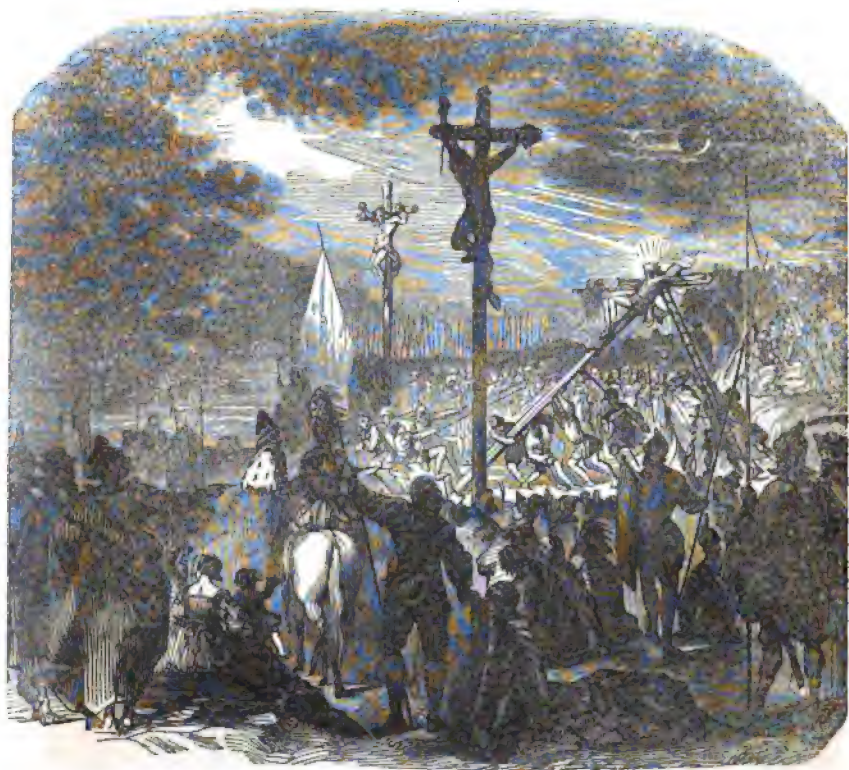
BEHOLD our divine Lord ascending the hill of Calvary burthened with that heavy cross formed of two stout trees! Well might a strong able man stagger beneath such a load; how then does Jesus suffer in every fibre! How does his body, all torn and livid with the brutal scourging, the buffets of the crowd, the exhaustion of his agony and the sleepless night that followed it, quiver now beneath the goads of the executioners as they urge him on to keep up with the step of the soldiers. Jesus fell again and again; blows were showered upon him to compel him to rise, but exhausted nature could do no more, the executioners then looking around in the crowd espied one Simon of Cyrene, who doubtless by some compassionate remark excited their anger. Seizing him, they forced him to take up the cross of our Lord and bear it to Calvary.

When Jesus reached the fatal mount, wine mingled with myrrh and gall was proffered him, but having tasted it he would not drink. The two malefactors were then fastened to their crosses, and our divine Lord was then stripped of his clothing and nailed to the wood already bedewed with his sacred blood. We may in spirit view that fearful moment when that loving Redeemer was stretched on the prostrate cross,\* and the nails driven successively through his sacred hands and feet. While every fibre was quivering with pain, the cross was raised by the strong arms of the ready crowd, and placed with a fearful shock in the hole prepared for it. The Redeemer hung between heaven and earth, bearing the curse

\* Such is the common belief; but it would seem more in accordance with usage, that the cross was first erected, and that then he was bound and nailed to it.



of the sins of men,\* while the Jews gazed upon him whom they had pierced,† whose hands and feet they had pierced and whose bones they had numbered.‡



There was our divine Lord lifted up ready to draw all things to himself as he had said. Of the cause of his death no doubt could exist, for high above him on the cross by Pilate's order was placed the inscription: "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." This inscription, being in Greek, Latin and Hebrew, was read by many, and some of the Jews hastened to Pilate's palace to ask him to alter it, so as to read, "who called himself king of the Jews," but the Roman governor replied, "What I have written, I have written."

The sufferings of our divine Lord are rather matter for pious contemplation than for studied recital. Yet we may relate the various facts given us by the Evangelists with awe. While Jesus hung agonizing on the cross, the crowd pressed on the line of soldiers that encircled the three crosses, vomiting forth their blasphemies against him whose virtues they had recognized, whose miracles they had witnessed, but whom in their blindness they had rejected. The chief priests, the elders of the people, joined in these horrid cries: "Vah, thou that destroyest the temple of God and in three days buildest it up again, save thyself, coming down from the cross... He saved others, himself he cannot save... Let him save him-

\* Deut. xxi, 23; Isaias liii.

† Zach. xii, 10.

‡ Ps. xxi, 17.



self if he be the Christ the elect of God.\* Even one of the thieves crucified with him joined in the blasphemies.

Have we no tears to shed for him  
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?  
Ah! look how patiently he hangs—  
Jesus our love is crucified.

Jesus, whose divine heart bled at this ingratitude, this rebellion of his people, murmured a prayer for their pardon: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Sublime lesson, which we must often call to mind, when we behold the Church, the spouse of Christ, and the faithful children of that Church, become par-



takers of the cross. We must then repeat the prayer of our Lord: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." If we ourselves are the sufferers, let us rejoice that we too are nailed to the cross and can share, even in the least degree with our Lord, his bitter agony, and with a holy martyred missionary exclaim, so fill our hearts with love as to dread that any thing should detach us from the cross of Jesus.

Within the circle, or near it and opposite it, stood the Blessed Virgin with St. John and the holy women, whose fidelity to their Lord, neither the arms of the soldiery nor the fierce gestures of the mob could deter. Within the hedge of steel, the soldiers who had acted as executioners, were unconsciously fulfilling the prophecy of the royal prophet: "They parted my garments among them, and upon

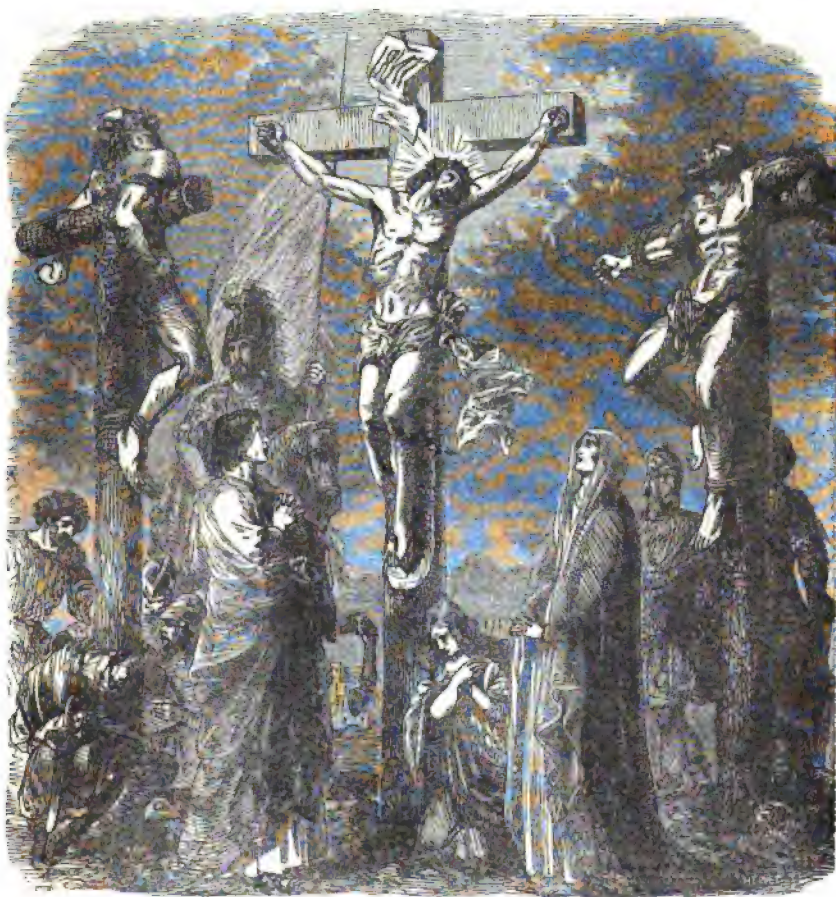
\* Mark xvi, 30; Luke xxiii, 35



my vesture they cast lots.”\* “And the soldiers indeed,” says St. John, “did these things.” They took his garments and made parts, to every soldier a part, and also his tunic, which was seamless, woven from the top throughout. They then said to one another, “Let us not cut it, but let us cast lots for it, whose it shall be.”†

One of the thieves, as we have said, joined in the blasphemies of the crowd, but the other rebuked him: “And dost thou not fear God, seeing thou art under the same condemnation? We indeed suffer justly, for we receive the due reward of our deeds, but this man hath done no evil.” Then turning his dying eyes to Jesus, he cried: “Lord, remember me when thou shalt come into thy kingdom.” Precious consolation to the dying Redeemer! Lesson to the sinner who has not cast faith aside, and to the pastor crucified by trial! “Amen I say to thee,” was the response of Jesus, “this day thou shalt be with me in paradise.”

Casting his eyes to his blessed Mother, whose anguish foretold by Simeon now added new poignancy to his own sufferings, he exclaimed in a tone which beto-



\* Ps xxi 19; Luke xxi, 34

† John xix, 20; Matt. xxvii, 35; Mark xv, 24



kened the depth of his love for the Virgin whom he had chosen from all eternity to be his Mother and fellow-sufferer on earth, to be his Mother and partaker of his power in heaven: "Woman, behold thy Son," thus confiding to her in the person of John, his beloved disciple, all whom he had adopted as his brethren. And to the disciple, that friend in whom he confided all, and whose fidelity he saw, he also said, "Behold thy mother." Sweet mystery of love! Mary's last recorded words are an injunction to obey her divine Son, and comprise the gospel: "Whatsoever he shall say unto you, do ye;" and the last words of Jesus, in this mortal life, except those addressed to his Eternal Father, hold his Virgin Mother up to the veneration of the world: "Behold thy mother."\*

Then nature showed its agony at the fearful scene on Calvary: the sun at noon hid his light; darkness enshrouded the hill: while the earth swaying to and fro rent its rocky bases, and death already vanquished gave up the victims of the grave, who rose and appeared to the terrified throng. The sanctuary of the temple announced that the Mosaic rite had ended, for the veil of the temple was rent and the holy of holies exposed to the eyes of all.

About the ninth hour, Jesus exclaimed in Hebrew, "Eli, Eli, lamma sabachthani? My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" One of those standing near, supposed that he called upon Elias, and while the others said "Let us see whether Elias will come to deliver him,"† Jesus again uttered a cry of agony: "I thirst."‡ Then again, unconscious fulfiller of the prophecies,§ the first speaker filled a sponge with vinegar and hyssop and placing it on a reed raised it to the lips of the dying God. Then Jesus bowed his head and exclaimed: "It is consummated." Redemption was achieved. "Father! into thy hands I commend my spirit," were then all that he uttered, and with a loud cry he gave up the ghost. Jesus was dead.

And scarce the Father heard from heaven  
The cry of his expiring Son,  
When in that cry our sins were all forgiven,  
And boundless pardon won.

Still heaved the earth, still brooded over all the shades of night, still flitted by the bodies of the risen dead; horror-struck the multitude hastened away, striking their breasts, and the pagan centurion glorifying God, cried out in condemnation of Pilate and the Jews: "Indeed this was a just man," "the Son of God."||

When the crowd had dispersed and the evening was coming on, Joseph of Arimathea or Ramatha, a little town near Joppe, a centurion of high rank, and a secret believer in Jesus, went to Pilate and asked permission to take the body of Jesus and inter it. The Roman governor was surprised that the holy victim had been so soon put to death, and sent for the centurion. During the interval between this and his coming the Jews also came to ask that the legs of the crucified should be broken, and their bodies taken down before sunset, when the Sabbath began. Receiving permission, they sent soldiers to fulfill the order; and these broke the legs of the two thieves, but did not touch Jesus, fulfilling the prophecy, "They shall not break a bone of the Lamb;" but one of these soldiers taking his spear drove it into the side of Jesus, piercing his heart; and by a miracle from the wound in the lifeless body gushed forth blood and water. Miracle of mystery! to which, and to the loud cry, St. John appeals as three testimonies yet one, that prove the divinity of Christ and the Trinity of the Godhead.

\* John xix, 26.

† Matt. xxvii, 46.

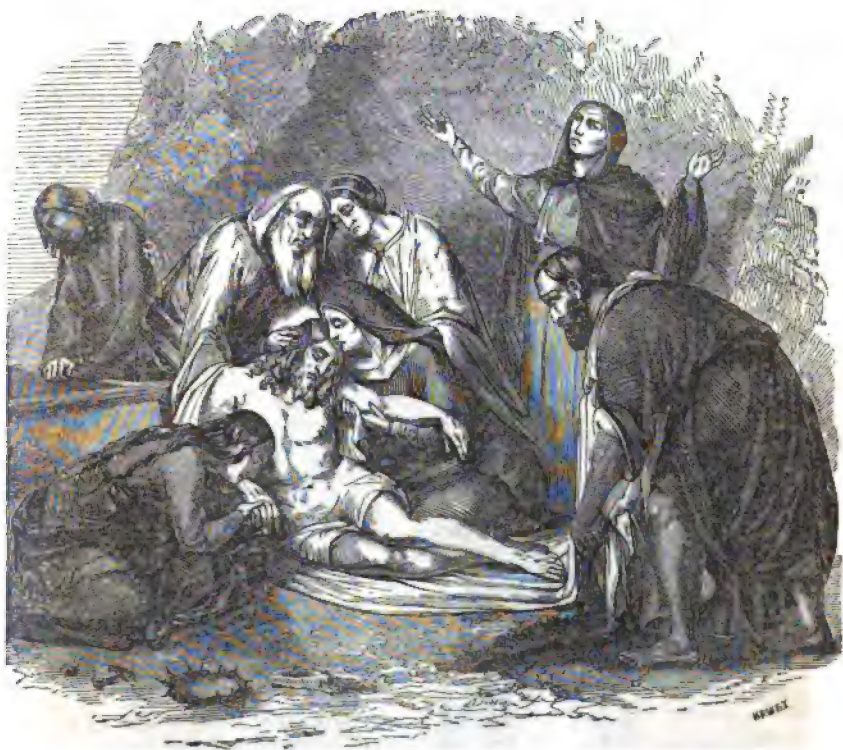
‡ John xix, 28.

§ See Ps. lxviii, 22.

|| Luke xxiii, 47; Matt. xxvii, 54



Meanwhile the converted centurion having assured Pilate of the reality of our Lord's death, the governor granted the request of Joseph; and that pious man buying fine linen, started for Calvary with Nicodemus, another secret disciple, who had purchased about a hundred pounds of myrrh and aloes to embalm the body. John and the holy women and the desolate Virgin Mother remained alone at the cross, from which with precious care, these two rich and noble men now took down the body of our Redeemer, and gently laying him on a place rudely prepared, that Mary might receive in her arms that sacred head and remove the



thorny crown. Then, when the first burst of grief had subsided, they wrapped the body in the cloths with the spices after the Jewish fashion, and silently bore that sacred deposit down the slope to a burial cave or sepulchre in an adjacent garden, which Joseph had previously by a divine inspiration purchased, and in which no man had yet been laid. Scarce had they effected this, when the setting sun warned them that the hour of repose was at hand, when it would be unlawful to work. Laying then the body of Jesus in the sepulchre, they rolled a stone to the opening in the rock. Then John led away the afflicted Mother, the Virgin of virgins, committed to his virginal care, and Mary Magdalen and Mary the mother of John, retired to their abode to mourn over their beloved Lord.

With all their scrupulousness as to the Sabbath, the chief priests and pharisees now violated it: the sun had set and the Sabbath begun when they hastened to Pilate, saying: "Sir, we have remembered that that impostor when he was yet



alive, said: 'after three days I will rise again.' Command, therefore, the sepulchre to be guarded until the third day, lest perhaps his disciples come, and steal him away, and say to the people, 'He is risen from the dead;' and the last error shall be worse than the first." "You have a guard," replied the governor, "guard it as you can." They accordingly made the sepulchre secure by cords or chains, and sealing it, they stationed a guard of Roman soldiers by it.

At last the worst is o'er, and Thou art hid  
 Deep in thy darksome bed;  
 All still and cold beneath yon dreary stone  
 Thy sacred form is gone;  
 Around those lips where power and mercy hung,  
 The dews of death have clung;  
 The dull earth o'er Thee, and Thy foes around,  
 Thou sleep'st a silent corse, in funeral fetters wound.

Angels chanted around the crib of the new born God, angels hovered around his grave: there poor faithful shepherds adoring knelt, here trod the haughty Roman soldier: yet the divinity dwelt in the lifeless body as in the moaning infant, and would soon raise it up, making that sepulchre glorious, a centre in the world's history, the key to many a war, to many a political change, controlling human destiny in the nineteenth as in the thirteenth century.



*The Holy Sepulchre.*



## LOVE OF OUR NATIVE COUNTRY.

*Translated for the Metropolitan from the Works of Chateaubriand.*

As we have considered the instincts of animals, it is proper that we should allude to those of physical man; but as he combines in himself the feelings of different classes of the creation, such as parental tenderness, and many others, we shall select one quality that is peculiar to him.

The instinct with which man is pre-eminently endued—that which is of all the most beautiful and the most moral—is the love of his native country. If this law were not maintained by a never-ceasing miracle, to which, however, as to many others, we pay not the smallest attention, all mankind would crowd together into the temperate zones, leaving the rest of the earth a desert. We may easily conceive what great evils would result from this collection of the human family on one point of the globe. To prevent these calamities, Providence has, as it were, fixed the feet of each individual to his native soil, by an invincible magnet, so that neither the ices of Greenland nor the burning sands of Africa are destitute of inhabitants.

We may remark still further, that the more sterile the soil, the more rude the climate, of a country, or, what amounts to the same thing, the greater the injustice, and the more severe the persecution we have suffered there, the more strongly we are attached to it. Strange and sublime truth!—that misery should become a bond of attachment, and that those who have lost but a cottage should most feelingly regret the paternal habitation! The reason of this phenomenon is, that the profusion of a too fertile soil destroys, by enriching us, the simplicity of the natural ties arising from our wants; when we cease to love our parents and our relations because they are no longer necessary to us, we actually cease also to love our country.

Every thing tends to confirm the truth of this remark. A savage is more powerfully attached to his hut than a prince to his palace, and the mountaineer is more delighted with his native rocks, than the inhabitant of the plain with his golden corn fields. Ask a Scotch Highlander if he would exchange his lot with the first potentate of the earth. When far removed from his beloved mountains, he carries with him the recollection of them whithersoever he goes; he sighs for his flocks, his torrents, and his clouds. He longs to eat again his barley-bread, to drink goat's milk, and to sing in the valley the ballads which were sung by his forefathers. He pines if he be prevented from returning to his native clime. It is a mountain plant which must be rooted among the rocks; it cannot thrive unless assailed by the winds and the rain; in the soil, the shelter, and the sunshine of the plain, it quickly droops and dies.

With what joy will he again fly to his roof of furze! With what delight will he visit all the sacred relics of his indigence!

“Sweet treasures!” he exclaims, “O pledges dear!  
That lying and envy have attracted ne’er,  
Come back; from all this royal pomp I flee,  
For all is but an idle dream to me.”

Who can be more happy than the Esquimaux, in his frightful country? What to him are all the flowers of our climate, compared to the snows of Labrador, and



all our palaces, to his smoky cabin? He embarks in spring, with his wife, on a fragment of floating ice. Hurried along by the currents, he advances into the open sea on this frozen mass. The mountain waves over the deep its trees of snow, the sea-wolves revel in its valleys, and the whales accompany it on the dark bosom of the ocean. The daring Indian, under the shelter afforded by his frozen mountain, presses to his heart the wife whom God has given him, and finds with her unknown joys in this mixture of perils and of pleasures.

It should be observed, however, that this savage has very good reasons for preferring his country and his condition to ours. Degraded as his nature may appear to us, still, we may discover in him, or in the arts he practices, something that displays the dignity of man. The European is lost every day, in some vessel which is a master-piece of human industry, on the same shores where the Esquimaux, floating in a seal's skin, smiles at every kind of danger. Sometimes he hears the ocean which covers him roaring far above his head; sometimes mountain-billows bear him aloft to the skies: he sports among the surges, as a child balances himself on the tufted branches in the peaceful recesses of the forest. When God placed man in this region of tempests, he stamped upon him a mark of royalty. "Go," said he to him from amidst the whirlwind, "go, wretched mortal; I cast thee naked upon the earth; but that thy destiny may not be misconceived, thou shalt subdue the monsters of the deep with a reed, and thou shalt trample the tempests under thy feet."

Thus, in attaching us to our native land, Providence justifies its dealings toward us, and we find numberless reasons for loving our country. The Arab never forgets the well of the camel, the antelope, and above all, the horse, the faithful companion of his journeys through his paternal deserts; the negro never ceases to remember his cottage, his javelin, his banana, and the track of the zebra and the elephant in his native sands.

It is related that an English cabin-boy had conceived such an attachment for the ship on which he was born, that he could never be induced to leave it for a single moment. The greatest punishment the captain could inflict, was to threaten him with being sent ashore; on these occasions he would run with loud shrieks and conceal himself in the hold. What inspired the little mariner with such an extraordinary affection for a plank beaten by the winds? Assuredly not associations purely local and physical. Was it a certain moral conformity between the destinies of man and those of a ship? or did he perhaps find a pleasure in concentrating his joys and his sorrows in what we may justly call his cradle? The heart is naturally fond of contracting itself; the more it is compressed, the smaller is the surface which is liable to be wounded. This is the reason why persons of delicate sensibility—such the unfortunate generally are—prefer to live in retirement. What sentiment gains in energy it loses in extent. When the Roman republic was bounded by the Aventine Mount, her citizens joyfully sacrificed their lives in her defence: they ceased to love her when the Alps and Mount Taurus were the limits of her territory. It was undoubtedly some reason of this kind that cherished in the heart of the English youth a predilection for his paternal vessel. An unknown passenger on the ocean of life, he beheld the sea arising as a barrier between him and our afflictions; happy in viewing only at a distance the melancholy shores of the world!

Among civilized nations the love of country has performed prodigies. The designs of God have always a connection; he has grounded upon nature this affection for the place of our nativity, and hence, the animal partakes, in a certain



degree, of this instinct with man ; but the latter carries it further, and transforms into a virtue what was only a sentiment of universal concordance. Thus the physical and moral laws of the universe are linked together in an admirable chain. We even doubt whether it be possible to possess one genuine virtue, one real talent, without the love of our native country. In war this passion has accomplished wonders ; in literature it produced a Homer and a Virgil. The former delineates in preference to all others the manners of Ionia, where he drew his first breath, and the latter feasted on the remembrance of his native place. Born in a cottage, and expelled from the inheritance of his ancestors, these two circumstances seem to have had an extraordinary influence on the genius of Virgil, giving to it that melancholy tint which is one of its principal charms. He recalls these events continually, and shows that the country where he passed his youth was always before his eyes :

*Et dulcis moriens reminiscitur Argos.*

But it is the Christian religion that has invested patriotism with its true character. This sentiment led to the commission of crime among the ancients, because it was carried to excess ; Christianity has made it one of the principal affections in man, but not an exclusive one. It commands us above all things to be just ; it requires us to cherish the whole family of Adam, since we ourselves belong to it, though our countrymen have the first claim to our attachment. This morality was unknown before the coming of the Christian lawgiver, who has been unjustly accused of attempting to extirpate the passions : God destroys not his own work. The gospel is not the destroyer of the heart, but its regulator. It is to our feelings what taste is to the fine arts ; it retrenches all that is exaggerated, false, common, and trivial ; it leaves all that is fair, and good, and true. The Christian religion, rightly understood, is only primitive nature washed from original pollution.

It is when at a distance from our country that we feel the full force of the instinct by which we are attached to it. For want of the reality, we try to feed upon dreams ; for the heart is expert in deception, and there is no one who has been suckled at the breast of woman but has drunk of the cup of illusion. Sometimes it is a cottage which is situated like the paternal habitation ; sometimes it is a wood, a valley, a hill, on which we bestow some of the sweet appellations of our native land. Andromache gives the name of Simois to a brook. And what an affecting object is this little rill, which recalls the idea of a mighty river in her native country ! Remote from the soil which gave us birth, nature appears to us diminished, and but the shadow of that which we have lost.

Another artifice of the love of country is to attach a great value to an object of little intrinsic worth, but which comes from our native land, and which we have brought with us into exile. The soul seems to dwell even upon the inanimate things which have shared our destiny : we remain attached to the down on which our prosperity has slumbered, and still more to the straw on which we counted the days of our adversity. The vulgar have an energetic expression, to describe that languor which oppresses the soul when away from our country. "That man," they say, "is home-sick." A sickness it really is, and the only cure for it is to return. If, however, we have been absent a few years, what do we find in the place of our nativity ? How few of those whom we left behind in the vigor of health are still alive ! Here are tombs where once stood palaces ; there rise palaces where we left tombs. The paternal field is overgrown with briars or cul-



tivated by the plough of a stranger; and the tree beneath which we frolicked in our boyish days has disappeared.

In Louisiana there were two females, one a negro, the other an Indian, who were the slaves of two neighboring planters. Each of the women had a child; the black a little girl two years old, and the Indian a boy of the same age. The latter died. The two unfortunate women having agreed upon a solitary spot, repaired thither three successive nights. The one brought her dead child, the other her living infant; the one her *Manitou*, the other her *Fetiché*. They were not surprised thus to find themselves of the same religion, both being wretched. The Indian performed the honors of the solitude: "This is the tree of my native land," said she; "sit down there and weep." Then, in accordance with the funeral custom of savage nations, they suspended their children from the branch of a catalpa or sassafras-tree, and rocked them while singing some patriotic air. Alas! these maternal amusements, which had oft lulled innocence to sleep, were incapable of awaking death! Thus these women consoled themselves; the one had lost her child and her liberty, the other her liberty and her country. We find a solace even in tears.

It is said that a Frenchman, who was obliged to fly during the reign of terror, purchased with a little he had left a boat upon the Rhine. Here he lived with his wife and two children. As he had no money, no one showed him any hospitality. When he was driven from one shore, he passed without complaining to the other; and, frequently persecuted on both sides, he was obliged to cast anchor in the middle of the river. He fished for the support of his family; but even this relief sent by divine Providence he was not allowed to enjoy in peace. At night he went to collect some dry grass to make a fire, and his wife remained in cruel anxiety till his return. Obligated to lead the life of outcasts, among four great civilized nations, this family had not a single spot on earth where they durst set their feet; their only consolation was, that while they wandered in the vicinity of France they could sometimes inhale the breeze which had passed over their native land.

Were we asked, what are those powerful ties which bind us to the place of our nativity, we would find some difficulty in answering the question. It is, perhaps, the smile of a mother, of a father, of a sister; it is, perhaps, the recollection of the old preceptor who instructed us and of the young companions of our childhood; it is, perhaps, the care bestowed upon us by a tender nurse, by some aged *domestic*, so essential a part of the household; finally, it is something most simple, and, if you please, most trivial,—a dog that barked at night in the fields, a nightingale that returned every year to the orchard, the nest of the swallow over the window, the village clock that appeared above the trees, the churchyard yew, or the Gothic tomb. Yet these simple things demonstrate the more clearly the reality of a Providence, as they could not possibly be the source of patriotism, or of the great virtues which it begets, unless by the appointment of the Almighty himself.



# MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.\**

BY PETER PINKIE.

*Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.*

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## CHAPTER XXV.

It was now approaching noon—the hour at which the neighboring justices of the peace usually assembled in the little court-house at Tauney to hold their petit session once a fortnight. Already the court-yard was filled with men, women and boys (a thing of very rare occurrence in that remote and peaceable district), eagerly talking in groups, here and there, about something in which they seemed to take a more than ordinary share of interest. Two or three policemen, whom Hardwinkle had ordered from the next town, to take charge of the barrack in the absence of its proper occupants, now in search of his sister among the glens of Benraven, were pacing up and down before the grated windows, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the magistrates. To judge from the smothered imprecations of some among the crowd, who seemed to claim a sort of authority, and more significant gesticulations of others, one might easily suspect there was mischief brewing. Here and there a stalwart fellow might be seen hitching up his pantaloons, and spitting on his shillalah, as he clutched it in his brawny hand, and now and then a boy would jump to a seat on the low stone wall that enclosed the court-yard, with pockets well stuffed, and more than usually heavy. The fear of the law, and the presence of the police, small as the force was, had the natural effect of repressing for the present any positive indication of the breach of peace, but still it was easy to see that something serious was likely to take place before the close of the proceedings. One individual in particular seemed very busy amongst the crowd, apparently giving orders and directions. This was a person of tall stature, wearing a grey cloak, with the hood drawn over, but behind which, notwithstanding its depth of shade, several white elf locks were plainly visible. The reader will probably recognize in this personage our old acquaintance, Else Curley, of the Cairn. Still erect and lithe as a sapling, though the snows of eighty winters had passed over her head, she made her way through the throng of men and women, with a step as firm as when she trod the battle field on the heights of Madeira, forty years ago. Nor had she lost entirely, either, that imposing presence, which in her younger days must have stamped her as a remarkable woman. Age, it's true, had furrowed her skin, and pinched her cheeks with its iron fingers, but the bold forehead and the deep set grey eye were there yet, to tell of her resolute and



unconquerable will. As she turned from side to side to deliver her commands, the women and boys fell back and gazed at her with fear, and the strongest men there shrank from her touch, as they felt her hard bony hand upon their shoulders.

Suddenly a horseman appeared in sight, cantering on from the direction of Greenmount cottage, and instantly the cry rose that Captain Petersham was coming. Then the crowd began to sway to and fro, the boys to jump from their seats on the low wall, and the policemen to shoulder their muskets. But they were doomed to be disappointed, for the horseman, on nearer approach, proved to be only one of the Captain's grooms, who, riding up to the gate, beckoned to a constable, and handing him a warrant, commanded him in his master's name to execute it without delay.

The man seemed to hesitate for a moment after reading the document.

"The Captain's orders are, that you proceed to Crohan House instantly," said the groom, "and bring the boy into court."

"Yes, but I don't feel at liberty to quit my post," replied the constable. "Our force is small—only three here and three in the barrack."

"As you please," said the servant, "I have delivered my orders," and wheeling his horse round without further parley, galloped back to Greenmount.

"Well, Thomas," demanded the Captain, meeting the groom at the door, "you handed the warrant to one of the guard—has he gone to execute it?"

"No, sir—he seems to have scruples about quitting his post."

"Scruples! ho! ho! Is that the way of it? Scruples! Look here, sir, ride back and tell him for me, that if he don't start within sixty seconds from the time you reach him, I'll blow his brains out ten minutes after. Begone now, and hurry back to report."

"The scoundrel!" he continued, plucking off his sea cap, and rubbing up his curly hair, as the servant rode off, "the sneaking scoundrel! I'll thin off his constables for him! By the lord Harry, he'll not involve me in his villainies, if I can help it. It's most atrocious. What! send a fine gallant young fellow like that to the hulk, or the gallows, because he loves his country more than his king? I'll be hanged if I do it, so long as I can throw an obstacle in the way."

"Captain," said a voice behind him, "if it's plazin' to yer honor—,"

"Hilloa! who's here?" he ejaculated, turning around. "What? Mrs. Motherly—and still in tears? Come, come, go to your room, woman, and get reconciled. Away! Your'e as great a fool as your master!"

"Indeed, then, that's the truest word ye said yet, Captain, for if I wasn't a greater fool, I wouldn't stay with him. But there's an end to it now, any way."

"End to what?"

"I'll leave him, that's it."

"Nonsense!"

"Indeed then, I will, sir; I'll niver sleep another night in his house. My heart's been a breakin with him every day these five years, but it's broken now, out and out. Oh *winastru, winastru!* and this is the thanks I'm gettin after workin and slavin for him early and late, night an mornin, every hour since I first darkened his doore. But sure it's all past and gone now, any way."

"Hold your peace, woman," said the Captain, "and go to your room instantly. Mr. Guirkie is too good for you. Away, and thank God you have such a master."

"Oh it's little yer honor knows about him, Captain. Ay, ay, it's little you know about him, poor man. Och, hoch, dear, if ye lived in the same house with him as I did these five long years. But no matter now, sure; God forgive him



as I forgive him, and that he may live long and die happy, is all the harm I wish him. And now I wash my hands of him for evermore. I'll never ——"

"Mrs. Motherly!"

"Oh it's no use, it's no use, Captain. I can't stay, nor I won't stay. If ye went down on your bended knees to me, I'll never close an eye under his roof. And now let him find one, that'll tie his cravat, and button his leggings, and bathe his feet, as faithfully and constantly as I did for these five long weary years, and if he does, then all I have to say is, let him forget there ever was born in this world, such a woman as Nancy Motherly."

"Captain Petersham have the goodness to step this way," said Father Brennan, opening the parlor door, and interrupting the conversation, much to the Captain's relief.

The disconsolate house-keeper entreated his honor to wait and listen to her, but all in vain.

"Why, how now!" exclaimed the latter, throwing his portly person on the sofa, and glancing round the room, "all alone, eh—where have they gone—Kate and Mr. Guirkie?"

"Hush!" said the priest, "don't speak so loud. They're all three inside there."

"All three—who's the third?"

"One you would never dream of seeing here: Roger O'Shaughnessy."

"Oh, it's Roger, is it?"

"Yes, the old man, it appears, came up this morning from the light-house to sell a picture to Mr. Guirkie."

"A picture?"

"Mary, you know, has quite a taste for painting, and Roger's her salesman, it seems."

"Poor thing!"

"Only for that, the family had suffered long ago."

"You astonish me; are they really so very destitute?"

"So I'm informed; and indeed from what I have seen and know myself, I believe they must be reduced as low as they can be, and live."

"God bless me!"

"Why, I thought Kate had told you of it."

"No. She said something, I remember, of their being poor, and all that, but never hinted at any danger of their suffering. By the lord Harry, sir, exclaimed the Captain, this can't be. It shan't be. The thought of Mary Lee in distress actually frightens me."

"And then, she's so patient and gentle," said Father John, "never seen but with a smile on her face. Working at her easel through the long day, and often far into the night, with old Drake sleeping by her side as she plies her brush—working—working without complaint or murmur, to earn the bare necessities of life for her beloved uncle and that good old man who has followed them so faithfully in their fallen fortunes."

"She's a delightful creature!" exclaimed the Captain. "I wish to the Lord she could be induced to come and stay with Kate at Castle Gregory. I would be a brother to her as long as she lived."

"She never would consent to part with her uncle and old Roger."

"Then, by the lord Harry," cried the Captain, "let them all three come. Castle Gregory's large enough for them. As for me, I suppose I must remain an old bachelor, since there's no help for it. Lee's an honest, kind-hearted, generous



fellow himself, too, as ever broke the world's bread, and I should take it as a favor if he came and took up his quarters with me at the old Castle. By George, I must call down in the 'Water Hen' to-morrow, and see him about it."

"Don't speak too fast, Captain," said the priest. "Have a little patience. There's a mystery now solving in that room, which may baulk you, perhaps, of your generous purpose."

"Mystery!"

"Yes. Shall I tell you what it is? or have you time to hear it? The court sits at noon; does it not?"

"Hang the court! Go on with the mystery."

"Well, Roger has been selling pictures to our friend, Mr. Guirkie, it appears, for the last six months, or more, and queer enough, never imagined for a moment that the purchaser had the least suspicion of the artist, having passed himself off as a picture-dealer from Derry; while on the other hand, Mr. Guirkie was well aware of the secret, and all the time kept buying her pieces, and indulging his good, kind heart by paying double prices."

"Ho, ho!" said the Captain, "I understand. Roger would not expose the poverty of the family, and therefore he went under an assumed name."

"Of course. Well, this morning, it seems, he started from the light-house to sell a picture as usual. When he reached here, he felt rather shy about coming in, lest he might happen to meet somebody who had seen him before, and would recognize him. So, sitting down under the window, to wait for an opportunity of seeing Mr. Guirkie alone, and feeling somewhat fatigued, perhaps, after his long journey, he fell fast asleep. In that position Mr. Guirkie discovered him, with the picture carefully concealed under the breast of his coat, just as Kate entered the parlor. You heard the shriek he gave when the portrait met his eye, I suppose."

"Shriek—no, I heard no shriek. Portrait! why, what does it mean?"

"It means that he recognized the likeness, and in so doing, almost lost his senses. But wait, you shall hear. In the first place, it happened to be a copy Mary had taken of her mother's portrait which Roger carried off, either by mistake, or because he could find no other picture ready."

"Yes, very well—go on," said the Captain, impatiently, "it don't matter which."

"And this very portrait now reveals the whole mystery."

"The mystery! There you are at it again," cried the Captain. "Good heavens, sir, can't you tell me what mystery you mean? Excuse me, Mr. Brennan; but you know how deeply interested I feel in every thing that regards this girl—and then your's so tedious."

"Have patience a little longer and I'll explain," said the priest, smiling. "You are already aware that Mr. Guirkie has been for the last five years in the habit of visiting, once a week, the old church-yard of Rathmullen, and that nobody could tell his reason or motive for so doing."

"Certainly, every one in the parish knows that—well?"

"And you remember to have heard Mr. Guirkie tell how he saw a young lady quitting the church-yard several times, as he entered."

"Yes."

"And that he thought, or fancied he thought, the figure of that lady strongly resembled Mary Lee. Well, it now turns out, that our dear old friend and Mary have been all along visiting the same grave."



"Hah! the same grave!"

"Yes, the grave of her—mother!"

"You surprise me! her mother! are not the Lees strangers here?"

"Yes, strangers to be sure. But you recollect the circumstances of the wreck of the 'Saldana,' and how the body of a woman wearing a gold crucifix on her neck, with the name of Harriet Talbot engraved on the back, was cast ashore, and interred in Rathmullen church-yard. That woman was Mary Lee's mother."

"Good heavens!"

"Yes, sir, Mary's mother."

"Humph! and so that accounts for those strange rumors we heard of the white lady and gentleman, seen so often quitting the church-yard and sailing down the Swilly on moonlit nights. But what business had Mr. Guirkie at her mother's grave, eh?"

"That's the secret," replied the priest.

"The secret! Well, well, you're at it again. But no matter—no matter, have your own way, have your own way. I shall ask no more questions. I suppose you'll tell it some time—when it suits you. By George, sir, you're the most circum—"

"Captain, dear," said Mrs. Motherly, opening the door gently, and cutting the word in two, "I want —"

"Want! What the fury *do* you want?" thundered the provoked Captain.

"Only one word, yer honor, afore I go. It's about the master's flannels. I'm afeerd —"

"Hang your master's flannels! To blazes with them; what have I to do with your master's flannels?" he exclaimed furiously, "begone this instant."

"I'll not keep ye one minit, yer honor. I'm only afraid Mr. Guirkie —"

"Woman quit the room!"

"Away, away, Mrs. Motherly," said the priest, interposing good-naturedly, and closing the door, "I shall become your intercessor with Mr. Guirkie as soon as possible, but don't quit the house, by any means, till I see you again."

"Ho, ho!" cried Kate stepping from the little room in which she had been closetted all this time with Mr. Guirkie, and laying her hand on the Captain's shoulder, "ho, ho, brother, how is this, out of temper, eh? What's the matter?"

"The mischief's the matter," cried the Captain. "Between Father Brennan's mystery, and Mrs. Motherly's importunity, and those confounded constables, I'm almost crazy."

"Well, well, brother Tom, you're so impatient, you know, and so impetuous. Hush, now! not a word. Listen, I have something to tell you."

"What?"

"About Uncle Jerry."

"Well what of him? Has he had a fit? Is he sick?"

"No, not exactly that—but, there's a—mystery—in it."

"Mystery! Good heavens, there it is again! Mystery, well if this isn't enough to provoke—away! stand off! I'll be humbugged no longer—let me pass—I must see him instantly."

"You shall not, Captain," cried Kate, endeavoring to prevent him, "you shall not."

"But I shall, though."

"Nay, nay—it's a very delicate affair, brother; and indeed he'll never forgive you if you do—you know how bashful and sensitive he is."



"Is he still insensible?" inquired Father John.

"Quite so," responded Kate, "he has not moved a muscle since he saw the picture."

"Insensible!" repeated the Captain, "then by the lord Harry, delicate or indelicate, I'll see my old friend, think what you please about it;" and freeing himself from his sister's grasp, he advanced and opened the door of the adjoining room.

The first object which met his view, was Mr. Guirkie himself, seated at a table on which lay what appeared to be a framed picture some eight or ten inches square. His forehead rested on his hands, and his eyes seemed riveted to the canvas. Indeed, so absorbed was he, that the noise which the Captain made in forcing open the door, seemed not in the least to disturb him. When Kate saw the Captain gazing so intently at Mr. Guirkie, she suddenly ceased speaking, and gently passing him by, took her place behind Uncle Jerry's chair. All was silence now. Old Roger stood leaning his back against the wall looking down on the floor, Kate like a guardian angel took her stand by the side of her unconscious friend; the priest leaned his hands against the door casing and peeped in, and the boisterous, burly Captain, so noisy but a moment before, remained standing on the threshold silent and motionless as a statue.

"Look!" said the priest, whispering over the Captain's shoulder, and pointing to the picture.

"What?"

"Don't you see something drop—drop?—listen! You can almost hear them falling on the canvas."

"Tears?"

"Yes."

"God bless me! I don't like to see him weep," whispered the Captain. "Shall I wake him up?"

"No, no," said Kate, "let him weep on."

"But, Kate, I'm confused and bewildered. I can only half see through it. What portrait is that—eh?"

"The likeness of a long lost friend—Mary Lee's mother."

"Long lost friend—Mary Lee's mother?"

"Yes; the only woman he ever loved. Old Roger, here, will tell you all about it, some time when he has more leisure."

"It's only now I could recognize him, your honor," said Roger, "though I seen him many a time this twelemonth past. Years, you know, make a great change in us."

"Kate I must try to rouse him," said the Captain; "I cannot bear to see those tears falling there so silently—it's very unpleasant."

"Not yet—not yet," replied Kate, motioning back the Captain with her hand, "let the faithful soul indulge his rapturous reverie. These are not tears of anguish, brother, but of love. Oh, think of the love of that heart, after an absence of twenty years. Surely, surely such love is not of earth but heaven: so pure, so gentle—so enduring. A wanderer over the wide world, seeking solace for a widowed heart, he returns to his native land, and after years of patient search, discovers her lowly tomb at last among the ruins of Rathmullen Abbey. Week after week for six long years has he visited that tomb. Every stain which the mildew had left on the humble slab that bears her name, he has obliterated, and every letter the moss of years had filled up, he has lovingly renewed. Oh, tell me not, Father John," continued Kate, her cheeks flushed by the emotions of her



heart, "tell me not, that the pure—gentle—blessed love of the olden time has all died out from the hearts of men. No, no, no—God is love, and God never dies. Noble, generous, faithful heart!" added the enraptured girl, bursting herself into tears, and falling at Uncle Jerry's feet she removed his hand from his forehead and kissed it with enthusiastic affection. "Oh that I had but studied this book more carefully! how much more I should have learned of the beautiful and the good. How cold and insipid are all printed words, compared with the blessed teachings of a heart like this. Mary Lee, Mary Lee, angel of a woman, whatever thou art, would that he could now look on thy seraphic face, and press thee ——"

"Mary Lee," repeated Mr. Guirkie, at last breaking silence and looking on the face of the suppliant girl, while the tears still glistened on his own. "Mary Lee! I think I have heard the name before. Poor Mary Lee. Are you Mary Lee?"

"No, no," replied Kate, "I am but a child of earth—your own poor, foolish, loving Kate Petersham." As Kate spoke, she motioned to the beholders to quit the room, for she dreaded the effect this exposure of his weakness before the bantering Captain might produce on a mind so sensitive as his, and fully appreciating the delicacy of her fears, they withdrew silently from the apartment and closed the door before Mr. Guirkie's consciousness had completely returned. And dear reader, we must withdraw also, for the time of court-session is already past, and Mr. Robert Hardwinkle is anxiously looking from the court house door in the direction of Greenmount, and wondering what can detain the chairman of the bench—or why he should presume to keep a gentleman of his importance waiting so long.

*To be continued.*

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### Nothing is Lost.

Nothing is lost: the drop of dew  
Which trembles on the leaf or flower  
Is but exhaled to fall anew  
In summer's thunder shower;  
Perchance to shine within the bow  
That fronts the sun at fall of day;  
Perchance to sparkle in the flow  
Of fountains far away.

Nothing is lost: the tiniest seed,  
By wild birds borne or breezes blown,  
Finds something suited to its need,  
Wherein 'tis sown and grown.  
The language of some household song,  
The perfume of some cherished flower,  
Though gone from outward sense, belong  
To memory's after hour.

So with our words; or harsh or kind,  
Uttered, they are not all forgot;  
They leave their influence on the mind,  
Pass on, but perish not!  
So with our deeds; for good or ill  
They have their power, scarce understood  
Then let us use our better will  
To make them rife with good.



## Miscellaneous.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

**BENEDICTION AT ST. PETER'S.**—The Loggia is the balcony from which the benediction is given to the people. I observed several prelates and officers standing in the Loggia, and looking at the multitude below; and as the Pope had not yet arrived, I boldly stepped out too, and mingled with them, and gently pushed my way till I reached the balustrade, and then what a view was presented to my eyes! One hundred and fifty thousand people in the great piazza—dragoons, soldiers, officers, peasants and citizens, all embraced, as it were, in the arms of St. Peter's—that is, within the semi-circular colonnades that stretch on either side from the church to the piazza—every face of them turned upwards to the Loggia, expectant. It was like a brief and strange vision. In a second it was dispelled, for I heard the whisper behind me, "*Il papa!*" In another moment I was back in the *Sala*, and his holiness was about to enter the Loggia. When the Sovereign Pontiff appeared, the trumpets sounded, and instantly the multitude and troops dropped upon their knees. After the prayers and responses prescribed by the ritual, the Holy Father rose with majesty, opened, extended and elevated his arms, as though about to bless the whole world, and with a voice loud and clear, and with devout unction, as though it proceeded from the very depths of his soul, he pronounced the sublime words of benediction: *Benedicat vos, omnipotens Deus—Pater et Filius, et Spiritus sanctus*; at each of the titles of the blessed Trinity making the sign of the cross over the people, first towards the left, then in front, then towards the right. All other sounds were hushed but the voice of Pius IX, and I believe it could be distinctly heard by all the multitude below. An instant more, and all was changed. The guns of St. Angelo fired—the bells of all Rome rang—the bands played—the drums beat—the multitude were on foot, and their noise was like that of a roaring tempest. This glorious scene alone was worth a voyage to Rome. In no other place was such a sight ever beheld. In no other is such a scene possible. *Haskins' Travels.*

**VIEW OF NATURE.**—With what magnificence does nature shine upon earth! A pure light, extending from east to west, gilds successively the two hemispheres of this globe; an element transparent and light surrounds it; a gentle fecundating heat animates, gives being to the seeds of life; salubrious running streams contribute to their preservation and growth; eminences diversified over the level land arrest the vapors of the air, make these springs inexhaustible and always new; immense cavities, made to receive them, divide the continents. The extent of the sea is as great as that of the land; it is not a cold, barren element; it is a new empire, as rich, as populous as the first. The finger of God has marked their boundaries.

The earth, rising above the level of the sea, is secure from its irruptions; its surface, enamelled with flowers, adorned with ever-springing verdure, peopled with thousands and thousands of species of different animals, is a place of rest, a delightful abode, where man, placed in order to second nature, presides over all beings. The only one among them all capable of knowing and worthy of admiring, God has made him spectator of the universe, and a witness of his wonders. The divine spark with which he is animated, enables him to participate in the divine mysteries; it is by this light that he thinks and reflects; by it he sees and reads in the book of the universe as in a copy of the Deity. *Buffon.*

**RICE.**—The culture of this plant in South Carolina was introduced by accident in 1695. A brig from Madagascar, on her way to England, cast anchor off Sullivan's Island. The Captain invited Langrave Smith on board, and presented him a bag of seed rice, with directions for planting it. The Governor divided it among his friends, who made experiments with it, which fully answered expectation, and it finally became one of the great staples of Carolina and Georgia. *Annual Register.*



**THE FATE OF THE FIRST PERSECUTOR OF THE CHURCH.**—King Agrippa was the first persecutor of the church. After having put to death St. James, first bishop of Jerusalem, he imprisoned St. Peter, but God delivered him out of his hands. Shortly after this, the king felt the effects of the divine vengeance. After the feast of the pass-over, he departed to Cesarea, to exhibit the public games in honor of Claudius Cæsar, and was attended by a numerous train of the most distinguished persons of his own and neighboring nations. He appeared on the second morning of the shows at the theatre, in a costly robe of silver tissue, artfully wrought, and so bright, that the sun-beams which darted upon it were reflected with such an uncommon brilliancy as to dazzle the eyes of the spectators. He addressed the Tyrians and Sidonians, who had come to ask forgiveness of some offence, in a lengthy and pompous speech, and while he spoke, the ambassadors, and his own court sycophants, gave vent to their admiration in acclamations, crying out that it was the voice of a god, and not of a man. The king, too sensible of the people's praise, and elated with pride, seemed to forget himself, and to approve instead of rebuking their flattery. But at that instant the angel of the Lord smote him with a fearful disease, and he felt a violent pain in his bowels. Perceiving the fatal nature of his distemper, he rejected the flattery of his sycophants, telling them that he, to whom they were willing to pay divine honors, was mortal, and even dying, and after lingering five days in the most excruciating pain, being eaten up with worms, he expired in the greatest misery.

**THE VATICAN.**—This word is often used, but there are many who do not understand its import. The term refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which covers a space of 1200 feet in length, and 1000 feet in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by the garden of cruel Nero. It owes its origin to the bishop of Rome, who in the early part of the sixth century erected a humble residence on its site. About the year 1160, Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. Innocent II, a few years afterwards, gave it up as a lodging to Peter II, king of Arragon. In 1605 Clement V, at the instigation of the king of France, removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, when the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for more than seventy years.

But soon after the return of the pontifical court to Rome, an event which had been so earnestly prayed for by the Roman people, and which finally took place in 1376, the Vatican was put into a state of repair, again enlarged, and it was thenceforward considered as the regular palace and residence of the Popes, who, one after the other, added fresh buildings to it, and gradually encircled it with antiquities, statues, pictures, and books, until it became the richest depository in the world.

The library of the Vatican was commenced fourteen hundred years ago. It contains 40,000 manuscripts, among which are some by Pliny, St. Thomas, St. Charles Borromeo, and many Hebrew, Syrian, Arabian and Armenian Bibles.

The whole of the immense buildings composing the Vatican are filled with statues found beneath the ruins of ancient Rome, with paintings by the masters, and with curious medals and antiquities of almost every description.

When it is known that there have been exhumed more than seventy thousand statues from the ruined temples and palaces of Rome, the reader can form some idea of the richness of the Vatican. It will ever be held in veneration by the student, the artist and the scholar. Raffael and Michael Angelo are enthroned there, and their throne will be enduring as the love of beauty and genius in the hearts of their worshippers.

**WHY** is the life of an editor like the book of Revelations? Because it is full of "types and shadows, and a mighty voice, like the sound of many waters, is ever saying to him—write."

**WHEN** it was told to the late Rev. Sydney Smith that it was intended to pave St. Paul's church-yard with blocks, his answer was, that he thought there would be no difficulty in the matter, if the Dean and Chapter would put their heads together.



**PREVENTING AN ELOPEMENT.**—Count Christian W——, a Hungarian nobleman, a few years ago, went to Baden to pass the season, accompanied by his daughter Helen. Young, beautiful, charming, and heiress to an immense fortune left her by her mother, the young Countess soon found herself surrounded by a host of admirers. Helen's affections, however, soon centred on the Chevalier Gaetan, a dissipated and unprincipled gambler, who had quitted Naples on account of the scandalous adventures in which he had been implicated. The Count, when too late, endeavored to dissuade his daughter from her attachment for Gaetan, and painted out to her the danger of a union with such a man; but finding his counsels and commands alike ineffectual, he resolved to prevent by force what he could not accomplish by mildness and persuasion. The favorable opportunity was not long delayed. The Chevalier, impatient to attain the goal of his desires, proposed in direct terms to the young Countess an elopement, and proposed a clandestine meeting, at the hour when the Count was in the habit of going out to play whist with some gentlemen of his acquaintance at the Conversation House. The note fell into the hands of the Count.

A rose placed in Helen's belt was to be the signal of consent.

The young girl had not read the adroitly intercepted note. "Put this flower in your belt," said the Count to her, offering a rose, "and come with me."

Helen smilingly obeyed, and took her father's arm. In the course of their walk, they met Gaetan, who, seeing the rose, was overjoyed.

Then the Count conducted his daughter to the residence of one of their acquaintances, and requested her to wait until he came for her. That done, he returned to the little house in which he lived, at the outskirts of Baden on the Lichtenthal road. He had sent away his servants and was alone. At the appointed hour Gaetan arrived at the rendezvous, leaped lightly over the wall of the garden, and finding the door shut, entered the house through one of the low windows. Then mounting the stairs, filled with pleasing emotions, he directed his steps towards the apartment of Helen. There, instead of the daughter, he found the father, armed with a brace of pistols. The Count closed the door, and said to the wretched Gaetan, trembling with terror:

"I could kill you; I have the right to do so. You have entered my house at night. You have broken into it. I could treat you as a felon; nothing could be more natural."

"But, sir," replied Gaetan almost inaudibly, "I am not a robber."

"And what are you then? You have come to steal my daughter—to steal an heiress—to steal a fortune. Here is your letter, which unveiled to me your criminal intentions. I shall show you no mercy! But to take your life, I had no need of this trap. You know the skill of my right arm; a duel would have long ago rid me of you. To avoid scandal I did not wish a duel, and now I will slay you only at the last extremity, if you refuse to obey me."

"What is your will, sir?"

"You must leave Baden, not in a few days, not to-morrow, but this very instant. You must put two hundred leagues between it and you, and never again come into the presence of my daughter or myself. As the price of your obedience, and to pay your traveling expenses, I will give you twenty thousand francs."

The Chevalier wished to speak.

"Not a word!" cried the Count, in a voice of thunder. "You know me, understand! I hold your life at my mercy, and a moment's hesitation will be punished with death."

"I obey," stammered the Chevalier.

"In good time! Your twenty thousand francs are in that secretary; take them."

"Permit me to decline your offer."

An imperious gesture over the false modesty which the Chevalier expressed feebly, and like a man who declines for form's sake.

"But," said he, "the secretary is locked."

"Open it."



"There is no key in it."

"Break the lock, then."

"What! you wish me to——?"

"Break the lock, or I'll shoot you."

The pistol was again presented, as an argument which admitted no reply. Gaetan obeyed.

"It is well," said the Count. "Take that package of bank notes; they are yours. Have you a pocket book?"

"Yes."

"What does it contain?"

"Some papers—letters addressed to me."

"Let your pocket book fall in front of the secretary you have broken open."

"What!"

"I must have proof which will convict you."

"But ——"

"But, sir, I mean to have all the evidences of a burglary. I mean that the robber shall be known. Robber or death! Choose! Ah! your choice is made. I was sure you would be reasonable. Now you are about to fly. You will go before me. I do not quit you until you are a league from Baden. For the rest, make yourself easy. I will return late, and will enter no complaint until to-morrow. You may easily escape pursuit, and if my protection becomes necessary, reckon on me. Begone!"

After this adventure, which made a great noise, Helen could no longer doubt. Gaetan was banished from her heart, and she married one of her cousins, captain in a regiment of cavalry in the service of the Emperor of Austria.

ORIGIN OF "BROTHER JONATHAN."—Gen. Washington was a Mason, as well as all other generals, with the solitary exception of Arnold, the traitor, who attempted to deliver West Point into the hands of the enemy. On one occasion, when the American army had met with some serious reverses, Gen. Washington called his *brother officers* together to consult in what manner their effects could be best counteracted. Differing, as they did, in opinion, the commander-in-chief postponed any action on the subject, by remarking: "Let us consult brother Jonathan," referring to Jonathan Trumbull, who was a well known Mason, and particularly distinguished "for his sound judgment, strict morals, and having the tongue of good report." It was from this circumstance, and the after use made of it, that the term gained a national application.

*Masonic Magazine.*

ORIGIN OF "UNCLE SAM."—Immediately after the declaration of the last war with England, Elbert Anderson, of New York, then a Contractor, visited Troy, on the Hudson, where was concentrated, and where he purchased, a large quantity of provisions, beef, pork, &c. The inspectors of these articles at that place were Messrs. Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman (invariably known as "*Uncle Sam*,") generally superintended in person a large number of workmen, who, on this occasion, were employed in overhauling the provisions purchased by the Contractor for the army. The casks were marked E. A.—U. S. This work fell to the lot of a facetious fellow in the employ of the Messrs. Wilson, who, on being asked by some of his fellow-workmen the meaning of the mark, (for the letters U. S., for United States, were almost then entirely new to them), said "he did not know, unless it meant *Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam*,"—alluding exclusively, then, to the said "*Uncle Sam*" Wilson. The joke took among the workmen, and passed currently; and "*Uncle Sam*" himself being present, was occasionally rallied by them on the increasing extent of his possessions. The expression soon spread, and in a short time was recognized in every part of the country as a national cognomen.

WISDOM allows nothing to be good that will not be so forever; no man to be happy, but he that needs no other happiness than what is within himself; no man to be great or powerful, that is not master of himself.



**BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.**—Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of the loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise, and, with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed-fellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude that throngs the world to-day will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore.

**SEVEN IMPROPRIETIES.**—1. To stand before the church door before or during service.

2. To engage in any conversation, even religious, between the time of your going in and the commencement of worship. That interval should be spent in composing the thoughts for the solemnities of the approaching services.

3. To salute persons coming into church by bowing, smiling, &c.

4. To sleep in church, or cough, especially during the sermon.

5. To leave the church before services are fully ended, or to laugh and talk in going out.

6. To stand in the doors or aisles, and thus detain others going out.

7. To stand before the door, gazing at the ladies as they leave the church, to see who escorts them, to make remarks about their dress, and the like.

**BE JUST IN TRIFLES.**—Nouschirvan, king of Persia, being hunting one day, became desirous of eating some of the venison in the field. Some of his attendants went to a neighboring village and took away a quantity of salt to season it; but the king, suspecting how they had acted, ordered that they should immediately go and pay for it. Then turning to his attendants, he said, "This is a small matter in itself, but a great one as regards me, for a king ought always to be just, because he is an example to his subjects, and if he swerves in trifles, they will become dissolute. If I cannot make my people just in the smallest things, I can at least show them that it is possible to be so."

**A VIRGINIA POSTMASTER** has been inquiring of the Department the meaning of the little "pictures stuck on the letter, and another official in Iowa desired the Department to sustain him in a decision he had recently made against a "fellow" who insisted that "them pictures of Washington, on the letters *paid the postage*."

**"WE."**—The plural style of speaking ("we") among kings, was begun, it is said, by King John, of England, A. D. 1119. Before that time sovereigns used the singular person in their edicts. The German and the French sovereigns followed the example of King John in 1200. When the editors began to say "we" is not known.

**AN AVARICIOUS MAN—**

"That man may breathe, but never lives,  
Who much receives, but nothing gives;  
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,  
Creation's blot, creation's blank."

**A LITTLE fellow** not more than five years old, hearing some gentlemen at his father's able discussing the familiar line, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," said he knew it wasn't true; his mother was better than any man that was ever made.

**YANKEES.**—When the New England Indians first tried to speak the word *English*, they called it *Yengees*. The settlers of the Northern States were known to the Indians by this appellation, and hence originated the name.



## Review of Current Literature.

1. **THE KNOT:** a tale of Poland. Translated from the French, by Mrs. J. Sadlier. Philadelphia: Peter Cunningham. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Among the many writers who of late years have contributed so much towards the advancement of Catholic literature, few stand more pre-eminent than the gifted translator of this work. The name of Mrs. Sadlier has been long and favorably known to the Catholic community, and has become a household word in almost every Catholic family. Her visits are always welcome; her offerings, like the flowers of spring, are ever grateful and refreshing.

Notwithstanding the many works which have emanated from her gifted pen, the *Knot* is the first which we have had the pleasure of receiving. This work is a thrilling, soul-touching Polish tale, exhibiting in one view the suffering and the bitter persecution endured by the Polish patriots in behalf of their country and their liberties, abounding at the same time in instances of the most tender filial affection. We cheerfully recommend it to our readers as a work that will amply repay their most attentive perusal.

2. **A CHRISTIAN'S RULE OF LIFE.** By St. *Alphonsus de Liguori*. Translated from the Italian, by Robert A. Coffin. New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The name of St. Alphonsus is too well known to the Catholic community to require our endorsement to give currency to any work emanating from his pen. We therefore commit to our readers this excellent little volume—*Rules of a Christian Life*—without note or comment. Let them read, study and follow it, and it will lead them to the mansions of endless bliss, whither it conducted the blessed Alphonsus.

3. **GENTLUCCI'S LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.** New York: Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Every new effort to make known the virtues and the perfections of the Immaculate Virgin, is an act pleasing to God, and one that will draw down upon the author the approving smile of heaven and the special patronage of Mary. It is, therefore, with no small degree of pleasure that we witness the efforts, on the part of the enterprising publishers, to present to the Catholics of this country a work that must and will be read with interest and profit. The original work is from the pen of an eminent author, and published with the approbation of his Holiness Pius IX, to whom it is dedicated. The numbers we have received are well printed on good paper, and contain several fine illustrations, with an ornamental border, and when completed will form a large quarto volume.

It has often occurred to us that our Catholic publishers, in their anxiety to put forth beautiful editions, to display the art of the printer, the skill of the engraver, and the perfection of the binder, lose sight of the fact that the Catholics of this country are, for the most part, poor, and scarcely able to pay for reading even in its cheapest form. Good books are intended to do good, but if they are limited in their circulation, one-half of their usefulness is lost. Take the above work—no one will question the good that must result from its dissemination; but reduce its size and price, and its practical utility will be increased ten-fold. Pocket editions and fire-side volumes are the books that Catholics in this country most need. Quarto volumes may do very well to adorn our libraries, but they are not adapted to ordinary reading or general circulation.

4. **THE "FEMALE JESUIT" ABROAD:** a true and romantic narrative of real life; including some account, with historical reminiscences, of Bonn and the Middle Rhine. By Charles Seager, M. A. London: O. C. Marcus. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have given above the full title of a new work by Mr. Seager, which gives a singularly interesting account of the adventures of a female "artful dodger," already made



known to fame by Mrs. Luke, in a work called the "Female Jesuit." A shrewd, unprincipled woman had sufficient art to ingratiate herself so far with respectable circles as to become domesticated in two families of high standing, both of which received her in kindness, the one as a convert from the Catholic Church to Protestantism, and the other, *vice versa*, as a Protestant converted to Catholicity. Both had occasion to find out in time that they were harboring an imposter, whose pretended changes of religion were mere speculations in trade. We have not seen Mrs. Luke's book, but we learn sufficiently from Mr. Seager's, that the heroine's art was only equalled by her want of principle. When domesticated with Mrs. Luke, the imposter represented herself as having belonged to a female religious order called the "Faithful Companions of Jesus," while said order has no existence, but as she gave some facts in relation to the daily life of nuns, there was truth enough in her story to give plausibility to details drawn only from her own imagination. In fact, she had been for a few weeks upon the charity of the nuns at Somerstown, and like some notabilities on this side of the water, she made use of a few common place facts as vouchers for an immense superstructure of falsehoods. After her exposure at Mrs. Luke's, it seems this good lady was simple enough to believe she was an emissary of the Jesuits, and thence gave her the title of the "Female Jesuit," but after the denouement in Mr. Seager's family, at which Mrs. L. was present, the lady became convinced that the heroine's frauds were private speculations of her own, the work of her own misguided brain. She is still living in retirement, after some experience in a German prison, and our author, hoping that seclusion may bring reflection, and reflection repentance, commends her to the prayers of the reader. The work is a large duodecimo volume, of about five hundred pages, printed on good paper and in large type. We refer persons desirous of knowing the details of this strange narrative to the book itself.

5. **ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY AND TRIGONOMETRY.** By *B. Sestini*. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The late hour at which we received this work compels us to defer a notice of it to a future number. From a cursory examination, however, we are favorably impressed with its merits, and doubt not but that it will add much to the well known reputation of Professor Sestini, whose other mathematical works have been so favorably received.

6. **THE COLUMBIAN ARITHMETIC**, designed for the use of Academies and Schools. By *M. J. Kerney, A. M.* Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The above is the title of a work which has been already favorably received by teachers generally. The present edition, as we learn from the title page, has been carefully revised and corrected by the author; so that we may fairly infer that if heretofore any inaccuracies existed on its pages, they have been removed.

After a careful examination of the book, we cheerfully recommend it as a work possessing superior merits in the department of science to which it belongs. The author was himself a teacher of many years' standing, and brought to the preparation of the work his own personal experience. The work, therefore, is a book of *practical* instruction, one in which the science of figures is thoroughly explained and clearly elucidated by examples. The examples, too, are generally such as the pupil will meet with in the various business transactions of life. The arrangement of the work is entirely progressive, all questions being solved by rules previously explained. We believe that the use of the work will go far to lighten the labor of the teacher and facilitate the progress of the pupil.

7. **THE NORTH AMERICAN SPELLING BOOK**, designed for elementary instruction in schools. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is a new and much improved edition of this favorite spelling book. Next to "old Comly" (for which we confess we imbibed an early partiality), we know of no work of the kind that we can more freely recommend than the North American. Indeed in many respects it possesses merits superior to Comly's. The gradation of



the lessons, the division, pronunciation and accentuation of words and syllables, are marked, and carried out more accurately in it than in Comly's or in any other work of the kind with which we are acquainted. The collection of words is not so large as that found in some other spelling books, but embraces, nevertheless, all those which are met with in ordinary reading and conversation. The reading lessons are made subservient to the purposes of a spelling book, and adapted to the advancement of the pupil. They do not go beyond the attainments of the learner in spelling, so that the reading and spelling may be readily learned at the same time. On the whole, it is an excellent book in the department for which it is designed, and we take pleasure in commending it to teachers.

8. *THE BALLADS OF IRELAND.* By *Edward Hayes*. Boston: P. Donahoe. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

To the lover of true Irish song we commend these ballads. They wear the general character of all the poetry of the "green Isle"—deep and pathetic, touching the inmost cords of the heart, abounding again in mirth and gayety, lifting the soul above the sorrows of the hour, and indulging, by times, in just severity against the tyranny that has so long weighed upon the country, and crushed the energies of Ireland. As we turned the pages of this excellent collection of Irish verse, we felt as if the lines of the immortal Moore were reversed, and that the harp that hung mute on Tara's walls had awakened to new life and energy. Much is due to Mr. Hayes for the part he has taken in furnishing the public with a work in every way so worthy of patronage.

9. *APPLETON'S CYCLOPEDIA OF BIOGRAPHY*, embracing a series of Original Memoirs of the most distinguished persons of all times. By *Francis L. Hawks*, D.D. LL.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Few departments of literature are more entertaining than that of biography. It is history in its most attractive form; a mirror in which we view the lives and actions of our fellow-beings, scan their defects and contemplate their virtues. Take it up when you will, you will always find in it something interesting, something instructive. Of the many works of the kind with which we are acquainted, we know of very few that we are more pleased with in general than the one before us. It is exceedingly comprehensive, grouping together an extensive body of eminent personages, and imparting a vast amount of useful information, while the numerous illustrations with which it is embellished impart to it peculiar attraction.

In saying that we are pleased with it, we are far from endorsing all that is found on its pages. There are many things which, as Catholics, we cannot approve. That the authors (the work seems to have been compiled by several) should applaud Luther, Calvin, and other leaders of the Reformation, is natural, and with this we do not find fault, but that they should depart from the path of history to misrepresent and malign the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church, is something that we should scarcely expect to find in a work designed for general circulation. In speaking of Galileo also, they fall into the usual errors of historians, relative to the action of the ecclesiastical authorities in reference to the eminent philosopher, and take occasion to brand the Church with the charge of being inimical to science, while every scholar knows that Popes, Cardinals and Bishops were the special friends of Galileo, until he attempted to prove his theories from the sacred scriptures, and thus fell into dangerous errors.

But how a body of men, claiming the distinction of learned, could rank among the distinguished personages of the past, the fabulous being, *Pope Joan*, is to us a matter of more than surprise. The ridiculous story of "Joan, the female Pope," has been so often and so clearly refuted, and proven to be a slanderous fabrication, even by impeachable Protestant authors, that we had thought that none but the most bigoted would believe it, and that no man of intelligence would again take the pains to transcribe, or attempt to give it circulation.

The brevity, moreover, with which it passes over many distinguished Catholics, is a fact that will render it less acceptable to the general reader. True, some are noticed credibly, while others are mentioned only by name, and many are entirely omitted.



10. **REPUBLICAN LANDMARKS:** the views and opinions of American Statesmen on Foreign Immigration. By John P. Sanderson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This work has been prepared professedly with the view of promoting the ends of the new political party lately organised in our midst. The author, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, has entered into many minute details and lengthened arguments, all tending to traduce the fair fame of our adopted fellow-citizens, to lower them in the estimation and excite against them the hostility of those who have been born on this side of the Atlantic. Our prisons and work-houses are visited, and Mr. Sanderson discovers that foreigners, in proportion to their numbers in the country, almost in every instance make up a hundred per cent. of the inmates of those institutions; the same with our almshouses; so that one would imagine, in reading his work, that the foreign population of the country, as a body, consisted of a set of felons and paupers. He can see no good, no redeeming quality in them. Even the love they cherish for the fond ones they left behind them in their native soil, and their generous efforts to relieve their wants and solace their affliction, is a crime in the eyes of the author. He complains and charges that they have remitted more money to countries from hence they migrated than they brought with them, and exclaims: "Having contributed nothing to the aggregate wealth of the country, what claim then have they to its charitable considerations? And yet, whose means, but the natives of this country and those identified with them, feeds these paupers and educates their children? And how much of the public expenses is incurred by the crimes committed by the vicious portion of them, which has to be borne also by those among whom they have sought a home?" To refute these silly and narrow-minded interrogatories, is not our purpose; indeed, to do so, would be to do too much honor to the work. The illiberality which dictated them, is their best refutation.

The Catholic Church in this country, also comes in for its full share of the foul misrepresentation of the author. The illustrious Archbishop of New York, and his "organ," the *Freeman's Journal*, are made to figure conspicuously in the pages of the work; and Dr. Brownson, whom he calls "the celebrated priest Brownson," is brought to task for daring to express himself freely on certain political questions. He reiterates, without a blush, all the groundless charges of the most bigoted and anti-Catholic press against the Catholic clergy, and reasoning from them as if they were so many undeniable truths, he seeks to justify the hostility to Catholicity at present so rampant in the country. He gravely tells us:

"The strenuous efforts made by a foreign priesthood to obtain into their possession, and to exercise exclusive control over all the property of their church: their attempts to exclude the Bible from the public schools, and to divide the school fund of the States for sectarian purposes; and their haughty, domineering, insolent and very often abusive language used by them towards all differing with them in religious sentiments, have much to create public indignation against them, and produce hostile feelings towards all foreigners of their class." Again we are told, that: "The disgraceful scenes at Hartford, which ended in the death of Father Brady; and those in Newark, Philadelphia, Buffalo and other places, originating in the attempts of bishops to force congregations to surrender all control over their church property into the hands of these bishops, and the arrogant and tyrannical conduct of the latter, might, in addition to what has already been cited, be mentioned as contributing largely to arouse so strong, indignant and general feeling among Americans against foreign influence in this country."

But we have cited enough to give our readers a general idea of the nature and design of the work. It may meet with favor among those whose credulity is only surpassed by their hatred of foreigners and Catholicity, but with every right-minded and honorable man in the community, it will only excite feelings of disgust; and when the ephemeral party which it seeks to aid, has passed away, the "*Republican Landmarks*" will sink quietly into oblivion, or if it exist at all, it will be only in a few isolated copies on the shelves of some bookseller's stall, serving to remind some future generation of the intolerance of the present.

**BOOKS RECEIVED.**—*Memorials of His Time.* By Henry Cockburn. D. Appleton & Co.; and from the same publishers we have received *A New Chapter in the Early Life of Washington.* By John Pickell.



## Editors' Table.

"But to sum up a long argument in a few words, I tell you, gentlemen," said Father Carroll, after a protracted discussion on the merits of Mr. Savage's Revolution of '96 and '48, "the author is a restless and heated partizan, who views every thing through the jaundice of his own diseased imagination. The dreams of 'Young Ireland' are the idols of his affection. In the supporters of this party he can discover no fault; in its opponents, he can scarcely recognize a single virtue. His friends he covers with eulogy, while he deals out the most unsparing condemnation upon those who differ from his views. The man that could say of O'Connell, the boast of Ireland and the pride of her sons, that while 'talking of liberty, he was a model tyrant, and, preaching toleration, he never practiced it;' that, 'when he met Ireland in public life, she had a healthy frame—a stalwarth body as his own; when he left her, she was also like him in being imbecile;' that, 'in his death he carried his sectionality—he bequeathed his dust to Ireland, which his teaching had helped to make almost a desert. His heart, as if to identify the partizan inspiration under which it throbbed, he ordered to Rome. . . Judged in his totality, O'Connell deserved at the time of his death no gratitude from Ireland, and was entitled to no respect. . . His conduct was most prejudicial to the interest, and most prejudicial to the morals and character of his country;'—the man, I repeat, that can speak thus of Daniel O'Connell, is entitled to little credit, and less of respect."

"I heartily agree with you, Father Carroll," rejoined Mr. Oliver. "Shame on the man claiming the title of historian, who would venture to charge Daniel O'Connell, the ever fearless champion of civil and religious liberty, with being a foe to *toleration*, and who would unblushingly tell us that his conduct was most prejudicial to the *morals and character of the country!*"

"Shame!" exclaimed O'Moore, rising from the table with his countenance glowing with indignation, "the man that can thus deliberately traduce the fair fame of the illustrious dead, is lost to shame."

"But we have lost too much time on this unworthy production," continued O'Moore, "let us see what our table contains in the way of poetry. Here is an offering (holding up a paper) from our old friend *Fidella*. It contains a lesson which we commend to our readers. From the fate of the king of Israel, let them learn the fate of those who, forsaking God, presumptuously trust to their own strength."

Here O'Moore read the piece, as follows:

### THE FATE OF SAUL.

All Israel mourns a prophet dead;  
The lips of Saul are white with fear;  
For bristling on the dusty plain,  
Philistia's hosts in sight appear.  
Forsaken by Jehovah now,  
Nor prophet, priest, or heaven-sent dream,  
Doth answer to his questioning—  
For him, nor light nor hope can beam.

The Lord hath left him low and dark;  
He vainly thinks he can be wise—  
His kingly aspect he conceals,  
His warlike form wraps in disguise,  
And, 'neath the raven wing of night,  
He seeks the witch of Endor's cell,  
If by her unhallowed arts she may  
Aught of the coming morrow tell.



Where God hath hidden, who shall find?  
 Dark road to knowledge, which, thro' gloom  
 Of spectral charm and mumbled spell,  
 Disturb'st the dwellers of the tomb!  
 O, for the Seer who poured the oil  
 Upon his towering, youthful head,  
 And called him king with sacred voice!  
 But he, alas! is with the dead.

The precinct of his blessed repose  
 Has ne'er by wicked feet been trod,  
 There waits he the "Expected One;"  
 But lo! majestic as a god,  
 An old man riseth silently;  
 His sunken eyes deep wisdom told,  
 All moveless hangs his wintry beard,  
 All moveless hangs the mantle fold.

His sculptured hands are on his breast;  
 He speaks with sad severity;—  
 "Ah! why hast thou disturbed my rest?  
 Why brought me back to earth and thee?"  
 Saul's eyes grow dim, his limbs are weak,  
 Those limbs that crushed the foes of God—  
 Prone to the earth the warrior king  
 Falls, all but lifeless, like a clod.

And muttering in accents faint:  
 "Ah me! I am in great distress,  
 God has departed far from me;  
 He will not hear me, will not bless,  
 And therefore have I called on thee!"  
 And Samuel answered: "When the Lord  
 Hath left thee, askest thou of me?  
 Thou didst not listen to His Word.

"Hear! Israel's host to-morrow falls,  
 From thee the sceptre God will rend,  
 To-morrow thy three sons shall die,  
 And thy own life be at an end;  
 Thy body, hacked by heathen steel,  
 Shall on a Hebrew sword expire—  
 Thy armor, hung in Astaroth,  
 Shall fill thine enemies' desire!"

FIDELIA.

"Our thanks to *Fidelia*," exclaimed Father Carroll at the conclusion of the reading. "While we are grateful for past favors, we beg to assure him, that his contributions are ever welcome to our table."

"Add, Father Carroll," said O'Moore, "that our readers have impatiently complained of late, that his contributions have come like 'angels' visits!'"

"Our readers, like ourselves," rejoined the Rev. gentleman, with a smile, "must learn and practice the virtue of patience. The muse of inspiration is not to be rashly importuned."

"The following piece of classical lore, though fabricated on the banks of the Potomac, is not unworthy of the bard of Mantua," said O'Moore, handing the gem to Father Carroll, marked on the broad page of an exchange.

"A fish story, I perceive," said the Rev. gentleman.

"Not exactly; it is only an invitation to the Hon. Secretary of State, to relax for a while the duties of his station, and, having sought some shady nook on the banks of the great river that sweeps by the Capitol, to catch, if he can, a few of the finny tribe. The company he is requested to invite, is really select; and I doubt not, but that during this hot season, if he accept the invitation, the honored official will spend an



agreeable and profitable day. But enough said : let our classical readers scan the production, and judge for themselves :"

AN INVITATION TO THE HON. WM. L. MARCY TO GO A FISHING.

O! qui tam bene sustineas tanta onera rerum,  
 Rempublicam nostram decore alto splendide servans—  
*Marcy!* tempus adest quum pisces arte juvares  
 Decipere, ac setâ cum arundine adire *Potomas*;  
 Atque super herbas, in quas diffunditur umbra  
 Arboribus densis, jam sedem sumere amœnum,  
 Ac, dum expectes piscis ingurgitet hamum,  
 Intro aquas spicere, et vigilantem in somnia labi.  
 Venite nunc, *Mi. Marcy!* Sed non ducite *Crampton*—  
 Ille Britannus, non quam olim libere notas—  
*Buchananum* sed, trans mare nunc cum honore reversum,  
 Ac *Cushing*, variis doctrinis alte peritum.  
 Est tibi nunc refici, atque severum solvere frontem,  
 Grotti itemque *Vatelii* a tergo relinquere tomos.  
 Mittite decertare super *Fœdusque Claytoni*  
*Bulwerique*, aut in terrâ, quid, *Nicaraguensi*  
*Walkerius* tentat, certi quod, post breve tempus  
 Et pulcherrima jam signum seret ibi Libertas.  
 Mittite nunc paulum decernere debita pœna,  
 Finibus in nostris militem conscribere *neutrum!*  
 Sed petimus quo decurrunt in rupibus altis  
 Præcipites undæ; ac muscosis serpit agrestis  
 In scopulis vitis: que *Azalea* spargit odores  
 Ac viola; ubique apis cum murmure pascitur herbis;  
 Ludit et in foliis ulmorum molliter auster,  
 Atque inter ramos turdus dulcedine cantat.  
 Atque legemus quæquæ scripsit carmina Maro;  
 Aut quod, Anglice, quique vices memoraverit anni;  
 Aut quoque quod mirabile fuderit *Avoniensis*.  
 His ludis formidine sic cessabimus ullâ  
 Terribilis belli, ac turbis quas *Kansia* movit.  
 Venite tunc *Mi. Marcy!* tunc bona ducite vina!  
 At ego porro feram *Sandwichia*; copia linguæ  
 Sitque bovis; pariter baccæ quas donat torrida Java  
 Atque puer parvus niger—quem cingit linea mappa,  
 Crinibus ac tortis—dum ridentes nos discimus illic,  
 Delicias supplebit, nectareumque liquorum.  
 Butyrumque recens de montibus *Alleghany*  
 Præter erit; his libaque *Gautier* optima torret,  
 Ac, fumare velis, fragrantia *Nicotiana*.  
 Venite tunc mecum! linquamusque omnia tandem,  
 Tunc pennam, cathedram, mensamque relinquimus unâ  
 In diem, et omne quid ad Patrum refert *Samuelum*.

B. D. C.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF O'CONNELL.—We intended to present to our readers in the present number, the admirable lecture of the illustrious Archbishop of New York, on the life and times of the great champion of Catholic emancipation; but as that lecture has been so widely circulated through the medium of the weekly press, we forego the pleasure of its insertion.

It would be difficult indeed to do justice to the character of O'Connell, in a single lecture. Nevertheless, the Archbishop has given an able outline of the life and times of this great man, which will be read with deep interest, and go far to remove the prejudice that lingers in the breasts of some, against the illustrious dead. It has been well observed, that, the further we are removed from the time of O'Connell, the more prominently his great qualities stand out in bold relief in the history of his country, and the more willingly even his enemies seem to do justice to his merits. It is only by reflecting on the circumstances by which he was surrounded—the opposition and bigotry of his enemies—the indifference, and often dissensions, among his friends,



obstacles under which any other would have yielded, that the value of O'Connell's services can be properly estimated. The Archbishop has, therefore, rendered to his memory a worthy tribute, showing, in his own graphic and eloquent language, that Ireland, in the person of O'Connell, has produced one of the greatest men of modern times; great as a statesman and a patriot, and sincere in the practice of his religion, as he was ever the able and willing defender of Ireland's faith.

**ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.**—The May number of these excellent annals, like those that have preceded it, is replete with valuable and interesting information. While it comes to us as the herald of the far distant missionary, it also brings us information new and important, relative to the mission cause in our own land. The number contains a detailed report of receipts and disbursements of the Association for the year 1855. From this we learn that the Catholics of the United States contributed, during the year 1855, towards the fund for the Propagation of the Faith, about \$8,000; and they received, during the same period, for the purpose of promoting religion at home, nearly the sum of \$118,000. Truly, if there be any thing wanting to induce the Catholics of this country to take an active part in promoting the noble objects of the Association, it will be supplied in the more than ten-fold ratio in which they are repaid for what they contribute. Thirty-six of the dioceses of the United States have been the recipients of the bounty and the charity of the Association; *eighteen* only have contributed towards the funds of the institution. It appears, then, that more than one-half of the dioceses of the States remains unrepresented, in a cause that appeals alike equally to all. This should not be so. If the Chinese of Kiang-man, the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, and the children of Madagascar, contribute their mite to the great and good cause, surely the Catholics of the United States should not be found wanting in zeal for an association from which they have received such signal favors.

Never, perhaps, was there a time, when the enterprises of our zealous missionaries solicit more strongly the active co-operation of all Catholics. In numerous places, providential events are favorable to the expansion of truth. The Levant has been thrown open to the missionary; in Oceanica, the repression of cannibalism permits the Gospel to re-establish its influence over the soil of New Caledonia.

In Siam, the new king seems to invite the Church to establish itself in his dominions, by announcing to the Holy Father that Buddhism is almost extinct in his States. Thibet, in spite of its almost insuperable barriers, no longer presents any serious obstacles; a missionary is now residing in the country of the Lamas, with permission to found there in peace a Catholic establishment. The soil of Japan itself leaps with joy beneath the tread of apostles, who have gone there to revive the faith of three hundred thousand martyrs. The happy termination of the late European war has opened new avenues to the spread of Catholicity. Indeed, in every direction, the harvest of souls is ripe, and laborers waiting the means necessary to convey them to the scene of action. In some instances, burning with a holy impatience to toil for the salvation of souls, they have transported themselves to the field of their labors, taking with them only the Gospel and the Cross, relying on the protection of Providence, and to the charity of their brethren, to forward them the means of subsistence. Shall it be necessary for them to suspend their march for the want of means? Should their progress be arrested, there would be, through our fault, a forced halt in the conquest of faith; and the zealous missionary might turn to us in accents of reproach and grief, saying: "You had it in your power to have made these souls, that are perishing, your eternal crown, by contributing to the means of their conversion, but you have not availed yourselves of the honor or the privilege!"



**COMMODORE BARRY.**—We invite the special attention of our readers to the able memoir, in the present number, of the illustrious founder of the American Navy. The life of such a man as Barry ought to be familiarly known to every citizen. It contains more than a moral—it contains lessons of practical instruction. From his example we learn the important lesson that the practice of our Christian duties is not incompatible with any station in life. But how little is the life of this great man known. How few in those days of hostility to Catholics and foreigners are aware of the fact, that Commodore John Barry, the “father” of the American Navy, the man that first unfurled the American flag on the high seas, and contended successfully and triumphantly against the veteran tars of England, was himself an *Irishman* and a *Catholic*!

Too much credit cannot be given to the learned author of the memoir for the part he has taken in raising from partial obscurity the life of so distinguished a man.

**OUR COLLEGE COMMENCEMENTS.**—During the last month our colleges and other literary institutions have closed the labors of another scholastic year. The hearts of parents have been rejoiced by the return of absent sons and daughters, who have been allowed a season of relaxation, while the professors and teachers are released for a short period from the anxieties and cares which none can comprehend but those who have had the charge and responsibility of youth. It would afford us much pleasure to speak in detail of the commencements and exhibitions of each of these asylums of learning—fraught as they are with so many instances of interest and instruction—but so vast is their number, that to do so would far exceed our limited space. We must be contented to contemplate them at a distance, and speak of them as one grand and noble institution, at once the honor and the pride of Catholics. They are laboring in the one holy cause, vieing with each other like so many sisters, in training the youth of the land to science and virtue. View them as you will, in the difficulties that surrounded their origin, in their unparalleled prosperity, and in the manifold blessings they impart, and how sublime is the contemplation. Go, stranger, to our institutions: go, thou whose mind has been imbued from childhood with sentiments of hostility towards Catholicity, who hast been taught to look upon the Catholic Church as inimical to light and knowledge; go, stand at the threshold of the venerable college at Georgetown, enter the halls of the “old Mountain,” visit the colleges at Fordham, Worcester, Bardstown, or any of the numerous Catholic colleges or universities, now spread over the country from the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific; contemplate the zeal, the devotedness and untiring energy of the professors, and the acknowledged proficiency of the pupils, as evidenced by their annual exhibitions, and tell us whether the Catholic Church is hostile to education! From our colleges turn to our female institutions, now counted by hundreds in the country, and contemplate those virtuous, heroic ladies of the orders of Mercy, of the Sacred Heart, of St. Vincent, and the other numerous orders, who have forsaken all that the world holds most dear, to devote their entire energies to the instruction of the young; behold them daily and hourly engaged in their labors, like angelic messengers sent to conduct the fair daughters of our fellow-citizens to the temple of knowledge, along the flowery pathway of religion, and tell us, oh tell us whether our Church deserves the unmeaning charge of being an enemy to education!



# Record of Events.

From June 30, to July 30, 1856.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—The 17th of June, the tenth anniversary of the elevation of his present Holiness to the pontifical chair, was celebrated by the customary ceremonies. To the thanks of the Sacred College, the Holy Father returned a dignified reply, tempered with that sweetness of manner for which he is so particularly distinguished.—In the secret Consistory held on the 16th of June, His Holiness conferred Cardinal's hats on Mgr. Grassellini, a Sicilian prelate, and formerly Governor of Rome; Mgr. Medici d'Ottiano, Papal Major Domo; and Mgr. Barnabo, who was lately appointed Prefect of the Propaganda, to which office he was strongly recommended by the late Cardinal Franssoni. Monsignor de Pietro, Papal Nuncio at Lisbon, Mgr. Lewichi, Polish Archbishop of the United Greek Communion, and Mgr. Kaulik, Archbishop of Zagabria, in Croatia, have been nominated members of the Sacred College. It is generally believed that Mgr. Bedini will succeed Mgr. Barnabo in the Secretaryship of the Propaganda. The office of Prefect of the Propaganda is not yet filled, and the rumor that Cardinal Wiseman is to receive the appointment is again revived.—The Grand Duke of Tuscany, who a month ago was in Rome arranging a concordat with the Papal Court, left the city before the completion of the concordat. It is stated, however, that the instrument will be signed as soon as the excitement caused by the Paris conference has subsided.—Although order and quietness reign at Rome, and the people seem perfectly satisfied with the administration of affairs, in other parts of Italy, indeed along the whole line of peninsula, the partizans of Mazzini are actively engaged in endeavoring to bring about a convulsion in the country. Incendiary publications, inciting to plunder and assassination, are numerous and circulated. That this state of things is encouraged by the government of Piedmont, there is little doubt; let order be once disturbed, and then his Sardinian majesty will step forward, in the hope of being acknowledged king of Italy. The Holy Father, on learning the disasters caused by the inundation in France, contributed fifteen thousand francs in aid of the sufferers.

*Conversions.*—The *Journal de Rome* announces the conversion, on the 13th of May, of a Miss Isabella Ferrier (daughter of the late Capt. Wm. Ferrier), a native of London. She abjured the errors of Protestantism, and was received into the Church at Bologna, by Mgr. Grassi, Archpriest of the Metropolitan Church there, having been previously duly instructed in the Faith of the Catholic Church by Father C. Curei, of the Society of Jesus. It is also publicly stated, that a short time previously in Isquillace, Calabria, an English gentleman, a Mr. William Henry Drew, a native of Woolwich, in Kent, solemnly abjured the errors of Protestantism, embraced the Catholic faith before the bishop, and in presence of the chapter, the clergy, the seminarians, and a great number of the faithful.

SPAIN.—The condition of the country is unsettled. Serious riots had occurred at Valladolid and other places. The cause of these disturbances can be best learned from a speech in the Cortes delivered by Marshal O'Donnell, minister of war, in defending the government against certain charges of a want of energy:

"The government has been accused of being visionary in the view it takes of the situation of the country. But events have not failed to prove that it was not so. I will not indicate the authors of the disturbances, the excesses, the acts of violence which have taken place since the revolution of July, but those events are not isolated or accidental. At Barcelona there have been disturbances, and what was the cause of them? Socialism. At Palencia and Burgos there have been disturbances likewise, and they too were caused by Socialism. At Saragossa acts of vandalism were committed. Thou-



sands of men, armed with muskets, hastened to Palencia, and it was not assuredly to preach the gospel that they went! At Barcelona and Palencia incendiary publications are circulated, and what is their character? Socialist. For my part, then, I doubt not that the insurgents are the instruments of the chiefs of the Socialist party, and it is certain that the movements which take place everywhere are Socialist. At Valladolid men, women and children burnt and pillaged, and they did so under the same direction. All this shows that there exists a truth which must be proclaimed, and that is that subversive ideas, previously unknown in Spain, have become prevalent among the masses, and it is these which lead to terrible conflicts, sometimes even contrary to the intention of the apostles who preach them. What is now at stake is not this or that political flag, but the preservation of family ties and property. The government will chastise excesses with a strong hand, and whoever may be the instigators of them shall be punished, because they are more guilty than those whom they send into the streets to fight."

FRANCE.—The inundation of the Rhone has been a serious calamity, spreading ruin and distress over whole districts. Nothing could exceed the interest and intrepidity manifested by the Emperor. He visited the scene of disaster, and distributed money for the relief of the sufferers. The scene when he arrived there is said to have been very affecting. Surrounded by peasants who had lost their all, he, with a face pale with emotion, and with tears in his eyes, called to his side the poor women, and according to their families, gave them little bags containing fifty francs, one hundred francs, and in some cases two hundred francs and three hundred francs. Upon his return to Paris, he proposed to the Senate to grant a rate of ten million francs for the relief of the sufferers by the inundations, and this was unanimously agreed to. The Empress has given twenty thousand francs, and ten thousand in the name of the Imperial Prince. The frightful character of the inundations may be gathered from the fact that four hundred houses have been swallowed up and twenty-five thousand persons deprived of homes. The Archbishop of Lyons at once gave up the whole of his palace to the poor victims.—The baptism of the Prince Imperial was the great event of the month. This event took place at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, on the 14th of June. The ceremonies and the proceedings even surpassed in interest the gorgeous display of the Emperor's marriage. His eminence Cardinal Patrizzi, Legate of the Pope, performed the ceremony, surrounded by eighty prelates, including several Cardinals. The water used on the occasion was brought from the river Jordan, Palestine. After the ceremony, the Cardinal Legate chaunted the *Te Deum*, which was executed by the orchestra. During the *Te Deum* the Archbishop of Paris, accompanied by the Curé of St. Germain l'Auxerrois (the parish priest of the Tuilleries), presented for the signature of their majesties the register containing the entry of baptism. The representatives of the sponsors and other persons indicated by the Emperor also affixed their signatures. The Pontifical benediction terminated this ceremony; it was bestowed in the most solemn manner by the Cardinal Legate, the Emperor and Empress kneeling at the *prie-dieu*. The reception and the respect paid to the Cardinal Legate during his stay in France, were most cordial and enthusiastic. Whenever he appeared in public, the population thronged his path, imploring his blessing; showing forcibly the Paris of to-day is very different to what it was even a few years back. The Emperor, on the occasion of the reception of the Cardinal, said with particular emphasis: "I am very grateful to His Holiness Pope Pius IX, for being the godfather of the child which providence has given to me. In requesting this favor from him, I wished to draw in a particular manner on my son, and on France, the protection of Heaven. I know that one of the surest means of meriting it is to testify all my veneration for the Holy Father, who is the representative of Jesus Christ on earth." The presentation of the Golden Rose to the Empress by Cardinal Patrizzi, followed the baptism of the Prince Imperial. This rose was blessed by His Holiness Pius IX, and sent to the Empress. On the occasion of its presentation, his eminence delivered an address in Latin, of which the following is a translation:

"Receive from our hands this rose, which we present to you in virtue of a special commission entrusted to us by the Very Holy Father in Jesus Christ, Pius IX, Sovereign Pontiff by the grace of God. This rose signifies the joy of the two Jerusalems—



that is, of the Church triumphant and the Church militant—this rose representing unto the eyes of all the faithful the most magnificent flower—that is to say, the joy of all the saints. Accept this rose, beloved and noble daughter, powerful, and adorned with numerous fine qualities, in order that thou mayest be still more ennobled by all the virtues in Jesus Christ, like a rose planted on the banks of a full flowing rivulet; may this boon be granted unto thee through the over-abundant favor of Him who is Triple and One in all eternity. Amen."

The Emperor has communicated to the Senate an act in relation to the appointing a council of regency, with the Empress at its head, in case of his death before the Prince Imperial should reach the age of eighteen. The project seems to be well received by the people.

ENGLAND.—A great deal of loud and angry talk followed the reception of the news of the dismissal of Mr. Crampton, the representative of her Britannic Majesty at Washington. Some of the English journals demanded the dismissal of our Minister from the Court of St. James; others, and the majority, talked round the matter, and the subject at present seems almost entirely forgotten.—The proceedings in Parliament have not been characterized by anything remarkable. Mr. Spooner again brought forward the Maynooth bill, but suffered a defeat, and then withdrew it; so the subject is at rest for another six months.

*Death of the Countess of Shrewsbury.*—This estimable lady died in Paris on the 6th of June, after a short illness. The Countess was a daughter of the late William Talbot, Esq., of Castle Talbot, county Wexford, by his first wife, a daughter of Lawrence O'Toole, Esq., of Buxton, in the same county. In 1814 she married the late Earl of Shrewsbury, then John Talbot, Esq., who succeeded to the earldom on his uncle's death in 1827, and died suddenly at Naples in November, 1852. Lady Shrewsbury was a zealous member of the Roman Catholic Church, with which the name of her own family and her late husband are so closely identified; and she was well known for her extensive charities.

*Conversions.*—Two clergymen of the English establishment have been received into the Catholic Church—the Rev. F. Semple, M. A., fellow of Balliol College, Oxford; and the other the son of the celebrated Dr. A. K. Arnold, of Rugby.

IRELAND.—The political aspect of the country is quiet; in some sections, however, the Orange faction has committed the most wanton outrages. Near Dungannon, an old man named Donnelly became the victim of a brutal assault from the hands of a party of Orangemen. Inflammatory publications and handbills like the following were circulated and posted up in different places with a view of inciting to disturbance:

" Protestants of Down !  
Assemble in Thousands,  
On the 17th day of June, 1856.  
In Finnabrogue Demesne,  
To meet Gregg, Drew and other Protestants,  
and demand justice for Protestantism.  
No Maynooth ! No Nunneries ! No Surrender !  
The Constitution of 1668.  
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN." .

These outrages are said to have caused the victims of their assaults to form themselves into secret bands, with signs and pass-words for mutual protection.—A meeting of the Catholic prelates of Ireland was lately held in Dublin. With the exception of the Archbishop of Cashel, all were present, and he was represented by the Very Rev. Dr. Leahy, V. R., of the Catholic University. The Most Rev. Archbishop of Dublin, as Apostolic Legate, presided. Amongst other matters, it is said that the "vexed question" of the interference of the clergy in political affairs, was taken into consideration.—The Irish Catholic prelates have forwarded, out of their private resources, the sum of three thousand five hundred and fifty francs in aid of the French sufferers



from inundation.—A remarkable cure was effected lately in Kilkenny, which is thus spoken of by a journal of that place:

"A circumstance has just occurred in Kilkenny of so extraordinary a character that many are disposed to consider it a direct interposition of providence. Every one acquainted with our city knows poor little Sally Hewitson, the lame beggar child, who has been seen every day crawling about or riding on a donkey, begging alms for the support of herself and her mother—the latter also a cripple. She was born a cripple, and Mr. Dunne, the relieving officer, recollects that when she was admitted to the workhouse some years ago, her useless limbs had to be bandaged to her body. Now, what was the astonishment of the citizens of Kilkenny on Tuesday, to witness this poor child walking about perfectly well! Her statement was that she had been miraculously cured by a venerable priest named Father Nolan, who resides at a place called Dunane, beyond Castlecomer. This pious and venerable clergyman has the reputation of great sanctity, and is said to have wrought many other equally marvellous cures. The case of Sally Hewitson seems to us beyond question; she is known to have been a cripple from the birth—she is seen walking through the streets of Kilkenny to-day."

**AUSTRIA.**—The correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Vienna, gives some account of the arrest of a large number of members of a "mysterious religious society." It is stated that about a year ago the police received information that the habits and manners of some of the workmen in the suburbs were such as to excite suspicion. Their movements were narrowly watched, but nothing discovered of which the law could take hold until Whit Sunday last, when they held a conventicle, and were surprised by the police. Those arrested call themselves "Brethren of St. John."—It is rumored that a meeting will take place between the Emperors of France and Austria during the summer. The most cordial feeling exists between the two governments, and it is no doubt, if true, with a view of binding more strongly the amicable relations that this interview is sought.

**RUSSIA.**—The only news from Russia of any importance is the movement of the government to settle her American territory. An Imperial decree has been issued, stating that to assist the development of the Russian naval power, the administration of fleets and harbors therein is to be placed under the independent control of the government of Eastern Siberia. An expedition is fitting at Hamburg by a Russian American Company, to sail shortly for the Russian American Territory. The expedition is of the nature of a new colony, numbering four hundred persons, including artificers of all kinds. The Russian ships Czrowitch and Constantine, and a Hamburg steamer, will convey the expedition.

**NORWAY.**—It is stated that Catholicity scarcely exists in Norway. For three centuries no church or chapel has been built for the exercise of the Catholic worship, and the country people are ignorant of even the existence of a Pope. This state of things has attracted the serious attention of the Sacred College. Some Catholic missionaries, familiar with the language and its dialects, have been laboring in the country since winter, especially in the district of Finmarken, at the extremity of the north of Norway, upon the White Sea. A Polish priest, Father Diunkowski, is at the head of this mission.

**SWITZERLAND.**—In the canton of Tessino, while the government is persisting in its course of aggression and insult against the rights of the Catholic Church, the Mormon emissaries are permitted everywhere to preach their pestilent doctrines, and are gaining crowds of ignorant and deluded followers.

**PORTUGAL.**—In Portugal a highly important movement has been initiated by a number of influential members of the old religious orders in Lisbon. The object in view is to petition the government for the restoration of the regular clergy in Portugal. The meeting was held in the church of the Dominicans, attached to the college of Corpo Santo. The Very Rev. Father Patrick Bernard Russell, O. S. D., presided. The government, although aware of the movement, has given no intimation of its intentions on the subject.



**AFRICA.**—The following letter from Rev. Mr. Von Muller, Royal Chaplain at the Court of Bavaria, who has done so much to aid the pious labors of Father Olivieri in the ransom and the christian education of African children, will be read with interest:

"Yesterday I went to visit our dear Moorish children at the School Sisters' convents. They are so good, so diligent, so pious, so docile, so attached to their new home! They are rejoicing at the prospect of their coming baptism, and preparing themselves anxiously for the same. Already they are beginning to count impatiently the week and days that intervene between this and the appointed time (Pentecost). Three of them are far advanced in reading, writing and arithmetic, though a year has not elapsed since their arrival. They were then completely wild; now they are the most quiet and obedient inmates of the house. We have portioned some of them out for the present amongst the Benedictine ladies of Burghausen, Alttoting and Eichstatt; others are with the Dominican nuns of Rattisbon. Yet as they are destined to return one day to their country, to educate and christianise their race, we make it a point to keep at least two or three together in each house, that they may not lose the exercise of their native tongue. Our School Sisters will probably be soon dispatched to Kartoum; for which end I am now making all suitable arrangements with Father Knoblechter. Continue, I beseech you, the collections for the ransom of these poor Moorish children. It is, emphatically, a good work; and we see its fruits already. So much is done for the children of Asia, and so little for the children of Africa! The good gray-haired priest, F. Olivieri, is almost the only one who properly appreciates the importance of rescuing these poor little pagans from their miserable state and opening for them (and through them for their countrymen) the gates of the kingdom of heaven."

**MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.**—M. Augustin Thierry, the illustrious author, died recently at Paris. A great concourse of men of letters of all ranks and shades of opinion followed to his grave the profoundest writer, perhaps, of which France can boast at the present day. The pall-bearers were MM. Mignet, Ary-Scheffer, Laboulaye, and Nadet; amongst the followers might be seen De Montalembert, Tocqueville, Salvandy, Gormenin, St. Marc Girardin, and a host of well known individuals. We are happy to be able to add that M. Thierry was reconciled to the Catholic Church previous to his death.

It will be gratifying to Catholics to learn that efforts are now making to erect Catholic Orphanages in India. The Right Hon. the Governor, with that generous liberality for which Lord Elphinstone has been always distinguished, contributed five hundred rupees to aid the Right Rev. Dr. Hartman in his praiseworthy attempt to provide shelter for the destitute children of those Catholic soldiers who lost their lives in the defence of their country.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay army has also written as follows: "I conceive it to be of the utmost importance that provision should be made for the care and education of Her Majesty's Roman Catholic soldiers; and I am most pleased to find that it is proposed to erect a suitable building for that purpose. I have therefore the pleasure to put down my name to a subscription of one hundred rupees for that object."

M<sup>lle</sup> Esparbie, of Toulouse, known in religion as Sister Melaine, has recently died in the hospital at Scutari. The venerable sister was a companion and intimate friend of the well-known Sister Rosalie, whose loss is still felt and deplored throughout Paris. For twenty-five years did they labor together in good works; and her (Sister Melaine's) greatest desire was to join the band of pious Sisters in the Crimea; and it would seem as if she had a presentiment of her death, as in passing through Marseilles, where she took an affectionate leave of one of her brothers, she smilingly observed to him: "Adieu! I leave you to go to heaven, and I go by way of Constantinople."

It is a singular fact that the direct lineal descendants of Luther, Knox and Cranmer have severally become Catholics. In the last instance a Mr. Cranmer, son of a Protestant clergyman, has been recently received into the Catholic Church.



## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

**1. ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.—Ordination.**—It is with peculiar pleasure that we record the elevation of the Rev. Edward Lyman to the sacred order of priesthood. The solemn rite was performed by the Most Rev. Archbishop, at the Cathedral in this city, on the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, the order of deaconship having been previously conferred on the 20th of June, at the chapel attached to St. Mary's Seminary. Mr. Lyman is a native of the State of New York, and a convert to our holy faith. About three years ago he was a minister of the Episcopalian denomination, and exercised the duties of the ministry in Columbia, Pennsylvania, where he erected a neat Gothic church. He is at present assistant pastor of St. John's Church, in our city. May heaven grant him many days of usefulness in his new and sacred calling.

**Confirmation.**—The Most Rev. Archbishop administered Confirmation to twenty-six pupils of the Visitation Academy, in the chapel of the convent, on the 22d of June.

The same Most Rev. Prelate consecrated the altar, and dedicated the Church of St. John, at Long Green, Baltimore county, on Sunday, July 13th.—We learn with pleasure, that the proceeds of the recent Fair, held for the benefit of St. Charles' Church, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Dr. White, amounted to over \$1000.

**Catholic Institute Library.**—A few months ago a Library was commenced, under the management of that excellent and truly Catholic institution, the Catholic Institute, of this city; and it will be gratifying to the friends of Catholic literature everywhere, to learn, that the movement has met with every encouragement. From a recent report, signed by the Very Rev. H. B. Coskery, president of the board of directors, we learn that the library already contains nearly eleven hundred books, besides one hundred and twenty volumes of bound pamphlets and newspapers.

**2. ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.**—The Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati lately, during a visitation of a portion of his diocese, confirmed two hundred and sixty-five persons. At Sidney he laid the corner-stone of a new church. The corner-stone of a new church, under the patronage of St. John the Baptist, was recently laid in the city of Cincinnati. The Rev. Mr. Wood officiated and preached on the occasion.—The recent Fair held in Cincinnati, for the benefit of St. Aloysius' Orphan Asylum, realized the sum of *ten thousand dollars*.

**3. ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. LOUIS.**—We learn that six Sisters of Mercy have left the Convent of St. Catharine, New York, and gone to St. Louis, for the purpose of establishing there a house of their order.

**The Leader.**—Since the first of July, the *Leader*, edited by Dr. J. V. Huntington, is issued *daily*, as well as weekly. It gives us much satisfaction to record this fact. It speaks volumes of the persevering energy and ability of the editor, while it reflects lasting credit on the Catholics of St. Louis, who have the distinguished honor of supporting the only Catholic *daily* in the country.

**4. ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK.**—The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York administered the Sacrament of Confirmation at Piermont, on Sunday, June 15th, to about two hundred persons.

**Conversion.**—Mrs. Collins, wife of Cornelius B. Collins, was received into the Catholic Church at St. Andrews, New York, by the Rev. Mr. Curran.

**5. DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA.—Appalling Railroad Accident.**—One of the most awful accidents that has ever happened in this country, took place on Thursday, July 17th, on the North Pennsylvania Railroad, about twelve miles from the city of Philadelphia. We mention it under the head of diocesan intelligence, as it has carried to the tomb the beloved and lamented pastor of St. Michael's Church, Philadelphia, and brought grief and sorrow to the hearth-stone of many a Catholic family.



The history of the sad affair is thus briefly told. At an early hour on the morning above named, the children attached to the Schools of St. Michael's Church, to the number of six or seven hundred, with their parents and friends, left the depot at Master street, in a train of ten cars, on an excursion to Fort Washington, about fourteen miles from the city. When within two miles of the place where they intended to spend the day, the excursion train came in collision with a passenger train approaching the city, at a short curve in the road. By the collision, the first, second and third cars of the excursion train were crushed to fragments, and their passengers buried beneath the ruins. To add to the horrors of the scene, the fragments of the broken cars were ignited from the fire of the locomotives, and many of the wounded were literally roasted to death in the presence of their friends, who could render no assistance. By this awful calamity, upwards of sixty persons were instantly killed, or have since died, and a much larger number wounded. Among the killed, we are pained to number the zealous and ever to be regretted assistant pastor of St. Michael's, the Rev. Daniel Sheridan. May all good Catholics pray for the repose of his soul. Funeral service was performed at St. Michael's, on Saturday morning, over a large number of the victims. A solemn Mass of *requiem* was offered, and the Rev. Dr. Moriarty preached the funeral sermon.

*Confirmation.*—The Right Rev. Bishop Neumann administered Confirmation on the 8th of June, at the Church of St. Jerome, Tamaqua, to one hundred and forty persons, several of whom were converts.

6. DIOCESE OF LOUISVILLE.—The Right Rev. Dr. Spalding, at the urgent solicitation of several Protestant gentlemen, preached, on the 28th of May, in the court house at Henderson, situated at the termination of the railroad connecting Nashville with the Ohio river. On the following day, the Right Rev. Prelate officiated at the dedication of a new church in Union county, about twenty miles from Henderson.

#### SECULAR AFFAIRS.

The affairs in Kansas are still in an unsettled state, but have ceased to excite much attention. On the 4th, the Legislature was to have met at Topeka, but was dispersed by order of the government of the United States. After it had assembled, Colonel Sumner, in company with Major Donaldson, rode into Topeka at the head of five companies of dragoons, all equipped for war, and planted two pieces of artillery at the head of Kansas avenue, the gunners having lighted matches. The dragoons were arranged in the streets in military order, after which Colonel Sumner dismounted and went into the Hall of Representatives and dispersed them. Before discharging the very unpleasant duty, the Colonel made the following brief address: "I am called upon to perform the most disagreeable duty of my life, under the authority of the President's proclamation. I am here to disperse this Legislature, and therefore inform you that you cannot meet. God knows that I have no party feeling in this matter, and will have none, so long as I hold my present position in Kansas. I have just returned from the borders, where I have been sending home companies of Missourians, and now I am ordered here to disperse you. Such are my orders, that you must disperse. I now command you to disperse."

The state of affairs in California were desperate at latest accounts. A body of citizens in San Francisco, calling themselves the "Vigilance Committee," had taken the civil authority into their own hands. This body determined to rid the city of gamblers and other desperate characters. Acting upon this determination, they arrested a number of suspected individuals, hung two, charged with the murder of Mr. King, and banished a large number of others from the State. The notorious "Yankee Sullivan," while in the custody of the "Committee," committed suicide.



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**MEMOIR OF CARDINAL DE CHEVERUS.**

**JOHN LOUIS ANN MAGDALEN LEFEBVRE DE CHEVERUS** was born at Mayenne, in Lower Maine, France, on the 28th of January, in the year 1768. His father, John Vincent Marie Lefebvre de Cheverus, was the civil judge, his uncle, Louis René de Cheverus, was the curate, and another uncle was the mayor, of Mayenne,

\* Compiled from the Life of Cardinal de Cheverus, by the Rev. J. Huen Dubourg, translated from the French, by R. M. Walsh; the U. S. Catholic Magazine of 1845, &c.



thus uniting in one family the judicial, ecclesiastical and municipal authority of the place. His mother, Ann Lemarchand des Noyers, possessed eminent prudence, judgment and piety. She took upon herself the early education of her son, and instilled into his tender heart the most devout sentiments of religion and morality. She constantly repeated to him the sublime lesson of that model of mothers, Blanche of Castille, to that model of sons, St. Louis, King of France, "My son, God is my witness how much I love you ; but rather would I see you dead before me, than that you should commit a single mortal sin." Remaining under the paternal roof he attended every day the classes at the College of Mayenne, where he was equally distinguished among his companions for his piety, amiability, frankness and application to study. In time of recreation he was "the merriest lad at school," and in time of study he was the best student. At the age of eleven years he made his first communion in the most edifying and devout manner, and at that early age he formed, and at once disclosed to his mother, his resolution of dedicating himself to Almighty God in the holy ministry of the Church. This Christian mother, more truly heroic than the pagan mothers of ancient Greece and Rome in devoting their sons to the military service of the state, cheerfully made the sacrifice, and offered her dearest treasure to the service of religion. At the age of twelve years he received the tonsure at Mayenne from the hands of the bishop of Dol, and continued in his daily life to set the example of a truly Christian life for all the population of his native city. Many distinguished persons who visited Mayenne were attracted by the beautiful character and promising talents of the youthful Abbé, and made brilliant offers to M. de Cheverus for the future advancement of his son. He soon received the position of the Priory of Torbechet, with a revenue of eight hundred livres, which enabled him to prosecute his studies in retirement and ease. This appointment was to the Abbé de Cheverus the cause of an unjust and vexatious law-suit, of several years continuance, which there was a perfect certainty of his finally gaining, but which he settled himself by voluntarily relinquishing his rights, against the advice and remonstrances of his friends. When asked why he abandoned a case which he was so certain of gaining, his answer was at once beautiful and heroic, "because," said he, "by winning it I should have ruined the adverse party." Having in the year 1781 finished his preparatory studies with great praise, he was conducted by his father to Paris, and entered at the college of Louis le Grand. The loose doctrines and morals of the revolution had by this time greatly impaired the religious discipline of this institution, but the Abbé de Cheverus persevered, in the midst of dangers and temptations, to approach the holy communion every week, and to lead that same modest, studious and devout life, which had been the charm of his example at Mayenne. He gave an evidence of his proficiency in his studies by publicly defending, on the 21st of July, in the year 1786, a thesis in the college with universal applause. About this time, standing an examination for a vacancy in the Seminary of St. Magloire, in Paris, under the direction the Fathers of the Oratory, he gained the first rank, and thenceforth devoted himself exclusively to sacred studies, frequently shedding tears of rapture over the sacred pages. By the rules of the seminary he was obliged to attend the lectures at the Sorbonne, where, amid general inattention, disorder and frivolity, the good Abbé prosecuted his studies with unabated zeal and industry. He was made a deacon in October, 1790, and the bishop of Mans, seeing so near at hand the troubles of the revolution, procured from Rome a dispensation on account of his want of the required age, and M. de Cheverus was ordained on the 18th of December, 1790, in the



twenty-third year of his age, this being the last ordination at Paris preceding the revolution. To accept holy orders in those times was to court persecution, confiscation, imprisonment and martyrdom, from the fierce tyrants, who were rising up in France to destroy both Church and State, and deluge the fairest of lands in the blood of the noblest and most virtuous of her citizens.

Undaunted by the calamities that were hastening upon his country and his religion, the young priest repaired at once to his native city, and assumed the public exercise of the holy ministry, as assistant to his uncle, the venerable Curate de Cheverus, and at the same time received from the bishop of Mans the honor of being a canon of his cathedral. He was soon called upon to take the oath of the revolution, which he firmly resisted, and, resigning his place, exercised the holy ministry in private. Restricted by the municipal authorities in the performance of his sacred duties to the celebration of mass, his father's house was at once his prison and his chapel. On the death of his venerable uncle in January, 1792, he was appointed his successor as Curate of Mayenne, and cheerfully accepted a place so full of danger. Notwithstanding his youth he was the adviser and the father of both the clergy and the faithful in those days of terror. Driven from Mayenne by the revolutionary party, kept under strict *surveillance* at Laval, imprisoned in the convent of the *Cordeliers*, and being in constant danger of death, he finally made his escape from prison in June, 1792. Passing through perils the most appalling, and scenes the most bloody, being in the very midst of the massacres of the 2d and 3d of September at Paris, "happening at the moment to be near the convent where the victims were sacrificed," with his pursuers constantly at his back, he succeeded with great difficulty in flying in disguise from Paris, arrived at Calais on the 11th of September, 1792, and safely reached England, then the hospitable asylum of the French exiles. The English government nobly tendered to the Abbé de Cheverus a participation in the generous provision it had made for the refugees, but he, though a stranger in a foreign land, with scanty means and ignorant of the language, with his usual spirit of exalted charity, thanked the government, and asked that his share might be given to others of his exiled countrymen who needed it more than himself. He immediately commenced the study of the English language, and in January, 1793, became teacher of French and mathematics in a boarding school, of which the principal was a Protestant minister. His pure life soon gained for him universal esteem among the Protestants, with whom he was thrown. Zeal soon prompted him to collect together a congregation of Catholics, with the approbation of the bishop of London, and in one year after his arrival he was preaching in English. He also received and accepted the invitation of an English nobleman to become tutor to his son, but did not permit this to interfere for an instant with his ministerial duties. He was appointed by his old friend, the bishop of Dol, then an exile like himself, his grand vicar, and was only prevented by the entreaties of the bishop of London from accompanying the bishop of Dol in his attempt to return to France; an attempt which resulted in the destruction by shipwreck of the bishop and all his companions. The Catholics of England were well supplied with clergy, and the Abbé de Cheverus therefore longed for some other field of labor, where he might render greater services to religion. He had scarcely declined the proffered presidency of a new college at Cayenne, when in 1795 he received a letter from his old friend and countryman, the Abbé Matignon, then officiating at Boston, entreating him in the name of religion to come to Boston, and share his labors in that new and fruitful vineyard, than which his zeal could neither desire nor find a



field more boundless or more needy, embracing, as it did, all New England and the Indian tribes of Penobscot and Passamaquoddy. Recognizing this as a call from above, after the most mature reflection and consultation, he resolved to obey. He made over his patrimony to his brother and sisters in France, and embarking for America, amid the tears and entreaties of the friends whom he had so edified in England, "on the 3d of April, 1796, he arrived safely at Boston, where he was received by M. Matignon as an angel sent from heaven to his aid."

The prejudices against our holy religion, which M. Matignon and M. de Cheverus encountered at Boston, are almost incredible, especially when recorded of a people so enlightened and educated as the Bostonians were. These pious missionaries commenced preaching rather by example than by word of mouth. The holy, pure and truly evangelical lives they led attracted universal attention and admiration. The Bostonians were astonished to see in these two strangers such profound learning united to such humility and simplicity, such exalted virtue united to such dignity and gracefulness of manners, such charity, gentleness and kindness towards every one, united to such zeal for a religion which they had been taught to regard as the opprobrium of mankind. They were charmed, too, to see such refined, elevated and affectionate friendship and intimacy, which never once degenerated into familiarity. In the persons of her ministers our holy religion became respected and honored, where before it had only been a reproach. Never did virtue and learning gain a more decided victory over prejudice and bigotry. The virtues of the pastors produced a corresponding effect on their congregation, whose exemplary deportment and good citizenship were acknowledged by all. Prejudice being now sufficiently allayed, the Abbé de Cheverus began to preach in public. His eloquence, which was peculiar for its earnestness, simplicity and vigor, attracted Protestants in crowds to hear him, who never went away offended, but always edified. Hearing of his extraordinary merits Archbishop Carroll tendered to M. de Cheverus the pastorship of St. Mary's church in Philadelphia, which his friendship for the venerable M. Matignon, and his love for his New England flock, would not permit him to accept. He soon afterwards paid his first visit to the Indian tribes of Maine, the Penobscots and Passamaquoddies, to whose spiritual wants he was ever attentive, and continued ever after to visit them every year. The sweetness of his disposition made no less an impression upon the rude sons of the forest than upon the refined and cultivated Bostonians. Upon his return from his first Indian tour he found the city of Boston afflicted by that dreadful scourge, the yellow fever. He immediately became the servant and the nurse of the afflicted—day and night he was to be found at the bedside of his prostrate and suffering fellow creatures, without distinction of rank or creed. His conduct on this and other similar occasions completely won the hearts of the people. So great was the regard entertained for him, that when President John Adams visited Boston, and was honored by a public banquet, the two highest seats at table were assigned to the President and the Abbé de Cheverus. And when the legislature of Massachusetts were preparing the formula of an oath to be taken by all the citizens of the State before voting at the elections, fearing lest it might contain something in conflict with the consciences of Catholic citizens, they submitted it for revision and amendment to the Abbé de Cheverus, who then prepared his own formula, and submitted it in person to the legislature, who at once enacted it into a law. Afterwards when opening a subscription list for a new church, which he proposed to erect in Boston, President Adams headed the list with his name, and nearly every Protestant citizen subscribed liberally to the same



object. With such liberal and generous friends of all denominations as he found on all sides ready to assist him, he found no difficulty in accomplishing the erection of his church, the first Catholic temple erected in the city of Boston, which was consecrated by Archbishop Carroll on the 29th of September, 1803, under the title of the church of the Holy Cross. While engaged in the erection of his church the news of the restoration of the clergy in France was brought to Boston, together with the most urgent appeals and tender entreaties of his friends and relatives at home to return to his native country, but he sacrificed family, friends and fortune for his dear New England flock, whose fate he resolved to share. After the opening of the church of the Holy Cross, all denominations flocked in crowds to listen to his eloquent and impressive sermons. Under his instructions many converts joined the Church, many of them belonging to the most distinguished and influential New England families. He was at all times accessible to persons seeking either alms, advice or consolation. Points of conscience were frequently submitted to him for decision by the heads of Protestant families, and so generally was his counsel sought, that a Protestant writer has said that "he received as many confessions out of the confessional as in it, because every one knew that his heart was a safe repository of all disquietudes and all secrets, and that his wisdom always indicated the path of prudence and the road of duty." He very frequently made long journeys to carry the consolations of religion or perform acts of charity. About this time he received a letter from two young Irish Catholics confined in Northampton prison, who had been condemned to death without just cause, as was almost universally believed, imploring him to come to them and prepare them for their sad and cruel fate. He hastened to their spiritual relief, and inspired them with the most heroic sentiments and dispositions, which they persevered in to the last fatal moment of their execution. According to custom the prisoners were carried to the nearest church to hear a sermon preached immediately before their execution; several Protestant ministers presented themselves to preach the sermon, but the Abbé de Cheverus claimed the right to perform that duty as the choice of the prisoners themselves, and after much difficulty was allowed to ascend the pulpit. His sermon struck all present with astonishment, awe and admiration. At their solicitation he preached several sermons to the people of Northampton, and so charmed were they with his fervid and earnest eloquence, his elevation of character and sanctity, that they, who when he came to Northampton would scarcely give him a shelter to lodge in, now wished and entreated him to remain with them altogether, and it was with difficulty that he could get away. He was next solicited to visit a distinguished and remarkable Protestant lady of Philadelphia, Mrs. Seton, who desired his aid in her troubles of conscience. Delicacy towards the clergy of Philadelphia caused him to suggest a correspondence rather than a visit in person to that city, and the result was the conversion of this eminent and holy person, who afterwards, under the advice of the Abbé, became the foundress of the illustrious order of Sisters of Charity, at Emmitsburg. Several churches were soon established in New England by his zealous efforts. During all these varied and arduous labors he never once relaxed his habits of study, prayer, self-mortification, and the ordinary duties of his ministry. He was one of the most prominent promoters of arts, sciences and literature in Boston, a member of all the learned societies in the city, and, with Mr. Shaw, was one of the principal benefactors and founders of the athenæum.

At the instance of Bishop Carroll, four new episcopal sees were now about to be erected in the United States, one of which was to be at Boston, and the Abbé



de Cheverus was nominated by Bishop Carroll for the new see. Nothing but obedience to Rome could induce this truly humble and pious priest to submit to his elevation. Pope Pius VII, by his brief of 8th of April, 1808, erected Baltimore into an archdiocese, and created new sees suffragan to Baltimore at Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Bardstown, for the first of which the Abbé de Cheverus was appointed. He was consecrated by Archbishop Carroll, in the Cathedral at Baltimore, on the 1st of November, 1810. Returning to Boston, clothed with ecclesiastical power and dignity, no difference was discoverable in his humble mode of life, or in his simple, modest and generous bearing to his old friends. To the good Abbé Matignon in particular his conduct was most noble and honorable, regarding him always as his superior in wisdom and merit, and as his father. He continued as before to catechise, confess, visit the sick, the poor and the afflicted, and to spend three months every year in the forest with his dear Indians. He several times preached by invitation in the churches of other denominations, in imitation of St. Paul's preaching in the synagogues, choosing generally on such occasions for his subjects, the real presence, confession, the invocation of saints, the veneration of sacred relics and pictures, and particularly the infallibility of the Church. He also sustained several public controversies with Protestant ministers, in which his superior learning, powers of mind, and his courteous and amiable temper, always gave him great advantage. So much was he beloved that it was quite a custom for mothers to name their infants John, in his honor, and on one occasion, when administering the sacrament of baptism, having inquired the name of the child, and being answered "John Cheverus Bishop," "poor child," he replied, "God preserve you from ever becoming such."

Bishop de Cheverus frequently administered to the wants of the diocese of New York, then without a bishop, in consequence of the untimely death of Mr. Cananen, the bishop elect, and sometimes he went to Canada to perform some extraordinary service for religion. He honored, cherished and encouraged the religious orders, which had been introduced into the country, particularly the fathers of the Society of Jesus and St. Sulpice, with whom he always cultivated the most affectionate relations. His devotion and spiritual loyalty to the venerable exiled pontiff, Pius VII, were eminently Catholic, and he was always an ardent and zealous supporter of the Holy See. Upon the fall of Napoleon and the return of Pius VII to the Eternal City, Bishop de Cheverus caused the *Te Deum* to be sung in honor of the event, and on the same occasion preached a sermon of surpassing brilliancy and power. At night when the entire city of Boston was illuminated, the illumination of the Cathedral, and particularly the cross, attracted great attention and admiration, being more brilliantly illuminated than any other building in the city.

The death of the venerable and illustrious Archbishop Carroll on the 3d of December, 1815, having devolved the entire duties of the archdiocese upon Archbishop Neale, then very aged and infirm, Bishop de Cheverus was solicited to become his coadjutor and successor, but desiring to spend the remainder of his days with his beloved flock at Boston, he succeeded, after much solicitude and many entreaties, in causing the Rev. Mr. Maréchal to be selected for that high position instead of himself. Relieved from the anxiety which the desire of Archbishop Neale to select him as his coadjutor and successor had caused him, he now devoted himself uninterruptedly to the diocese of Boston. He collected around him a number of young men, candidates for the sacred ministry, whom he took under his own roof and became the director of their theological studies and their



teacher. He also about this time undertook the accomplishment of his long cherished design of establishing at Boston a suitable institution for the education of Catholic young ladies. Such was the origin of the Ursuline Convent at Boston: On the morning after the arrival of the sisters the Boston papers indulged in some unfriendly remarks in regard to the new institution; the bishop replied the following morning in explanation and defence, and thus silenced all further opposition. What must have been the sorrow and mortification of this good prelate when afterwards in a distant land he received the sad tidings of the burning of the convent at midnight by a Boston mob, without an effort being made by the city to protect or defend it, and without the slightest punishment being inflicted on the incendiaries, who were acquitted by the tribunals of justice of Massachusetts; whose legislature afterwards refused to grant a pitiful indemnity to the innocent and defenceless female sufferers!

The failing health of his excellent and venerable friend, the Abbé Matignon, had for some time cast a gloom over the very existence of the bishop. At length, on the 18th of September, 1818, the good Abbé was no more. His death plunged the bishop, and I may say all New England, in profound grief. The highest honors that friendship, love and religion could yield, were paid to the deceased. His remains were borne in procession through the streets of Boston, followed by the bishop wearing his mitre, the clergy and the whole congregation. The people of Boston paid the greatest respect on this occasion to the deceased and to the procession and ceremonies thus performed in his honor. Still more, the journals of the city next day thanked the bishop for the compliment he paid to the inhabitants by thus relying on their appreciation of the virtues of the deceased priest, and on their enlightened and just respect for the religious views and rights of Roman Catholic citizens. Such was Boston forty years ago!

Bishop de Cheverus never ceased to lament the death of his dear friend, the Abbé Matignon. Yet he continued to be ever cheerful and indefatigable in the discharge of his arduous and greatly increasing duties, performing his accustomed works of charity and love equally under the burning sun of summer and amid the snows and storms of winter, always remembering his children in the forest. After several years thus spent the bishop's health began to fail under repeated attacks of asthma, and his physicians informed him that if he remained in that latitude he could not expect to live much longer. For three years he meditated on retiring to the bosom of his family at Mayenne, and leaving in his place some one more robust than himself to underdo the labors of his diocese, but he found his affections too closely entwined around his church in New England to come, of his own accord, to such a resolution. Finally in 1823 he received a letter from the Grand Almoner of France, conveying to him the desire of the King, Louis XVIII, for him to return to France and become the bishop of the vacant see of Montauban. This letter plunged him in profound grief. France and America had each upon his heart the most tender claims. After many days spent in tears, prayer and consultation with his friends, he came to the generous resolution of clinging to his infant church of Boston, at the risk of displeasing friends, family and king. His letter to the Grand Almoner begged and supplicated for permission to remain at Boston, and was accompanied by a similar one from his congregation, and this latter was signed by over two hundred of the principal Protestant inhabitants of Boston. The King of France being willing to listen to no refusal, the Grand Almoner in a second letter insisted upon the bishop's return to France in compliance with the royal wishes. It is difficult to



conceive of grief more intense than that which now bowed down the heart of the good bishop. He wrote to a friend about this time, "My heart is torn in pieces." But there was no way of escaping with propriety this separation from his church and his people, his physicians having now added their voice to the overwhelming considerations which were pressed upon him from France in addition to the king's desire, stating to him that another winter spent in Boston would be his last on earth. The entire American Church joined their lament to that of Boston at hearing the sad news of the intended departure of Bishop de Cheverus from the country, and sent to Rome a petition that he might remain. The bishop commenced his preparations for departure by giving away all that he possessed, distributing it among the clergy, the poor and his friends, and resolved to leave Boston in poverty as he had entered it. His heroic conduct seemed to inspire others. The most generous offers now poured in upon him from all sides. Among many others a worthy man, a grocer, who by a long life of toil and economy, had collected together a fortune of about six thousand francs, brought it all and laid it at the feet of the bishop, whose refusal to receive it, though full of gentleness and gratitude, brought only tears from the good man's eyes. The principal people of Boston, both Catholics and Protestants, raised a handsome sum by subscription to defray his expenses. Adieus and testimonials came to him from all parts of the country. The Archbishop of Baltimore in his letter exclaimed: "Oh! my God, what will become of the Church of America? Although placed at a great distance from me, you were, next to God, my firmest support. Will it be possible for me to govern my province after your departure?" The Protestant journals of Boston teemed with sentiments of sorrow and eulogies on the bishop, of which my limits will allow me to give but a single specimen: "This worthy prelate has passed nearly thirty years among us, and during that whole period has inspired all classes with the utmost confidence and respect. The amenity of his manners as a man of the world, his talents, his goodness as a bishop, his pure and apostolic life, have been the constant theme of eulogium; we deplore his loss as a public calamity." On departing from Boston he was escorted by over three hundred vehicles, which accompanied him many miles on the road to New York, from which latter place he embarked for Europe on the first of October, 1823, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Morainville, then returning home for his health. During the voyage he was not idle, preaching and saying public prayers for his fellow passengers, whom he always addressed as "my beloved brethren," and upon whom he made a profound impression, as he did upon all who were ever in his presence. The voyage was prosperous till towards its close, when a violent storm in the British channel overtook the vessel, which struck upon a rock and stranded, the passengers giving themselves up for lost, and preparing for death. Yet not one of them perished; their rescue was universally conceded to have been miraculous. The scene is described as truly beautiful, when Bishop de Cheverus, regardless of himself, was seen bearing in his arms his swooning companions to the shore. Such was the return of this holy man to the shores of his native France.

His journey to Paris was one continued triumph; not the triumph of a blood-stained conqueror, but a triumph in honor of virtue in the person of one who practised it. Having made his homage to the king, he hurried to his native city of Mayenne, to spend some time with his family. He was suddenly summoned by the Grand Almoner to Paris, in consequence of a letter from Rome, stating that so urgent a letter had been received from the bishops of the American Church



against the removal of the Bishop de Cheverus to France, great difficulty was experienced in permitting the change. But matters had now gone so far, and the application for his translation to Montauban so ardently pressed, that the wishes of France at length prevailed over those of America. Having taken possession of the see of Montauban, he seemed from that moment to live only for his diocese. His reputation as a preacher, and as a holy and learned prelate, spread over all France, and his name was on every lip. On one occasion when about to leave a place in his diocese where he had been administering confirmation, his carriage was surrounded by the inhabitants, and detained more than an hour, until all could receive his blessing. In the winter of 1826 the suburbs of Montauban were submerged by a freshet, and the cabins of the poor completely inundated. The bishop rushed to the rescue of these poor people, and took over three hundred of them into his episcopal palace as his brothers and equals. During the jubilee, which occurred about this time, Bishop de Cheverus placed no bounds upon his zeal, and it is almost incredible what wonders he achieved for religion. But the diocese of Montauban was destined for affliction, as had been that of Boston. M. d'Aviau du Bois de Sanzai, the saintly Archbishop of Bordeaux, died on the 11th of July, 1826, and by one universal acclaim, Bishop de Cheverus was pointed to as the most suitable person to succeed the holy prelate, and on the 30th of the same month he was accordingly appointed. On arriving at Paris he was appointed a Peer of France. Having spent some weeks in retirement at Mayenne, he received the pallium in November from the hands of the bishop of Mans, and arrived at Bordeaux the 3d of December. His administration of the archdiocese of Bordeaux was energetic, exemplary and successful in the extreme. He kept always before his eyes the virtues of his holy predecessor. The establishment of an institution for the support of aged and infirm priests, the preparation and promulgation of a new and improved ritual for the government of his clergy, the securing of able and efficient pastors for every parish in his diocese, the providing of ample means for the education of youth, the formation of a religious circulating library, the founding of religious institutions, such as the House of Retreat and Mercy, the Hospitals, &c., were some of the objects that engaged his attention in addition to the usual duties and labors of his office. Besides all this, he had to visit Paris annually to attend the sessions of the Chamber of Peers, but this never prevented him from attending to the calls of religion while in Paris. He preached the annual sermon before the Polytechnic School on Good Friday with extraordinary effect, and on one day he pronounced no less than seventeen different discourses. Charles X often consulted him, and particularly in relation to the growing complaints and discontents among the French. On one occasion the king inquired of him concerning the liberty enjoyed in the United States: "There," said the Archbishop, referring to this country, "I could have established missions in every church, founded seminaries in every quarter, and confided them to the care of Jesuits, without any one thinking or saying aught against my proceedings; all opposition to them would have been regarded as an act of despotism and a violation of right." "That people at least understand liberty," replied the king; "when will it be understood among us?" It was about this time and during these conversations that the king first thought of applying to Rome for a cardinal's hat for Archbishop de Cheverus. He was also offered by the king the office of minister of ecclesiastical affairs, which he declined to receive. In November 1828, he was appointed a counsellor of State, and in 1830 a commander of the Order of the Holy Ghost, one of the highest titles within the gift



of the Kings of France. These and all other honors were rather shunned than sought for by the archbishop, were always, when he could not avoid them, received with humility and diffidence, and were never permitted to attach his heart to the ephemeral honors of this world.

The revolution of 1830 came upon France, and the crown passed from the head of Charles X to that of Louis Phillippe. In the midst of the public tumult and excitement, which accompanied this great change in the condition of France, the eminent wisdom and profound sagacity of Archbishop de Cheverus became powerful auxiliaries of public order. While all the rest of France was in a ferment of excitement and disorder, the diocese of Bordeaux was quiet and orderly. The Archbishop did not conceal his attachment to the person and government of Charles X., but his country was yet the same beloved France to him, and he threw the whole influence of his character and example in aid of the efforts of the *de facto* government to restore and preserve order. Without becoming a partizan he did his duty to his country. He did justice to all parties. Charity to all men was the great precept and practice of his life. It was not surprising then that all united in honoring and revering so just a man. Innocence never appealed to him for protection in vain, the poor and afflicted found in him a friend ever ready to relieve and console, the orphan found in him a father, the widow a guardian, and the most bitter enemies became to each other the warmest friends under the mild and persuasive influence of his mediation. When the cholera broke out in France, he opened a hospital for the diseased in his episcopal palace, over the door of which he placed these words: "House of Succour;" how worthy, how noble an inscription for the palace of a Christian bishop!

The king now applied to Rome for the elevation of the Archbishop to the dignity of the cardinalate. All expostulation on his part was vain; all France called for his elevation, and to insure the acquiescence of Rome, the government bestowed upon him the revenues necessary to support the dignity of the place. In urging his request with the Pope the king dwelt upon the archbishop's "virtues, which, for a long time, had marked him out for the veneration of the faithful; the high qualities of which he had given such striking evidences in the churches of France, after having edified a portion of the new world; the wisdom and ability with which he had fulfilled his ministerial duties; and his ardent and enlightened zeal for religion." The language of the Sovereign Pontiff was: "It is due to the merit and virtues of the archbishop, and the zeal he has displayed in the dioceses of Boston, Montauban and Bordeaux." He was accordingly proclaimed a cardinal on the first day of February, 1836, and early in March he repaired to Paris to receive the red hat from the hands of the king, according to the custom in such cases. On the 9th of March the cardinal elect and suite, the *chargé d'affaires* of the Holy See, the legate, and the introducer of ambassadors, were borne in the royal equipages to the palace. The king was first addressed in Latin as usual by the legate, then mass was celebrated in the royal chapel, and the king kneeling in the sanctuary placed the red hat upon the head of the cardinal, who was also kneeling, and who, after all had retired, put on the red cassock and other insignia of the cardinalate, and proceeded to the presence of the king, to whom he delivered an address of thanks. From his elevation to the end of his life he gave himself entirely to the service of his fellow men, his country, his Church and his God. The virtues which had illustrated his whole life on earth seemed now to borrow a heavenly hue as life waned and heaven approached. The principal monument



of this period of his life, which he has left behind him, is the code of ecclesiastical laws, which he prepared for the clergy, and which remains still in force.

A stroke of apoplexy, which he sustained in 1834, had for two years greatly impaired his health, but had not diminished the activity of his habits, nor his zeal in the service of religion. On Sunday, July 7th, 1836, he officiated at the altar in several churches of his episcopal city with such incessant labor and fatigue, that in the evening he sank down with utter prostration, and on the 14th he sustained another stroke of apoplexy. On the 19th three masses had been said in his chamber, and during the fourth mass, at the moment of the elevation, he breathed his last in the sixty-ninth year of his age. His death plunged France in profound grief, in which America joined with the most heartfelt and sincere sympathy. The high honors paid at Bordeaux to the mortal remains of the late cardinal, though solemn and imposing to an extraordinary degree, were but the just tribute due to his exalted worth. This slight narrative of some of the leading events of his life does not render even a semblance of justice to the subject. Eulogy must remain silent before such eminent public services, and such a pure and exalted character.

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## THE INFLUENCE OF WORDS ON THOUGHT AND ON CIVILIZATION.

*A Lecture by HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN, delivered at the Marylebone Institution, April 22d, 1856.*

It has been well observed, that it is one of the distinguishing characteristics of a great mind to elevate every subject it touches to the standard of its own greatness. This remark is peculiarly applicable to Cardinal Wiseman. Every subject on which His Eminence turns his attention, be it ever so common-place, assumes a new form, and gathers interest and importance from the magic of his pen. Who could imagine a subject more dry than the one selected by the distinguished lecturer for the entertainment of his audience at the Marylebone Institution; yet how full of interest and instruction does it become, when touched by his master hand.

We will, not, however, detain our readers longer from the pleasure they must derive from the extracts which we here subjoin:

I am not merely speaking of words which convey their meaning to the mind, without in any manner exercising influence over its action, or in any way morally affecting it. As another instance I will bring a totally new signification, produced by the union of words that have no connection, and nothing in common. Take the word "drop" for example. A drop of water. A drop of liquid. It gives us the idea of something bright, elegantly shaped, and falling. The drop that hangs at the end of a bough in the morning—a drop of dew; a drop of rain. All these give us clear and distinct notions. The word "snow," too, at once presents to us a picture. We say "the ground is covered with snow," and the idea is complete, because this is a primitive word having a definite sense. Unite the two words and something quite different results: the "snowdrop," which gives you the idea of a beautiful flower—beautiful in form and color—delicately dangling on its slender stem, bright as the snow which often surrounds it; the har-



binger of approaching spring, the firstling of the season; and altogether it is impossible to imagine any word that could describe the beauty and the associations of that delicate little flower, more perfectly than does that thoroughly English name for it.

I will now proceed to illustrate and exemplify a word which will perhaps still better explain what I mean; and I would observe at the outset that I will endeavor to choose my illustrations from simple words, from "homely" expressions; in fact, the epithet I have just used gives me the word upon which I wish to dwell. It is the simple word, "home." There is an electricity in the very sound of that word, which goes at once through the heart of every one speaking English, from the school-boy with his holiday face, to the hero "bearded like a pard." It is a thorough German, or Teutonic word. We have, of course, a pretty fair understanding of what we mean when we say "home-sick." We understand that a person is languishing or pining from the desire to be at home. We should apply the word rather to one who is very youthful, and just separated for the first time from his home; and we can hardly have an idea of the intensity of the feeling, as it is found amongst our German neighbors—the *heim-sucht* being not merely a low, wasting away, but a burning fever which at length almost borders upon insanity. In foreign regiments it is frequently found that the moment this contagious disorder has entered their ranks, the men will run every risk to desert, and brave death itself in order to return to their native mountains. Now, to show how truly this is a peculiar word, that conveys an idea which cannot be otherwise communicated, see how the French express the corresponding feeling. With them the *maladie de pays* is the desire to be in their own native land. How great the difference between these two feelings, you can understand better than I can express. The one is merely a desire to be once more under the native sky, and to look upon familiar objects. The other speaks more than can be described by any other word, or by any group of words, and contains in itself an image and an idea that cannot be expanded even by the most eloquent expressions. To show that no other words will correspond, I will present you first with what may be an afflicting, but is unhappily too common a picture. Go on a stormy night, if you please, to one of the miserable lanes or courts in the heart of this metropolis, and there perhaps you will see a half-clad, emaciated, starving creature, seated on a door step. Ask her what she is doing there at that time of night, and under a drenching shower. "Why do you not go home?" you say to her. Could any answer touch you more, or come at once more to your heart, than if she replied: "Sir, I have no home." "You have a house," you say. She points to a wretched tenement near her. "Have you a family?" "Children that are crying in the dark for their food. A husband who is keeping up his midnight orgies in a neighboring public house, squandering in this one night the wages of the whole week; and I have fled from that house, because, when he returns here, I know what my fate will be, and I have only to choose between two alternatives, either to abide the peltings of the pitiless storm, or to appear to-morrow with bruised and livid face at the police office, to deprive myself of the small fragment of what remains to me of what once was home." It is not then a house, it is not a husband, it is not even children, however beloved, that make up the thought conveyed by that one word "home."

But let us rather look at a more cheerful view. At this moment our gallant army in the Crimea is about to quit that inhospitable shore; and towards what are officers and men all looking? Is it to shining medals, or royal reviews, or welcoming



cheers, or good fare and comfortable quarters? Is it to ease and plenty instead of hardships and privations? No, nothing of the sort. All look steadily and exclusively to one point, returning *home*. How varied the picture; yet how singular, how one the idea! The word is like a mirror, blank, inexpressive, unmeaning, until the features have been presented to it. The mirror is one, its reflections infinite, but each complete to him who seeks himself in it. What is this *home*. To one it presents a magnificent residence in Belgravia. To another it is a thatched cottage on a village green. To this it is a lordly mansion in the midst of a wooded park. To that it is a turf cabin looking over the bog of Allan. But to each it is "*home*." The young officer fancies himself surrounded by dignified parents, caressing sisters, and admiring brothers, who will cling about their youthful hero. The old campaigner thinks only of the tidy wife who will greet him at the door, and the chubby little ones that will play with his sword. And the poor orphan drummer boy only hopes that he will find his dear old granddame still alive, rocking herself by the chimney nook, to feel his clasp and raise her palsied hands over him in blessing and thanksgiving. No matter how varied the personages, their circumstances and relations, they all represent one thing. To each the thought is the same. It is *home*. Dark and bleak will be the day in this country, when this household word drops out of our vocabulary, or ceases to go straight to the thought, or rather to the heart of every one who speaks or hears it.

There is another peculiarly English word which foreign languages, however copious, have had to borrow from us; that is the word "*comfort*." But I do not intend to dwell upon it, for its idea is tinged essentially with selfishness. It suggests at once the thought of a deep and well-stuffed lounging chair, easy slippers, a cozy room with well drawn curtains, a roaring fire, a hissing and fuming urn, an interesting volume, and a good rattling storm outside—a thoroughly English combination, and only expressible by two English words, *snug* and *comfortable*. But I must say that even this exhibits rather one of our weak sides; and to tell you the truth, I am afraid it might suggest thoughts not very favorable to the present moment, and make you begin to feel perhaps that you would be more "*comfortable*" elsewhere than here.

It is only fair to say, however, that those languages which do not possess the peculiar German idea upon which I have just dilated, have a corresponding one which is perhaps more congenial to them. If they do not speak of "*home*," they have another word, a suggestive one, "*the family*"—*la famille*. Home is necessarily local in its suggestions. When we think of home, we run over in our minds, with pleasure, old spots to be revisited, secluded nooks in which we have enjoyed the pleasures of early life with those who were dear to us, and which we hope to live again to pry into. We think of the many sweet recollections and feelings which we fancy, at least, the local associations of the place will revive. The idea of the *family*, on the other hand, is personal, and the term tends to unite not only individuals, but generations. Go into an Italian city, and see the succession of what are literally palaces. You wonder what families can require such enormous residences. Florence, Rome, Venice, Naples, Genoa, Milan—in fact every city in Italy is filled with those splendid edifices, occupied even now by single families, and certainly when built intended always to be so. What is the meaning of it? Why that they were erected not for one race of the family alone; not for the father and mother, who gradually sent into the world their sons and daughters, to create for themselves new homes; but for the keeping united, sometimes four or five different branches of the family living under one roof, sepa-



rate and apart to a certain extent, but at the same time never liking completely to dissolve the early ties of domestic affection. It is the same in Spain, where on the marriage of a son, he does not remove from the paternal home; for there again you will find many families united together in a common abode.

This happy idea goes further. In Italy, all those who form the household, even the servants, are collectively called by no other name in ordinary speech than "*la famiglia*," the family; and a single domestic, as we used to call him more frequently than we do now, is termed "*famigliare*," a familiar, or member of the family. He has been born in the family. His father was in it before him. He expects to leave as a certain inheritance, to his son, the place he holds in it. And in this patriarchal way it is that in Italy generation succeeds to generation. We have not that feeling, because the idea of home is that of an individual dwelling—a dwelling which belongs only to the smallest and most concentrated family group. But we must not scorn those whose feelings are thus expressed, and who associate themselves together in this manner: for the same emotions which the simple song we have all heard or joined in in our youth, of "*Home, sweet Home*," has excited in us, may be produced in the heart of the Frenchman by the strain of "*Ou peu-ont être mieux, qu'au sein de sa famille?*"

We have seen how a word may suggest thoughts joined with very deep and very pleasing emotions. We must now proceed further, and see how a word may be able to excite in us a thought full of moral meaning; and I will preface the illustration by a picture.

In the house of a gentleman, a baronet, in Scotland, there is a series of exceedingly interesting paintings. The owner was for many years living among the savages of North America, and perfectly identified himself with the mode of life of a particular tribe. He joined them in their warlike exercises, and in their hunting feats; so much so that when on the death of his elder brother he succeeded to the title and estates, it was with some difficulty, and only after a long time, that he could be discovered. Subsequently he returned to America, accompanied by an able artist, to paint the scenes of his former life, some of which he was able to repeat on the spot; and thus an animated series of paintings was produced. One of these represents the following scene. He is at the head of his tribe, a small and insignificant body of men, threatened by one far more powerful and numerous, which is bent upon its destruction. He has himself become the chief of his tribe; but as the enemy are coming to battle they have been told by their soothsayer that they will not succeed unless the other side strike the first blow. The picture represents this gentleman at the head of his little body of men, surrounded by yelling and irritated savages provoking him to strife, and for this purpose thrusting their fists into his face, shaking their tomahawks over his head, using the most insulting gestures, and uttering the most offensive words; but he stands calm and composed in the midst of them, knowing that the safety not only of himself, but of all who trust in him, depends entirely upon his complete command of self. I consider that really an attitude and a position worthy of a hero. But you will ask, how I am going to apply this? Let me present you with another picture of a mental contest. One comes up who is determined to "*pick a quarrel*" with you, as we say, and insults you in the presence of others. He provokes you. He even calumniates, and says the most opprobrious and unjust things of you. He threatens. He reproaches. Now remember, that so long as you can keep silent, so long as you can command your tongue, your adversary is powerless, the victory is yours. In a short time his store of vituperations is exhausted; by



degrees he gets to the end of his vocabulary of abuse; like a man fencing with the air and meeting no resistance, his anger is expended on itself; he languishes; retires discomfited, abashed, and ashamed of playing that solitary part; you all the time are calm, unruffled, satisfied, in peace. But speak one angry word in retort, and your adversary has gained his point. Victory is no longer yours. It belongs now to the strong. You have let loose the "dogs of war," and they will fight it out. You have unlocked the pent-up ocean in your own heart. You have awakened a tempest. Flash will succeed flash, thunder, thunder; and it is only he who can dart the sharpest, and roar the loudest, that will carry the day.

What word shall express to us, what phrase shall tell us, and convey to our minds, the full idea that all this might have been avoided by keeping silence and by checking utterance? All would have been perfectly right if you had but "*held your peace*." What moral depth there is in this purely and exclusively English expression! It teaches you that you keep your inward tranquillity and preserve your outward serenity, perfectly, so long as you continue silent. And therefore most beautifully and most pregnantly is this word used in every version of the New Testament; in that description of the greatest of contests between unresisting innocence and foiled malice—foiled entirely because He who was assailed "*held his peace*." (Mark xiv, 61.)

There is no country in the world in which human life has been regarded, at least until lately, as more sacred and secure than in this island; and I believe in my heart that we may attribute a great deal of this to the existence amongst us of one terrible word, which carries with it a sense of horror, and defines the guilty shedding of blood—I mean *murder*. In other languages a generic word is used to express a guilty or blameless destruction of life. "Homicide," for example, is the word in many; and homicide is described as "culpable" or "justifiable," and comprises every variety of death inflicted from accidental killing, through death in chance-medley, manslaughter to murder. But *murder*, with us, stands alone, detached from every other possible or imaginable form of slaying. It carries the whole thought in itself, of deliberate infamous guilt in addition to the act. Strip that away, and no atrocity or cruelty in the manner of death can bestow this name.

Let us test it. You are told, for example, that your neighbor has been *killed*; you are sorry, and compassionate the family. You inquire how it has happened; and you listen with a certain degree of calmness to the details. You are told, perhaps, that he fell down stairs and broke his neck; or that by mistake he had swallowed an embrocation instead of a mixture; or that he was run over and crushed to death by a public vehicle, or if a lady, she caught fire and was burned to death. Well, all this elicits many kind expressions of pity and sympathy on your part, and there is an end. But let it be told you in the morning, that during the night your next door neighbor was *murdered*, and a sickening sense of terror and abhorrence seizes you and your household. The very atmosphere of the place seems tainted; your feeling is akin to what would be produced by a declaration that the plague had broken out in the next house: you would probably try to leave your own for a time, at least. The idea of the midnight *murderer* having stalked so near you, would haunt and disturb you, waking and sleeping. That one simple word *murder*, then would make all the difference; and that this is not a merely modern or fanciful distinction, I will illustrate by referring to an event which happened in the older period of our history.



Every one who is conversant with the works of Sir Walter Scott, will remember the touching and romantic death of Amy Robsart. Of course he has described it as a poet. The real fact was this. Amy Robsart was the wife of the Earl of Leicester, who, having some hope of receiving the hand of his royal mistress, found his wife in the way, and determined to remove her. He sends two assassins to murder her, who first endeavor to induce her to drink a poisoned potion; which she refusing, they strangle her and throw her down stairs, that her death might appear to be the result of accident. But murmurs were soon heard throughout the land condemning this foul deed, and Leicester thinking it well to excuse himself as far as he could with the public, ordered a splendid funeral of his deceased wife at Oxford. Aubrey, a contemporary writer, who describes it, says—"It is also remarkable that Dr. Babington, the Earl's chaplain, preaching the funeral sermon, tripped once or twice in his speech, recommending to their memories that virtuous lady, so pitifully *murdered*, instead of saying so pitifully *slain*." (*Beattie's "Castles and Abbeys of England,"* p. 252.) Mark how strong the contrast, and how it indicates that the difference was complete even then, between that word and any other.

We have yet a stronger historical illustration of the terrible—the irresistible—power of this word in suggesting a definite idea. You have all heard no doubt of one who was a disgrace to his profession in the last century, Dr. Dodd. He was condemned to death for forgery in the year 1777. Every effort was made to procure his pardon, in consideration of his clerical character. The sheriffs of London went up to the throne with a petition in his favor, signed by 22,000 persons. The Queen received his wife, and accepted a petition from her, which, it is said, she presented on her knees to the King. The King was moved; he was relenting; he was disposed to exercise the royal prerogative of clemency, and communicated his wishes to Lord Mansfield, the Lord Chief Justice. But that admirable representative of the principle of justice answered in a few words, amongst which, however, was one that decided the fate of the unfortunate man. "Sire," said he, "if you pardon Dodd, you have *murdered* the Pereaus"—brothers who had then recently been put to death for the same crime. The King shrank from the idea of doing an act which would seem to involve him even by implication in a charge of murder. That word turned the balance. The sword of justice fell into the scale, and the petitions for mercy "kicked the beam."

Again, how powerfully do we find Shakespeare wielding this word, and with what an intensity of meaning does he fill it! A person when speaking of himself will naturally try to palliate a crime. It requires a depth of remorse and the bitterest consciousness of guilt, to make a man use expressions which may be said rather to aggravate than extenuate it; and yet the poet makes Macbeth, after he has committed one of his foul deeds, speak of it in that sort of language. Hear him speaking, for example, of the sons of his friend Banquo. He might have said,

"For them the gracious Duncan have I *slain*."

But no, he exclaims with terrible force,—

"For them the gracious Duncan have I *murder'd*."

Again, he says,—

". . . . . the times have been  
That when the brains were out, the men would die,  
And there an end: but now they rise again,  
With twenty mortal *murders* on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools: this is more strange  
Than such a *murder* is."



But still more fearfully does he use it, when, applying it figuratively, he makes Macbeth exclaim,—

“Methought I heard a voice cry, ‘Sleep no more.’  
‘Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep.’”

What power, what depth do we find here. This gives us the key to the only other use of the word, a figurative one. I have dwelt so long—I fear tediously long—on this word for two reasons. In the first place it is an example of a thoroughly English word, a word which has only a single meaning, except the possible figurative meaning which any word may have; but that figurative meaning can only be to express an act of destruction, and to bring home to our minds all the feelings that surround and accompany an atrocious deed of murder. “Murdered sleep.” That is, not as another might have said, changing sleep into death, putting a fatal end to sleep. No; the sleep ceased it is true, but the sleep was *murdered*. The sleep itself may be said to have been put an end to by the dagger of the assassin, traitorously, in the night; and that idea of killing a man that is sleeping unconsciously, excites in the mind a greater horror at the treachery of the deed, than even the *murder* itself could do. But the word has no second signification. You will not find its meaning numbered one, two, three, in any of our good dictionaries. No, it simply means to kill premeditatedly and wickedly, and it can have no other sense. And this word has every form. It has its verb, its adverb, its adjective, and its noun, denoting the actor or the actress. In fine, you could not select a term more perfectly illustrative of a word completely rooted in the language by every part of speech, and having a clear, definite and communicable meaning, than this of “murder.”

I will now approach a subject which is perhaps somewhat more sacred. Let me, then, by way of illustrating how a single word may exercise a very important influence upon our religious thoughts, and even upon our convictions, suppose that some one addressing a person simple in his habits, not learned, not deeply read, but at the same time sincere in his religious belief, spoke to him words such as these: “Are you aware that the great body of modern philosophers disbelieve altogether many parts of Holy Scripture, maintain that the deluge was an absolute impossibility, and incompatible with geological facts, and that creation as described there is simply contrary to natural phenomena?” What would be the result? Why, you would see an anxiety creep over the man’s countenance. You would become aware that you had trenched upon sacred ground, that you had disturbed an unsuspecting conviction, that you had suggested to him perhaps for the first time a fatal doubt, that you had inoculated his mind with objections which would perhaps rankle there until they had blighted his belief. And what does all this depend upon? Upon a word? Upon a single word? Oh, no. On a single letter—one letter. Say to him, “Oh, I made a mistake. I did not mean to say philosophers; I meant *philosophes* ;” his faith is restored; his mind is at rest; he has no longer the least anxiety; he laughs at the idea. One change of a letter—the *r* left out—and you have satisfied him.

See then of what importance a single word may be in the suggestion of a whole train of thought! What evil may be done by one word! What good may often be done by a word in season. And whilst I am on this point I will very briefly call attention to another word, which is connected with our subject: because it is a dangerous word that is gradually creeping into our language, finding its way into our books, and circulating even in tracts that are written for the poor. I



repeat, it is a very dangerous word, and one that we should do our utmost to prevent getting a hold upon our language. You may ask many and many a person if they believed there was such a thing as a fable in Scripture, and he would answer indignantly, "No." The word itself—the very idea of an invented narrative—a narrative made up of untruths—is repugnant to all our ideas respecting the Word of God; and one shrinks instinctively from the proposition. But how many there are who, if asked whether they believe there are *myths* in it, would hesitate before they said "No?" Yet *myth*, a foreign word imported into our language, means exactly the same as *fable*; although the poor and ignorant are told that it does not imply falsehood or material error, but expresses that a narrative is clothed in a poetical garb, that it represents to us the habit of thought of eastern nations, and that it is not to be interpreted literally, like a piece of modern history. This idea is being disseminated in every way; and there is no doubt that if that word once begins to take a place in our language, and to be artfully used, as it is already beginning to be, it will lead to the sapping and undermining of the faith of many. Therefore I say that we should oppose the introduction of such words. The object of this lecture is a moral one. It is to show the use that may be made of words; the evil use that may be made of some words; and to remind you of your duty to guard our language against them. You then who have the opportunity, should make him who requires explanation, know and understand, that in truth there is no distinction between the two words which I have mentioned, that a *myth* and a *fable* are only Greek and Latin words for the same thing; and that in them they are taking into their minds, and into their repertory of sacred words, the very root of the word which they would be the last to wish to see applied to that which is sacred; for after all it is the root of the word *Mythology*, than which there is nothing in heathenism at once more false and more detestable.

We naturally associate an epithet with the name of the Supreme Being; the bare, curt monosyllables seeming to us to be hardly sufficiently dignified. It is clear that this epithet, when once associated with Him, gives a color to the image of Him in our minds, and presents to us the aspect in which we habitually behold Him. In English, we have adopted the title of the "Almighty," the attribute most overawing perhaps of all. There is possibly something congenial with the national character in this idea of might, of strength, of universal grasp, of boundless power. Children learn it with their first religious instruction; and by degrees it so completely identifies itself with the whole thought, that the epithet takes the place of the noun, and the "Almighty" is the sublime name through which we contemplate the Deity, and which suggests the ruling idea of His Divinity. This idea must take its character from the word, and be united with the attributes of grandeur, majesty, dominion, irresistibility.

The German child is taught with its first lisp to call the same Being "*Der liebe Gott*"—"the dear God." The epithet clings to the name throughout life, and gives a necessary coloring to the thought. Is it not an inevitable consequence that the softer and more amiable aspect of that mighty Being will be familiar with the mind, and more easily combine itself with the affections? Is it not to be expected that it should give a more filial and more childlike tone to all the offices of religious duty? And is it not natural that the reflection of His countenance should be looked for rather in the flower and in the brook, in the blue sky and in the singing bird, than in the storm-cloud, the thunder roll, and the lashing surge? In like manner a French child is taught never to utter that sublime name without adding



to it the epithet of "good"—"*Le bon Dieu*," whilst the Italian frequently says, "*Iddio benedetto*"—"the blessed God." These adjuncts naturally mould the thought or idea of God, and make it more accessible to the affections.

The bright aspect of that which is highest will necessarily cast a ray of light, reflected from itself, upon that which is darkest and most gloomy below. Green and placid, and soothing to the eye, is the old English country churchyard, with its stately but solemn yews, its moss-grown tombstones, and closely-swelling mounds. Yet a few years suffice to blot from memory the tenants of these plain unmonumented beds, and the school-boy whistles along the path that skirts his forefather's graves, and cattle feed in peace over the ashes of their owners' sires. It is a plain and simple name, that of the "Churchyard;" a thousand times more agreeable to the ear than such a word as "Cemetery" for instance, which has now lost all its once beautiful and christian meaning and significance, and infinitely preferable to the detestable name of "Necropolis"—which is thoroughly heathen, and has not the germ or spark of a moral thought within it. Still "Churchyard" is nothing to "Gottes Acker"—"God's field"—the name by which the Germans call it. That name at once sheds light and dew upon the place. It disinfects it of every savor of death. It connects it with the soul's abode; and thus joins the flower that blooms in the paradise above, with the seed furrowed and decaying in "God's field" below. There is to my mind a sweetness mixed with solemnity in this view of death. In no language, I fear I must say except our own, does one ever hear a person's death spoken of or described in terms of levity or grotesqueness. Nowhere else is any idea which borders upon the ludicrous ever associated with that of death. Far, far from such a feeling is that affectionate and joyous sentiment which pervades that simple country of Germany, and which decks the never-forgotten tomb with garlands on each returning anniversary. Nor can we be surprised to see, every day in the year, the "Holy field" blooming like a garden with perishable flowers, freshly scattered over the graves by the hands of children and of infants, who are thus early taught to feel, that in doing this pious act, they are in truth only strewing the path which alone conducts man to the "*liebe Gott*."

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### "Blessed are they that Mourn."

Oh, deem not they are blest alone,  
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;  
The Power who pities man has shown  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again  
The lids that overflow with tears:  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are promises of happier years.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,  
And numbered every secret tear;  
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all his children suffer here.



## SYDNEY SMITH.

*Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith:* being Selections from his Writings and Passages of his Life and Table-Talk, with a Biographical Memoir and Notes. By EVERET A. DUTCHINCK. New York: Redfield.

Of that brilliant circle of wits and philosophers who originated the Edinburgh Review, unquestionably the most brilliant was that humorous parson, a selection from whose works lies before us. With a keen and trenchant wit he combined such good nature and such unswerving honesty of purpose, that few who suffered most from his shafts could retain malice against him.

The warm interest which the public generally feels in the departed wit, has called forth so many notices of his career in the form of sketches, reviews and magazine articles, that we shall be excused for touching but lightly upon this portion of our subject. His parents were persons of decided character. His brothers were all brilliant and accomplished men. Even as boys the young Smiths were dreaded as competitors by their school fellows, and we are told that at Winchester the pupils sent up a "round robin," to the effect that it was useless to contend for the prizes, as the Smiths always gained them.

Against his will he consented to his father's wish, that he should study for the Church and take orders, and in 1794 he was installed as a curate in a poor village, in the middle of a moor, where he succeeded in attracting the attention and conciliating the favor of the squire, that important individual in an English rural district. The squire, a Mr. Beach, thought so well of his talents and integrity, that he committed to the merry parson's care the education of his eldest son. Smith discharged the duties of this station, as of every other, with conscientious fidelity.

In company with his pupil, the tutor visited Edinburgh, where he soon became acquainted with the men who afterwards exerted so powerful an influence over public opinion in the columns of the Edinburgh Review. His whole time, however, was by no means taken up with literary pursuits, for in the second of the five years of his sojourn in the Scottish metropolis, he found leisure to visit London and marry a Miss Pybus, to whom he had been for some time attached. Her brother, a small poet and a member of parliament, who could not see the warm, honest heart of the future celebrity through the worn robe of a poor curate, violently opposed the match with the usual success of such fraternal opposition. The great result of Sydney's stay in Edinburgh was the establishment of the Edinburgh Review, a result brought about chiefly by his own hopeful energy.

The necessity of providing for a growing family compelled him to change his residence, and with a courage, which was supported by the confidence of his wife in his half-tried powers, he determined to seek a market for his talents in the great modern Babylon. The result proved the sagacity of his choice. He struggled manfully with the difficulties of life, and had the satisfaction of gradually overcoming them. He obtained one appointment after another, and these, together with the labors of his pen, kept his family in comfort. To his income his famous lectures on Moral Philosophy, which were attended with brilliant success, made quite a handsome addition. Soon after this he obtained the living of Foston-le-Clay in Yorkshire, and went down to reside at the parsonage. Here he busied himself in the duties of his vicarage, in building, in studying, and in writing. He



remained here for fourteen years, till his appointment to the prebendal stall at Bristol, when he removed to Combe Florey. A year afterwards he became canon residentiary at St. Paul's in London. Between Combe Florey and London he spent his time until his death in February, 1845.

To enumerate the subjects on which Sydney Smith wrote, would be to make out a list of every question which interested the public mind during the period of his literary activity. Possessed of information at once extensive and accurate, blessed by nature not only with wit, but with a clear head, and sound, practical, common sense, he treated all these questions with boldness and originality, and with a vivacity peculiarly his own. In his hands the dullest themes became instinct with life, the obscurest topics were illuminated by his brilliant intellect. Moral Philosophy with him was no longer a learned *rechauffée* of clashing opinions, repulsive by its Greek and Latin terminology, and wearisome by its endless and fruitless disputations. It was an investigation of the phenomena of mind, intelligible to any one who chose to listen, while the sparkling wit, with which it was expounded, compelled the attention of every one who heard.

One of the first of his controversies which attracted more than ordinary attention was that with the Methodists, under the lead of their champion, the dull and doughty John Styles. The first assault was made by the clerical wit, in the columns of the Edinburgh Review, under the guise of criticism on a stupid book by a Mr. Ingram. In reality, however, the basis of the remarks was laid on the absurdities of certain *sei-dieus* evangelical papers, supported by the different sects of the British Islands. The habit, unfortunately too common in our own day, of attributing every accident which happened to the direct vengeance of Providence on the enemies of their opinions, afforded abundant opportunities for the display of the reviewer's great powers of ridicule. The unfortunate man "with scrofulous legs and other istical principles," who was converted by one sermon, "and never after experienced the slightest return of scrofula or infidelity," has been immortalized by the critic, and will, for generations, excite the laughter of those who otherwise would never have heard of him. Even those quotations on which the reviewer makes no comment, are rendered extremely comical by the headings he gives them. It cannot be denied that a little personal feeling is mingled with this assault, for its author was then a little sore at the refusal of the rector of a parish to give him the use of a vacant chapel, which would certainly be occupied by dissenters from the established faith of the realm.

This paper, and one which immediately followed it, attacking the Protestant missions to India, brought out some strictures from the pen of Mr. Styles, in which was committed the perilous absurdity of attempting to reply to wit and sarcasm, by solemn protest and labored argument. His brilliant opponent outshone himself in the reply, in which he takes credit to himself for "routing out a nest of consecrated cobblers." He is very severe upon "the limited arrogance which mistakes its own trumpery sect for the world," and insists that he has not "attacked them for want of talent, but for want of modesty, want of sense, and want of true national religion,—for every fault which Mr. John Styles defends and exemplifies."

During the progress of his remarks, however, he flies at higher game than Mr. Styles. How ingeniously he turns what appears to be merely a sneer at Protestant missions, to a bitter sarcasm upon the whole of the English government towards that distant land. "Let us ask," he says, "if the Bible is as universally diffused in Hindostan, what must be the astonishment of the natives to find, that



we are forbidden to rob, murder and steal; we, who, in fifty years, have extended our empire from a few acres about Madras, over the whole peninsula, and sixty millions of people, and exemplified in our public conduct every crime of which human nature is capable;—what matchless impudence, to follow up such practice with such precepts! If we have common prudence, let us keep the gospel at home, and tell them that Machiavel is our prophet, and the god of the Manicheans our god.”

We must not, however, let the wit of these papers blind us to certain manifest inconsistencies. Is it not a little remarkable, to see a prominent member of a religious society, which owes its very existence to the assertion of the right of private judgment, so stoutly denying that very right to others? Does it not suggest too forcibly to our memories the conduct of the Puritans, who fled from the persecution of Anglican divines and English magistrates, but could not forego the inestimable privilege of flogging Quakers and burning witches? How very odd, too, that other passage, in which the presbyter of a church, which insists so strongly upon the right of all men to read the Bible, denying that very book to the benighted heathen, on political grounds! How strangely do “circumstances alter cases.”

In matters of education, our reviewer thought for himself, and did not scruple to fly in the face of the prejudices and practice of the most distinguished scholars of England. His remarks on the subject would even now be considered radical in many quarters, and then were regarded almost with alarm. In 1809 he made his first formal attack upon the excessive and undue importance attached to the minutely critical knowledge of the ancient languages. The theme afforded ample scope for the exercise of his unrivalled powers of ridicule. While admitting the value of these studies as a discipline of the mind—as opening up philosophical views of grammar better than modern languages can do, in so much as they are more artificially constructed; and while allowing the riches of the literary treasures they contain, and acknowledging the advantages to be derived from the formation of a style, from the famous pieces of composition which the ancient world has left as a legacy to the modern,—he insists that these benefits can all be acquired by a far less expenditure of time, than that required by the university system of England. He objects to that system also, on account of its tendency to develop the imagination, to the comparative neglect of more important faculties—all the while carefully discriminating between the classics and the system on which they are taught.

“A learned man! a scholar!” he exclaims, “a man of erudition! Upon whom are these epithets of approbation bestowed? Are they given to men acquainted with the science of government—thoroughly masters of the geographical and commercial relations of Europe? to men who know the properties of bodies, and their action upon each other? No: this is not learning: it is chemistry or political economy—not learning. The distinguishing abstract term, the epithet of scholar, is reserved for him who writes on the Æolic reduplication, and is familiar with the Sylburgian method of arranging defectives in  $\omega$  and  $\mu$ . The picture which a young Englishman, addicted to the pursuit of knowledge, draws—his *beau idéal* of human nature—his top and consummation of man’s powers—is a knowledge of the Greek language. His object is not to reason, to imagine, or to invent; but to conjugate, to decline, and derive. The situations of imaginary glory which he draws for himself, are the detection of an anapest in the wrong place, or the restoration of a dative case which Cranzius had passed over, and the never-dying Ernesti failed to observe.”



He considers the system as an evidence that the means have come to be regarded as the end; that the delight of scholars is in "not the filbert, but the shell; not what may be read in Greek, but Greek itself." The plan of compelling boys to scribble such an interminable string of Latin verses as they are forced to write in the English schools and colleges, also excites his mirth.

"The English clergy," says he, "in whose hands education entirely rests, bring up the first young men of the country, as if they were all to keep grammar schools in little country towns; and a nobleman, upon whose knowledge and liberality the honor and welfare of his country may depend, is diligently worried, for half his life, with the small pedantry of longs and shorts." "Though the *Bagvat Gheeta* has (as can be proved) met with human beings to translate, and other human beings to read it, we think that, in order to secure attention to Homer and Virgil, we must catch up every man, whether he is to be a clergyman or a duke, begin with him at six years, and never quit him till he is twenty—making him conjugate and decline for life and death; and so teaching him to estimate his progress in real wisdom, as he can scan the verses of the Greek tragedians."

This sharp attack was seconded by others, from the pens of other contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*, so that the University of Oxford was compelled to defend itself. Edward Copleston, afterwards bishop of Llandaff, appeared as its champion, and published "A Reply to the Calumnies of the *Edinburgh Review* against Oxford." The three writers of the original articles now put their heads together, and produced a pungent reply. Smith's portion can easily be recognized by its sprightly malice. We have no room for extended quotations, but cannot resist the temptation of giving our readers a few lines.

"One who passes for a great man in a little place, generally makes himself very ridiculous when he ventures out of it. Nothing can exceed the pomp and trash of this gentleman's observations; they can only proceed from the habit of living with third-rate persons; from possessing the right of compelling boys to listen to him, and from making a very cruel use of this privilege. Mere equal company could never have made him an able man, but they would soon have persuaded him to hold his tongue. If he would hold his tongue, and carefully avoid all opportunities of making a display, he is just the description of person to enjoy a very great reputation among those whose good opinion is not worth having."

Copleston came out in another reply, and had the poor satisfaction of the last word, while Smith retained the ear of the public, and the University was ultimately compelled by the force of public opinion to make some reforms.

Three years after this controversy, we find Sydney Smith following up his educational heresies, with a defence of the Hamiltonian system of teaching languages, conducted in his usual brilliant style. He deploras "the waste of mortal time, parental money, and puerile happiness, in the present method of pursuing Latin and Greek," and attacks the *Lexicon* and *Grammar* system with great force and fun. Indeed, he has as little respect for the *Lexicon*, as Becky Sharp had for the "Dicks'nary," when she tossed that parting testimonial over the gate of the mansion in which her youthful mind had received its training. His great objection to the *Lexicon* plan is the loss of time it involves. He allows to an average boy an hour for finding out sixty words, which, on the Hamiltonian system he is not required to seek for a minute. "It must be remembered, we say an *average* boy—not what Master Evans, the show-boy can do, nor what Master Macarthy, the boy who is whipped every day, can do, but some boy between Macarthy and Evans; and not what this medium boy can do, while his mastigophorous superior



is frowning over him ; but what he actually does, when left in the midst of noisy boys, and with a recollection, that, by sending to the neighboring shop, he can obtain any quantity of unripe gooseberries on credit."

But we must leave these questions of education for the more important one of Toleration. Sydney Smith's course upon this question has covered his memory with imperishable glory. At a time when the majority of the English people regarded the Catholics with the utmost bitterness, when it was considered as evidence of want of patriotism, as radicalism, as something little short of Atheism, to advocate equal justice and equal laws, for both Catholic and Protestant, Sydney Smith had the manly courage to denounce the abominable legislation which attempted to make Pariahs of so large a portion of the inhabitants of the British islands. Nor was the manner in which he conducted this battle for the right, alone conspicuous ; the occasions which he selected to enforce his doctrines, displayed the boldness of his honesty. Thus, the first sermon which he preached after his appointment to the prebendal stall of Bristol, happened to be on the fifth of November, a day regularly set apart for the abuse of Guy Faux, and for the keeping up of irritation against Catholics. In this sermon before "the most Protestant corporation in England," he labored to enforce the great duty of christian charity ; and that there might be no mistake about his meaning, made direct and pointed reference to the Catholic question then under discussion. The amazement of his auditors may well be conceived. "They stared at me," says he, "with all their eyes. Several of them could not keep the truth on their stomachs."

It is not our intention to give an abstract of the various papers and speeches which Sydney Smith wrote and spoke upon this question. A glance at his efforts in this field, and a statement of his position, are all that can properly be required of us. In order to make the whole matter clearer, a brief sketch of the detestable penal laws enacted against Catholics by the English Parliament, will not be out of place.

It is not necessary to go back to the reign of Elizabeth, or of Henry VIII, to trace the origin of that persecution which became so bitter and so oppressive in later days. Their laws, to ensure conformity, and to disqualify Catholics from holding public places of honor and profit, have been so far exceeded by those of *soi-disant* liberal parliaments, which followed the obsequious assemblies of those reigns, that the less is swallowed up in the greater evil. Every body knows that James II stretched his prerogative to the utmost limit, in order to secure to the professors of the ancient faith of christendom a share in the responsibilities and emoluments of government. With the expediency and legality of his measures, we have nothing to do, as they do not specially concern the matter in hand. Suffice it to say, that these measures aroused in England a spirit of rebellion, which soon hurled the king from his throne, and drove him an exile to France. A few gallant Highlanders made a brief but brilliant resistance to the Prince of Orange, but were soon overpowered, and the star of the House of Stewart set forever in Great Britain. In Ireland, however, there still existed a loyal feeling towards the banished king, which was not lessened by the fact that he had incurred the displeasure of the larger island, by his zeal for the religion professed by the great majority of the smaller. To this mingled sentiment of loyalty and religious gratitude, if we add the memory of great and bitter wrongs inflicted on the Celts by the Saxons of that island, we shall not wonder at the spirit and acrimony with which the contest was maintained in Ireland. The siege of Limerick ended the war and commenced the new era of oppression and cruelty.



Ginkell, the Dutch general, who commanded the combined forces of England and Holland before the Catholic city, granted a capitulation to its brave defenders, in which it was stipulated that the Catholics should enjoy all the privileges in the exercise of their religion which they enjoyed in the reign of Charles II. All who were in garrisoned towns were to have all the civil rights which they had before the war, and a general amnesty for all offences was granted. This treaty was signed on the 3d of October, 1691. On the 22d of the same month, the English Parliament passed a law excluding Irish Catholics from the Houses of Lords and Commons in Ireland till they should take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. During the same reign, they were "deprived of all means of educating their children, at home or abroad, and of the privilege of being guardians to their own or to other persons' children." Parliament after Parliament seemed to engage in the disgraceful rivalry of attempting to crush still lower the unhappy Catholics. Should the son of a Catholic turn Protestant, he was to succeed to the estate, even were he not the rightful heir. No Catholic could purchase land, or lease it for a longer term than thirty-one years, and should the profits of land so leased amount to more than a fixed sum, the farm was to revert to the first Protestant who should make the discovery. No Catholic could be in a line of entail, but the estate must pass over him to the next Protestant heir. No Catholic could hold any office, civil or military; reside in Limerick or Galway, except on certain conditions; vote at elections or hold advowsons.

Wicked as are these enactments, they nevertheless yield to the enormity of the monstrous bill framed in 1709 to offer inducements to filial impiety. By that atrocious law, any Catholic gentleman's son, who chose to turn Protestant and certify his conversion before the Court of Chancery, could compel his father to state upon oath the value of his property, and to make an allowance out of that property to the son, not only for his present maintenance, but for his future jointure. By the same act, Catholics were prevented from holding life annuities, or putting their property into the hands of trustees; and priests were offered a bribe of thirty pounds a year to apostatize. Rewards were offered for the discovery of Catholic clergymen, and justices were empowered to force any Catholic, on penalty of a year's imprisonment, to reveal the residence of a priest, the site of a school, or the time and place of celebrating mass.

In the reign of George II, Catholics were prohibited from being barristers. Persons robbed by privateers during a war with a nation adhering to the ancient faith, were to be indemnified, and the money to be raised by an exclusive levy upon Catholic property. Should a priest celebrate matrimony between a Catholic and a Protestant, he was to be hanged.

The above is not even an outline of these outrageous laws; it is a mere glance at their salient points. Should the people so cruelly oppressed venture to complain, a storm of indignation roared over England. John Bull was amazed at the impudence which could find fault with his wisdom, or grumble at his mild and easy yoke. At length, however, fear of the strength of Catholic Ireland, perception of her opportunity for retaliation during the wars with Napoleon, and the good feeling of some brave and honest spirits roused an opposition to these systematic tyrannies. Conspicuous among those who assaulted the existing system was Sydney Smith. To appreciate the courage which could nerve a poor person to do battle so vigorously against these hoary enormities, we must consider the state of public opinion at the time, which we give in his own words.



"From the beginning of the century to the death of Lord Liverpool, was an awful period for those who had the misfortune to entertain liberal opinions, and who were too honest to sell them for the ermine of the judge or the lawn of the prelate;—a long and hopeless career in your profession, the chuckling grin of noodles, the sarcastic leer of the genuine political rogue—prebendaries, deans and bishops made over your head—reverend renegades advanced to the highest dignities of the Church, for helping to rivet the fetters of Catholic and Protestant dissenters, and no more chance of a whig administration than of a thaw in Zembla—these were the penalties exacted for liberality of opinion at that period—and not only was there no pay, but there were many stripes. It is always considered a piece of impertinence in England, if a man of less than two or three thousand a year has any opinions at all upon important subjects; and in addition, he was sure at that time to be assailed with all the Billingsgate of the French Revolution—Jacobin, Libeller, Atheist, Deist, Incendiary, Regicide, were the gentlest appellations used; and the man who breathed a syllable against the senseless bigotry of the two Georges, or hinted at the abominable tyranny and persecution exercised upon Catholic Ireland, was shunned as unfit for the relations of social life."

The letters of Peter Plymley were published in 1807. Though put forth anonymously, it was evident to all who knew Sydney Smith, that but one man in England could be the author of them. They purported to be addressed to Peter's brother, Abraham, a curate in the country, and assailed with admirable wit and bitter sarcasm, the absurd prejudices which kept up the barbarous laws against the Catholics. He followed this up by an article on the same subject in the *Edinburgh Review*, and ever afterwards labored zealously in behalf of Catholic emancipation.

His position upon this question must not be misunderstood. He was no convert to Catholic doctrines, no weak, half-way admirer of forms of worship and systems of belief, which he was afraid entirely to adopt. He was thoroughly and emphatically Protestant. His course in this controversy was dictated by a manly indignation against oppression, and by a spirit of religious toleration. He saw the gross injustice of compelling a large majority of the population of Ireland to contribute to the support of a Church which they hated, and which was studiously inflaming that hatred by a course of unrelenting oppression. He advocated a transfer of the tithes levied upon Catholics from the Protestant to the Catholic clergy. He despised the flimsy logic of the oppressors as much as he hated their savage and intolerant spirit, and he threw himself into the controversy, with the generous warmth of a friend of the oppressed and a disinterested advocate of liberty of conscience.

He aimed at demolishing the outworks of prejudice, which keep the truth from reaching the reason and the conscience. He showed the people of England the expediency of Catholic emancipation, and pointed out to them the danger of having so strong a body of disaffected subjects in their midst, during war with a powerful and sagacious neighbor. He proved the main cause of Irish disaffection to be political, not religious. In 1839, he declared that he does not retract one syllable of what he has written on this subject, and that as to danger from Catholic doctrines, he leaves "such apprehensions to the respectable anility of these realms."

His writings and speeches upon this subject well deserve to be considered at large, and were we to accord to them as much space as their importance seems to require, we would occupy with them alone more pages than we are devoting



to this entire article. We must therefore be brief, but we cannot avoid quoting his cogent argument against the often repeated slander concerning oaths.

"The Catholic not respect an oath? Why not? What upon earth has kept him out of Parliament, or excluded him from all the offices whence he is excluded, but his respect for oaths? The Catholic is excluded from Parliament, because he will not swear that he disbelieves the leading doctrines of his religion! He asks you to abolish some oaths which oppress him: your answer is, that he does not respect oaths. Then why subject him to the test of oaths? The oaths keep him out of Parliament, why then he respects them. Turn which way you will, either your laws are nugatory, or the Catholic is bound by religious obligations as you are: but no eel in the well sanded fist of a cook-maid, upon the eve of being skinned, ever twisted and writhed as an orthodox parson does when he is compelled by the gripe of reason to admit any thing in favor of a dissenter."

The reverend wit lived to see the measure of Catholic emancipation adopted, a result which was greatly assisted by his efforts in behalf of this tardy and imperfect justice.

On the character of Sydney Smith we can dwell but briefly. He was, as our brief sketch of his career abundantly shows, a brave and honest man, who dared to say what he thought at all times and in all places. His advancement depended upon no shabbiness, no toadyism, was the reward of no dirty work for men in power, but was fairly won by the industrious employment of great talents. At the close of his career, he was able to look back over a life unsullied by any meanness. The independence of his character resisted all the fascinations of the society by which he was surrounded, and though, for a great portion of his life, he was a poor guest at the tables of the rich and great, he never allowed himself to be patronized, or lowered himself to the level of a mere diner-out.

His learning was respectable, but he always treated it as a means—not as an end. His habits were studious, and it is surprising to see how much hard mental work he did in the midst of his gayety. He had learned the art of keeping his labor and his play completely separate. The exuberance of his animal spirits did not at all diminish the severity of his application. His riotous fun was reserved for his hours of relaxation. When actively engaged in business, he was as assiduous and as practical as the dullest plodder who ever drudged through a set of books. His wit was not the ebullitions of foolish frivolity: it was only the foam on the surface of his wisdom. It was common sense agitated into unwonted lightness and brilliancy, but in the midst of its sparkling motion never losing its identity.

In money matters he was an honorable exception to most wits. He was scrupulously and rigidly accurate. His debts were regularly paid, and his expenditures were kept steadily within his income. He scorned all idle parade, and would not consent to shine before his titled guests at the expense of honest tradesmen. He labored industriously to keep his family in comfortable circumstances, but sternly repressed all unjustifiable extravagance.

A word now as to the volume before us. In a small compass Mr. Duyckinck has presented to us an admirable selection from Sydney Smith's writings and table-talk. He has enabled the reader, at the expenditure of but little time, to get a good idea of the labors of a busy man and the fun of a merry one. The memoir which is prefixed to the selection is excellent. Altogether we do not know a more delightful companion for a corner than this same collection of "Sydney Smith's Wit and Wisdom."



## OUR CONVENTS.—VII.

### SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF CHARITY—SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF CHARITY OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

No human misery exists for which the Church, the living spouse of Christ, has not instituted consolation and relief. It has its asylums for the deserted infant, for the desolate orphan, for the aged poor: it has its sisterhoods, which visit the sick and the prisoners; it welcomes to hospitals the sick and diseased. Her charity does not end here. Woman, straying from the path of duty, is cast off by the proud world that seduces her, if she continues in sin; it but encourages her to sin. The heart of the Church bleeds for these unhappy creatures, and raises its shelters where, if touched by grace they will but enter, they will find holy women who devote their lives to their direction and guidance, whose only object is to restore them to friendship with God and to a life of virtue.

Many houses have been erected at different times in Catholic countries for this purpose, but the order which has taken the greatest extension is that founded in France in the seventeenth century by Father John Eudes, a holy missionary, whose life was an unbroken career of apostolic toils.

During his labors at Caen he reclaimed many abandoned women, whom he placed in the houses of charitable persons, and at last, impelled chiefly by the zeal of a good woman named Magdalen l'Army, who had aided him in his good work, he rented a house and assembled his penitents in it on the 25th of November, 1641. By the consent of the bishop he erected a chapel in the house, where he or some of his missionaries regularly said mass. The house was directed by ladies who offered their services for the good work, one of whom was a niece of Father Eudes, but as dissensions soon broke out, and some losing their early zeal retired, the holy founder saw the necessity of applying his efforts to the formation of a regular community devoted to the reformation of erring women, and obtained of Louis XIII letters patent for the erection of such house at Caen, of the rule of St. Augustine, and devoted to the special object which he had in view.

Father Eudes designed to form their rule on that of St. Francis of Sales, and to give the new religious the same spirit, invited Mother Frances Margaret Patin, a Visitandine, of Caen, to become superioress, and she accordingly arrived at the house in August, 1644, with two sisters of her order. Under her care the new order was well organized, Sister Mary of the Assumption (de Taillefer) being the corner-stone. She was converted by Father Eudes in one of his missions, and no sooner heard of his project than she offered herself, and received the habit in February, 1645. Sister Mary of the Nativity, a niece of the holy founder, was the next who took the white habit of the new order. Many difficulties arose, the bishop opposed the project, and no founder appeared for some years, but at last all difficulties were overcome, and the order was duly approved by Pope Alexander VII on the second of January, 1666.

Mother Patin, who had left the house for a time, returned in 1651, and directed it till her death in 1668, after which it was governed by religious of the Institute.

The habit consists of a white robe, scapular and cloak, with a black veil. They have a special devotion to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, and wear on the



scapular a silver heart with a border of roses and lilies, and the figure of the Blessed Virgin and the Infant Jesus in relief. \*

"The order soon spread, especially in Brittany, and it is worthy of remark that the province where purity of life is most exemplary, has furnished most virtuous heroines to watch compassionately over the repenting victims of human frailty."† The houses of the order were seized at the revolution and the communities dispersed; some immediately reunited, as that of St. Michael at Paris, others at different epochs after the Reign of Terror.

In 1804 Mother Mary of St. Bernard Chalmel, of the Monastery of Tours, assembled some of her sisters, and the community was regularly constituted two years afterwards, Mother Mary of St. Francis Sauvet, a professed of the former monastery of Vannes, being elected superior.

This house soon became numerous and several houses were founded from it at Angers, Mans, Blois and Marseilles. Other monasteries of the order arose in various parts of France, and among others the house of the sisters at Caen, the cradle of the order, was restored. In March, 1855, the bishop of Buffalo, the Rt. Rev. John Timon, passing through Rennes, asked four sisters to commence an establishment, and the sisters ever ready to continue their work, chose for the new house Sister Marie de St. Jerome Tournenay as superior, with Sisters Marie de St. Etienne Vaidey and Sister Marie de St. Cyr Corben and the lay sister Marie de St. Martin Dugré. They set out immediately for Buffalo and arrived in that city on the first of June, 1855: and as the bishop had been unable to procure them a house, they resided for five weeks in the hospital, and then took a little house where they have since lived by the work of their hands, without friends, without protection, and with none in prospect but divine Providence, to which they commit their present and their future.

This interesting community calls loudly on the sympathy of the Catholics of the United States, and it would be a lasting reproach if the sisters who are ready to bear all, cannot, from the charity of those for whose good they come to labor, obtain what little they ask.

The house at Angers, of which we have already spoken, was founded in 1828 by the generous bequest of the Countess of Neuville, who gave thirty thousand francs for that object, and by the still more generous gift of her son, the Count de Neuville, who gave the whole of his property to the house and died in poverty in 1843. The superioress at Tours, Mother Mary Euphrasia Pelletier, herself led the little colony of sisters to Angers, and so ably directed it that in less than three years seventy novices were received. As the community had now become so large, many prelates sought to have houses of the order, but with the sisters applied to the Holy See to alter the constitution so as to make the monastery at Angers the mother-house of all the filiations from it, and to subject them all to the superioress general. After much opposition, this was granted on the 10th of March, 1835, and the holy Cardinal Odescalchi, who afterwards resigned his honors as prince in both state and church to become a Jesuit, was appointed Cardinal Protector. The new order now received a wonderful impulse; houses were established at Rome and in other parts of Italy, in England, Belgium, Bavaria, Algiers, Egypt, Canada and the United States.‡

\* Helyot, *Histoire des Ordres Religieux* (Ed. Migne), ii, 1137.

† La Roche Heron, *Les Servantes de Dieu en Canada*, p. 102.

‡ U. S. Catholic Magazine, vi, 372, 416.



The house at Montreal was founded by a colony from Angers, on the 5th of May, 1844, led by Sister Mary de Ste. Celeste Fisson, and owes its prosperity in no small degree to the generosity of the Rev. Mr. Arraud, of St. Sulpice, and of Madames D. B. Viger and Quesnel.\*

The first convent of the order in the United States, that at Louisville, Kentucky, was due to the zeal of the sainted Bishop Flaget, who, detained by illness at Angers, solicited some sisters of the order for his episcopal city. No sooner was this desire made known than numbers offered to go, and the superioress was greatly embarrassed in her choice, but at last selected five, one of each of the Catholic nations, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium and Ireland. This little colony, itself a beautiful illustration of Catholic unity, was led by Mother Marie des Anges, and arrived on the 1st of December, 1842, at Louisville. As no house was ready for their reception, they were temporarily lodged at Portland, but as soon as their monastery was completed they entered it and began their work of love, the convent being canonically founded on the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, September 8th, 1843.

Their institute was soon known and appreciated by Protestants as well as Catholics, and the number of penitents soon exceeded their accommodations. Liberal presents were made, and the sisters were soon able to see the community support itself and erect a large and commodious chapel.†

The second house of the order was founded at St. Louis in 1849, and on the 3d of May in the following year a colony of the Sisters of our Lady of Charity arrived in Philadelphia from Angers, consisting of Mother Mary des Anges, superior, Sister Mary of St. Boniface, assistant, Sister Mary of St. Patrick and Sister Mary of St. Augustine. As no establishment was ready for them, these good sisters for a time directed St. Anne's asylum for widows, but their monastery having been completed in 1851, they have since devoted themselves to the peculiar work for which they were instituted.‡

\* De La Roche Heron, *Les Servantes de Dieu*, 104.

† Spalding's *Life of Bishop Flaget*, p. 336.

‡ De Courcy, *Catholic Church in the United States*. Letters from Philadelphia.

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THE rose that blooms in Sharon's vale,  
And scents the purple morning's breath,  
May in the shades of evening fail,  
And bend its crimson head in death;  
And earth's bright ones amid the tomb,  
May like the blushing rose, decay;  
But still the mind, the mind shall bloom,  
When time and nature fade away.

And there, amid a holier sphere,  
Where the archangel bows in awe,  
Where sits the king of glory near,  
And executes his perfect law,  
The ransomed of the earth, with joy,  
Shall in their robes of beauty come,  
And find a rest without alloy  
Amid the christian's happy home.



## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

### *The Resurrection.*

WHEN the sun set on Saturday and the Sabbath ended, the holy women began to prepare the spices and unguents to anoint the body of our Lord, and having completed their preparations set out towards the dawn\* of the day, but while darkness still enveloped the earth.† They doubtless came from Bethany, and Mary Magdalene and another Mary, either more lightly burthened or gaining wings from love, pressed on in advance, and as day dawned they approached the sepulchre, when behold a great earthquake happened, and the Saviour of the world arose by his own power and strength, and came forth living, glorious and triumphant, piercing the stone that closed the mouth of the monument.‡

Thus was his promise fulfilled: thus was the temple destroyed by the Jews rebuilt! All knew of his promised resurrection, and though his enemies bore it in mind, his dearest disciples seemed to forget the many occasions on which he had foretold his death and his rising from the dead. One only adhered to him in faith and hope and love: truly she of whom it is written that she “kept all these words pondering them in her heart.” Mary alone constituted the Church in that hour by the theological virtues; she alone believed in, hoped in, the resurrection of her Son, and loved him in that mystery of his glory. What wonder that to her he first appeared? What wonder that that ineffable meeting is undescribed?

But when the holy maid beheld  
Her risen Son and Lord:  
Thought has not colors half so fair,  
That she to paint that hour may dare  
In silence best adored.

The gracious dove that brought from heaven  
The earnest of our bliss,  
Of many a chosen witness telling,  
On many a happy vision dwelling,  
Sings not a note of this.

When our risen Lord had left the sepulchre tenantless, “an angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and coming rolled back the stone and sat upon it.” The guards struck with terror fell swooning to the ground, and as soon as consciousness returned fled trembling to the city; so that Magdalene, when she arrived, seeing the stone removed and the soldiers gone, supposed that these had carried off our Lord’s body, and ran to inform Saint Peter and Saint John. Meanwhile the other women came, but supposing the stone removed by friends whom Magdalene had met, entered the sepulchre, where, to their amazement, they beheld an angel clothed in white, who calmed their sudden fear, announced the resurrection of Jesus, and bade them inform Peter: but they full of fear fled away. After their departure St. Peter and St. John arrived, and St. Peter entering saw indeed that Christ was no longer there, but only the clothes in which he had been wrapped. Full of thought he and the beloved apostle returned to the rest of the disciples, leaving Magdalene at the tomb. To her, “who loved much,” Jesus now deigned to appear: tearful she stood by the sepulchre looking in at times for comfort in her grief; angels were there, and though they asked the reason of her tears,

\* St. Matthew.

† St. John.

‡ Butler.



they offered her no solace. Turning from them she beheld one whom she supposed to be the gardener of the place, who said : " Woman, why weepest thou ? whom seekest thou ? " Her answer implied all the ardor of her love, unmindful of her weakness she replied : " Oh ! if thou hast taken him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him and I will take him away." " Mary ! " exclaimed the unknown, and by that word Jesus stood revealed : he it was, her risen Lord, who stood before her ; falling at his feet she would have clasped them, but he checked her, and with his blessing left her. While she hastened back to the disciples, Joanna and other women visited the sepulchre, and our Lord appeared to Mary and Salome in their flight.



These various apparitions announced to the disciples kept all in doubt and wonder ; the apostles met together, and towards evening two of the disciples set out for Emmaus, a small town seven miles north of Jerusalem. One of these disciples was Cleophas, father of St. Simeon, St. James and St. Jude, and through his wife nearly related to our Lord ; both had been fervent disciples of the Redeemer, and the events of the last three days were the sole object of their thoughts. Their conversation on the road turned entirely on the ancient prophécies relating to the Messias and the resurrection proclaimed by the women, which they seemed to doubt. Grief was so evident in their countenances, that when a third traveler joined them asking " What are these discourses that you hold one with another as you walk and mourn ? " Cleophas asked in reply : " Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things that have been done in these days ? " " What things ? " said the unknown. " Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, a prophet mighty in work and word before God and the people," said Cleophas, who then proceeded to tell of his crucifixion, of their hopes that he was the Messias, of the apparitions reported by the women. Upbraiding them with their slowness of heart and incredulity, the unknown asked, " Ought not the Messias to have suffered these things and so to enter into his glory ? " and beginning from Moses explained



all the prophecies concerning the Messias so glowingly, that as his hearers afterwards said, their hearts burned within them at his words.

While thus absorbed they reached Emmaus, and Cleophas with his companion, seeing their fellow traveler apparently going farther, pressed him to enter their house, as the day was far spent. Yielding to their invitation he entered and sat down to eat: then he took bread and blessed and broke and gave it to them, and at this renewal of the eucharistic sacrifice the scales dropped from their eyes, their God and Saviour was before them, had been their fellow traveler, their instructor, and they knew him not. Their joy was not to be prolonged, for Jesus having convinced them of his resurrection, vanished.

In all haste they now returned to Jerusalem, to the upper chamber where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, to announce that Christ was truly risen; but meanwhile our Lord had appeared to Saint Peter in an apparition which the Evangelists do not detail to us, covering in almost absolute silence the holy interview between the risen Messias and the head of his Church. This apparition dissolved all doubt, so that the disciples of Emmaus on their return were greeted with the tidings: "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon," thus realizing the prophetic command: "Thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren." Cleophas in turn told how he too had seen Jesus, and all now full of faith were conversing on the mystery, when Jesus suddenly stood among them.



Timid men, dreading a visit from the myrmidons of the priests and pharisees, with Thomas doubtless as a sentinel at the lower door, how startled were they at this apparition! St. Peter and Cleophas thus twice honored, doubtless rose from the table and fell at his feet as he uttered the salutation, which had so often cheered them: "Peace be to you;" but as they gazed on the unopened door, the disciples would not believe their eyes, and supposed that they beheld a spirit. But our Lord knew their thoughts: in gentle tones he said: "Why are you troubled, and



why do thoughts arise in your hearts? See my hands and feet that it is I myself: handle and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as you see me to have." Beholding them still incredulous he asked: "Have you here anything to eat?" and taking a piece of broiled fish and a honey comb he eat part and gave them the rest.\* He rebuked them however for their incredulity and hardness of heart, and opened their minds to understand the scriptures.† Then he renewed his commission to his apostles in express words: "As the Father hath sent me, I also send you." . . . Then breathing on them he said: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." "Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be condemned."‡ "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained."§ "You shall lay your hands upon the sick and they shall recover."|| Then he said: "Thus it behooved Christ to suffer and rise again from the dead the third day, that penance and remission of sins should be preached in his name to all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." Then as before, the doors being closed, he disappeared from their eyes.

In the short detail of those blessed moments we cannot but dwell on our Saviour's renewal of his great acts, the establishment of his Church, the founding of a ministry, his ordination of a priesthood of reconciliation, with power to confer the sacraments of baptism, penance, the holy eucharist and extreme unction; himself even renewing the eucharistic sacrifice. How clear and beautiful to a Catholic, and to a Catholic alone, are all these allusions.

St. Thomas was not present, doubtless, as we said, watching below, and conscious that no one had passed him, unable to conceive any other mode of entering, he refused to believe till our divine Lord on the following Sunday appeared to him, and as the apostle had said: "Except I shall see in his hand the print of the nails and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into his side, I will not believe," our Lord now said: "Put in thy finger hither and see my hands, and bring hither thy hand and put it into my side, and be not incredulous but believing." "My Lord and my God!" was all that St. Thomas could utter. Jesus rebuked him: "Because thou hast seen me, Thomas, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen and have believed."

After this apparition the disciples returned to Galilee, and there too our Lord appeared to them. Peter, Thomas, Nathaniel, John and James were fishing in the sea of Galilee, as in the days when Jesus called them to follow him: Jesus stood on the shore once more, but unknown to them. He asked whether they had taken any fish, and on hearing their negative reply, bade them cast their net on the right side of the ship. A miraculous draught of fishes enabled St. John to recognize his beloved master, and telling Peter, they both hastened to the shore. When they had drawn up the net Jesus offered them bread, which he had miraculously produced, and fish which he had roasted. When they had eaten he said to Peter: "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me more than these?" He answered: "Yes, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." Then Jesus said: "Feed my lambs." Again he asked: "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me?" And again Peter answered: "Yes, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." Again Jesus said: "Feed my lambs." But a third time he asked: "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me?" Then Peter, grieved that his Lord should thus doubt his love,

\* Luke xxiv, 36, 44.

† Id. 45.

‡ Mark xvi, 15, 16.

§ John xx, 23.

|| Mark xvi, 18.



replied : " Lord, thou knowest all things : thou knowest that I love thee." Then Jesus said : " Feed my sheep," thus constituting Peter head of his Church, pastor of the clergy and the people, the sheep and the lambs. Moreover he foretold to



St. Peter his martyrdom in these words : " Amen, amen, I say to thee, when thou wast younger thou didst gird thyself, and didst walk where thou wouldst ; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee and lead thee whither thou wouldst not."\* That this referred to St. Peter's martyrdom is past all doubt, for St. John tells us so : " And this he said, signifying by what death he should glorify God." And we all know by how glorious a death on the cross in the imperial city of Rome, the prince of the apostles glorified God.

The last apparition of our risen Lord was that prior to his ascension. As the feast of Pentecost approached, the disciples prepared to return to Jerusalem, in order to be present at the solemnity of that great festival of the Mosaic law. Ten days before that feast, Jesus appeared to his blessed mother and the apostles, who were all assembled together, apparently in that same room where he had instituted the blessed sacrament. There again he ate with them† and instructed them, repeating many of his former promises, injunctions, and gifts of power and grace. He concluded by bidding them remain in Jerusalem till they were endued with power from on high :‡ telling them that they should be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days thence. Some asked him whether he would then restore the kingdom to Israel, but he checked their curiosity, saying : " It is not for you to know the times or moments which the Father hath put in his own power ; but you shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you, and you shall be witnesses to me in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and Samaria, and even to the uttermost parts of the earth : " then he led them out towards Bethany to Mount Olivet, passing amid the streets of Jerusalem, his enemies being held by a

\* John xxi.

† Acts i, 4.

‡ Luke xxiv, 49.



supernatural power from molesting his happy company. On reaching Mount Olivet they entered a cave, where our Lord for the last time gave them the blessed eucharist and his parting instructions; then issuing forth, he lifted up his hands and blessed them, and rose before their eyes till a bright cloud hid him from their



sight. As they stood looking up in wonder, two angels appeared to bid them cease their wonder, and remind them that Jesus would one day come even as he had departed.

Chains of my heart, avunt I say—  
 I will arise, and in the strength of love  
 Pursue the bright track e'er it fade away,  
 My Saviour's pathway to his home above.



# MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.\**

BY PETER PINKIE.

*Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.*

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

FATHER JOHN having waited to see Mr. Guirkie completely restored to his usual equanimity, and Captain Petersham in the saddle ready to set off for the court-house, took the near cut over the hill, and soon reached his humble home. On his arrival, the servant informed him that several persons had called, and among the rest Else Curley of the Cairn, who expressed great anxiety to see him before the court opened. Mr. Hardwinkle also sent his man in great haste to say, that a riot was apprehended in the event of Barry's committal, and requesting Father Brennan's influence to maintain order and assist the magistrates in the discharge of their duty.

"A very modest request, upon my word," said the priest, reaching for a breviary that lay on the mantel, and seating himself quietly in his easy chair to recite his office. "Very modest, indeed; but I have a duty of my own to discharge at present. John!"

"Sir."

"Take the horse and gig immediately, and drive as fast as possible to the lighthouse. Give my compliments to Mr. Lee, and tell him to come up without a moment's delay and bring Miss Lee with him. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"And see here—don't wait to feed the horse, but go at once."

"No, sir."

"Let Mr. Lee have the gig, since he has no conveyance of his own, and you can return on foot at your leisure."

"Certainly, sir."

When the servant closed the door, the priest leaned back in his chair and composed himself to read his vespers. And a snug, pleasant little room it was, that parlor of Father John's, to read or pray in, with its latticed windows looking down on the placid face of the beautiful Mulroy now sleeping calmly in the bosom of the hills. Close by the side of the humble edifice grew a long line of gooseberry and currant bushes, and up from between them, here and there, the honeysuckle stretched its long neck into the open windows. Out before the door stood the old elm tree, majestic and lonely in the centre of the grass plot, spreading its



giant branches far and wide over house and garden. Many a name was carved on that sturdy old trunk in its day, and many a time the priest and his good old reverend uncle before him, sat on the stone bench and leaned back against it in the summer evenings, to say the rosary or tell the beads. And there, too, round about grew many a flower of native growth, fresh and fair and simple and modest, like the virgin whose altar they were intended to decorate—the mountain daisy, white as snow, the primrose, its faithful companion, at its side, the cowslip with the dew always on its face, and the lily of the valley hiding its head in the grass, as if it felt it had no right to occupy a place in the world at all. These and such as these were the only tenants of that modest garden. Oh, well we remember it—that garden where none but wild flowers grew—those pretty wild flowers, nature's own spontaneous offering. And every morning would the priest pluck a bunch to scatter on the shrine of the virgin, as he ascended her altar to say the holy mass, knowing well she loved them the best; for it was such as these Joseph used to gather for her long ago by the way-side when his work of the day was done.

Down below the garden and over the copse which lay between, appeared the whitewashed walls of Massmount Chapel rising from the water's edge, and on either side facing the sea, the white grave-stones peeping out from the long grass and tangled fern. But in that solitary spot there was one particular grave on which the priest's eye often loved to rest, as he sat by the window gazing down on the old churchyard. It was the grave of an old and long cherished friend—of one who found him in his early days an exile and a wanderer, and took him into his house and heart; one who paused not to ask the poor wayfarer from what nation he came or whither he went—for his big heart knew no distinction of birth or race; who lavished on him all the loving fondness of a father, and at last took him by the hand and led him within the sanctuary. On that humble slab covering the old man's grave, the priest's eyes often rested as he sat by the window of his little parlor. And often he sighed and longed for the day to come when he might see that stone replaced by a monument more worthy the great and holy heart that slept beneath it. But alas! he sighed in vain, for he was poor and his love alone could never raise it.

Dear reader, many a noble heart lies mouldering in a forgotten grave; and many a grave on which gratitude should have erected a monument to virtue, lies deserted and abandoned to the nettle and the dockweed. We have seen such in our own day. Alas! that the world should be so ungrateful.

Once upon a time we stood beside an open grave on a green hill side in N—— E——. It was a grave in which the mortal remains of a great and good man were soon to be deposited—a man whose virtues were the theme of every tongue. And well they might, for never breathed a purer soul, nor throbbed a nobler heart than his. At once unaffectedly simple and unconsciously sublime, his nature was a compound of the finest qualities of the Christian and the gentleman, without a single jarring element to mar its modest grandeur.

The funeral procession at length reached the spot, and the coffin was laid beside the grave with the lid thrown open, that the mourners might look on the face of the dead for the last time. Never was seen such a crowd as that morning gathered there. Fathers and mothers leading their little children by the hand, and young men with bearded lip, and old men with hoary heads were there, and strangers from distant cities were there, and bishops in purple cassocks and priest in black stole and surplice. Kneeling on the green sward the incense rose and the psalm was sung, and the people of high and low degree mingled together, and



prayed for the repose of his soul; and whilst they prayed their tears fell thick and fast. Oh, it was a sad but glorious sight to see that multitude weeping and prostrate that morning before the open coffin. And gazing on his face they saw it still beaming with that look of love which ever marked it through life, and it seemed at that moment as if he was making them his last appeal for an affectionate remembrance. And each one answered the appeal by a silent vow—a vow made to honor, to gratitude and to God—made while they gazed on his face through their tears—made with their hands upon his coffin—a vow never to forget him.

Ten years passed away, and again after many wanderings we returned to that green hill side and looked round for the monument which that crowd of loving hearts had erected to the memory of their benefactor and friend. "What seek you, stranger?" said an old man seated on the grass by a little mound of clay. "The monument erected to the memory of the illustrious——" "Here it is," he replied, laying his hand on the sod beside him. "That!" "Yes, this is the monument; I have just been sowing a few flower seeds at his feet." "But his friends!" we inquired. "Friends!" repeated the old man, smiling bitterly. "Yes, that mighty multitude which ten years ago we saw weeping and wailing here before his unburied corpse—what has become of them?" "Dead," replied the old man. "What, all dead!" "Ay, they all died on the day of his burial—all save one and myself. That one comes often here to say a prayer and drop a tear on the grave, for living and dying he loved him best of all the world. But alas he is poor, and those whom he trusted to for help have proved ungrateful." "Nay, say not so, old man," we replied; "mayhap he has not solicited their aid. It were sad indeed to think——" "Solicit!" he again repeated, interrupting me; "no, he could never do that—the peculiarity of his relations with the dead forbade it. But friend," he added, "true gratitude never waits for time, nor place, nor man to call forth its expression."

Pardon us dear reader for this digression. Perhaps it is out of place, but for the life of us we couldn't help making it.

Father Brennan had but little more than commenced to read his office, when the parlor door opened and a servant announced a visitor. Presently our old acquaintance Dr. Horseman entered, and the priest instantly laid his breviary on the table and rose to receive him.

"Doctor Horseman!" he exclaimed; "this is very kind. I'm very much pleased to see you—pray be seated."

"Sir, I thank you," replied Horseman. "I merely called to return this volume of Bailly's *Theology*, and to thank you for your hospitality before I leave."

"Ah! then I see you are still angry with me, Doctor," said the priest deprecatingly, and indeed perhaps not without some show of reason, for I may in a moment of irritation have said more than was becoming in the presence of strangers, still we must not indulge resentment, you know."

"More than was becoming," repeated the Doctor. "Why, sir, you said what was both offensive and unjust,"

"Perhaps so. If I did I sincerely regret it."

"But, sir, your regret is not enough. In justice to me you are bound to retract the charges you made against me in presence of the parties before whom you made them."

"That I shall, sir, most willingly. Whatever those parties may think unjustifiable in the language I used that night, I am ready to retract and apologise for at



any moment. But Doctor you must not forget either that I had some provocation."

"Nothing, sir, should provoke you to speak of my private character in such a place," retorted the Doctor, laying his hat on the table and running his thumbs into the arm-holes of his vest—"nothing, sir."

"You have no private character, Dr. Horseman, that I know of, but your domestic, and that I always understood to be most amiable and exemplary. A public man like you, who lectures in every state in the Union, makes speeches at public dinners almost every week of the year, can have no private character but the one already mentioned."

"Humph!" ejaculated the Doctor—"and so because a man chooses to give public lectures and make after-dinner speeches, he can have no private character: why, sir, that's simply nonsense."

"Listen to me, Doctor, and let us reason a little on the subject. You are a public man in the largest sense of that term. A lecturer by profession, you are at the same time the acknowledged lay champion of Catholicity in the United States. You have therefore facilities for good or evil which no other layman has in that country; now can you for a moment expect that what you say on certain exciting subjects, in that your semi-public capacity, at dinner parties and social gatherings, in reading rooms and libraries, ought to be passed over, because you did not write it in your Review or proclaim it on the platform?"

"No sir; but I expect and have a right to expect, that if censured or rebuked, it should be on the spot where the offence has been committed."

"What! by your own friends and followers! eh? or by some dissenter, who, all alone perhaps in such company, would soon be cried down or hustled out. Oh no, you couldn't possibly expect that, Doctor Horseman: but let us reason again on the matter. How is it that politicians are held responsible for their views of public affairs, spoken to a group of listeners on the corner of a street, or at a supper table to half dozen friends? Are not they held responsible, and their views and opinions quoted for or against them at election times, without the slightest hesitation or the least thought of infringing on the privileges of private life? Why then should you expect to meet with greater courtesy than they? You are a public man, sir, and should have prepared yourself to bear the penalties of public life. Why, sir, the idea is monstrous," continued the priest—"because a man like you, distinguished all the world over, happens to be careful enough in his public speeches and published writings to say nothing reprehensible, he may organize parties, forsooth, and form clubs, and foster antipathies, and aggravate dissensions, as much as he pleases, and that too with all the advantages for evil which his fame and position may give him. I repeat it, sir, such an idea is monstrous."

"Well—but what does all this mean—or is it intended to apply to me?" demanded the Doctor, raising his spectacles and looking full at the priest.

"No, not to its full extent—certainly not. I'm merely contending for a principle which your friends refuse to admit, and therefore place you in a wrong position. And yet, Doctor, I cannot hide from you my conviction either that you have done some harm in that way."

"Humph! how's that?"

"You have estranged hearts which I fear it will be hard again to reconcile."

"What! I!"

"Yes, sir, it's a melancholy fact. Before you resigned the presidency or management of the naturalization society, neither antipathies or dissensions were heard



of amongst the class of men with whom I chiefly spent my time whilst sojourning in the States, and sure I am that, judging from the reports we hear every day, it is not so now. Jealousies, heart-burnings, petty dissensions and petty quarrels about preference and precedence, and such like, are of late frequently heard of."

"And you conclude on these negative grounds that I have been the cause of all this trouble?"

"You have contributed your share."

"Mr. Brennan, you do me injustice," replied the Doctor; "and you do it because, like your countrymen, you're blind to their faults. One of the greatest of these, let me tell you, is their ridiculous pretension. According to them there's no man in the world so good as an Irishman, no priest so good as an Irish priest, no doctor so good as an Irish doctor: down even to the cats and dogs, there's none to be compared to the Irish. Now this to be sure is ridiculous, but besides being ridiculous, it's sometimes provoking, too. We Yankees, cool and quiet as we generally keep, have a dash of human nature in us, you must know, like other people."

"You are perfectly right, Doctor, with respect to Irish pretension in the States. There is unfortunately a great deal too much of it to be met with there—and at home, too, if I should say so."

"It's a national vice, sir."

"Be it so. You'll admit though it's not a very dangerous one. And surely one might expect that such men as you, with all your wisdom and influence, would endeavor to correct it by gentle means, instead of taking up arms to battle with it."

"Certainly, and we have tried every gentle means possible, and have failed in every instance."

"Well, and where's the harm. Suppose the Irish in the United States do brag of their Brian Boiromes, and their Tara Halls, and their Fontenoyes, and their priests and race, and all that, what harm or injury can it do you? Or can you expect that immigrants of any country in the world can forget the land of their birth the moment their feet touch American soil?"

"If they adopt America as their future home," replied the Doctor, "they should try at least to love it."

"And where's the inducement to love it? Is its scorn and contempt of every thing Irish an inducement? Is its proscription of foreigners, its hostility to their religion, its proselytisms of their children, an inducement? Ah, Doctor, you surely cannot think us so mean as that. You surely cannot expect the Irish of America, poor as they are, and ignorant as you regard them, to crouch like spaniels under the lash, and then lick the hands of their master for their morsel of bread. I know they have their faults, and what people have them not? I know they have many faults, and God knows how often and how bitterly I deplore them. But still, Doctor, I can't help thinking they have been 'more sinned against than sinning.' I know they have national vices, which, in a young and prosperous country like yours, are less tolerable than in older nations, but these vices are not incurable, a little forbearance and condescension would, in my opinion, go a great way to correct them. Besides you look for too much from the Irish, and you make no allowance whatever. After three centuries of oppression and poverty, you expect them to come out here with all the personal advantages which wealth, freedom and property have conferred upon yourselves —"



Here the conversation was suddenly interrupted by a loud knock on the hall door, and presently a policeman entered to inquire for Doctor Horseman.

"What's the matter?" demanded the Doctor, stepping to the parlor door, and drawing down his gold spectacles from his forehead.

"Doctor Horseman, I presume?" said the policeman.

"Yes."

"Augustus W. Horseman?"

"Yes—that's my name."

"A summons, sir, from Captain Petersham."

"A summons!" repeated the Doctor, looking at the paper which the messenger handed him and then withdrew. "Humph! what may this mean—'to give such testimony as shall be demanded of you in the case of Edward Lee against Talbot for theft.' What the mischief!—why how is this, sir? Summoned to the petit sessions to give testimony in a case of theft! Is this meant for another insult?"

"By no means, Doctor; Captain Petersham is incapable of such a thing. But let me see. Who is this Lee—Lee—there's no Lee that I know of in the parish but Mr. Lee of the light-house. And yet I can't conceive—have you visited at the light-house?"

"Not I, sir; I don't know the man at all."

"It's very strange. I shall accompany you to the court-house, however, if you desire it, and see what it means." So saying, the priest took his hat and cane and set out for Romakill, accompanied by Horseman, ejaculating his astonishment as he went, and wondering what testimony he could be expected to give in the matter.

*To be continued.*

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### *LINES.*

Do sorrows bow thy spirit down,  
And anguish fill thy breast?  
Dost thou behold earth's gathering frown,  
Is thy poor heart oppressed?

Has health declined? Art thou bereft  
Of all that earth holds dear;  
And dost thou feel no friend is left  
With thee to drop a tear?

However dark, however sad,  
Thy path looks on before,  
Do not despair, still hope, be glad,  
There's comfort yet in store.

To Jesus go; he waits to bless;  
With all thy burdens go;  
Whatever may thy heart oppress,  
He will his pity show.

He is a sympathizing friend,  
He feels for others' woes,  
And he will his with power defend,  
Whatever may oppose.

O do not then distrustful be,  
Ask, and it shall be given;  
His promises are sure to thee  
Though earth should fail, and heaven.



## Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

**THE DIGNITY OF MAN.**—God created the world for man, and man for himself. He endowed him with sentiment and reason, to enable him to soar towards his Creator, admire his works, and render him thanks. He created him to his image and likeness, by giving him an incorporeal soul, immortal, endowed with will, understanding, and freedom, capable of wisdom, virtue, and grace, and destined to beatitude, that is, to see and possess God: in a word, man is the image of God, in that sense, that he has received from him the attributes of an intelligent creature. This image, this likeness is so inherent in man's nature, that he cannot lose it without losing his very being. It may be obscured and tarnished by sin, but cannot be effaced or destroyed. Man's body even has something grand and extraordinary. His face is made to look to the heavens, while other animals are bowed to the earth. He has two hands, the prime instruments of his reason and liberty. In his countenance, in his eyes especially, shines forth a reflex of the soul.

*Writings of St. Augustine.*

**TRADITIONS AMONG THE PAGAN NATIONS CONCERNING THE FALL OF MAN AND THE BIRTH OF THE MESSIAH.**—The Persians believed that the genius of evil, *Ahriman*, seduced our first parents under the form of a serpent; and they gave the name of *Athels* to the solitary tree preserved amid the ruins of Babylon. The Thebetans say that the knowledge of their nakedness was revealed by their tasting of the Schime, which is as sweet and white as sugar. The Tartars attribute our fall to a plant of exquisite sweetness. The account of the woman seduced at the foot of the tree and that of God's wrath, were traditional among the Iroquois. The Brahmins give a wonderful account of their *Chorcem*, or paradise, in which grew a tree that would have given man immortality had he been permitted to eat of it. They also believe that a God-man was born of a virgin, by divine operation; hence the incarnation of their Juggernaut and the birth of Krishna in a grotto, where he was adored by shepherds and angels. The Lamas have their Buddha, born of the virgin *Maha-Mahat*.

Sommono-Khodom, legislator and god of Siam, is the son of a virgin who conceived by the rays of the sun. Sao-Tseu, they say, became incarnate in the womb of a virgin, compared to jasper for her wondrous beauty. In Paraguay a woman of surpassing beauty becomes a mother, yet remains a virgin; and her son after performing numberless miracles, is carried to heaven in the presence of his disciples, and is transformed into the sun. In Thibet, Japan, and in some other parts of India, the god *Fo* became incarnate in the womb of the nymph Slamoghiuprul, espoused to a king, the fairest and loveliest of women. In China, *Shing-Mu*, the most popular goddess, conceived by the touch of a water lily, and her son became illustrious and wrought many miracles. *Dogo* has a dream and a vision in Babylon: a heavenly light illumines her countenance while she slept, and renders her as beautiful as a star. *Zerdusht*, or *Zoroaster*, the celebrated poet of the Magi, is the fruit of this vision: he was saved by his mother, when the tyrant Nembrat put to death all the married women of his kingdom, because his astrologers had foretold that a child was about to be born which would overthrow the gods and his throne. Among the Egyptians, the zodiacal Isis is a virgin mother.

IN New Haven the Medical College is on the road to the cemetery; the Divinity College on the road to the poor house; and the Law School on the road to the jail.

"WHY don't you hold your head up in the world as I do?" asked a haughty lawyer of a sterling old farmer. "Squire," said the farmer, "see that field of grain; the well-filled heads hang down, while those only that are empty stand upright."



**THE FABLE OF THE AGE OF GOLD.**—To the happy abode of our first parents in the earthly paradise, must be attributed the origin of the beautiful fable of the *Golden Age*, which Ovid thus describes:

"Aurea prima sata est ætas, quæ vindice nullo,  
Sponte suâ, sine lege, fidem rectemque colebat.  
Poena metusque aberant: nec verba minacia fixo,  
Aere legabantur; nec supplex turba timebant  
Judicis ora sui; sed erant sine judice tuti."

And which Dryden has thus rendered into English:

"The golden age was first when man yet new,  
No rule but uncorrupted nature knew,  
And with a native bent did good pursue:  
Unforced by punishment, unawed by fear,  
His words were simple and his soul sincere.  
Needless was written law where none oppress;  
The law of man was written in his breast.  
No suppliant crowds before the Judge appeared;  
No court erected yet, nor cause was heard:  
But all was safe, for conscience was the guard."

**ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE TEMPTED.**—We read in the life of St. Philip that in the monastery of Santa Mariæ, a nun named Scholastica Cjazzi, went to speak to him at the grate, and to lay open to him a thought she had never mentioned to any one else, which was a conviction that she should be damned. As soon as St. Philip saw her, he said to her, "What are you doing, Scholastica—what are you doing? Paradise is yours." "Nay, Father," replied the nun, "I fear the contrary will be the case: I feel as though I should be damned." "No," answered the saint; "I tell you that Paradise is yours, and I will prove it to you: tell me for whom did Christ die?" "For sinners," said she. "Well," said Philip, "and what are you?" "A sinner," replied the sister. "Then," concluded the saint, "Paradise is yours; yours because you repent of your sins." This conclusion restored peace to sister Scholastica's mind. The temptation left her, and never troubled her again; but, on the contrary, the words "Paradise is yours," seemed always sounding in her ears. Gentle reader, may St. Philip do the same for you and yours! Now, here is no answer to our temptation; but here is another side to it. Let us pray for the gift of holy and discerning fear. Then let us go on joyously, adding grace to grace, and love to love, and doubt not of our eternity. Heaven will come soon. The temptation is to be impatient, because it does not come sooner. Yet as God wills. It shall be our act of love to him that we wait where we are, and for his sake be content to live. Life is a hardship, but not a very grievous one, for it does not hinder our loving God; and short of that, all griefs can be but light.

*Dr. Faber.*

**LAFAYETTE.**—In the "Life of Washington," by Washington Irving, we find the following interesting statement in relation to Lafayette:

"During his encampment in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, Washington was repeatedly at that city, making himself acquainted with the military capabilities of the place and its surrounding country, and directing the construction of fortifications on the river. In one of these visits he became acquainted with the young Marquis de Lafayette, who had recently arrived from France, in company with a number of French, Polish and German officers, among whom was the Baron de Kalb. The Marquis was not quite twenty years of age, yet had already been married nearly three years to a lady of rank and fortune. Full of the romance of liberty, he had torn himself from his youthful bride, turned his back upon the gayeties and splendors of a court, and in defiance of impediments and difficulties multiplied in his path, had made his way to America to join its hazardous fortunes.

"He sent in his letters of recommendation to Mr. Lovell, chairman of the committee of foreign affairs, and applied the next day at the door of congress to know his success. Mr. Lovell came, in fact, was embarrassed by the number of foreign applications, many without merit. Lafayette immediately sent in the following note: 'After my



sacrifices, I have the right to ask two favors; one is to serve at my own expense; the other, to commence by serving as a volunteer.'

"This simple appeal had its effect; it called attention to his peculiar case, and congress resolved on the 31st of July, that in consideration of his zeal, his illustrious family and connections, he should have the rank of major general in the army of the United States.

"It was at a public dinner, where a number of members of congress were present, that Lafayette first saw Washington. He immediately knew him, he said, from the officers who surrounded him, by his commanding air and person. When the party was breaking up, Washington took him aside, complimented him in a gracious manner on his disinterested zeal and the generosity of his conduct, and invited him to make headquarters his home. 'I cannot promise you the luxuries of a court,' said he, 'but as you have become an American soldier, you will doubtless accommodate yourself to the fare of an American army.'"

**THE FOLLY OF DUELLING.**—Mr. Sabine's work on duels and duelling is a very interesting volume. The folly of thus sacrificing life is exemplified, while it is curious to note what trivial causes have induced men to settle their difficulties in the field. Mons. Isidore and Mons. Alphonse had a meeting in France in 1854. They were both the admirers of the same lady. Invited to her house with a large company, they were thrown by accident into immediate contact, in the circle which surrounded the object of their devotion, who *appeared* to favor Alphonse. Isidore became irritated, and selected a card from a vase on a table, and, with evident affectation, commenced crushing it in his hands. Alphonse saw that the card was his own, and readily understood the act. Directly the eyes of the rivals met, when Isidore threw the card into the fire. Alphonse approached and whispered, "I fear, monsieur, you did not read my address on my card,—here's another: at what time to-morrow shall I have the honor of seeing two of your friends with two of mine?" "Ten o'clock," was the response. They met the next day in the fosse of the fortification near Vincennes, with swords. Isidore was wounded in the shoulder.

Lamartine while Secretary to the French Legation at Florence, in a poem written in imitation of Byron's *Childs Harold*, indulged, in conclusion, in an eloquent tirade upon the degradation of Italy. Colonel Pepe, a Neapolitan officer, took offence, and in the name of his country "demanded satisfaction." The poet and the soldier met, the former was dangerously wounded: before his recovery was complete, he generously interceded with the Grand Duke in behalf of his adversary.

A very singular duel took place in England in 1803, between Colonel Montgomery and Captain Macnamara. The former was colonel of the ninth regiment, British army; the latter, a captain in the British navy. This volume contains no case which better illustrates the sin and folly of duelling. The two gentlemen were riding in Hyde Park, accompanied by their dogs. The animals quarrelled; and the testimony before the coroner's inquest was, that the colonel was requested by the captain to call his dog off, which he declined to do, and that the following conversation ensued:

*Montgomery.*—If your dog hurts mine, I'll knock him down.

*Macnamara.*—Sir, if you knock my dog down, you must knock me down also.

*Montgomery.*—Why did you not dismount and take your dog away?

*Macnamara.*—I am an officer in his Majesty's navy, and unaccustomed to such arrogant language.

*Montgomery.*—Sir, if you conceive yourself injured, you know where I live: you ought to take care of your dog.

*Macnamara.*—I shall do that without your permission.

Colonel Montgomery, as he uttered the last words, gave Macnamara his card of address. Arrangements for a duel to adjust the dispute, were immediate. They met in two hours, and both rode to the ground selected with great speed, each striving to arrive there first. They fought with pistols, at twelve paces. Captain Barry, of the navy, acted as the friend of Macnamara; Sir William Kier as the second of Montgomery. It was agreed that the principals should fire together. They did so, and both were wounded. Montgomery fell without uttering a word: rolled over two or



three times, and groaned; was carried to a neighboring house, and expired in a few minutes.

Montgomery had served in Holland, Egypt and Malta, with distinguished reputation; he was thought to be one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and was a great favorite with the Prince of Wales (George IV), and the Duke of York. He was but twenty-eight years of age.

Macnamara, equally distinguished, had fought several naval battles; was also young, and about to be married to a lady with a fortune of ten thousand pounds. As soon as his wound would admit, he was tried at the Old Bailey for manslaughter and acquitted.

A duel was fought in New York in 1804 between Capt. Thompson, Harbor Master of New York, and William Coleman, editor of the *Evening Post*. It was fought in University Place. Thompson was a democrat, Coleman a leader of the federal party. After the bloodless termination of the difficulty between them, the editor of the *American Citizen* newspaper said, among other things, that "Coleman would not fight;" that "if slapped on one side of the face, he would turn the other," &c. A second challenge from Coleman followed. The parties met at night, in winter, and fought in cold and snow; and, before the combat was closed, were compelled to shorten the distance, in order to see one another.

The number of shots exchanged is uncertain. At last, Thompson was heard to cry, "I've got it!" and fell mortally wounded. The seconds, and the other principals, immediately retired. The surgeon approached, made a hasty examination of Thompson's injury, pronounced it fatal, and exacted a promise; that the names of the parties engaged in the affair should not be divulged by the dying man, who was then conveyed to his lodgings. Thompson kept his word; said he came to his end "fairly;" and years elapsed before the particulars obtained general publicity.

Alluding to the trivial causes of duels, Mr. Sabine says: a French knight cried aloud that his mistress was more beautiful than any English woman, and was slain by an Englishman, for the speech:—two French nobles could not agree whether a certain letter on some embroidery was an X, or a Y, and so got up a duel of six against six, to determine their difference:—one marquis owed another marquis the sum of fifteen shillings, and settled the score with his sword:—a royal duke, curious to see the features of a lady at a masked ball, lifted the disguise from the fair one's face, and atoned for the act by a combat with another royal duke:—a member of Parliament was called a *Jacobite*, and lost his life "in satisfaction" for the affront:—a nobleman addressed an intimate friend by a nickname, as he had done for years, gave offence, was called out and slain.

**SHAVING BY THE ACRE.**—It is said that a gentleman residing in one of the large towns of England, whose face rather exceeded the ordinary dimensions, was waited on by a barber every day for twenty-one years, without coming to a settlement. The barber, thinking it "about time to settle," presented his bill, in which he charged a penny a-day—amounting in all to thirty-one pounds eighteen shillings nine pence. The gentleman, supposing too much charged, refused to pay the amount; but agreed to a proposal of the barber, to pay at the rate of two hundred pounds an acre. The premises were accordingly measured, and the result was, that the shaving bill was increased to seventy-eight pounds eight shillings eight pence.

#### THE PEN AND THE PRESS—

"The PEN and the PRESS, bless'd alliance! combined  
To soften the heart and lighten the mind;  
For that to the treasures of knowledge gave birth,  
And *this* sent them forth to the ends of the earth;  
Their battles for truth were triumphant, indeed,  
And the rod of the tyrant was snapped like a reed.  
They were made to exalt us, to teach us to bless  
Those invincible brothers—the PEN and the PRESS."



**"You Know."**—Many persons are in the habit of repeating the expressions "you know" and "says he," whenever they are relating a narrative or stating any occurrence, without considering how exceedingly annoying these phrases are to their hearers. Let such read the following lines, and judge of the impropriety of these verbal extracts:

At midnight in his guarded tent—you know,  
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour—you know,  
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent—you know,  
Should tremble at his power—you know.

Strike till the last armed foe expires—says he,  
Strike for your altars and your fires—says he,  
Strike for the green graves of your sires—says he,  
God and our native land—says he.

**Books.**—"Books," said Dryden, "are spectacles with which to read nature. They teach us to understand and feel what we see, to decipher and syllable the hieroglyphics of the senses."

Books are an essential element of our social economy. The best minds of every age are trained by

"Those dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule  
Our spirits from their urns."

From books we receive most of our culture; and by them are disciplined in youth, stimulated in manhood, and solaced in age. "When I am reading a book," said Swift, "whether wise or silly, it seems to me to be alive and talking to me." Such is the feeling of every student who appreciates the author as he reads. There are those who desire a book as a living companion of the mind; and to such a good work is society in loneliness—a balm in trouble—a friend to the friendless—wealth to the poor, and moreover, can keep the mind in action, though the body languishes. It was Cato who went to play when he was elected to the consulship, but the evening before he died, he read.

A book has been curiously defined "brain preserved in ink," and when there is plenty of the fruit, it is a conserve to tempt the most capricious palate. Mind lives by mind as it has been developed and preserved; and man, by this medium, has shown himself in action like an angel, in words a god. Take this from him and he is nothing.

In books we have friends for every mood—comforters for every sorrow; a glorious company of immortals, scattering their sweet influences on the worn and beaten paths of our daily life. Shapes 'that haunt thought's wilderness,' are around us, in toil, and suffering, and joy; mitigating labor, soothing care, giving a keener relish to delight; touching the heroic string in our nature with a noble sentiment; kindling our hearts, lifting our imaginations, and hovering alike over the couch of health and the sick pillow, to bless, and cheer, and animate, and console.

**GOOD ADVICE TO APPRENTICES.**—When serving your apprenticeship, you will have time and opportunity to stock your mind with useful information. The only way for a young man to prepare himself for usefulness, is to devote himself to study during his leisure hours.

First, be industrious in your business—be frugal, be economical—never complain that you are obliged to work; go to it with alacrity and cheerfulness, and it will become a habit which will make you respected and beloved by master or employer; make it your business to see to and promote his interest; by taking care of his, you will learn to take care of your own.

Young men at the present day are too fond of getting rid of work. They seek for easy and lazy employments, and frequently turn out poor miserable vagabonds. You must avoid all wishes to live without labor; labor is a blessing instead of a curse; it makes your food, clothing, and every other thing necessary, and frees you from temptation to be dishonest.



**MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER.**—A tablet made from the main body of a tree was called *codex* or *caudex*. Scipio Maffei distinguishes square and round books by the terms *codex* and *liber* respectively. It is doubtful whether barks or stones were first written on; although the Decalogue, the first writing of which we have any authentic account, was on the latter. The leaves of plants were long used for writing on—chiefly those of the palm, papyrus, tiles, etc. Leather and goat-skins were used by the Egyptians. Plates of copper and lead were also used in the east. According to Josephus, the children of Seth wrote their inventions in astronomy on stone pillars. Hesiod's works were first written on tables of lead—Solon's laws on wooden planks. The wood was sometimes covered with wax, so that the writing could be easily effaced. Pliny thinks that writing on lead succeeded that on bark.

The term "volume" is from *volvo*, to roll, the earlier manuscripts being in the form of a scroll or roll.

The Chinese manufacture paper of linen, the fibres of the young bamboo—of the mulberry, the envelope of the silk-worm—of a native tree called *chu* or *ke-chu*—but especially of cotton. They were in possession of the art long before it was known in Europe; and, as Mecca was a sort of depot for the products of China, it is by some very reasonably supposed that the paper was brought from that country. Whatever might have been its origin, the art was undoubtedly employed and improved by the Arabs, who, in their career of conquest, carried it into Spain, about the beginning of the tenth century. Other accounts ascribe the invention of cotton paper to Greece; indeed, not only its origin, but the various improvements in its manufacture, and the different substitutions of new materials, have long been the subject of controversy.

Cotton paper was called *charta bombycina*; it was very white and strong, but not equal to that in which linen is a constituent.

With regard to linen paper, authorities differ widely. By some accounts, its manufacture was not introduced into Europe until the latter part of the fifteenth century, a mill having been in 1490 established at Nuremberg. In 1466, however, the republic of Venice granted a patent to the town of Treviso for the exclusive manufacture of linen paper; and it is also stated that the Arabs, when in Spain, on account of the scarcity of cotton, and the abundance of flax and hemp, substituted the latter material in its preparation. Their first manufactories were at Xativa, now San Felipe.

Forty years ago, three men, by handwork, could scarcely manufacture four thousand small sheets of paper a day, while now they can produce sixty thousand in the same time. It has been calculated that if the paper produced yearly could be put together, the sheet would encircle the world.

Nowhere is paper so much used as in the United States. In France, with thirty-five millions of inhabitants, only seventy thousand tons are produced yearly, of which one-seventh is for exportation. In England, with twenty-eight millions of inhabitants, sixty-six thousand tons are produced; while in this country the amount is nearly as great as in France and England together.

**THE PRESS.**—" Mightiest of the mighty means  
On which the arm of progress leans—  
Man's noblest mission to advance,  
His woes assuage, his weal enhance,  
His rights enforce, his wrongs redress—  
Mightiest of the mighty is the Press !—*Bowring.*

No man can leave a better legacy to the world than a well-educated and virtuous family.

The smallest children are nearest God, as the smallest plants are nearest the earth.



## Review of Current Literature.

1. **AILEY MOORE:** a tale of the Times; showing how evictions, murders and such like pastimes are managed, and how justice is administered in Ireland; by *Father Baptist*. London: C. Dolman. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We give the title of this book in full, because it exhibits in stronger and clearer language than we could possibly use, the scope and tendency of the work. The work has been lately issued from the press of Mr. Dolman, London, and has already a deserved popularity. The object of the author has been to picture the social and religious condition of Ireland as it exists at present and as it has been for some years past. We are not aware that any writer of fiction has heretofore approached this subject. It is one, nevertheless, of interest and importance. The sufferings endured by the Irish people have been enough to engender in the most patient and loyal, feelings of hate and envy. The rulers, trusting to their power, have often been hurried to acts of violence and injustice, spurred on by hostility and religious fanaticism. A war against peace and order, little known to the public, is thus constantly kept up. To expose these evils, is the chief design of the book.

To say that the work is interesting, is but to give an imperfect idea of its real merits. It is more than interesting. It is a drama of real life, abounding with instances of simple but natural pathos, that go to the heart of the reader. The author is one of the most energetic and zealous of the Irish clergy. His position qualified him for the task, and his experience afforded him ample materials for the work. From a lengthy review of the work in a late number of the *Dublin Tablet*, we subjoin the following:

"Father Baptist has given us here scenes from Irish life and pictures of the Irish poor which equal the best that have as yet been painted. The book is pervaded by Catholicity, but Catholicity without either preaching or cant. The author keeps in his place, and allows the actors and the incidents to work without obtruding himself upon the stage. There is good store of the best morality inculcated; there are political views imparted; there are even controversial topics broached; but these all spring naturally from the course of events, and are not thrust into the page to provoke the more languid reader either to sleep or to lay down the book. Incident is plentiful, for we have evictions, proselytising parsons and apostates, ribbonmen and murder, subornation to murder and perjury, an innocent man tried for his life, and the guilt of his enemies exposed and punished, famine and death by starvation, love, marriage, abduction, and demoniacal obsession. Yet the style is simple and natural, and the narrative unpretending. There is deep pathos—there is rich comic humor—there is fearful energy, but there is no ghastly brooding over horrors for the sake of inspiring horrors—no turgid declamation—no mock sentimentalism—no nauseous whining—no mere sound and fury. No where is the artist's skill evinced in a more masterly manner than in the preservation of the modesty of nature, in the avoidance of the wild, the exaggerated, and the excessive, either in tone or language."

2. **THE BELLEAGUERED HEARTH:** a Novel. London: Charles Dolman. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is another work lately issued from the English press. Unlike most works of its kind, it makes its appearance before the literary world without a preface, table of contents, or any thing else to indicate its object or give a clue to the design of the author. To arrive at anything like a correct idea of the moral intended to be conveyed by the tale, it is necessary to read nearly four hundred pages of a duodecimo volume: a task which we confess we have not been able to accomplish. We have, however, read sufficient to convince ourselves that the book is thoroughly Catholic; entering deeply into explanations of Catholic doctrine and the services of the Catholic Church. The scene is laid in Italy, and the author avails himself of the charms of that lovely country to give additional interest to the book. We take pleasure in commending the work to those who desire a book that combines entertainment with instruction.



3. **POST-BIBLICAL HISTORY OF THE JEWS.** By *Morris Raphael*. Philadelphia: Moss & Bro. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

After a careful perusal of this work, we have failed to discover in it any thing that invites special attention. Whatever it contains of novelty is little interesting to the Christian reader, excepting some details with regard to the prosperous condition of the dispersed Jews before the Christian era. But the all-important question to the Jew in these days of infidelity and irreligion, namely, the authenticity of his sacred records, is passed over in silence. The author has also carefully abstained from noticing the Christian religion, or defending the religious position which the followers of the Mosaic law have maintained since the promulgation of Christianity. No doubt in this he was influenced by a kind motive, that of not giving offence, but the omission has left a void in the work and seriously disappoints the general reader. The work has reference mainly to the past political glory of the Jewish people, but is in reality a new monument to their spiritual death.

4. **A NEW CHAPTER IN THE EARLY LIFE OF WASHINGTON**, in connection with the History of the Potomac Company; by *John Pickell*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This work gives us some interesting details of the early life and labors of the illustrious Washington, but the chief object of the author is to show that the welfare and prosperity of his country was first in the thoughts of that great man, from early manhood to the latest period of his life. Scarcely had he sought the shades of Mount Vernon, after having achieved the independence of the nation, than he entered into an extensive correspondence with leading men of the country on the subject of internal improvement. This correspondence shows that he felt more than ordinary solicitude in relation to the subject of internal communication, not only for the advancement of commerce, but as a means of strengthening the bonds of the union. The result of the interest he took in this subject, was the establishment of the "Potomac Company," of which he was the first president. The history of this company, which is given in the book, and the many letters from distinguished men of former days, on the subject of internal improvement, give special interest and importance to the work.

5. **HERTHA.** By *Fredrika Bremer*. Translated by *Mary Howitt*. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.

The fair authoress has presented us in this volume some very pretty writing, but the moral conveyed by the checkered life of Hertha is not such as we can admire. It does not exhibit those pure and elevated sentiments of virtue which should always form the basis of works of fiction, and without which they become dangerous and pernicious.

6. **SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.** By *Frank Moore*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This volume contains a selection of the various productions in verse that appeared during our revolutionary contest. They were originally published in the newspapers of that period, or circulated in ballad sheets; they were read and sung by the soldiers in the camp and by the aged and young at home, and served in no small degree to keep alive the spirit of patriotism and love of liberty.

Few of them can lay claim to the distinction of poetry. Their authors did not write for fame; but, in the language of one of the most homely, "from a great desire to state the truth and their opinion of it in a quiet way, they just set their poetical lathes a-turning, and twisted out ballads and songs for the good of the common cause." Linked as they are with the most important period of our history, their perusal must prove interesting, especially to the American reader.

7. **POEMS.** By *Richard Chenevix Trench*. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We are told in the preface of this book, by way of commendation, that the author is not only a poet but also a *divine*, and modestly reminded that he is at the head of the



"religious poets" of the day. We will not dispute Mr. Trench's claim to these eminent distinctions, but we must confess that after a careful examination we have failed to discover anything of extraordinary merit in the work before us. It lacks, in general, that sweetness of measure, that elevation of thought and expression which we are accustomed to admire in great poets.

In saying this, however, we are far from condemning the work; on the contrary, it contains many pieces of special merit, and on the whole we take pleasure in recommending it to the lovers of song.

**8. APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE.** New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This book contains the time-tables, fares, connections and distances on all the railways of the United States and the Canadas; also the connecting lines of railways, steamboats and stages. Each of the principal roads is fully delineated and illustrated by a map, exhibiting the stations, distances between stations, connecting roads, and other topographical matter useful and interesting to the traveler. It also gives the daily sailings of all the steamboats to and from every port throughout the United States. It is accompanied by a complete guide to the principal hotels, giving their locations, proprietors, terms, &c.; with a large variety of general and local information. The book must prove a valuable and useful companion to the traveler.

**9. HISTORY OF IMMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES.** By Wm. J. Bromwell. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

From a cursory glance at this work, we are inclined to entertain towards it a favorable opinion. It exhibits in a short compass the number, age, sex, occupation and country of the immigrants from the year 1819 to the close of the year 1855. It is compiled from official data, and contains a very clear and satisfactory review of the progress and extent of immigration to the United States prior to the year 1819, with an appendix showing the naturalization and passenger laws, and extracts from laws in the several states relative to immigration.

As to the question of the good or bad effect resulting to this country from immigration, the author carefully avoids entering into any speculations, and disclaims all intention of forcing on the reader his own views: he has confined himself to facts, and leaves to the "enlightened people of the United States to arrive at just conclusions from the premises presented." The work will be found exceedingly useful in the department to which it relates.

**10. LIFE AND SKETCHES FROM COMMON PATHS: a series of American tales.** By Mrs. Julia M. Dumont. New York: Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The preface to this book thoroughly disarms criticism. It is the production of a mother: a series of tales intended to inculcate various moral truths on the minds of her children, written expressly for them. Death, however, has taken most of them away from her lessons, the duties of life have called away the two who remain alive, and the sad mother gives it to the world. Though she has laid her own precious ones away from the strife of life, and is now able to turn in calmness and hope from their "clustered graves," she retains a woman's yearning over the children of other mothers, and would fain give them the benefit of her toil for her own beloved ones. Under these circumstances, if we had a word of condemnation to utter, our heart would fail us and the rising censure would die upon our lips. In glancing over the book, however, we find nothing to complain of, and we wish the bereaved mother the most complete success.

**11. LIFE AND TIMES OF CARDINAL XIMENES.** By Professor Hefelé.

We have received a copy of this valuable work, in French, too late for a suitable notice in the present number of the Metropolitan, but we are informed by Messrs. Murphy & Co. that they will soon issue an English translation, which will be a most acceptable addition to every Catholic library. From what we have seen of the work, we take pleasure in bespeaking for it a cordial reception not only among intelligent Catholics, but also among all liberal-minded men of letters who can appreciate true greatness, and who desire a close acquaintance with men and things of a period of time unsurpassed in historical interest.



## Editors' Table.

DEATH! How sad, but how salutary the thoughts awakened by the single word! Life is a passing drama; man is the actor in the scene; the after part is death! No matter how varied the incidents that checker his career, how exalted his station, how vast his talents, how boundless his wealth, man hears, often with an unwilling ear, the inevitable decree recorded against his race,—*Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return!* Daily do we see the fulfillment of this decree; daily do we see the sombre hearse conveying to their final resting place the remains of some of the short-lived race of Adam. Death is the doom of all,—certain and irrevocable; though the moment of its approach we know not, or where it will meet us:

“Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-wind’s breath,  
And stars to set—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!

Day is for mortal care,  
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,  
Night for dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer,  
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,  
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song and wine,  
There comes a day of grief’s o’erwhelming power,  
A time for softer tears,—but all for thee.

Youth and the opening rose,  
May look like things too glorious for decay,  
And smile at thee,—but thou art not of those  
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

We know when moons shall wane,  
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,  
When autumn’s hue shall tinge the golden grain;  
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring’s first gale  
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?  
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?  
They have one season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,  
Thou art where music melts upon the air;  
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,  
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,  
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest,—  
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend  
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-wind’s breath,  
And stars to set—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!”

Yes, truly, “Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!” Be it ours to be prepared for thy coming.

“Pardon me, Mr. O’Moore, for interrupting your soliloquy,” said Father Carroll, entering the sanctum.

“No apology is necessary; it is good by times to hold communion with the grim monarch of the tomb; to familiarize one’s self with the dread ordeal through which we are all to pass.”



"Well, as we are somewhat behind our time, let us proceed at once to business, leaving our readers to make the best meditation they can on what has been written and sung by our friend, O'Moore," observed Father Carroll, drawing a chair to the table.

"Your promised critique on *Maud*, Mr. O'Moore?"

"It's at your disposal," replied the latter, as he drew forth a lengthy document, which was read as follows:

MAUD AND OTHER POEMS: by *Alfred Tennyson*, D. C. L., Poet Laureate.

The announcement of a new poem by the English laureate, naturally enough produced a sensation among the reading public. An author of brilliant abilities, blessed with a delicate musical ear and with a fine eye for the minute beauties of nature and of art, he had won for himself a very enviable fame. He was greatly admired both in England and the United States, though many critics complained that he was very unequal; at times, rising to great excellences of conception and expression, but often unfortunately sinking into bathos. His last production, "In Memoriam," had been favorably received, in spite of its endless repetition of the same ideas and the dreary monotony of its melody. It was, in truth, a mistake. The laureate over-estimated the patience of the public, and the consequence is that though praised at first, this collection of elegies is passing quietly into oblivion. An adagio in a minor key, when well done, is a very fine thing, but nobody wants it protracted through an entire opera.

This very fact of failure in elegiac poetry increased the interest with which the admirers of "Godiva," and "Locksly Hall," and the "Lotus Eaters," looked for the heralded volume. They expected some of the old delicacy of fancy and melody of verse. Alas! for the vanity of human hopes! We have a rugged gallop of rough-gaited dactyls and anapaests mounted by the most eccentric ideas. Scarcely a trace of the old music remains. This, however, we shall find as we advance; we will follow the story, and comment as we go.

*Maud* is written in the form of an autobiography. The hero has lost his father, who, he hints, committed suicide on account of the failure of a great speculation. He announces his own feelings in a most remarkable manner. We are at a loss to say whether the ruggedness of the metre, the oddity of the epithets, or the confusion of the construction, is most to be condemned:

"I remember the time, for the roots of my hair were stirr'd  
By a shuffled step, by a dead weight trail'd, by a whisper'd fright;  
And my pulses closed their gates with a shock on my heart as I heard  
The shrill-edged shriek of a mother divide the shuddering night."

The reader who should take the shuffling step as the agent which stirred the roots of his hair, might be pardoned for his literal construction. Of course the author meant that the sounds of the step, of the dragging the corpse, of the frightened whisper which announced the catastrophe, startled him so that his hair stood on end, but he has made a most unfortunate selection of phrases to convey the idea. The epithets *shrill-edged* and *shuddering* in their present collocation, are sheer nonsense.

The author gives us to understand that the unfortunate speculation was not a losing business to all parties engaged, for one of the partners retired rich and purchased a neighboring estate. In consequence of which, the hero of the poem raves wildly against peace as the nurse of swindling and corruption, and gives us a most unfavorable account of business and of mankind generally. He thirsts for the good old fighting times, when "the heart of the citizen hissed in war on his own hearth stone," and "does into verse" the reports of the committee on the adulteration of food and medicine. On this theme he is quite rabid:

"And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head  
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife,  
While chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,  
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life.



"And sleep must lie down armed, for the villainous centre-bits  
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights,  
While another is cheating the sick of a few last gasps, as he sits  
To pestle a poison'd poison behind his crimson lights."

All very vigorous, but the reason of its introduction into this queer love-story, and indeed the fitness of all these tirades against peace, are not very easily comprehended. In the midst of this growling he remembers Maud, the daughter of the successful operator in the bad speculation, dwells upon the memory of her childish beauty, but snarls ever at her. After a while she arrives, he sees her, and determining not to be captivated by her charms, sneers at her beauty, which he characterizes as

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,  
Dead perfection, no more."

In his effort to be very original in this description, as in many other parts of the poem, he becomes ridiculously affected. For example, could Della Crusca do worse than this:

"Or the *least little* delicate aquiline curve in a *sensitive* nose."

Maud's beauty slowly triumphs over his morbid misanthropy, and not being able to sleep for visions of her "luminous, gem-like, ghost-like, death-like, passionless, pale, cold face, *star-sweet* on a gloom profound," he gets up and tells us that he,

"Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung ship-wrecking roar,  
Now to the *screeam* of a *madden'd beach* dragg'd down by the wave,  
Walk'd in a wintry wind by a ghastly glimmer, and found  
The shining daffodil dead, and Orion low in his grave."

Still he resists all the fascinations of his sweet neighbor, fancies her proud, hates his race worse than ever, especially Maud's father and brother, and loads his "spavined dactyls" with a burden of the fiercest vituperation.

In spite of himself, he becomes daily more and more interested in the lady. He hears her sing, and is charmed out of his crustiness, and almost out of his caution, by

"Maud with her exquisite face,  
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,  
And feet like *sunny gems* on an *English green*."

If Mr. Tennyson had been playing "What is my thought like?" it seems to us that it would have taxed his ingenuity to explain that last simile.

Maud's brother seems gradually by some peculiar affinity to attract to and concentrate upon himself all the hate of the hero for the whole family. His portrait is drawn for us in the following highly flattering colors:

"That jewel'd mass of millinery  
That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull  
Smelling of musk and of insolence,  
Her brother, from whom I keep aloof,  
Who wants the finer politic sense  
To mask, tho' but in his own behoof,  
With a glassy smile his brutal scorn."

In spite of everything unpleasant in her family, he becomes more deeply enamored as he sees

..... "the *treasured splendor*, her hand,  
Come sliding out of her *sacred* glove,  
And the *sunlight* break from her lip."

A rival now comes upon the *tapis*, the grandson of a rich old coal proprietor, who has, for our author's consolation, "gone to a blacker pit" than that which he



mined upon earth. Maud, however, favors the poet, who even begins to think of paying some little attention to her brother, whose

..... "essences turned the live air sick,  
And barbarous opulence jewel-thick  
Sunn'd itself on his breast and his hands."

It was to no purpose, however, that the lover thought of propitiating the dandy; for, says the poet, he

"Stopt, and then with a riding-whip,  
Leisurely tapping a glossy boot,  
And curving a contumelious lip,  
Gorgonised me from head to foot  
With a stony British stare."

All efforts at conciliation being hopeless, our hero takes advantage of the time when

"This lump of earth has left his estate,  
The lighter by the loss of his weight,"

to pay his respects to Maud in real earnest. The result of his wooing is quite satisfactory, and his happiness renders him idiotic. Witness the following drivel. It is the day which is addressed:

"When the happy Yes  
Falters from her lips,  
Pass and blush the news  
O'er the *blowing* ships.  
Over *blowing* seas,  
Over seas at rest,  
Pass the happy news,  
Blush it thro' the west;  
Till the red man dance  
By his red cedar-tree,  
And the red man's babe  
Leap, beyond the sea.  
Blush from west to east,  
Blush from east to west,  
Till the west is east,  
Blush it through the west"

and so on—but this is quite enough for our readers. We should be at a loss to find a parallel to this piece of lyrical rapture, had we not, in our early days, thrilled to these inspiring lines of Mother Goose, beginning "Hey diddle, diddle! The cat and the fiddle." Of the two, we rather prefer the simplicity of these ancient verses which appear to be the model on which Mr. Tennyson has framed the above-quoted effusion. If the whole passage were not such mere babble as to be beneath criticism, we might ask the meaning of *blowing ships*.

This, however, is altogether too smooth a channel for the current of true love to run in, and we have an interruption. The brother returns to the Hall and gives a grand political dinner, to which our hero is not invited. He makes an engagement, however, with Maud to steal out and meet him in the garden, and at this point we have a few verses which relieve the dreary desert of trashy verbiage through which we have been toiling. Maud grants him the meeting, but the brother has his suspicions. He comes out, finds them together, angry words are exchanged, the lie is given, a blow struck, a duel fought, and the unfortunate "Assyrian Bull" falls. The rest of the poem is so confused and disjointed, that it is impossible to get any clear idea of what the author means. Whether the brother died, and what became of Maud, we are not informed. From certain dark hints we should suppose that the poet intended us to infer the death of Maud. Be that as it may, the hero goes crazy, and we are treated to another outbreak of unmeaning rant. He recovers, however, on hearing that England is going to war with Russia. The remedy is somewhat heroic, and administered without regard



to expense, but whether the restitution of such a mind is worth one pound or one Russian life, is an economical question which we do not mean to discuss.

We have thus given a fair analysis of "*Maud*." We have let the author speak as much as possible for himself, and we think our readers will agree with us that few distinguished poets have ever written such unmitigated nonsense. Throughout the poem there is scarcely a single gem. It is full of miserable conceits, and attempts to be startling and sublime, which only verify Napoleon's adage, and take the fatal step. The object of it we confess we cannot see. It appears to be to decry peace, and make the Russian war popular. If that was the poet's intention, he has been strangely unfortunate in his selection of the means. As a story it is pointless; as a satire it has wrath without wit; as a poem it is a total failure; as a political engine it is a rush to lift the world with.

Having said so much against the poem, and said it honestly, it gives us pleasure to point out these strong lines upon the stars:

"Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,  
Cold fires, yet with power to burn and brand  
His nothingness into man."

A very few more lines would exhaust all the merit of the poem. But ——

"In the name of charity, Mr. O'Moore, do not extend your comments any further on this book," exclaimed Father Carroll, whose patience by this time entirely gave way under the senseless verses of the *laureate* and the tediousness of O'Moore's criticism. "One of the duties we owe to our readers, and not the least of our duties either, is not to exhaust their patience; and really, if they follow you through that lengthened commentary, they possess the favorite virtue of Job in an eminent degree."

"Patience!" said O'Moore, raising his eyes from the paper, and placing it before him on the table.

"We owe something to the patience of our readers, but they owe something in return for the labor we take in supplying them with something worthy of their time."

"That's true, O'Moore; but we must not be guilty of prolixity. You have bestowed too much time and labor on the book, or rather part of the book, in question. Your criticism is tiresome."

"Not half so much so as the book itself. And if by my remarks I have succeeded in giving our readers a faint idea of the merits of *Maud*, without the loss of time and trouble of perusing it, I think I have done them a material service."

"What think you, Mr. Oliver," continued O'Moore, "of the paper just read?"

"Exquisite! exquisite! Mr. O'Moore," replied Mr. Oliver, waking up from a profound sleep into which he had fallen during the reading. "I am delighted with *Maud*: it is the most delicious poetry I ever listened to, and worthy of any poet *laureate*. Is the balance of the book in keeping with *Maud*?"

"Here, judge for yourself," replied O'Moore, handing the volume across the table. "I can assure you that all parts of it are in perfect harmony."



# Record of Events.

From July 20, to August 20, 1855.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—The Holy Father on the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul assisted at the Mass in the Chapel of St. Paul extra muros, in honor of the Apostle of the Gentiles, and in the evening of the same day left Rome for Port d'Anzio, where he intended to make a short stay. During his sojourn there he was visited by the King of Naples and several members of the royal family. The *Journal de Rome* gives the following particulars of the royal visit:

"His Majesty the King of the two Sicilies, accompanied by His Royal Highness the Duke of Calabria, heir apparent, and his two other sons—the Count de Trani and the Count de Caserta, arrived on board a royal steam yacht, from Gaeta, at six o'clock in the morning of the 2d of July, and were received with all honors due to their exalted rank, by His Eminence Cardinal Pacca and the officials of the Pontificate. His Majesty after paying his respects to the Holy Father, assisted at Mass celebrated by His Holiness in the new church dedicated to St. Anthony and St. Pius V. His Majesty and his sons dined with His Holiness, and afterwards walked in the neighboring Park of the Prince Borghese, and at nine o'clock in the evening returned on board his yacht, having just taken leave of the Holy Father, to whom he renewed his expressions of his filial veneration. His Holiness, together with Cardinals Antonelli and Roberti, accompanied the royal party to the place of embarkation. The town and port were brilliantly illuminated, and there was a grand display of fireworks in the evening."

The 19th of July, the festival of St. Vincent de Paul, was celebrated with much pomp at the house of the Mission of Monte Citorio. A solemn Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop of Silencia, at which many of the cardinals assisted. The report of the Society for the year 1855 shows that there are thirteen conferences at Rome, and in the rest of the States of the Church fourteen, together twenty-seven, comprising eight hundred and ninety members, four hundred and twenty-three honorary members, and thirty-one candidates or aspirants.

They have visited in 1855 nine hundred and forty-seven families, patronised one hundred and ninety-sixty orphans, placed in charitable establishments one hundred and thirty children, patronised eight hundred and sixteen students or workmen, assisted eighty laborers, prepared one hundred and thirty children for first communion, instructed three hundred and four poor work people, and assisted seventy-nine sick or dying. Their receipts have been 17,074 crowns, about 3,600*l.*, being an average for each conference of about 128*l.* To the good done to their *protégés*, we must add the good that these 1,344 members, united by the bonds of prayer and charity, do to themselves. We know nothing more eminently social than this society, which will be one of the glories of our age, and yet there are Catholic governments which fear it, and which prohibit its introduction into their states. The kingdom of the two Sicilies is of the number. Frequent attempts have been made, but hitherto nothing has been able to overcome the prejudices and ill-will of an administration which one would think more busied in destroying than in saving the monarchy.

SPAIN.—The insurrection in Spain which prevailed a month ago, has been finally suppressed, not, however without much bloodshed. Saragosa, the stronghold of the insurrectionists, was the last place to surrender. The chief power is at present in the hands of Marshal O'Donnell, minister of war. The cause of this outbreak may, doubtlessly, be traced to the imbecility of those heretofore at the head of the government and to the encouragement given to infidelity and irreligion. "For two years," says a foreign paper, "owing to the impotence of the administration, subversive doc-



trines had been disseminated without hindrance among the working classes. Last year the evil effects of such doctrines had been seen at Barcelona and in a number of other localities of inferior importance. Independently of acts which did not cease to give proofs of a hot-bed of socialism in Catalonia, at the same period acts of violence of the same nature took place on a vast scale at Valladolid, Palencia and Rio Seco. Threats against property, cries of death against the rich in the most industrious provinces of the kingdom, are proofs not only of the progress of socialism during the last six months, but of an organization becoming stronger and stronger of the juntas which directed that combined movement. It is certain that if the military force has put down these risings, the bad spirit of the civil administration was more calculated to encourage than to prevent them. And even had the civil administration been disposed to cause property and public order to be respected, it found itself paralysed by the false ideas which prevailed in the Cortes, and by the uncertain directions which were sent from Madrid. It was thus that at Valladolid the persons most ardent after pillage were liberated convicts, who were allowed to be there by the fault of the police. Thus also the insurgents of Madrid forced the prisons to obtain additional assistance. Recourse to such singular auxiliaries to defend a constitution which had not been violated, and to repel a *coup d'état* which had not been attempted, proves sufficiently what suggestions the insurrection obeyed, what was its real object, and with what danger it would have menaced not only the royal authority, but the whole range of the social order, had it triumphed."

The Spanish papers give an interesting account of a religious demonstration which lately took place at Scaville, the capitol of Andalusia. The people of that city, scandalized at the principles enunciated in the chamber of representatives, and the manifest tendency to introduce laxity of religion into Spain, had fixed upon the 15th of June for the purpose of making a solemn manifestation of their religious sentiments, and as a protest against the preaching of Lutheran principles. On the invitation of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, all the other confraternities, conferences, and religious associations were to take part in this public act.

The Chapter had given permission for the ceremony to be celebrated at the high altar of the Cathedral, with the greatest pomp and splendor, and the civil governor of the city had given authority for a religious procession. All the most distinguished amongst the nobility, with the Duke and Dutchess of Montpensier at their head, and indeed all ranks supported the idea of this demonstration, and were prepared to take part in it.

The partisans of what is misnamed "civil and religious liberty," could not tolerate such a display, and accordingly they worked on the timidity and weakness of the governor, so as to prevent the procession and the sermon, which was intended to be preached in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. The demonstration was thus confined to a general communion fixed for the 15th, and to the opening of the subscription for erecting a monument to the immaculate conception.

**SARDINIA.**—The only events that have lately taken place in this country of any moment, are the seizure of several Catholic papers by the governmental authorities. The *Campanone* of Turin rendered itself obnoxious to the authorities by an article on the Crimean expedition, and was seized. A few days afterwards, the *Catholico* of Genoa, was brought to an account for an article relative to the verdict lately given in favor of the Society of the Priests of the Oratory against the government.

**PORTUGAL.**—The affairs in this country are perfectly tranquil, and no fears are entertained of its imitating the commotions of Spain. The government is disposed to give encouragement to internal improvement, if we may judge from the following extract from the speech of the king delivered at the late closing of the Cortes at Lisbon:

"The causes which gave rise to the change of ministry at the beginning of June are well known to you. Convinced that increased facilities of communication by means of good roads and of railroads are now as imperious a necessity as it was always of the highest convenience, you did not hesitate to vote the supplies which my government



proposed for that object. I thank you, and trust that my wishes and your own will be fulfilled by the uninterrupted progress of public works, upon the largest possible scale, in order that the country may in the shortest possible period enjoy the immense benefits resulting therefrom. The harvests this year do not promise to be better than the last. I hope, however, that from the measures you have adopted to attenuate the evil, and, above all, by the favor of Divine Providence, we may be enabled to pass the ordeal without seriously suffering its terrible consequences. It is pleasing to me to announce to you that the public tranquillity has been maintained in all points of the kingdom."

**FRANCE.**—During the insurrection in Spain, the Emperor of the French ordered a large force to assemble on the Spanish frontier as a measure of precaution.—A subject of some interest has lately been decided. A commission was some time ago appointed by the Emperor to examine into some family matters, and among others the marriage of Prince Jerome, uncle to the Emperor, with Miss Patterson of Baltimore, was intrusted to the investigation of this commission. The result of the investigation is, that the validity of the marriage, which, to the great offence of Napoleon I, was always maintained by the Pope, and a divorce consistently refused by the Holy See, is now confirmed by the imperial commission, and the consequence is, that the grandson of Prince Jerome and Miss Patterson, now a lieutenant in the French Army, must be recognized as a legitimate member of the Napoleon dynasty, and that Prince Napoleon, the son of Jerome by his second marriage, will be excluded.

The Paris *Moniteur* publishes in its official column, the *senatus consultum* concerning the regency of the empire. It bears the sanction of the Emperor, countersigned by the Ministers, and is dated Plombieres, July 17, 1856.

The *Moniteur* of the 19th of July contains a document from the Emperor to the Minister of Public Works, of great interest, setting forth his views for the prevention of the recurrence of such calamities as the late inundation. The Emperor proposes the construction of several artificial lakes on the sides of the mountains, of sufficient capacity to hold the surplus water, in the event of heavy rains, and thus prevent any extraordinary rise in the rivers. The water retained in the lakes could be discharged as the rivers subsided.—By latest arrivals we learn that Marshal Pelissier has been raised to the dignity of duke. This is the first instance of the creation of nobility under the present empire.—Prince Lucien Bonaparte has gone to Madrid on a commission. It is stated that the French government has demanded an explanation from the Spanish government in relation to the contemplated marriage between the Infanta of Spain and Prince Adalbert of Bavaria. The prince is heir presumptive to the Greek throne, and according to the Greek Constitution, the King of Greece must be of the Greek religion. It is said that according to the marriage contract the children of this union are to be brought up in the Catholic religion.

**ENGLAND.**—The proceedings in Parliament for the few weeks previously to its adjournment, presented nothing of any special interest. On the 29th of July that body was prorogued by the Queen, not in person, but by commission. The royal speech, which was read by the Lord Chancellor, contains little of importance. Her Majesty congratulates the country on the termination of the war, and thanks the representatives for the promptness with which her appeals for aid to prosecute it was met. She said she "is engaged in negotiating on subjects in connection with the affairs of Central America, and hopes that the differences which have arisen between her Majesty's government and the United States may be satisfactorily settled."—The Bishops of London and Durham have tendered their resignation of their sees, on condition that an annuity of £6,000 be allowed to the former, and £4,200 to the latter. Their retirement has been acceded to, and the bill making the annual allowance asked has passed a third reading in the House of Lords.—The case of Archdeacon Denison is again on the tapis. A final hearing was lately had before the commissioners appointed to investigate the charges against him; the court then adjourned to the 12th of August, at which time it is said a decision in the case will be pronounced.—A grand military review lately took place at Aldershot, in the presence of the Queen.—An awful explosion occurred on the 15th of



July, in the collieries at Cymmer, in Rhoudda Valley, South Wales. In the morning about 116 men and boys entered the pit, which had been pronounced *safe* by those whose duty it was to examine it before the workmen descended. In less than an hour afterwards a terrible gas explosion took place, causing the death of one hundred and ten of the unfortunate workmen.

**IRELAND.**—A serious riot among the men of the North Tipperary Infantry, at Nenagh, took place on the 7th of July, during which several persons were killed and wounded. It seems that an order had been received at the barracks granting a discharge to any soldier who might choose to make application for it, but at the same time directing the colonel to take from the soldiers the clothing issued to them in April last. One of the soldiers refused to give up the clothing, and was put under arrest and sent to the guard house. The soldiers of the company to which he belonged, indignant at this treatment, proceeded to the guard house, forced it, and liberated their companion, as well as all the other prisoners. They then for some time, with musket in hand, resisted the authorities. The outbreak was finally suppressed, and a court of inquiry appointed to investigate the causes of the mutiny.

The escape of James Sadler, brother of the late great defaulter, has caused considerable surprise. His place in Parliament has been declared vacant, and already several candidates are in the field for the vacant seat. Wm. Smith O'Brien, since his return from exile, has been waited on by a deputation from the electors of Tipperary, requesting him to stand as a candidate for that place; Mr. O'Brien, however, has thought proper to decline.

*Death of the Right Rev. Dr. Egan, Bishop of Kerry.*—The death of this distinguished and venerable prelate took place on the 21st of July. He was nearly thirty-two years a bishop, and has passed to the reward of his labors amidst the tears and regrets of his clergy and people.

*Agriculture.*—The condition of the crops is satisfactory. The potatoes generally bid fair, though the blight has appeared in some districts. The wheat and oats, it is stated, will yield an average crop.

**SCOTLAND.**—An important meeting of the Catholics of the City of Glasgow took place on the 30th of June, the object of which was to adopt preliminaries for the establishment of an association for the security and defence of the civil rights and political interests of the Catholic citizens of Glasgow. The chairman, Mr. Neil Browne, addressed the meeting in an eloquent speech. After commenting upon the remarkable fact that the Catholic population were more than one hundred thousand, and yet without a single Catholic representative in the city; and after alluding to the Catholic Association which formerly existed in Glasgow, he concluded by cogently and persuasively urging the necessity for the immediate revival of the Catholic Association, for the registration and organization of Catholic voters, and for the security and promotion of Catholic rights and interests. From the remarks of Mr. Murphy, another speaker, we gather the following items of information; he said:

“That as an evidence of the evil results of the want of Catholic organization and due attention to the civil rights of Catholics, that notwithstanding that there were upwards of one hundred thousand Catholics in Glasgow, constituting more than the one-fourth of the entire population, yet there existed this anomalous fact, that the Catholics had no representatives of theirs either in parliament nor on the magisterial bench, nor on the council board, nor on the police board, nor on the River Trust, nor in short in any of the municipal districts, nor in the House of Refuge, the only exception being Mr. Henry McKay, who is a member of the Barony Parochial Board. Only think that out of a Catholic population of upwards of one hundred thousand persons in this great city, there was only one Catholic in office; so that the Catholics, despite their numbers, intelligence, and wealth, were virtually unrepresented and out of the pale of the constitution.”

The proceedings were finally concluded by adopting a resolution reviving the former Catholic Association, under the title of the “Glasgow Catholic Rights Association.”



**RUSSIA.**—The coronation of the Emperor, which was to take place at Moscow, on the 30th of July, was at latest dates the absorbing topic throughout the empire. Extensive preparations were making for the event in the way of balls, suppers, fireworks, &c. The government is giving special attention to the perfecting her naval armament. A number of gunboats were lately launched in the presence of the Grand Duke Constantine and other imperial princes, and various reviews of these small craft have since been held. An imperial ukase orders that the owners of all boats shall be required to prevent any private persons who may hire their craft from taking any soundings in the sailing channel along the coast in the government of St. Petersburg and in the arms of the Neva. The Grand Duke Constantine has ordered that the musketoons, which have hitherto been used in the navy as boarding weapons, shall be replaced by rifle firearms, such as used by the dragoons, and the latter have already been distributed to the different crews.

**Return of Captives.**—When the Emperor Nicholas sent an army to invade the Danubian Principalities, a certain number of persons belonging to distinguished families of these provinces were arrested under the pretext of having made hostile demonstrations against Russia, and were conducted, under military escort, into Siberia. A number of these unhappy victims have been permitted to return from exile: several of them have their limbs badly frost-bitten.—It is stated that the Jesuits, who have hitherto had no schools or public institutions in Russia, have received permission from the Emperor to establish a seminary.

**The Emperor and Prince Menschikoff.**—The following letter was addressed by the Emperor to Prince Menschikoff on the occasion of the latter celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into public life:

"As fifty years have now elapsed during which you have filled political functions, I am happy to recall the eminent services rendered by you both in your military and administrative career, and in which you have displayed your zeal and devotion to the throne and the country, during the reigns of the Emperor Alexander I and the Emperor Nicholas I, my father, of happy memory. During the memorable years of 1813, '14, and '15, you were present in a great number of actions, and everywhere displayed courage and coolness. During the campaign of 1828 against the Sublime Porte, you covered yourself with glory by the capture of Anapa. Your conduct was no less brilliant at the siege of Varna, when you were wounded by a ball. Finally, your name will remain for ever connected with the defence of Sebastopol—a defence which lasted eleven months, and has no equal in history. To you belong the first brilliant pages of the annals which describe that obstinate resistance against innumerable hostile legions."

**AUSTRIA.**—From our foreign files we learn that the Emperor Francis Joseph is shortly to be crowned at Vienna as "Emperor of Austria." This is the first instance of a single coronation since the foundation of the Austrian empire. Francis I, and Ferdinand, his successor, were crowned as kings of Bohemia, Hungary and Italy.—For the furtherance of Catholicity, it is said that his Majesty has granted permission to all the Catholic unions in Germany and Austria to send deputations to Linz, in upper Austria, where a conference will be held from the 23d to the 25th of September.—The Jesuits have purchased, in the neighborhood of Vienna, the magnificent chateau and extensive park of Kathsburg, where they are about to organize an educational establishment upon an extensive scale.—Austria is said to be actively engaged with France in the affairs of Naples. Numerous dispatches have lately been interchanged between these several cabinets, the object of which does not yet appear.

**BAVARIA.**—The Protestant Head Consistory at Munich has published the following decree to all Protestant consistories:

"In the name of his Majesty the king, the Supreme Ecclesiastical Office has resolved, with regard to the ecclesiastical celebration of mixed marriages, on the following ordinances:

1st. Since, in a mixed marriage, no full communion in the highest and holiest things can exist between the spouses, since the danger of cooling towards or wholly falling off from the faith is more or less incurred, and the confessional differences of the



parents must exercise a prejudicial influence on the religious education of the children, the contracting of mixed marriages cannot in any way be sanctioned from an ecclesiastical point of view, and every clergyman must in every way proper to his pastoral duties, warn against such unions.

2. If such a marriage is to take place, the clergyman is bound by his duty most pressingly to urge the Protestant party to perform his duty by his own church in the education of his children.

3. If the blessing of the clergyman be sought for on such a marriage, he must not refuse it, provided that all the children are to be Protestants; that the boys follow the father's and the girls the mother's religion; that nothing is fixed upon the question, so that the last arrangement takes effect by law.

4. If an arrangement is proposed by which all the children are to be Catholics, the ecclesiastical blessing is to be unconditionally refused, and the Protestant party is to be warned, 'that according to circumstances he may give occasion to proceed against him with the application of ecclesiastical penalties.'

This decree has caused much sensation, and is believed to be a final effort to save from dissolution the Protestant Church in Germany.

**THE CRIMEA.**—This peninsular, the seat of the late sanguinary contest, has been finally evacuated by the allied troops. A dispatch lately received from there at Paris, announces that the portions of that peninsular occupied by the Allies, were given up officially to the Russian Commander-in-chief on the 7th of July, and that from the 8th every one still in the place was under Russian law.

**BELGIUM.**—A grand celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the coronation of the king took place in Brussels on the 21st of July. It was quite a jubilee, and manifested in a special manner the royalty of a Catholic people to a Protestant king. There was religious service in the open air, on which occasion the Cardinal Archbishop having solemnly intoned the *Te Deum*, the sacred hymn was chanted in alternate verses by five hundred priests and a choir of twelve hundred laymen—all natives of Belgium.

#### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

1. **ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.**—*Consecration of St. Ignatius' Church.*—This beautiful church adjoining Loyola College, at the corner of Calvert and Madison streets, in this city, was solemnly dedicated to the service of Almighty God on the festival of the Assumption. The Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick officiated on the occasion. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. Bishop McGill, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Ryder. In the evening the Very Rev. Father Stonestreet delivered an eloquent discourse, selecting for his subject the Immaculate Conception. We may on some future occasion give a detailed description of this superb edifice; in the meantime we subjoin the following outlines from the *Baltimore American*, which will doubtlessly be received with pleasure by our readers:

"This beautiful structure is now nearly completed, and is without doubt one of the handsomest church buildings internally in the United States. The exterior is plain, the only ornamental work being heavy iron caps, which surmount the pilasters. The interior work is the feature of the edifice, and reflects credit upon the taste and skill of the artizans engaged in its construction. The main body of the church is reached through two broad doors leading into the vestibule about ten feet wide, and running the whole length of the front of the building. There is but one door fronting the principal aisle, on each side of which are the confessionals, each containing three apartments, and finished in the Roman style of architecture. The gallery occupies the whole front and is intended for the choir and organ. The interior walls and ceiling are of the most elaborate description, and in point of richness and magnificence, far surpasses any other church in the city or in the country. Between the windows are handsomely fluted pilasters of stucco work, with heavy Corinthian caps overhung by a cornice rich in design and perfect in execution. The ceiling is finished in indented panel work, in the centre of which is a painting thirty feet long, representing the Immaculate Conception.

"The altar is the masterpiece of the church. It is made of white marble, in panel work, inlaid with sienna marble of beautiful description. The principal altar is about twenty feet long, the lower portion of which is plain and contains in the centre the relic. On the second line of panels are representations of the chalice, the heart and spears and



the ostentarium, the receptacle of the heart. This is surmounted by the tabernacle, over which is the place for the exposition, composed of eight columns, upon the top of which rests a beautifully carved octagonal marble slab sustaining a cross. In the rear of this altar is an elaborate Roman arch, resting upon two fluted columns and four pilasters. In the centre of the arch is the representation of a dove in the act of descending. Below the pillars of the arch is a painting thirteen feet long and nine and a half feet wide, representing the patron saint of the church and the Saviour. On each side of the principal altar is a smaller or side altar, painted in imitation of the main or centre one, over each of which is a magnificent painting. The whole interior of the church is most elaborately finished, and though portions of the work would seem to be heavy, it is relieved by graceful pendants."

**Ordination.**—On Saturday morning, August 16th, Messrs. John Banister, James Tehan and James McGuigan, all of the Society of Jesus, were ordained subdeacons by the Right. Rev. Bishop McGill, and on the following day the same gentlemen were raised to the order of deaconship and priesthood.

**Religious Reception.**—Mrs. Amelia K. Keating, grand-daughter of the late John Keating, Esq., of Philadelphia, lately received the religious habit at the Carmelite Convent in this city. The Most Rev. Archbishop officiated and preached on the occasion.

**2. ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.**—During a late visitation of a part of his diocese, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati confirmed one hundred and four persons at St. Patrick's Church, Perry county, Ohio, and sixty-eight at the Church of St. Dominic, in the same county. The same Most Rev. prelate confirmed sixty-one persons in the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas, Zanesville; seventy-three in the Church of St. Nicholas; twenty-seven at St. Joseph's, Perry county, on the third of August; and sixty at Trinity Church, Somerset. After confirmation, the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of a new church in Somerset was performed. The Archbishop preached on the occasion.

**Ordination.**—On the first of August, the Most Rev. Archbishop held ordinations in St. Joseph's Church, Perry county, at which thirteen of the Dominican Students of Theology received clerical tonsure and the four minor orders. They are Messrs. J. B. McGovern, J. A. Sheuerman, P. M. Ralph, J. A. Rotchford, J. Heaney, A. Ogborne, P. V. Keogh, Stephen Byrne, F. J. Dunn, M. D. Lilly, M. F. McGrath, D. Sheehy, and J. T. Nealis. On Saturday the last named seven were ordained subdeacons, and on Sunday deacons. On Monday, the Feast of St. Dominic, the same reverend gentlemen were promoted to the priesthood. On the same day five young men were solemnly received to the habit of St. Dominic.

**3. DIOCESE OF WHEELING.**—**Ordination.**—On Sunday, the 20th of July, the Right Rev. Dr. Whelan held an ordination in St. James' Cathedral, conferring the sacred order of the priesthood on Mr. Joseph Hydenkamp and Mr. Henry Malone.

**4. DIOCESE OF DETROIT.**—**Dedication.**—A new church was dedicated to the service of God at Dexter, on the Fourth of July, the great national festival—a most appropriate day. On Sunday, the 3d of August, the corner-stone of a new church, under the patronage of St. John, was laid in the parish of Ypsilanti, Mich. The ceremonies were performed by the Rev. P. Hennaert, assisted by the Rev. Thomas Cullen, of Ann Arbor, and the Rev. James J. Pulsers, of Dexter.—On Saturday, June 21st, Miss Emilie Bedard received the religious habit and white veil of the order of Ste. Ursula, in Ste. Mary's Church, at Saut Ste. Marie, from the hands of the Right Rev. Bishop Baraga, and took in religion the name of Sister Mary Augustin.

**5. DIOCESE OF DUBUQUE.**—On Tuesday, the second of July, four young ladies took the white or novice veil of the Sisters of Charity of the B. V. M., at St. Joseph's Convent, ten miles from the city. The names of the young ladies are Miss Margaret Courtney, who took in religion the name of Sister Mary Sebastian; Miss Margaret Short, who took the name of Mary Seraphina; Miss Catharine McCarthy, who took the name of Mary Isidore; and Miss Dougherty, who took the name of Mary Cecilia.



The Right Rev. Bishop Loras officiated on the occasion, assisted by the Very Rev. Mr. Villars, of Keokuk, who preached the sermon to the novices.

On the same day six novices made their religious profession and took the black veil, the final act of separation from the world and consecration to the service of God.

6. **DIOCESE OF BROOKLYN.**—*Dedication.*—A beautiful church, under the patronage of St. Patrick, in Brooklyn, was solemnly dedicated on Sunday, the 3d of August. The Right Rev. Bishop of Brooklyn officiated and preached the dedicatory sermon. The Rev. Dr. McCaffrey, President of Mt. St. Mary's College, preached in the evening.—On Thursday, July 17th, the Right Rev. Bishop Loughlin gave the white veil of the Sisters of Mercy to Miss Dolores McCew and Miss Sophia A. Davenport.

7. **DIOCESE OF PORTLAND.**—On Sunday, the 8th of July, in the Cathedral, the Right Rev. Bishop Bacon conferred the order of sub-deaconship on Eldrick T. Bacon, and on the 14th he conferred the order of deaconship on the same gentleman and minor orders on Michael Lucey.

8. **DIOCESE OF ALBANY.**—On Sunday, August 3d, Bishop McCloskey consecrated a new church edifice in Watertown, New York, with all the solemnities prescribed by the ritual. The Archbishop of New York preached on the occasion. The new church was placed under the patronage of Ireland's Apostle, St. Patrick.

9. **DIOCESE OF NEWARK.**—The Right Rev. Bishop Bayley blessed the corner-stones of a new church at West Bloomfield on Sunday, August 10th.

**OBITUARY.**—We record with sincere regret the untimely death of the Rev. J. DONNELLY, who had been stationed at Springport, Cayuga county, N. Y. The particulars of his melancholy death are thus given in the *Rochester Union*:

"Rev. JOHN DONNELLY, a Catholic Missionary Clergyman, came to this city in the cars from Springport, Cayuga county, on his way to Batavia. He stopped over, or failed to get on the western train, and went to the east side of the river to spend the time intervening before the departure of the cars. About four o'clock he started for the depot, crossing the railroad bridge on the south side of the track. The south track runs so near the railing of the bridge that not more than a space of eight inches remains between the railing and the box of a car. Mr. Donnelly had passed two-thirds of the way over the bridge along this railing, when he met a freight train just in front from the west and going to North street. The train was under such headway that it could not be stopped, although we hear that the signal was given to break, and that the men in the engine called out to Mr. Donnelly that he was in danger. The locomotive and some of the cars passed, crowding him closely against the railing. His only safety could have been in lying down beside the wheels. Presently he was thrown down by a car and fell partly under the wheels, which severed his legs above the knees. He was then taken up and carried into one of the railroad buildings, and died in about half an hour. One or more physicians were called before the sufferer expired, but could do nothing to save his life. He sank rapidly from the moment of the accident. Two clergymen of his church, Rev. Mr. O'Brien and Mr. O'Flaherty, attended him in his last moments and administered the consolation of religion."

Died, on the 18th of July, at the archiepiscopal residence in Manhattanville, Rev. BERNARD FARRELL, in the 27th year of his age.

Died, on the 24th of July, at the Convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Cincinnati, Sister STANISLAUS KASKA, in the 29th year of her age. *May they rest in peace.*



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MEMOIR OF BISHOP FLAGET.\*

Or that noble army of Catholic missionaries whom the troubles of Europe towards the close of the last century exiled from their country, to go forth and subdue

\* Chiefly compiled from "Sketches of the Life, Times, and Character of the Rt. Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, first Bishop of Louisville, by M. J. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Louisville;" a work full of interesting details of the religious history of the West.



other nations to the sweet yoke of the Cross, there were few more zealous or more distinguished than the subject of this memoir, **BENEDICT JOSEPH FLAGET**, the first Bishop of Louisville. He was born on the 7th of November, 1763, in the town of Contournat, in the commune St. Julien, not far from Billom in Auvergne, France. His parents pursued the honest calling of cultivators of the soil, and were highly respected for their unpretending worth, for their sincerity and earnest piety. Their youngest son was called *Benedict*, because some one at his birth exclaimed that "*he was a son of benediction.*" His eldest brother was parish priest at Billom, and died at the age of eighty-four; his other brother was a notary public, and died in his eighty-eighth year, possessed of great wealth, accumulated by his own industry. The father having died before the birth of the youngest child, and the mother two years after that event, Benedict was reared and educated by a pious and devoted aunt, who was to him all a mother could be, and towards whom he cherished through life a most lively gratitude. He made his classical studies at the College of Billom, where he entered at a tender age, and, it is said, that when a mere child he had a foresight into his future mission, often exclaiming that "he would go far, very far from home, and that they would see him no more." Feeling from his earliest youth an inward call to the sacred ministry, at the age of seventeen he entered, with this view, the University of Clermont, where he made his course of philosophy and attended the class of theology for two years, during which time he lived with two young men of wealth, whose tutor he became in consideration of their defraying his expenses. During this period he also received the sacrament of confirmation from the hands of Mgr. de Bonald, Bishop of Clermont, taking the name of Joseph. On the 1st of November, 1783, he joined the congregation of Sulpicians, and entered the seminary at Clermont to pursue his ecclesiastical studies. Having in two years completed the course of studies adopted at Clermont, and being still under the canonical age for receiving holy orders, he was sent to Issy, near Paris, to prepare for his ordination, where, at the end of three years, he was elevated to the priesthood. The Rev. Gabriel Richard, afterwards well known as a zealous missionary in America, was at this time superior at Issy. After his ordination, the Abbé Flaget was made Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the seminary at Nantes, and after two years was appointed Professor of Moral Theology. He had occupied the latter chair only a few months when the terrors of the French Revolution broke out, and, like most of the clergy, he was compelled in 1791 to seek safety in the bosom of his own family at Billom.

Living in the midst of desecrated altars, pillaged convents, and the massacre of priests, the good Abbé, in his retirement at Billom, earnestly prayed for light and grace to discover the proper course for him to pursue under those trying circumstances. America at this time appeared to him in the attitude of a suppliant, imploring Europe for laborers to work in the vineyard of our Lord. Having consulted M. Emery, his superior, and made a spiritual retreat, he resolved to obey that call, and in January, 1792, sailed from Bordeaux in company with Rev. Messrs. Chicoisneau, David and Badin. They arrived at Philadelphia on the 26th and at Baltimore on the 29th of March, and were welcomed at the latter place by Bishop Carroll with the utmost cordiality and joy. Tendering his services in the most unreserved manner to the bishop, he was appointed to the distant mission of Vincennes, whither he departed after a stay of two months in Baltimore, his conveyance being a wagon then starting for the West. Bearing letters of introduction from Bishop Carroll to General Wayne, he was received and entertained by



that gallant soldier with the greatest friendship and consideration. Detained at Pittsburg for nearly six months by the low state of the Ohio river, he spent that time in the most active and zealous missionary labors. During the raging of the small pox there he utterly lost sight of himself in his devoted attention to the afflicted and diseased. At Pittsburg four soldiers were condemned to death for desertion; two of them were Catholics, one a Protestant, and the other a French infidel. The Abbé Flaget converted the Protestant, brought the two Catholics back into the Church, and then prepared them for death, which they met heroically. But the Frenchman was so hardened that he could not be moved, and so poignant was his grief at the thought of so unholy a death to be endured by one of his countrymen, that General Wayne pardoned the Frenchman through consideration for the good Abbé. Taking his departure from Pittsburg in November in a flat-boat, he stopped at Cincinnati, then only a fort, and at Louisville, then containing only three or four small cabins, meeting at the latter place his old friend and superior of Issy, Mr. Richard, and Mr. Levadoux. At Louisville his host was an old Frenchman, living on a farm of one hundred acres, in the centre of the present city, and worth at this time perhaps millions of dollars, who was so charmed with the society of M. Flaget, that he offered to leave him all he possessed if he would only live with him. The good priest, of course, declined this offer, answering that he must go forward on his Master's business. General Wayne having commended M. Flaget to the kind offices of Colonel George Rogers Clark, then in command of the garrison of Corn Island, near the Falls of the Ohio, Col. Clark welcomed the missionary most cordially, and, having fitted up and armed a batteau, escorted him in person to Vincennes, where they arrived on the 21st of December, 1792. On his arrival he found both church and people in a most neglected and unhappy condition. Though settled originally by French Catholics, Vincennes had been so long without the aid of priests, sacrifice and sacraments, that religion became almost wholly extinguished, and the whites themselves had begun to adopt the wandering and savage life of the Indians. There were only twelve communicants at the Christmas succeeding his arrival. It is difficult at this day to realize the hardships and dangers encountered in that rude country by this holy missionary priest, yet more wonderful than these were the zeal and perseverance with which he overcame all things. He labored incessantly and with great success for the regeneration of both the whites and the red men, and tendered his services to Bishop Carroll to go as a missionary among the warlike and savage tribes roving over the boundless prairies of the West. The following language, written from Vincennes, will convey some idea of the Abbé Flaget's goodness and apostolic zeal: "He had stripped himself of all the linen he had brought with him to Vincennes in favor of the sick and indigent. The tender care with which he visited the sick will never be forgotten, and the impression it made upon the population will last as long as there shall be an old man left to relate to his children's children the history of old times." After about two years and a half of the most zealous and untiring missionary labors, he was recalled from Vincennes by his superiors in April, 1795, when, passing down the Mississippi to New Orleans, he took passage in the first vessel bound northward, and arrived at Baltimore in the autumn of that year.

Upon his return to Maryland, the Abbé Flaget was stationed at Georgetown College, where he remained three years in the discharge of the duties of chief disciplinarian and teacher of French and geography. While at the college he formed the acquaintance of General Washington, then President of the United States. He



went with the faculty of the college to pay his respects to the father of his country, who promptly and cordially returned the visit at the college. The Abbé Flaget was an ardent admirer of that illustrious man, and fifty years after Washington's death he used to refer to him in language of unbounded praise. In November, 1798, he went to Havana, Cuba, to aid the Rev. Messrs. Dubourg and Brabant in the proposed erection in that island of a college of the Sulpician order, a project, however, which was defeated by unforeseen difficulties. A severe attack of illness prevented his return to the United States with his companions, and he remained some time in Cuba, discharging the duties of tutor to the son of Don Nicholas Calvo, a wealthy Spanish resident. During his stay in Cuba he became acquainted with Louis Phillippe and his two brothers, and was selected by the citizens of Havana to present to the exiled princes a large sum of money, which had been subscribed for their relief. In the fall of 1801 he returned to the United States, accompanied by the young Calvo and twenty-two other Cuban youths, to be entered as students at St. Mary's College, Baltimore. During the following eight years of his life he remained at St. Mary's College in the modest performance of his duties in the institution, in prayer and study, and in the exercise of the holy ministry. The performance of every duty of christian charity and the most zealous and untiring attendance on the sick and the afflicted, permitted not the sacrifice of a moment of his time. It was during this period, about the year 1804, when the Trappists arrived in Baltimore, that he petitioned Father Urban Guillet, the superior, for admission into that rigid order, but some delay having occurred in the execution of this purpose, it was finally defeated by the development of another destiny for which Providence reserved him.

The Catholics of the United States had so vastly increased in numbers, and the extent of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the country was so far beyond the power of a single bishop to wield, that Bishop Carroll, in 1807, petitioned Rome for the erection of four new sees, to be located at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Bardstown, Ky. The Rev. Mr. Badin having suggested to Bishop Carroll the name of M. Flaget, who had already labored so zealously and successfully in the Western missions, as a suitable candidate for the new see of Bardstown, the bishop at once adopted the suggestion, and on the 17th of June, 1807, wrote to the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, recommending in the most complimentary terms that the appointment should be made accordingly. The Holy See ratified this nomination, and appointed M. Flaget to the see of Bardstown, whose jurisdiction extended over the vast diocese bounded on the north by the lakes, on the south by the thirty-fifth degree of north latitude, and extending from the Atlantic States on the east, to the Mississippi river on the west. The arrival of the Papal Bulls in September, 1808, was the first information the bishop elect had of his appointment; he received the news with the utmost surprise and consternation. Having made an ineffectual effort with Archbishop Carroll to be released from this appointment, which his humility and diffidence in himself alone caused him to shun, he went to Europe for the same purpose, but with no better success. He was accompanied from Europe by Rev. M. Bruté, M. Chabrat, subdeacon, and Messrs. Deydier, Derigaud, Romeuf, and a young deacon, who afterwards joined the Jesuits at Georgetown. On the 4th of November, 1810, Bishop Flaget was consecrated in the Metropolitan Church, at Baltimore, by Archbishop Carroll, assisted by the Right Rev. Drs. Cheverus and Egan, bishops of the new sees of Boston and Philadelphia. So truly apostolical was the poverty in which M. Flaget had lived, that at his elevation he had not the means necessary to convey him to his diocese.



In his own distress he nobly refused the offer of a subscription for his relief among his future flock, who were mostly poor settlers in the west, saying that he would rather walk to Kentucky than commence his episcopal career by thus taxing his people. Some generous friends in Baltimore having raised the requisite sum for his traveling expenses, the bishop and his suite departed for the west on the 11th of May, 1811, and arrived at Louisville on the 4th of June. The arrival of a bishop in the west was an event which the people had never realized, and they accordingly turned out with great enthusiasm to give the new prelate a welcome which was truly magnificent. He arrived at Bardstown on the 9th of June. On entering his episcopal city, Bishop Flaget devoted himself, to use his own language, "to all the guardian angels who reside therein, and I prayed to God, with all my heart, to make me die a thousand deaths should I not become an instrument of His glory in this new diocese." Arriving at St. Stephen's, the residence of Father Badin, the ceremony of installation was performed with all the usual rites of the Roman Pontifical. The clerical force of the diocese, at the time of Bishop Flaget's arrival, consisted of three missionary priests, Fathers Nerinckx, Badin and O'Flynn, and four Dominicans, established at their convent at St. Rose. On the Christmas following his arrival, the bishop had the satisfaction of adding to their number by elevating to the priesthood the Rev. Mr. Chabrat, who was the first priest ordained in the west. In the entire State of Kentucky, at that time, there were not more than one thousand Catholic families, numbering in the aggregate about six thousand souls. There were thirty congregations, ten churches, or rather chapels, and six more in course of erection. The bishop took up his residence with Father Badin, at St. Stephen's, now Loretto, and his episcopal palace was a log cabin, sixteen feet square.

It was with a sad and heavy heart that the first bishop of the west entered upon that vast field of labor and solicitude; yet he was at every moment sustained by a firm and exhaustless reliance and trust in God. He at once addressed himself to the work of arranging and establishing the discipline of his diocese. He was at the beginning of his episcopal career, much embarrassed by the contemplated departure for Europe of so invaluable an assistant as Father Nerinckx, by the want of a church and residence for himself, by the difficulties which arose in relation to the settlement of the question of church property in Kentucky, and the general pressing demand for churches and priests to meet the necessities of religion. But the energy and zeal of Bishop Flaget made him fully equal to the task which the Holy See had imposed upon him. The seminary under the charge of Father David, at St. Stephen's, became an object of his greatest care and solicitude, since it was from that source that he looked for the supply of priests to administer to his people. In 1811 the seminary was removed to a plantation granted for the purpose by a zealous Catholic, Mr. Thomas Howard, and so great was the ardor of the young seminarians, that they made the bricks, cut the timber, and prepared the other materials with their own hands, for the erection of the seminary building. The bishop himself became the most laborious missionary in the west, being constantly engaged in the confessional, in administering the sacraments, visiting the sick, and supplying the places of his priests whenever they were absent or unable to attend to the labors of their missions. The dignity of his office never for an instant withdrew his attention from the humblest and smallest services to his neighbor and the cause of religion, provided they contributed to the sanctification of souls or the glory of God. The episcopal visitations which he so frequently made throughout his diocese were, in fact, laborious missionary journeys, always



United States, no bishop in the American hierarchy wielded more influence or was more active in the general affairs of the Church in this country. Though constantly pressed with the vast amount of labor which claimed his attention in his own diocese, he always found time to take a leading part in religious matters beyond its limits. He also had a correspondence with Rome in relation to the Hogan difficulties in Philadelphia, and was consulted by the Propaganda in regard to the controversy for some time existing between the Sulpicians of Canada and the Bishop of Quebec.

The Jubilee of 1825, '26 and '27, presented an occasion which called forth the full exertion of Bishop Flaget's apostolic zeal. It was the first celebration of the jubilee in the west. Besides the regular exercises of religion in the churches, which were arranged by the bishop upon a most imposing and edifying plan, this holy season was particularly distinguished by learned and eloquent expositions and defences of the doctrines and practices of the church, one of the most remarkable and fruitful oral discussions ever conducted in this country. It was in those discussions that the Most Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, then a priest, opened his bright career as an illustrious champion of the true faith. The religious fruits of the jubilee were exceedingly great. Among many other gratifying results, there were one thousand two hundred and sixteen persons confirmed, and the number of communicants was incalculable. In January, 1828, the bishop repaired, by invitation, to Baltimore, to consecrate Archbishop Whistfield, whose consecration was performed on the day of Pentecost, in the Cathedral. In June, 1829, he made his fifth visitation of Indiana, no less laborious and edifying than previous ones; and in September of the same year he went to Baltimore to attend the first Provincial Council. At the Council, on being introduced for the first time to the late illustrious Bishop of Charleston, Bishop Flaget exclaimed, "Allow me to kiss the hand that has written so many fine things!" Bishop England promptly replied, "Permit me to kiss the hands which have done so much good." On the 6th of June, 1830, at Bardstown, Bishop Flaget consecrated Dr. Kenrick as coadjutor Bishop of Philadelphia, assisted by Bishops Conwell, David, England and Fenwick. Feeling his health declining, and never having overcome the scruples which his diffidence in himself constantly caused him to experience, he sent his resignation to Rome, which, based as it was on the plea of his declining health, was accepted, and Bishop David appointed his successor; but so great was the opposition to these transactions, which came from both the clergy and laity of the west, that he was compelled to submit to a reversal of all that had been done, and was again left Bishop of Bardstown, but now without a coadjutor, which condition of things continued more than a year. In the awful and destructive visitation of the cholera which devastated the west in 1833, Bishop Flaget displayed the most heroic zeal and charity, administering like an angel of love to the afflicted of all classes, forgetting himself until he had almost fallen a victim to the pestilence, and ready to meet death in such a cause with a smile of welcome. On the 13th of October, 1833, he consecrated the Right Rev. Dr. Purcell as Bishop of Cincinnati, and having received on the 29th of June, 1834, the Bulls appointing Dr. Chabrat his second coadjutor, he consecrated that prelate on the 20th of July, assisted by Bishop David and Rev. Dr. Miles. Having repaired to St. Louis, to consecrate the new cathedral, Bishop Flaget, on the 28th of October, consecrated in the cathedral the Right Rev. Dr. Bruté, who had just been appointed Bishop of Vincennes. During these years of arduous labor and incessant traveling throughout his vast diocese, many great and good works were accomplished in particular



localities, but exerting a happy influence over the entire diocese. In the language of his biographer: "Thus we have seen four colleges, two of which yet remain; three religious sisterhoods, conducting a large female orphan asylum; an infirmary, and eleven flourishing academies for girls, a brotherhood, and two religious orders of men devoting themselves to education and the missions; all growing up and prospering under the encouraging auspices of Bishop Flaget."

It is required by the Church of all bishops who are consecrated to preside over dioceses beyond the limits of Europe, to make a solemn engagement at their consecration, to repair to Rome, either in person or by suitable proxy, once in every ten years, in order to render to the Sovereign Pontiff an account of their administrations. Bishop Flaget had long desired to make in person this pilgrimage to the Eternal City, as well to comply with his obligation of rendering fealty to the successor of St. Peter, as to visit *en route* his native France, and to commune with his relatives and friends. The constant labors and engrossing cares of his diocese had, however, compelled him to remain at home and send a representative to Rome. Feeling justified now in leaving for a time the entire administration of his diocese in the hands of his zealous and able coadjutor, Dr. Chabrat, he concluded to visit Rome in person. He departed for Europe in the spring of 1835. Before going to Rome he spent one year in France, whither the fame of his sanctity and zeal had preceded him, and caused him to be received and venerated as a saint. He, however, in the midst of honors and ovations, never lost sight of the interests of his diocese and the cause of religion, for which objects he labored constantly during the four years he spent in Europe. He arrived at Rome in the fall of 1836, and was at once received by the Holy Father with every mark of respect and admiration. During his stay in the city, the cardinals and other distinguished personages there emulated each other in rendering every attention and kindness to the good missionary bishop. The Pope made him handsome presents for his diocese, and would not consent to his leaving Rome before the opening of spring. Leaving Rome in the spring of 1837, he visited many of the countries of Europe, in which he had business to transact; but having been specially commissioned by the Pope to travel through France in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, he speedily returned to that country, where he labored with wonderful and happy success for that great and holy cause, visiting forty-six dioceses in France and Sardinia. The following notice of his labors in this behalf is from the pen of the illustrious Cardinal Wiseman, in 1839:\* "In France the saintly American Bishop Flaget has been visiting several dioceses to preach in favor of the *Ceuvre de la Propagation*; and, though his tour has been limited, we have it on authority that it will have had the effect of raising the funds of that beautiful institution from seven hundred thousand to upwards of a million of francs. We have also reason to know that he is bent upon having such a system as we have suggested, of movable missionaries, established in America, as the only means of propagating the Catholic religion on a great scale."

In the language of his biographer: "In France it was even said and believed that extraordinary, if not miraculous, cures had been effected by his prayers, and ample statements to this effect, with certificates appended—were drawn up and circulated." In July, 1839, the bishop, in company with Bishop Purcell and Rev. Mr. McGill, now Bishop of Richmond, embarked at Havre for America, and arrived at New York on the 21st of August. Reaching Bardstown in September,

\* *Essays on Various Subjects*, vol. ii, p. 95.



the venerable bishop was received by his flock with every demonstration of joy and filial affection. The first congratulations and thanksgivings being over, the zealous missionary bishop first visited all his religious establishments, and then made the visitation of his entire diocese, which occupied two years. On the 12th of July, 1841, he had the misfortune of losing his devoted friend and faithful adviser, Bishop David, who died as he had lived, in great sanctity. In 1841 the episcopal chair of the diocese was removed from Bardstown to Louisville, where the bishop was heartily welcomed by the citizens of all religions. In 1842, a body of Sisters of Charity of the Good Shepherd arrived from France, and on the 4th of September, 1843, were installed in the new and extensive establishment erected for them by the bishop, entirely at his own expense. Bishop Chabrat's health having become extremely feeble, he was compelled to return to Europe, and was finally, in 1847, released from the office of coadjutor, and Bishop Flaget was again left without an assistant. In the year 1848, the Jesuit Fathers took charge of St. Joseph's College and the free school, and in the same year a colony of forty monks of La Trappe, from the Abbey of Melleray, arrived in the diocese and took possession of their new establishment at Gethsemane, about fourteen miles from Bardstown. In 1848 a new coadjutor, Dr. Spalding, the present Bishop of Louisville, was appointed. The long and fatiguing ceremony of consecrating the new bishop was performed by Bishop Flaget on the 10th of September, but the exertion was too great for his extreme age and infirm health; he sank down exhausted by the labors of the day, and was never afterwards able to discharge the public duties of the episcopacy. On the 15th of August, 1849, the corner-stone of the new cathedral at Louisville was solemnly laid in the presence of an immense multitude, but the venerable bishop could only behold the spectacle and bestow his blessing upon the assembled faithful from the balcony of his residence. After the consecration of Bishop Spalding, Bishop Flaget lingered in infirm health for two years, spending his time chiefly in prayers and pious reading. For six months before his death he was deprived of the inestimable privilege and happiness of offering up the holy sacrifice of the Lamb of God. His sufferings were very great during the last year or more of his earthly existence, but he received and patiently bore those sufferings as actual blessings from the hands of his heavenly Father, who thus permitted him to suffer for Christ. On the 11th of February, 1850, in the eighty-seventh year of his age, he calmly expired, surrounded by his clergy, full of sanctity, faith and hope, and overflowing with that heroic charity which had given an angelic character to his long and saintly career. His entire life was one of goodness. Of him it may be truly said, that he had no ends to aspire to besides the honor and glory of his Creator.



## EDUCATION.

### SCHOOLS, COLLEGES, UNIVERSITIES, BENEDICTINES, AND JESUITS.

*Translated for the Metropolis from the Works of Chateaubriand.*

To devote one's life to the alleviation of the sufferings of mankind is the first of benefits. The second is to enlighten them. Here again we meet with those *superstitious* priests who have cured us of our ignorance, and who for ten centuries buried themselves in the dust of the schools to rescue us from barbarism. They were not afraid of the light, since they opened to us the sources of it. They were anxious only to impart to us those precious stores which they had collected at the hazard of their lives among the ruins of Greece and Rome.

The Benedictine, who had studied everything,—the Jesuit, who was acquainted with the sciences and the world,—the oratorian and the professor of the university,—are perhaps less entitled to our gratitude than those humble friars who devoted themselves throughout all Christendom to the gratuitous instruction of the poor. “The regular clerics of the *pious schools* undertook, out of charity, to teach the lower classes reading, writing, arithmetic, and book-keeping. They likewise taught not only rhetoric and the Greek and Latin languages, but in the towns they also kept schools of philosophy and theology, scholastic and moral, mathematics, geometry and fortification. When the pupils have finished their lessons they go in troops to their homes under the superintendence of a religious, lest they should waste their time in playing in the streets.”\*

Simplicity of style is always pleasing, but when it is united with simplicity in conferring benefits, it is equally admirable and affecting.

After these primary schools founded by Christian charity, we find learned congregations bound by the express articles of their institution, to the service of letters and the education of youth. Such are the religious of St. Basil, in Spain, who have not less than four colleges in each province. They had one at Soissons in France, and another at Paris—the College of Beauvais, founded by Cardinal Dorman. As early as the ninth century, Tours, Corbeil, Fontenelles, Fulda, St. Gall, St. Denys, St. Germain d'Auxerre, Ferrière, Aniane, and Monte Cassino in Italy, were celebrated seminaries. In the Netherlands the *clergy of the common life* were employed in the collation of original works in the libraries and in restoring the text of manuscripts.

All the European universities were founded either by religious princes, or by bishops or priests, and they were all under the direction of different Christian orders. The famous university of Paris, whence the light of science was diffused over modern Europe, was composed of four faculties. It dates its origin from the time of Charlemagne,—from that barbarous age when Alcuin the monk, strug-

\* Helyot, tome iv, p. 307. Of all the institutions for gratuitous instruction to which Catholic charity has given birth, that founded in France by the venerable Father La Salle is the most conspicuous. It originated in the middle of the seventeenth century, and its members are known under the name of *Brothers of the Christian Schools*. From a statistical account published in 1842 we learn that at that time the congregation had 642 schools, chiefly in Europe, with 171,500 scholars. Since that period these numbers have increased. They have several establishments in the United States. There is a similar institute in Ireland, which has a large number of schools. T.



gling alone against ignorance, formed the design of making France a *Christian Athens*. Here a Budæus, a Casaubon, a Grenan, a Rollin, a Coffin, a Lebeau, taught; and here were formed an Abelard, an Amyot, a De Thou, and a Boileau. In England Cambridge produced a Newton, and Oxford boasts of her Friar Bacon and her Thomas Moore, her Persian library, her manuscripts of Homer, her Arundelian marbles, and her excellent editions of the classics. Glasgow and Edinburgh, in Scotland; Leipsic, Jena, Tübingen, in Germany; Leyden, Utrecht, and Louvain, in the Netherlands; Gandia, Alcalá, and Salamanca, in Spain;—all these nurseries of science attest the immense achievements of Christianity. But two orders, the Benedictines and the Jesuits, have been more particularly engaged in the cultivation of letters.

In the year 540 of the Christian era, St. Benedict laid the foundation, at Monte Cassino, in Italy, of that celebrated order destined to enjoy the threefold glory to which no other society ever attained,—of converting Europe to Christianity, of bringing her deserts under cultivation, and of rekindling the torch of science among her barbarous sons.\*

The Benedictines (and particularly those of the congregation of St. Maur, established in France about the year 543) produced all those men whose learning has become proverbial, and whose laborious and indefatigable researches brought to light the ancient manuscripts buried under the dust of the convents. Of their literary enterprises the most formidable (for we may justly employ that term) was the complete edition of the Fathers of the Church. Those who are acquainted with the difficulty of getting a little volume correctly printed in their native language will be able to judge how arduous must have been the task of a complete revisal and edition of the Greek and Latin Fathers, forming upward of one hundred and fifty folio volumes! The imagination can scarcely embrace these gigantic labors. To mention the names of a Ruinart, a Lobineau, a Calmet, a Tassin, a Lami, a Mabillon, a Monfaucon, is to recount prodigies of learning and science.

It is impossible to forbear regretting the loss of those great institutions solely dedicated to literary researches and the education of youth. After a revolution which has relaxed the ties of morality and interrupted the course of studies, a society at once religious and literary would apply an infallible remedy to the source of our calamities. In establishments differently constituted there cannot be that regular mode of proceeding, that laborious application to the same subject which prevail among recluses, and which, when continued for many centuries, at length give birth to truly wonderful productions.

The Benedictines were profound scholars, and the Jesuits men of letters; and both were of as much importance to religion as two illustrious academies are to society.

The order of the Jesuits was divided into three classes,—*approved scholars, finished assistants, and the professed*. The candidate was first tried by a novitiate of ten years, during which his memory was exercised, but he was not permitted to apply to any particular study. This was done to ascertain the bent of his genius. At the expiration of that time he attended the sick in the hospital for a month, and performed a pilgrimage on foot, at the same time soliciting alms. This was designed to accustom him to the sight of human afflictions, and to prepare him for the fatigues of the missions.

\* England, Friesland, and Germany, acknowledge as their apostles St. Augustin, St. Willibord, and St. Boniface, all of whom were members of the institute of St. Benedict.



He then proceeded to studies of an extensive or brilliant character. If he had only those qualities which are calculated to shine in society and that polish which pleases the world, he was placed in some conspicuous situation in the capital. He was introduced at court and among the great. Was his genius adapted to solitude? he was employed in the library, or filled some other post in the interior of the society. If he manifested talents for oratory, the pulpit afforded a field for his eloquence. If he possessed a luminous understanding, a correct judgment, and a patient disposition, he was appointed professor in the colleges. If he was ardent, intrepid, full of zeal and faith, he went to sacrifice his life by the scimeter of the Mohammedan or the tomahawk of the savage. Lastly, if he displayed talents for governing men, Paraguay summoned him to its forests, or the order to the superintendence of its concerns.

The general of the company resided at Rome. The provincial fathers in Europe were obliged to correspond with him once a month. The heads of the foreign missions wrote to him whenever ships or caravans visited the remote places in which they were stationed. There were besides, for urgent cases, missionaries who journeyed from Pekin to Rome, from Rome to Persia, Turkey, Ethiopia, Paraguay, or any other region of the globe.

In Europe learning sustained an irreparable loss in the Jesuits. Education has never perfectly recovered since their fall. They were particularly agreeable to youth; their polished manners rendered their instructions free from that pedantic tone which is repulsive to youth. As most of their professors were men of letters esteemed in the world, their disciples considered themselves as being only in an illustrious academy. They had contrived to establish among their scholars of different fortunes a kind of patronage which proved beneficial to science. These connections, formed at an age when the heart is readily susceptible of generous sentiments, were never afterward dissolved, and produced between the prince and the man of letters a friendship noble as that which subsisted of old between a Scipio and a Lælius.

They likewise cultivated those venerable relations of master and disciple so dear to the schools of Plato and Pythagoras. They prided themselves in the great man whose genius they had formed, and claimed a portion of his renown. A Voltaire dedicating his *Méropé* to Father Porée, and calling him his *dear master*, is one of those amiable traits that are not to be found in more modern education. Naturalists, chemists, botanists, mathematicians, mechanicians, astronomers, poets, historians, translators, antiquaries, journalists,—there is not a branch of science but what the Jesuits have cultivated with distinguished success. Bourdaloue revived the Roman eloquence, Brumoy familiarized France with the Grecian stage, Gresset trod in the steps of Molière; Lecompte, Parennin, Charlevoix, Ducerceau, Sanadon, Duhalde, Noel, Bouhours, Daniel, Tournemine, Maimbourg, Larue, Jouveny, Rapin, Vanière, Commire, Sirmond, Bougeant, Petau, have left names that are not without honor. And what can the Jesuits be accused of? A little ambition,—so natural to genius. “It will always be glorious,” says Montesquieu, speaking of these fathers, “to govern mankind by rendering them happy.” Consider what the Jesuits have done; recollect all the celebrated writers whom they have given to France or who were educated in their schools, the entire kingdoms gained for our commerce by their skill, their toils, and their blood, the miracles of their missions in China, Canada, and Paraguay, and you will find that the charges brought against them are far from balancing the services which they have rendered to society.



## OUR CONVENTS.—VIII.

### THE SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC.

THE glory which environs the name of the Friars Preachers, the saintly sons of St. Dominic,\* is nowhere more effulgent than in America. Earliest of all known orders in the western world, for Greenland had its convents of Dominicans in 1380,† they were among the first to hasten to the new regions laid open by the discovery of the great Genoese. In 1510 they were in Hayti; three years later their poor convents rose in Mexico and spread over that viceroyalty and that of Peru. A few years later the heroic Father Louis Cancer, with his companion, Father Diegode Peñalosa, perished in Florida, receiving a martyr's crown from those whom they sought to convert, and thus opening a way to the missions of Father Dominic, of the Annunciation, among the Creeks.‡ Of the Indians they were ever the devoted friends and advocates, and Las Casas, whose labors in their cause have immortalized, was but one of a host of men as zealous and charitable as himself.

Renowned throughout Christendom for the saints, the theologians, the artists, the orators, the missionaries it has produced, the order of St. Dominic was in our day introduced into the United States in 1805, amid the storm of the French revolution. The English Dominicans had a college at Bornheim, in Belgium, in which they sought refuge from the persecution of English Protestantism, but which God in his own designs permitted to be no shelter from the infidelity of France. The religious were expelled in 1805 by French troops, and all escaped to England but one, Father Edward Fenwick, who, years before had bade farewell to the shores of his native Chesapeake. He was thrown into prison, and only the spellword of American citizen opened his dungeon doors. To himself and his companions his native land seemed the fairest field for their labors, and the general of the order approving the plan, Father Edward Fenwick, as superior, led over the first colony of Blackfriars, composed of Fathers Thomas Wilson, William R. Tuite and R. Anger, all natives of England. Amid the forests of Kentucky the convent of Saint Rose sprang up like a flower and grew to strength and beauty under the care of Father Wilson, who was for many years provincial of his brethren.]

Young men entered the novitiate of the convent, eager to assume the white habit of the sainted Guzman, nor was the desire of the holy habit confined to their sex; maidens sought to consecrate their virginity to the Lord, and follow in all humility the rule of St. Dominic. The sainted founder had indeed established a community of nuns even before the founding of his great order, and the Convent of Prouille, erected in 1206, is the oldest house of the order. But none of these religious could be procured for America, and Father Wilson seems to have thought the rules of the third order better adapted to the wants of the time. He

\* St. Dominic de Guzman was born at Calaruega, and died on the 6th of August, 1221, at the age of 51. His famous order was founded in 1216, and approved in that year by Pope Honorius III. See Butler's Lives of the Saints, August 4.

† Voyage of Nicholas Zeni.

‡ Shea's History of the Catholic Missions, 46-50.

§ Spalding, Sketches of Kentucky, 149-155. Helyot, Histoire des Ordres Religieux, (Ed. Migne, ii, 110.)



accordingly tried these vocations; two he found unquestionably from on high, and as the ladies persisted in their desire to serve God in the order, he resolved to found the third order in America. Miss Mary Sansberry and Miss Mary Carrico were the corner-stones of the new spiritual edifice, in which the former, who assumed the name of Sister Angela, was the first prioress.\* Their Convent of St. Magdalen, now called St. Catharine, of Sienna, stand near Springfield, in Washington county, Kentucky, and an academy coeval with its institution, and a day school in the neighboring town, have been the instruments of immense good. Its growth was not however rapid; in 1825 the convent numbered only fourteen professed sisters, but it advanced gradually in numbers and fervor, unretarded by any obstacle.† This happy progress is due under God and his saints to Father Wilson, their founder, and especially to the present Bishop of Nashville, who was long their superior. Father Fenwick founded in 1819 a convent of his order in Ohio, and three years later was raised to the episcopate as Bishop of Cincinnati. He wished to endow his new diocese with a female institution to meet some of its most crying wants. For this purpose he purchased a small house at Somerset, and having obtained a colony of four sisters from the Convent of St. Magdalen, founded in January, 1830, the Convent of St. Mary's, which he placed under the special patronage of the glorious queen of angels. The blessings which this pious community diffused around them impelled the neighboring Catholics to unite and aid in enlarging their house, so as to enable the sisters to conduct a large academy. The early prosperity has not diminished; vocations were numerous, and in 1844 it contained no less than twenty professed sisters, two more than the parent house St. Magdalen's.

The next daughter of St. Magdalen's was the Convent of St. Agnesa, at Memphis, in Tennessee, the diocese presided over by Bishop Miles, whose interest in the order we have mentioned. The Rev. Thomas L. Grace, the pastor of Memphis, had earnestly solicited a colony for his parish, and the superior, yielding to his entreaty, sent four sisters from St. Magdalen's and three from St. Mary's to begin the new house, which is now in a flourishing condition.

Meanwhile Father Francis S. Alemany had been raised to the see of Monterey, in California, and he too on departing from the Ohio, solicited some sisters to found a convent on the shores of the Pacific, and two of the heroic daughters of St. Dominic, undeterred by the length or dangers of the way, proceeded to California, and being joined by a sister from France, founded a house at Monterey, the Convent of St. Catharine, since transferred to Benicia.

The last offshoot of the foundation of Miss Sansberry and Miss Carrico was the Convent of ———, at Zanesville, founded in November, 1855, and proceeding in its way of good with every prospect of permanence.‡

These are not, however, the only sisters of the order of St. Dominic in the United States. In the year 1828 a young Milanese Dominican was sent from Rome to join his brethren in Kentucky and Ohio. Ordained on the 5th of May, 1830, Father Samuel Mazzuchelli has since labored with unabated zeal, especially on the shores of Lake Michigan. Shattered in health he was sent back to Italy in 1843 to recruit his strength, and still a missionary he sought to gather a colony of his order that a convent of St. Dominic might gladden the lakes of Wisconsin. However, he returned alone in 1846, though with power to erect a house. Unde-

\* Letter of the Prioress of St. Mary's, Ohio.

† Spalding, Life of Bishop Flaget, 303.

‡ Letter of the Prioress of St. Mary's, July 25, 1856.



tered by any difficulties he founded the convent at Sissinawa Mound, and his little community swelled by accessions from Europe and vocations here is now quite flourishing. As early as 1848 the same indefatigable missionary gave the habit of the third order to some pious ladies, who opened an academy, from which the State did not long withhold an act of incorporation. This convent, transferred subsequently to Benton, now contains six professed sisters and three novices, Sister Mary Johanna Clark being prioress.\*

The last house of Sisters of St. Dominic in the United States is not like the preceding one formed here; the convent of the Dominican nuns at Brooklyn was founded in 1852, by a colony of sisters from Bavaria, obtained by the zeal of the Very Rev. Mr. Raffener, whose labors for the German Catholics are beyond all praise.†

The sisters of St. Dominic in this country do not use the Breviary of the order as those of France do; they merely recite the Office of the Blessed Virgin, and once a week the Office of the Dead; but they are real religious, making vows for life.

\* Almanacs, and Mémoriee Istoriche ed Edificante.

† De Courcy, Catholic Church in the United States, 494.

## THOUGHTS UPON INSANITY, DREAMS, HALLUCINATIONS, AND SELF-CONTROL.

A FRENCH medico-psychologist, M. Moreau, makes a case showing the identity or kindred of dreams with insanity. Thus each of us may experience in our own persons something of the state of mind of a deranged person, and from the "thick-coming fancies" which often disturb our slumbers we may catch a glimpse at the habitual workings of the "mind diseased."

"The states of dream, delirium and insanity," says M. Moreau, "are psychologically confounded. Madness is the dream of a man who is awake—'*La folie est le rêve de l'homme éveillé.*' In madness, as in a dream, the thoughts wander in the same wild manner, and the power of controlling them is lost. In madness, as in a dream, there is often the same confusion as to personal identity. The intense mental preoccupation of the madman is reflected in the lesser mental preoccupation of the dreamer, and there is the same insensibility to external impression in both."

A good idea that—madness is the dream of a man who is awake! It is strange, yet true, that it is difficult to define insanity, or rather to sustain the definition, when under the cross-questioning of acute criticism. Suppose we call insanity hallucination of the mind, then is a man indeed insane when he dreams. Or, a person confounds facts with fancies and states imaginary facts for real. Is such a person insane? If so, all children, most old persons, and many in their prime who are not supposed to be wanting in intellect, would fall under the ban. "Children," says that acute observer, Sydney Smith, "are often detected in falsehoods which evidently originate from this cause; they have not learned to distinguish between their memory and their conception, and therefore believe they have seen and heard things which they have only fancied." Now we know a man,



named Smith, neither wanting in intellect nor veracity, who speaks at times of hearsay facts as things that have come under his notice—nay, he has even told us as items of news things for which he was actually indebted to us for his information. Perhaps the reader knows him also, and can add his evidence to ours, yet no one thinks Smith insane, and least of all does he think so himself.

The Reverend Sydney goes on to say: "In the same manner very old men, approaching to their second infancy, are apt to confound what they have only conceived with what they have remembered, and for this cause to become unintelligible to those who converse with them."

As we attest, such mental infirmities, though most common to the extremes of life, are by no means confined to them.

Absence of mind is a species of insanity which often afflicts very clever people, but it is no credit to them. It is true, one devoted to intellectual or other engrossing pursuits has often to shut off from his mind all considerations but such as belong to a subject under treatment. Thus engrossed, a genius sometimes has hardly sense enough to keep his head out of the fire, but when in such abstract moods a "decent respect for the opinions of mankind" ought to keep him retired bodily from society, as well as mentally, that he may not shock the common sense of common people, nor frighten innocent children, with an "eye in fine frenzy rolling."

The mind is a deep mystery in all its workings, and perhaps some insanity of it is as universal as more or less unsoundness of the material portion of humanity. But, like the body, much may be done by the individual to strengthen and save it in spite of more or less infirmity. Dr. Forbes Winslow, one of the most eminent psychologists of the day, advises a course of study to prepare the minds of physicians who have to deal with the insane; he says such physicians should have extraordinary qualifications and are often required to make the greatest sacrifices (sometimes of health, life and reason) for the benefit of this section of the afflicted family of man. "I am at length rewarded," says Miller, "since after twenty-six years intercourse with the insane I have not become insane myself."

The studies and pursuits recommended by Dr. Winslow for the physician will invigorate and expand every mind. He deprecates the school that will learn nothing without the special question—*Cui Bono?* As if there was no good in anything not eatable or marketable. He would have mental philosophy cultivated in its strictness, but besides, all that is lovely and beautiful. "Are the lofty emotions, the glorious imagery, the sublime speculations, the melodies that have charmed our ear, elevated our thoughts, improved our hearts, ennobled our nature, purified our manners, and thrown rays of sunshine over the dreary and thorny path of life, to be dismissed from our contemplation because they have no obvious and direct relationship to the practical business of life?"

No, we may not yield to the vulgar prejudice against exalted inquiries . . . "which constitute the charm and poetry of life, and exercise a powerful influence on the intellectual progress of nations, the civilization of the world, and the character, happiness, and destiny of man."

But man should study himself yet more deeply, and the "science of mental philosophy has great and obvious advantages which, in the absence of more conclusive recommendations in its favor, ought to demonstrate to us the importance and value of a knowledge of our own mental constitution. The discipline, the training, the expansion which the mind undergoes in the study of its own operations, are of themselves benefits not lightly to be appreciated. The cultivation of habits of accurate observation and reflection, of patient attention, of rigid induction, of



logical ratiocination, qualifies the mind for the more ready pursuit of those branches of knowledge that are considered to be more closely connected with the practical and active business of life. The mental *gymnasium* to which I refer is admirably fitted for the development, regulation, and cultivation of those faculties of the mind upon the right exercise of which depends our intellectual advancement and happiness."

Such instructions are most appropriate to the cultivated classes, but most men or women may, by efforts of their own minds, ward off growing defects, and save themselves by a strong will from morbid thoughts and premonitory weaknesses which, like other and more tangible diseases, grow from trivial ailments to fatal maladies.

### Charity.

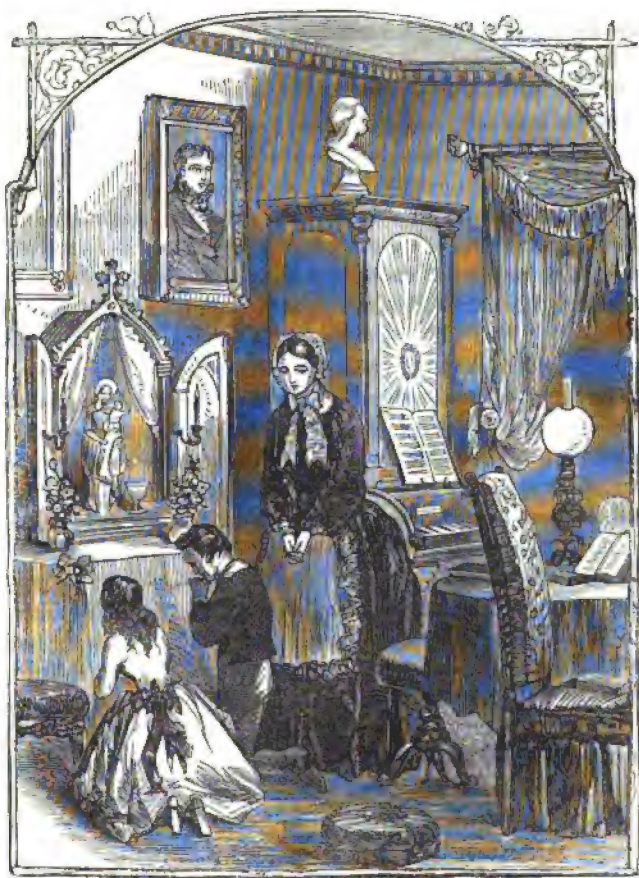
IN the hour of keenest sorrow—  
 In the hour of deepest woe—  
 Wait not for the coming morrow,  
 To the sad and sorrowing go;  
 Make it thy sincere pleasure  
 To administer relief,  
 Freely opening the treasure  
 To assuage a brother's grief.

Go and seek the orphans sighing,  
 Seek the widow in her tears;  
 As on mercy's pinions flying,  
 Go dispel the darkest fears;  
 Seek the stranger sad and weary,  
 Pass not on the other side,  
 Though the task be sad and dreary,  
 Heeding not the scorn of pride.

Go, with manners unassuming,  
 In a meek and quiet way,  
 O'er the father ne'er presuming,  
 Though thy brother sadly stray;  
 'Tis a Saviour's kind compassion,  
 'Tis his righteousness alone,  
 All unmerited salvation,  
 That around thy path hath shone.

When thy heart is warmly glowing  
 With the sacred love of prayer,  
 Be thy works of kindness flowing  
 Not as with a miser's care;  
 Duty e'er shall be thy watchword,  
 Pity drop the balmy tear;  
 Always towards the fallen cherish  
 Sympathy and love sincere.





### THE TRIUMPH OF PRINCIPLE.

THREE persons—mother, son and daughter—sat together round the fire of a comfortably furnished room in the respectable street of a great city. It was evening, and the wind howled without, and the rain dashed against the windows, while within the room all was silence. The eldest of the group, the mother, sat with her elbow resting on the table, and her cheek resting on her hand, gazing into the fire steadily and very gravely; the girl was quietly engaged at her books; while the son, a lad of about fourteen, looked anxiously at his mother, and sighed and shifted uneasily on his chair as he observed her to steal her handkerchief to her eyes and then take it away again to continue her gaze into the red hot embers of the glowing grate. For a few minutes the boy regarded his mother, as we have said, in silence, but at last, when for the third or fourth time she



had held her handkerchief to her eyes for a longer period than before, he left his chair noiselessly, and stealing behind her, he wound his hand round her neck, and laying his smooth young cheek to hers, he said :

"Keep up your heart, mamma ; dear mamma, keep up your heart, or mine will break to look at you."

She kissed him fondly, and leaned her head upon his shoulder—"I wish he were come and gone, Gerald ; I wish it were all over," she said, tremulously and faintly.

"And so it will, mamma ; do not be so uneasy ; remember that he is but a man after all," said the lad.

"I know that, my love," was the reply ; "but your dear father did not like him, and I, I fear him, Gerald. He is rich, he is hard, we are in his debt, and——"

A short, sharp knock at the door interrupted her and caused her to start from her seat, although, by the time that a small, thin, sharp-visaged man entered the room, she had recovered herself, and received his cool and cautious salutations with composure. He took a chair, put on his spectacles, drew a candle nearer to him, produced a black pocket-book, opened it deliberately, took from it a document, and, after examining it carefully, looked at the lady over his spectacles, and spoke :

"I have examined the books and papers you were good enough to entrust to my care, madam," he said, in a quick, short, irritable voice, "and I regret to say that the issue is unfavorable. Here is a rough draft of Mr. O'Reilly's liabilities, and the assets, possible and available, left to meet them, and you will see that the former exceed the latter by a large figure."

The widow took the paper and glanced at it.

"Twelve hundred pounds," she said, in a low, agitated tone. "It is indeed a large sum, Mr. Hastings—too large, although had my dear husband's life been spared, he would have paid it to the last penny, for he was an honest man."

"Spread his wings too wide, madam ; dabbled in matters, shares, and such like, which he knew nothing about," replied the old gentleman, chuffly. "I often told him so, and warned him of the consequences when he came to me for a renewal of bills, and further accommodation, and so forth. He thought me a very hard-hearted old fellow, I dare say, but you see I was right, after all. No man should venture beyond his depth ; I never do—never did. Had I done so, I should not be able to bear the loss of the six hundred and odd pounds due to me, which I suppose I must. No, no ; no speculation for me ; no gambling, no risking other people's money and losing my own. I began life on little, very little, and I increased it by always cutting my cloth according to my measure. I worked hard, and lived hard ; if I had not the price of my dinner, a crust and a cup of water served me for supper, and I never put even a shirt to my back until I had the money in my hand to pay for it.



That was always my way, madam, and it throve with me. Fair and easy goes far in the day, and short reckonings make long friends."

"Twelve hundred pounds!" again said Mrs. O'Reilly, looking at the formidable rows of figures presented to her.

"A large sum, madam—a very large sum for honest men to lose," persisted the creditor; "but it can't be helped, I suppose; doubtless, as you say, had your husband lived, he would have worked through; but he didn't—died suddenly, and left *us* in the lurch; there it is; overshot the mark, lost his credit, and ended by losing his life into the bargain. Altogether a bad business—very bad. Not that you have so much to complain of as others; you are secured for your settlement, and a thousand pounds will give you time to look about you a little. There are some few of the poorer class of creditors—struggling people, to whom the loss of a few pounds is a great one—whom, I suppose, you will settle with; not that it is obligatory on you, however; the thousand pounds are yours by right, and you can do as you please with it."

"My son and I have been talking that matter over, sir," replied Mrs. O'Reilly, more firmly, "and his opinion is, that I have no right to leave his father's debts unpaid if I can, by any means or at any sacrifice, manage to discharge them."

"Your son, madam! What son? Eh! Where is he?" suddenly demanded the old man. "I never knew you had a son old enough to advise with."

"Gerald is young, sir," answered Mrs. O'Reilly, "but he and I have no secrets from each other, and since his father's death we have spoken much together of his affairs. Here he is."

Gerald came forward, and Hastings looked at him steadily from head to foot.

"What age are you, young gentleman?" he demanded, in his short, sharp tone.

"Rather more than fourteen, sir."

"A young adviser, madam," said the old man, "but I dare say an honest one. What did you say his name was?"

"Gerald."

"Well, and so, Gerald, you advised your mother to give up her claims upon the estate to pay your father's debts? Is that the fact?"

The boy blushed, but he answered quietly—

"Yes, sir; that was my advice to mamma."

"Umph! And do you know, child, what the effect of her following this advice would be?"

"I think I do, sir," said Gerald, modestly.

"Hardly, I should think," went on Hastings, still keeping his eye on him. "Why, boy, your advice would make her a beggar."

"It would make her poorer, much poorer than she is, sir?" replied Gerald, "but not a *beggar*, I hope."



"Indeed! why, she has no other property, has she?"

"No, sir."

"Then how is she to get on? What is she to do?"

"God will assist her, sir, I hope," replied the boy, manfully and gravely, "and I will do my best to help and earn for her. Papa's creditors ought to be paid; papa's good name must be taken care of now that he is dead, as he would have taken care of it himself if he had lived long enough; papa—dear papa loved us both"—the poor boy's eyes filled, and his voice faltered, but he went on—"and the best way we can prove our gratitude for his love is to follow his example, and endeavor to be as upright and honest as we know he would wish us to be."

"But poverty, child—utter poverty is a terrible thing to encounter," said Hastings. "You don't know how terrible it is."

"No, sir, I do not, as yet," said Gerald, with a sigh; "but God commands us to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us, and we have no right to receive money which is due to others in order that we may escape the poverty which the loss of it may bring them to, if we accept it. Besides, if you please, sir, I am young, I am strong, I can work, and, as mamma thinks as I do, we would rather take our chance in the world together than leave papa's debts unpaid. We may be poor, but we shall be neither ashamed nor unhappy when we have done what we ought to do."

"And you join your son in all this, madam?" said the old gentleman, turning to Mrs. O'Reilly. "You ought to think seriously about it; I tell you so, although I shall be a gainer by your giving up the large sum which was settled on you at your marriage, as an equivalent for what you brought to your husband."

"I *have* thought seriously about it, sir," was Mrs. O'Reilly's reply, "but I—I think that Gerald is right, and I should wish my claim to be deducted from the general account and divided amongst Mr. O'Reilly's creditors. I have friends and relatives to whom I can apply, and I dare say, in one way or other, that we shall do very well. I am obliged to you for the trouble you have taken, and although there will still be a deficiency in the funds, you will have to divide, still, with God's assistance, even that may be provided for hereafter. Shall I offer you a cup of tea?"

"By all means, madam," said the old man in a much more cheerful tone; "and while it is getting ready, I will take the liberty of catechizing your son a little."

He called Gerald to sit beside him, and while Mrs. O'Reilly made the tea, he questioned the lad as to his proficiency in learning, his general tastes and leanings, and his particular wishes regarding a pursuit in life. To all the questions asked him, Gerald answered readily. He had no reserves to make, no secrets to keep. He had been reared by his parents to tell the truth, and to say what he had to say candidly and freely; he had been much confided in, and now, at this crisis of her life, his suffer-



ing mother was beginning to feel the judiciousness of the course she had pursued, and to find how great is the consolation of having a fond and faithful heart to lean upon when the day of trouble comes. On the boy's part, his mind, without being precociously ripe, was more advanced than those of his years ususually are, because his training was better and his experience larger; he had always been made the friend and familiar of his father and mother, and from their discussions and the conversation of their friends he had gained a knowledge of the world, which now promised to befriend him, suddenly bereaved as he was, and placed in circumstances with which it was difficult to deal. Yet he *had* dealt with them in an upright and uncompromising spirit; he had discussed their altered and perilous circumstances over and over a hundred times with his mother since his father's death; and he well knew all the difficulties which he must prepare to meet. But this did not stop—did not daunt him; his father's memory must be respected; his father's creditors ought to be paid their due, and he had implicit reliance on the goodness of Providence, whose smile was never wanting to those who deserved to prosper. And so when his mother consulted him, he eased her apprehensions and raised her hopes, and this it was which made him not unwilling to face his father's largest creditor, and which enabled him now to answer his questions without confusion or reserve.

When Mr. Hastings had concluded his conversation with Gerald, he found that he was an intelligent, open-hearted, sensible fellow, who had attended diligently to his books, and had, therefore, for his years, accumulated a very respectable stock of information indeed. He wrote a good hand—for the old gentleman demanded to see a specimen—understood accounts well; was a good grammarian, a tolerable linguist, and had perused the best historical and geographical works, so as to retain their principal and most useful points; he had been trained to piety and virtue at the seminary of a reverend father, whose saintly inculcations were well fitted to make his pupils an ornament to society and a credit to their friends; and, altogether, he was what might be fairly called a well-informed boy, whose educational training fitted him for mercantile rather than professional life. Indeed, his father, who was himself a general merchant, always intended his son to follow his own pursuits, and although Mr. O'Reilly had suffered his love of speculative venture to involve him in difficulties, still as a father, husband, and friend, he was above reproach, and had studiously trained his son, both by precept and example, to become an amiable, honorable, and accomplished man.

The tea was made and drank, and when Mr. Hastings took up his hat to depart, Mrs. O'Reilly wondered to herself how it was that she had feared meeting him so much:

"I will call Mr. O'Reilly's creditors together to-morrow, madam," he said, on taking leave, "and will submit to them the proposition you have entrusted me to make. I quite agree with you that your husband's debts



ought to be paid, so far as it can be done; his memory demands that justice at your hands; and for the rest I trust that you and my young friend Gerald here will find that honesty is ever the best policy in the long run. The pride of principle is unlike every other sort of pride; it is neither envious, malicious, nor uncharitable; it can bear to see its neighbor prosperous as well as itself; it preserves its possessor from stooping to the rich or grinding the poor; it thanks God for what he gives, and is content with it; and it teaches us so to guide our steps and select our friends as that hereafter we may have no reason to retrace the one or to look coldly on the other. Proper pride is the proper name given to this great virtue, madam, and in all essentials it differs as much from the pride of riches as the glorious blaze of the mid-day sun, fructifying, enlightening, and invigorating all it looks upon, differs from the feeble light of a farthing rushlight. I thank you for your cup of tea, and you shall hear from me to-morrow."

And away he went.

Punctual to his promise, the old gentleman called on the following day about three o'clock.

"I have arranged it all for you, madam," he said, as he took his seat, put on his spectacles, and produced his pocket-book. "In consideration for your just and liberal dealing, Mr. O'Reilly's creditors have come to the determination to leave you your house and furniture, and to give you also one hundred pounds to begin with. Pardon me; don't refuse it; it is your right, and they have acted wisely and prudently; honest men have a right to encourage honesty in others as well as themselves; many a weak mind is driven to desperation by hard dealing, which under a milder and more considerate treatment might retrieve both credit and character. No, no, don't refuse it; there is no degradation in retaining what is freely voted you by those most concerned. So that point is settled, and now for Gerald. Of course, Gerald, you would like to begin to earn something as soon as possible, I suppose?"

"This very moment, sir, if I could," said Gerald, brightening up.

"Well, just now I happen to want a junior clerk in the office, and you may have the situation if you like. I cannot afford a large salary, however, to young beginners. One pound a week, paid duly and truly on Saturday evening, is my terms; but twenty shillings can do a great deal, if it is well husbanded; I lived for years and years on that sum, and could always manage to give a shilling in charity as well as to support myself and save a little for a rainy day. Besides, by-and-bye, it will increase as you become more useful, so you may consider yourself pretty well off. My hours are from nine to five; now and then you may be detained later, but then for extra work there is extra pay, so now let me hear what you say to my proposal."

Gerald closed with him at once, and Mrs. O'Reilly, with tears in her eyes, thanked the eccentric old man for his benevolent kindness.



"No thanks to me, madam," he said; "it is every man's duty to assist those who are willing to assist themselves, and it is a matter of prudence in a trader like myself to look out for honorable assistants, and to bind them to us if we can. Your son has been well taught—well trained; he has given proof of it by his advice to you, and by his respect for his dead father's good name. Let him persevere as he has begun, and he will yet be a prosperous man. I shall expect him at nine to-morrow morning. In a week I will have all your matters arranged, and then you shall see me again. Farewell."

He departed, blessing and blessed, as the charitable always do, leaving the perfume of peace behind him, and bearing it in his own heart as well. And yet the world called him a *hard* man, and doubtless he was so towards those who did not come up to his standard of principle, which was a high one. Punctual himself, he required punctuality in others; frugal and industrious, extravagance in outlay or waste of time was particularly abhorrent to him; and he had no sympathy with those who by imprudence or intemperance brought upon themselves evils which an opposite course of conduct would have enabled them to avoid. He attended the sacraments regularly, gave liberally to the poor, and to the church, the poor's best friend, and never laid his head on his pillow without invoking the mediation of the queen of heaven, the mother of all purity, with her divine Son, that he might always be preserved in a state of grace, and be enabled to fulfill his duties as a good Catholic and an upright man.

Meanwhile Mrs. O'Reilly and Gerald prepared for the new state of things, and during the evening all their arrangements were made. Strict economy was to be the order of the day with them all. Part of their house was to be let in lodgings; little Fanny's music mistress was to be retained for the present; but in the evenings, between Gerald and his mother, they thought themselves quite competent to superintend her general education, and therefore the day school to which Fanny was accustomed to go was given up. Gerald felt that a serious charge had devolved on him, and when he went to his bed-room, he first pondered for half an hour on what he had to do, and then prayed devoutly to God and to his saints that strength might be given him, both of mind and body, to fulfill his good intentions and act well his part.

Mr. Hastings was a general merchant in very extensive trade, and when Gerald appeared at his place of business, his employer at once introduced him to his head clerk, a Mr. Dillon, and placed him under his charge. Dillon was a staid, elderly, methodical man, somewhat timid and suspicious, and peculiarly susceptible of first impressions; and as he had been prepossessed by his employer's representations of "the new hand," he willingly took him under his charge and gave him some good advice, when Mr. Hastings went out and left them together.



"You must begin with the rough work, Gerald," he said, "at the bottom rung of the ladder; but don't quarrel with it, you will get up the other steps in time if you deserve it. You will find two or three lads here, a little wilder than they ought to be, and who have yielded to Mr. Joseph's example and advice. Mr. Joseph is Mr. Hastings' nephew, you see, and may be his successor here, one day or other, if he pleases; but he is a wild slip, Gerald, very wild and very pleasant withal; but still, as you have your way to make, my lad, I advise you to be civil to him, but to avoid his intimacy. Stay—there is another youth, Richard Bassett, who is a great friend and crony of Mr. Joseph's; don't do as *he* does, I advise you, for he applauds everything his richer friend does, and accompanies him everywhere, after hours, a course which, as a well-wisher, I counsel you to avoid. Come now, and I will introduce you to your new companions, and show you what to do."

*To be continued.*

## SCENES IN THE LIVES OF THE APOSTLES.

### ST. PAUL.



Paul.

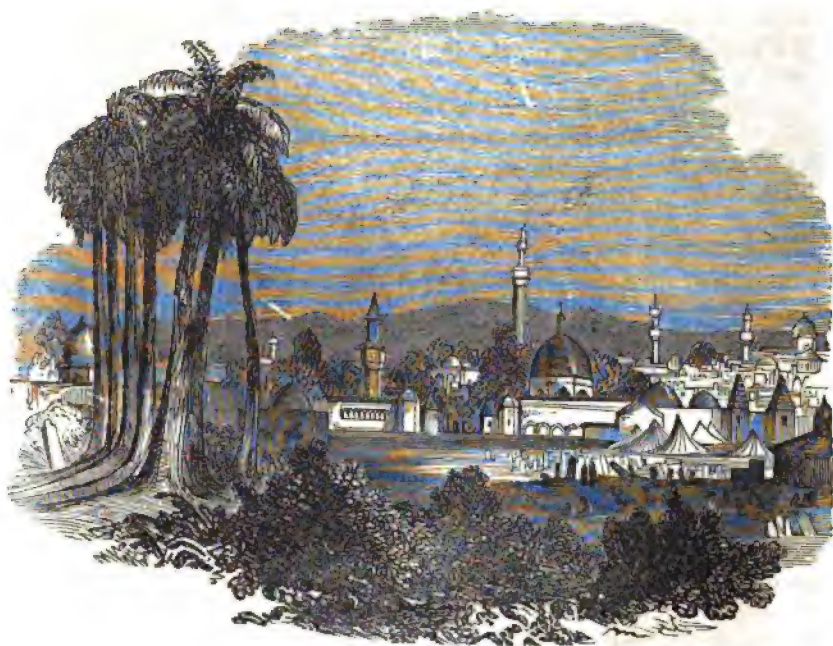
LEAD us, great teacher Paul, in wisdom's ways,  
And lift our hearts with thine to heaven's high throne,  
Till faith beholds the clear meridian blaze,  
And sun-like in the soul reigns charity alone.

THE Church which our Lord had founded and formed in silence and mystery, which he had consummated on the cross, had now been displayed to the world on the Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost conferred on the apostles the last graces for their divine mission. The Church had begun its existence, teaching like its founder, as one having authority; like him maligned, opposed and persecuted. A martyr had fallen; led out of the city, the deacon Stephen had received the crown, which his name foretold, and in his death gloried the young, impulsive Saul of Tarsus, the strict Pharisee, the eloquent disciple of Gamaliel.\* A spectator at the death of Stephen, taking no part beyond guarding the garments of those who executed the sentence against the protomartyr, Saul soon burned with zeal to signalize his devotedness to the synagogue by pursuing the Christians in every direction. The chief priests were not slow to avail themselves of the services of the zealous upholder of the law and the traditions of the Pharisee, for his spotless character gave their cruelty a semblance of pious devotedness to truth. The high priest invested Saul with full powers, and the new officer became the

\* Acts xxi, 29; xxii, 3; xxvi, 4.



terror of the followers of Jesus, tearing them from their homes, and plunging them loaded with chains into the foulest dungeons.\* In all this he thought that he did a service to God. Alas, what a type of the thousands who rage against the Church and will not examine its claims! But God was merciful to Saul. Unconscious of what Jesus in his mercy was preparing, the young Pharisee breathing nothing but threats and slaughter, and finding Jerusalem too little to sate his rage, obtained permission to visit Damascus also, with authority to extirpate those who had fled to that city.



*Damascus.*

At midway the walls of Damascus were already in sight, all reddening in the noontide sun, and Saul with his companions urged on their steeds, reveling in the picture which fancy drew of the numbers whom they should soon lead back in fetters to the bar of the Sanhedrim. Then the moment came; the blood of Stephen and the sufferings of other confessors and martyrs long pleading at the throne of God was heard, and our Lord in an instant changed into a vessel of election, a herald of his faith, this fearful persecutor.

Suddenly a bright light from heaven shone upon them, making the very sun itself dark. Amazed, they fell to the ground in terror and dismay, while a voice as of living thunder rolled around. To the rest it was confused, but to the ear and heart and soul of Saul sped the fearful question: "Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me?" Amazed and confused, the prostrate Pharisee asked humbly: "Who art thou?" Our Lord, identifying himself with his sacred spouse, the Church and her suffering children, replied: "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. It is hard for

\* Acts viii, 3; xii, 4; xxvi, 10.



thee to kick against the goad." Astonished and trembling at this evidence of the divinity of the victim of the synagogue, Saul asked humbly : " Lord what wilt thou have me to do ?" " Arise," said our Lord, " and go into the city, and there it shall be told thee what thou must do."



*Conversion of Saul.*

His terrified companions seeing that all was silent, now approached their fallen leader, and raising him from the ground, found that he was entirely blind. Leading him by the hand they brought him into the city to the house of one named Judas, in the narrow street, and there he fasted for three days and nights, awaiting the will of his merciful Saviour and the fulfillment of a vision which he received. Meanwhile, our Lord appeared in a vision to a holy man named Ananias, and bid him go and seek Saul of Tarsus. Amazed at this, Ananias hesitated, but our Lord added : " Go thy way, for this man is to me a vessel of election, to carry my name before the Gentiles, and kings and the children of Israel ; for I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." Obedient to this command, Ananias proceeded to Judas' house, and entering in, he said : " Brother Saul, the Lord Jesus, he that appeared to thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mayst receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost." At these words, scales fell from his eyes, he received his sight, and rising up, was baptized by Ananias.\*

Wonderful is this conversion in which our Lord thrice appeared ! Wonderful in our day is the sudden conversion of another child of Israel by the apparition of the mother of our Lord ! But the sinner, the wanderer beyond the pale of the Church, must not look for any such grace which God reserves to the few whom he for his own designs selects. To most he comes by his interior graces, and to these they must hearken, lest as in the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, they omit to follow him from negligence, and then find too late that the doors have closed that exclude them from the wedding feast of the Eternal Bridegroom—

[\* Acts ix, 1-18.



Christ and his Church. We also learn that it is not enough to follow the church in which we were born, that it is a delusion to suppose all sects equal, else a God of infinite wisdom would never have accumulated miracles to draw Saul from the Mosaic law and practices.



St. Paul now preached Jesus in the synagogues, astonishing the Jews by the suddenness of his conversion, and confounding them by his arguments. Provoked at this, the Jews sought to take his life, and posted guards at the city gates to kill him as he passed, but some of the disciples from a house that overlooked the city wall let him down in a basket, and reaching the ground in safety he proceeded to Jerusalem. That holy city he entered, not as he had left it, with all the pomp and pride of an officer of the high priest, but as an humble follower of Jesus. He sought the apostles and disciples now, not as a persecutor, but as his fathers and his brethren. Fearing that their crafty enemy was now bent on some stratagem, they kept aloof, till Barnabas took him to the apostles and recounted the wonderful things that God had wrought in him. Here too he preached zealously to Jew and Gentile, and again the storm of persecution rose against him, and the disciples



sent him to Cesarea, and thence to his native city.\* St. Barnabas meanwhile had gone to Antioch, and as the Church increased rapidly he went for St. Paul to come and assist him. Here for a year St. Paul labored earnestly, and learning from the prophet St. Agabus that a famine was at hand, the Christians of Antioch collected alms and sent it to Jerusalem by the hands of St. Paul and St. Barnabas.† They did not, however, remain long in the holy city, returning soon after to the field of their labors.‡

After some time devoted to the ministry and his own sanctification in Antioch, St. Paul was called to a new field. God made known to the Church his will that St. Paul and St. Barnabas should be set apart for a particular ministry. With fasting and prayer they laid hands on the two chosen ones and sent them away, their mission being to the Gentiles. Accordingly the two new apostles—for such they are called, though not of the twelve—proceeded to Selucia, and sailed to the island of Cyprus.



*Elymas the Sorcerer. — (Raphael.)*

This delightful island, devoted in ancient times to every sensual enjoyment, to the gratification of every passion, was now to be gained to the true God. Synagogues of Jews already existed there, and in these the apostles preached from Salamis to Paphos, the seat of the worship of the impure Venus. Here the devil, the strong man armed, finding his empire attacked, raised up a sorcerer named

\* Acts ix, 26–30.

† Acts xi, 25–30.

‡ Acts xii, 25.



Bar-jesu, to oppose the progress of the faith. Lucius Sergius Paulus was pro-consul of the whole island, and resided at Paphos; hearing of the arrival of the preachers of the new law, he sent for them. When they appeared, Elymas endeavored to turn away the pro-consul from the faith, but Saint Paul, filled with the Holy Ghost, cried out, as he gazed on the instrument of Satan: "O, full of guile and of all deceit, thou child of the devil, enemy of all justice, thou ceaseest not to pervert the right ways of the Lord. And now behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a time." At the word of the apostle light vanished from the eyes of the wicked man, and he groped around for one to lead him out. Happy would it have been for him had his soul opened to the truth! But though such was not his happiness, the miracle converted the pro-consul, who "believed, admiring at the doctrine of the Lord."

*To be continued.*

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## FOOD AND MEDICINE;

### OR, THE MEANS OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

"Ah! what avails the largest gift of heaven,  
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?  
How tasteless then whatever can be given!  
Health is the vital principle of bliss."

WE all admit the truthfulness of the words of the poet; we are ever ready to exclaim: Give me health in preference to all other earthly blessings! In the meantime, how little do we concern ourselves to preserve this priceless boon. Of all the gifts vouchsafed to man by a munificent Providence, health is the greatest; and yet there is nothing of which man is more prodigal than this very blessing. This may, perhaps, be one of the weak points of his nature—a failing, traceable to that ocean of ills entailed upon his race in consequence of the transgression of his first parents. And so strange is his infatuation on this point that he heeds not the friendly admonition of a brother. Philosophers may write, moralists may reason, religion may warn, but all to no purpose. Man is now the same that he was of old, regardless of the means of obtaining that which he most desires, "a good old age." Wealth must be acquired, pleasure enjoyed, and passions gratified, at the sacrifice of health, and with the certainty of terminating all in an early tomb. How many hundreds of the unhappy children of Adam do we see daily borne to a premature grave, the victims of their own folly, imprudence, or unrestrained indulgence.

We do not intend, however, to reason seriously with them on the subject, or weary their patience with a learned treatise on the laws of medicine; we wish simply to subjoin a few remarks, which we abridge from a cotemporary periodical, on the value of a "dose" judiciously administered, and the danger of surfeiting and overloading the system. The elder D'Israeli, in his "Curiosity of Literature," devotes a chapter to the subject of "Medicine and Morals," in which he reasons that, as the state of the mind depends so much on the disposition of the bodily organs, the mental faculties may be affected through the influence of medicine. "Our domestic happiness," says the essayist, "often depends on the state



of our biliary and digestive organs, and the little disturbances of conjugal life may be more efficaciously cured by the physician than by the moralist; for a sermon misapplied will never act so directly as a sharp medicine." Dryden, we are reminded, was neither whimsical nor peculiar when he adopted a strict regimen as a *sine qua non* to successful authorship, a fact ridiculed in the "Rehearsal," where he is made to declare, in the person of Bayes, "When I have a grand design, I ever take physic and let blood; for when you would have pure swiftness of thought and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part." For such a trifle, indeed, as "a sonnet to Amanda, and the like," Mr. Bayes finds he need go no further than "stewed prunes only;" but for "a grand design," nothing less will serve than the blood-letting and the radical aperient process. So Lord Byron confesses: "The thing that gives me the highest spirits (it seems absurd, but true) is a dose of salts; but one can't take *them* like champagne." And Carneades, we are told—an inveterate polemic of ancient days—used to take wholesale doses of white hellebore, a strong drastic medicine.

Reason and speculate as we may about mind and matter, about soul and body, their interaction and co-relation, the fact of their intimate relation still remains. The physical life of man cannot be dissociated fairly from his intellectual and moral life, when we attempt to judge him by the history of his actions. "The day may come," says a learned writer, "when somebody shall teach us how to estimate the sum of human kindness that proceeds from good digestion and a pure state of the blood—the disputes and jealousies that owe their rise entirely to the liver of a number of the disputants—or how much fretfulness, how many outbursts of impatience, how much quick restlessness of action are produced by the condition of the nervous matter."

The poet has correctly said:

"Distempered nerves  
Infect the thoughts; the languor of the frame  
Depresses the soul's vigor."

And every day's experience shows that the blackest of the black horrors which storm the soul and shake its very foundation, may be wonderfully relieved by the judicious administration of a timely "black draught."

Sydney Smith declared that the longer he lived the more he was convinced that the apothecary was of more importance than Seneca, and that half the unhappiness in the world proceeds from little stoppages, from a duct choked up, from food pressing into the wrong place, &c. "The deception," says he, "as practised upon human creatures, is curious and entertaining. My friend sups late; he eats some strong soup, then a lobster, then some tart, and he dilutes these esculent varieties with wine. The next day I called upon him. He is going to sell his house in the city and to retire into the country. He is alarmed for his eldest daughter's health. His expenses are hourly increasing, and nothing but a timely retreat can save him from ruin. All this is the lobster, and when over-excited nature has had time to manage this testaceous incumbrance, the daughter recovers, the finances are in good order, and every rural idea effectually excluded from the mind."

In the same manner the witty essayist goes on to show how old friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese, and how hard, salted meat has very often led to suicide. "When poor Lord Castlereagh killed himself," Mr. Leigh-Hunt gravely observed, "it was mentioned in the papers that he had taken his usual tea and



buttered toast for breakfast. I said there was no knowing how far even so little a thing as buttered toast might not have fatally assisted in exaggerating the ill state of the stomach which is found to accompany melancholy."

Another popular writer dilates on Dr. Darwin's story of a certain colonel who could not tolerate a breakfast in which the odious article of muffins was wanting; but, as a dreadful retribution inevitably followed within an hour after the act of "insane sensuality," he came to the resolution that life was intolerable with muffins, but still more intolerable without them. "He would stand the nuisance no longer, but would give nature one last chance; and so, placing muffins at one end of the table, and loaded pistols at the other, he dispatched the former, and waited with rigid equity the result of a final experiment, upon which depended whether the latter, the pistols, were or were not to be used. Would—and this was the last time of asking—would good digestion or indigestion wait on his appetite? That was the question. Alas! nature was inexorable. Within the hour dyspepsia supervened, and then the poor man, incapable of retreating from his word of honor, committed suicide, having first, we are assured, left a line for posterity to this effect: that a muffinless world was no world for him; better no life at all than a life dismantled of muffins."

To the errors of digestion, it is justly contended, from whatever source they proceed, is traceable one immeasurable cause both of disease and secret wretchedness to the human race. "Life is laid waste by the eternal fretting of the vital forces emanating from this one cause." In the "Friends in Council" debate, after reading an essay on despair, Ellesmere remarks: "You do not tell us how much there often is of physical disorder in despair. I dare say you will think it a coarse and unromantic mode of looking at things, but I must confess I agree with what Leigh Hunt has said somewhere, that one can *walk down* distress of mind—even remorse, perhaps."

Milverton exclaims: "Yes; I am for the *peripatetics* (walkers about); against all other philosophers." And when a noted bacchanalian was once asked in his old age how he had preserved his excellent health, answered: "Why, it may well seem wonderful, for I believe few men in England have led so hard a life as myself; but I attribute it mainly to a rule which I have rigorously observed for many years—that of always apportioning the exercise of the following day to the excess of the previous night; so that you may guess what a rare pedestrian I have been."

Dryden, in his panegyric on exercise, says:

"By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food;  
Toil strung the nerves and purified the blood;  
But we, their sons, a pauper'd race of men,  
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.  
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,  
Than see the doctor for a nauseous draught.  
The wise, for cure, on exercise depend;  
God never made his work for man to mend."

Sydney Smith, in his *Practical Essays*, insists on the infinite importance of studying our bodily organization, since the unpleasant feelings of the body produce in the vast majority of mankind, corresponding sensations in the mind, and points out the necessity of keeping the body free from disease as the best means of preserving the mental powers strong and active. He lays down no special rules



on the subject of preserving health, but says the common rules are best:—exercise without fatigue, generous living without excess, early rising and moderate sleeping. “These,” says he, “are the apophthegms of old women; but if they are not attended to, happiness becomes so extremely difficult that very few persons can attain to it.”

In a letter to a friend in Holland, he emphatically contends that all people above the condition of laborers are ruined by excess of stimulus and nourishment. “I never yet saw a gentleman,” he says, “who ate and drank as little as was reasonable.” He once made an elaborate calculation about eating and drinking, and the result showed that he himself, between the ages of ten and seventy, had eaten and drank *forty-four* horse wagon loads more than would have kept him alive and well; a mass of nourishment which he estimates at the value of \$7,000, or about \$35,000. Writing to his old friend Lord Murray, he observes: “You are, I hear, attending more to diet than heretofore. If you wish for anything like happiness in the fifth act of life, eat and drink about one-half what you *could* eat and drink.” And again he tells Sir G. Phillips: “I have had no gout, nor any symptoms of it; by eating little, and drinking only water, I keep body and mind in a serene state, and spare the great toe. Looking back at my past life, I find that all my miseries of body and mind have proceeded from indigestion. Young people in early life should be thoroughly taught the moral, intellectual and physical evils of indigestion.”

“How frantic,” exclaims the honest old poet, John Oldham:

“How frantic is the wanton epicure,  
Who a perpetual surfeit will endure,  
Who places all his chiefest happiness  
In the extravagances of excess,  
Which wise sobriety esteems but a disease!”

Sir Francis Head often affirmed it as his conviction that almost every malady of the human frame is connected in a greater or less degree with the stomach, and says he never saw a fashionable physician mysteriously consulting the pulse of the patient, or with a silver spoon on his tongue importantly peeping down his throat, without feeling a desire to exclaim:

“Why not tell the poor gentleman at once—‘Sir, you’ve eaten too much, you’ve drank too much, and you’ve not taken exercise enough!’” That these are the real causes of every one’s illness he considers proved by the fact “that those savage nations which live actively and temperately, have only one disorder—death!” The human frame, he maintains, was not created imperfect; it is we ourselves who have made it so. “There exists no donkey in creation so overlaid as our stomachs; and it is because they groan under the weight so cruelly imposed upon them that we are seen driving them before us in such herds to one little brunnēn.”

“Long settings at meat,” says Montaigne, “both trouble me and do me harm; for perhaps from having, for want of something better to do, accustomed myself to it from a child, I eat all the while I sit.” Hence he found it expedient to keep out of the way of meals altogether whenever he wished to preserve his vigor for the service of some action of body or mind; “for both the one and the other,” he confesses, “are cruelly dulled in me by repletion.”

In Dr. Chalmers’ diary we frequently meet with entries to the following effect: “Incapable of study, and in great physical discomfort. How shameful; and let me here record my humbling sense of it, that this was in great part due to



excess at table, which has made me bilious, and alive to all sorts of plague and persecution."

"My spirits," says Hayden, "are light from pure digestion. I am now convinced that depression of spirits is owing to repletion. [This was written in 1811, and in 1843 he added to the entry this note of confirmation: 'Thirty-two years' experience.'] I have curtailed my allowance of animal food, and find myself able to work after dinner without interruption," &c.

The study of health, therefore, is a matter of importance, whether we consider it on the selfish grounds of personal comfort, or on the higher principles of duty, as a means of doing good and being good in our generation. "Be temperate and sober," says a learned moralist, "not to spare your purse, but that you may be the better enabled to discharge your duty to God." But how is all this to be done? Must we, then, interrupt our daily avocations and turn to the study of medicine? By no means; for the laws of health are as simple as the elements of arithmetic, it being only necessary that man should open his eyes to perceive the three grand forces that support health—diet, sleep, and exercise; and the three great laws of health—motion, temperance, and rest—are taught to every man by his personal experience. But the difficulty in this as in many other cases, arises not from the want of understanding, but from the will to execute. It has been well observed that in almost every case of duty unfulfilled, or duty imperfectly fulfilled, in consequence of illness, languor, mental depression, &c., there is a high probability, and under the age of sixty-five, almost a certainty, that the main obstacles may be traced to self-neglect.

"Many men fancy that the slight injuries done by each act of intemperance, are like the glomeration of moonbeams upon moonbeams—myriads will not amount to a positive value. Perhaps they are wrong; possibly every act, nay, every separate pulse or throb of intemperate sensation is numbered in our own future actions, reproduces itself in some future perplexity, comes back in some reversionary shape that injures the freedom for action of all men, and makes good men afflicted."

### Stanzas.

THE summer flowers are dying, dead;  
Tis time to gather in the grain;  
The faded leaves are round us spread,  
But yet the autumn fruits remain.  
Then yield we not our hearts to grief,  
The fruit is better than the leaf.

Nor may we, though our youth be past,  
With its buds and bright-eyed flowers,  
Send forth our sighs upon the blast,  
And cloud the sky with tearful showers.  
Oh! rather shall our minds mature  
To fruits of worth that shall endure.

So, when the winter of our life  
Shall creep all coldly on,  
And summer, with its lighter joys,  
Shall faded be and gone,  
We'll turn to our winter store,  
Nor sigh to think the summer o'er.



# MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.\**

BY PETER PINKIE.

*Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.*

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

As Father Brennan, accompanied by his learned friend, arrived at the court-house gate, he found the yard filled with people. At the door stood two or three policemen with bayonets in their muskets, keeping out the crowd now clamorous for admission to hear the trial, and on the walls several groups of men and boys peeping in through the windows. As the priest made his appearance, however, the noise ceased for a moment, and the usual whisper ran round, "*ta shin saggarth, ta shin saggarth*," "there's the priest, there's the priest."

"Stand back," cried a voice with a tone of authority, "stand back and let his reverence pass."

The priest glanced quickly in the direction of the speaker.

"Who is he?" inquired Horseman.

"Lanty Hanlon, if he's alive."

"What! our guardian skipper?"

"The very man—what a fool-hardy crack brain he is, to come here, after carrying off Miss Hardwinkle. He has'nt got an ounce of sense, that fellow."

"Fall back," shouted the policemen, "fall back and let the gentlemen into court. Make way there for the gentlemen."

As the latter gained the upper step at the court house door, a loud cheer suddenly broke from some one in the crowd—

"Hurrah! there she comes, the darling, hurrah!"

"So hoh!" ejaculated Horseman, turning in his step, "what now!"

"Kate Petersham! I declare it is."

"Hurrah!" shouted the same voice, "there she comes on Moll Pitcher—that's the girl can sit her horse—just look at her boys."

"Hold on," said Horseman.

"What's the matter?" inquired the priest.

"Look! look! sir, she faces that wall."

"Pooh! that's nothing."

"Good heavens! sir, she'll break her neck."

"Not a bit of it—that girl learned to ride in Galway."

"It's six feet—there!—hold, her horse baulks!"

"Baulks!" repeated the priest, "that's strange, eh! what can have happened, something she shy'd at, I suspect. Moll Pitcher was never known to baulk in her life before."



Whilst the priest was yet speaking, Kate rode her horse close up to the wall, as if to show her the difficulty she had to encounter, and then wheeling round cantered back for another start.

"She'll baulk again," said Horseman confidently.

"Wait awhile, we'll see."

Every voice was now hushed, and every eye fixed on the rider, for in truth the leap was dangerous, and the spectators, as might naturally be supposed, felt anxious for the safety of their favorite. The spot where she tried to cross was the only one in the wall accessible for a leap, on account of large rocks which lay along either side for a distance of quarter of a mile or more, and even there the ground rose so abrupt as to put the horse to a perilous disadvantage. Had the rider been aware of the danger before she approached the leap, very likely she had ridden round, and avoided the difficulty, but now having once made the attempt, she was determined to risk everything rather than fail. Perhaps the sight of so many spectators, and the cheers which reached her, had something to do with confirming her resolution.

As the fearless girl turned her horse's head to the wall, she let the reins drop for a moment, and leaning over on the saddle, tightened the girths a hole or two; then adjusting her cap, and patting the spirited animal on the neck, again cantered along at an easy gait.

"Now!" said the priest "now for it!"

"The girl is decidedly mad, sir," exclaimed Horseman.

"Hush! she raises the whip."

Moll Pitcher knew well what that sign meant, and with a snort and a toss of her saucy head sprung forward with the fleetness of a grey-hound.

"God assist her," muttered the priest to himself, "it's a frightful risk."

"Amen," replied Horseman, catching the words, "amen—though she don't deserve it—her fool-hardiness is unpardonable."

"Now!" ejaculated the priest, unconsciously seizing his friend's arm, "now."

As he spoke Kate again raised the whip, and Moll Pitcher rose to the wall.

For a minute or more stillness reigned as deep as death. If the animal touched the wall in crossing, horse and rider would both in all probability have been seriously injured, if not killed. If she did not, there was still danger from the broken stony ground on the opposite side.

"Hold!" exclaimed Horseman, "they're both down—look! look!"

The mare rose and stood in an almost perpendicular attitude for a second, as if undecided whether to make the attempt or abandon it. It was an instant of painful anxiety to the spectators; but it was only an instant, for in the next she made the spring and crossed without touching a stone, the foam flying from her mouth and the streamers from her rider's cap floating back in the breeze.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" now broke in one loud burst from the crowd; but the exclamation was suddenly checked, for it was soon found that the rider and horse had both fallen.

"Good heavens! sir, the girl's killed," exclaimed Horseman.

"God forbid!" replied the priest, straining his eyes as he spoke. "She has certainly fallen."

Then a general rush was made towards the gate, each vying with his neighbor for the credit of being first to reach the ground.

"What means all this uproar?" demanded Captain Petersham, suddenly appearing at the court-house door, accompanied by one of his brother magistrates—"eh, what has happened?"



"Miss Petersham has fallen, sir, crossing that stone wall," replied a policeman.

"Fallen—impossible. What! on Moll Pitcher?"

"I fear she's hurt, Captain," said the priest.

"Ah! Father Brennan, you here, too?"

He had hardly uttered the last word, when another wild shout rose that made the very welkin ring again, and there plain to every eye came Kate, firmly seated in her saddle, bounding along the meadow, and waving her handkerchief in acknowledgment of the greeting.

As she jumped the last ditch, a man apparently in disguise (for his clothes seemed to accord little with his figure and gait) advanced and laid his hand on the reins.

"Well Lanty, is the trial over?" demanded Kate, bending to her saddle-bow, and whispering the words.

"No, my lady, it didn't begin yet."

"Glad of it—I feared I should come late."

"Is your ladyship hurt?"

"Not in the least; no, it was a mere slip."

"Nor Moll Pitcher?"

"Not a particle."

"The darlin'," exclaimed Lanty, laying his hand on the mare's neck, "she's as true as steel; oh! my life on her for a million."

"The moment will soon come to try her," said Kate, as Lanty stretched out his arms and lifted her from the saddle. "Are you sure all's ready?"

"Ay, ay, never fear."

"Where is Miss Hardwrinkle?"

"In the mountains, safe and sound."

"And the police, how many here?" enquired Kate, looking round cautiously.

"Not many," responded Lanty; "but don't stay, or the guard will suspect something."

The above conversation passed stealthily and rapidly, under cover of the cheers of the crowd.

"Fall back!" again bawled the police; "fall back there, and make way for the lady."

"Ho! Kate my girl," cried the jolly Captain, snatching his sister up in his arms and kissing her affectionately, as she ascended the steps. "The rascals here would have you hurt or killed, but they little know the metal you're made of nor the gallant bit of flesh that carries you, Kate, eh? A little out of sorts by the fall—bruised or stunned, eh?"

"Not a whit," responded Kate. "I could ride a steeple chase this moment with the best blood in the country. Ah Father John, you here! I'm glad to see you," and bending reverently, she kissed the priest's hand.

"My dear girl," responded the latter, "I'm delighted to see you unhurt, for I must confess I felt rather anxious."

"O, it was nothing—a mere stumble—the mare lighted on a round stone and fell, that's all. Ah, and Dr. Horseman, too—I'm glad to see you here," she continued, holding out her hand. "You must come up and see us to-morrow at Castle Gregory. Now don't say a word—I shall have no excuse; you must positively come, and you may cut up Swift, too, into mince meat, if you like. Father John I lay my sovereign commands on you to present yourself and Dr. Horseman at Castle Gregory to-morrow."



"And Kate you must put in a good word for me," said the Captain, looking good-humoredly at the Doctor. "But never mind, we'll settle all that to-morrow; let us now proceed to business. Come in, gentlemen, we have some spare seats on the bench. Ho there, police! make way, make way. Come in, there's quite an interesting case in court."

As the parties took their seats and looked round the room, the first object that arrested their attention was the negro. He was standing in the witness box, apparently awaiting the return of the presiding magistrate to resume his examination. On the right of the bench and immediately below it sat the cabin-boy, wrapped in a thick blue blouse, and looking pale and emaciated after his sickness. Beyond him, and near the dock in which Randall Barry stood, shackled and guarded by two constables, appeared the tall form of Else Curley. She was seated on one of the steps leading up to the jury room, the hood of her cloak, as usual, drawn over her head, with the white elf locks visible beneath it. But the object which appeared to attract every eye, and challenge universal attention, was the noble, manly figure of the young outlaw, as he stood before his judges, awaiting his trial, his left arm still in a sling, and his right bound by a chain running round his waist and fastened by a pad-lock in front.

Randall Barry was now in his twenty-fifth year, but misfortune and disappointment had cast a shade of melancholy on his countenance that made him look several years older. His face was eminently handsome, and his person tall and muscular. Though far from being robust, his limbs were well moulded and evidently capable of great physical exertion. As he stood in the dock, his dark eye wandered slowly over the faces of the multitude, resting now and then for a moment on those he recognized. But when Kate Petersham appeared and took the place assigned to her by the clerk of the court, he glared at her sharply for an instant, and then as she raised her eyes to his, bent his head and blushed at the thought of his degradation. But to return to the negro.

"Your name is Sambo?" resumed Captain Petersham, addressing the witness.

"Ees, massa."

"Sambo what?"

"Nigger Sambo."

"You're a negro—that's pretty evident—but what's your surname?"

"Don't know what that is, massa."

"What are you called?—Sambo Smith, or Sambo Brown, or Sambo Robinson—you've some family name, have you not?"

"Noting, massa," replied the African, "noting but Sambo."

"Why you rascal do you mean to tell me you've got no family name?"

"Oh sartan, massa, I'm got famly name."

"And what is it then? answer directly, sir—I've been examining this stupid fellow a full half hour, and can get nothing out of him," added the Captain, turning to the priest, "he's the most provoking creature I ever met with. Answer me sir, what is your family name?"

"Famly name, massa!"

"Yes, yes, yes—you had a father I suppose?"

"Fader—well, supposin I'm had a fader."

"Supposing you had a father. By George this is absolutely intolerable. Had your father a name?"

"Sartin, massa."

"And what the fury was it?"



"Sambo, massa—him was nigger Sambo, too."

Here the whole assembly, magistrates and spectators, broke into a loud laugh at the discomfited Captain, and the negro yah, yahed, and shook his sides in true African fashion.

"Excuse me, Captain," said Horseman, "but these unfortunate creatures seldom or ever have a surname."

"Yes, yes, I was aware of that—but I have an object in ascertaining what his second name is. He must have a name either from his father or master. Silence in the court there. Tell me, sir," he continued, "what is that boy's name sitting there before you?" and he pointed to the individual in question.

"Dat boy,—Natty Nelson."

"Where was he born?"

"Don't know, massa."

"Where did you first see him?"

"I see'd him in de baccy field, yah! yah!"

"In what State?"

"Ole Viginny."

"On whose plantation?"

"Whose plantation,—can't tell dat, massa, no-how," replied the African.

"You must, sir, I shall order you the bastinado this instant if you refuse."

"Yah! yah! massa, this am free country. Nigger here am good as white man."

At this stage of the proceedings a stir was seen in the crowd at the lower end of the room, and presently entered Mr. Ephraim C. B. Weeks, covered with jewelry, a gold headed cane in his hand, and the silver card case protuding as usual from his pocket.

Sambo was so intent on evading such questions as might be likely to criminate his protégé, and so fearful at the same time of provoking the magistrate's anger, that he neither heard nor saw anything of Mr. Weeks, till that gentleman attracted his notice by throwing his feet upon the very platform on which he was standing.

"Golly, massa Charls—you dare," he exclaimed, as his eye turned on the new comer. "Massa,—I mean,—massa—Week," he added, endeavoring to correct the blunder.

Captain Petersham's quick eye saw the confusion this unexpected recognition caused the Yankee, and instantly writing a few words rapidly in pencil, dropped it on the clerk's desk and again resumed.

"Witness, I again repeat the question, on whose plantation did you first see this boy?"

"Me no tell dat, massa," replied the negro, decidedly.

"Then I shall commit you. Clerk, make out his committal. I'll send you presently where you can have plenty of time to determine whether you'll answer or not."

"Mr. Petersham," observed Hardwinkle, leaning over on the bench, and speaking in low tones, but still sufficiently loud to be heard by his brother magistrates, "it does not appear to me that the name of the proprietor of the plantation is essential in this case."

"Certainly not, so far as we regard simply the ownership of the rosary, but there's a secret of some importance, I suspect, in connection with the case, which I'm anxious to discover."



"But are you justified, nevertheless, in committing the witness for your own personal gratification?"

"Perhaps not, but at present I'm disposed to run the risk," replied the Captain; and turning abruptly from Hardwinkle, handed the committal to a constable, and ordered him to take the witness forthwith to the barrack and keep him in close custody.

The negro finding himself in the hands of an officer, looked beseechingly first at Weeks and then at the boy, but said nothing.

"You may depend on it, Sambo," said the Captain as the poor fellow left the witness box, "you shall never leave the lock-up till you tell who the owner of that tobacco field is, or was, when you first saw this boy—away with him."

"Massa, massa, I'm want to speak one word to Natty."

"Not a syllable."

"One leetle word," pleaded the negro.

"Not a letter of the alphabet."

The boy now rose, and in feeble accents begged permission to accompany the negro to prison. "He has been my friend," he said, "please your worships, my best friend ever since I was a child, and I would grieve to part with him."

"It cannot be," replied the Captain, "he must go alone—your own turn will probably come next."

"I am ready now," said the boy, "if you only send us to the same cell."

The Captain shook his head, but looked kindly at the little suppliant.

During this conversation Weeks sat leaning back against a partition, with his feet stretched out before him, pointing a pencil with a pen-knife, and apparently quite indifferent to what was passing. He was cautiously deliberating, however, all the while, whether it were better to acknowledge he had taken the rosary from the light-house himself by mistake, or run the risk of the negro and the boy keeping the promise they had made him. If he admitted having taken it, he should produce it, and the existence of two rosaries would at once discover the whole secret. If he did not, and the boy from his strong affection for the negro, should be driven at last to confess the truth, it might be worse still. The reader must here observe, that up to the moment of the boy's arrest at Crohan House, Mr. Weeks never dreamt of his having a rosary in his possession; and even when the constables took him off, he never imagined it could possibly involve him in any trouble. Hardwinkle was not so, however. The instant he saw the rosary, he knew it at once to be a duplicate of that he had seen with his sister Rebecca, and already aware of the boy's connections in Virginia, thought it prudent to apprize his cousin of the danger, and accordingly despatched a private message to him to that effect; the latter believing his presence at the trial might be the means of deterring the negro from divulging the name of his master, if he should happen to be so inclined, made his appearance in court, as we have already described. Things, however, had taken rather a different turn from what he expected. The African was now committed for contempt, and on the point of being separated from his protégé—a separation he knew to be most painful to both, and he began to feel somewhat apprehensive lest the negro's promise of fidelity should give way to his love for the boy. "Well, I swonnie," said he to himself, as he pointed the pencil, or rather whittled it, if one could judge by the quantity of chips, "I swonnie, I don't know. I guess it might be jüst as well to make tracks from this here place as soon as possible—things are beginning to tighten in so's to make one feel sorter uncomfortable. There's that darned note though



of the light keeper's—if I had that cashed, I kinder think I'd bid the folks in this section good-bye for a while. Well, the sheriff's after him, any how—that's a comfort—and oh crackie! if I don't make him pay for his insults at Castle Gregory. If I don't screw him tight up—well, if I don't, it's no matter, that's all." In this fashion Mr. Weeks kept communing with his own thoughts, weighing his chances of success and failure, till the boy rose and begged the court to allow him the privilege of being confined in the same cell with the witness. "Ah!" thought Weeks, "I guess I'm about long enough here. I see the tears in his eyes—he'll never hold out, and if he comes to blab, I might feel sorter unpleasant;" and so thinking, he took his hat and turned to quit the court-house.

"Excuse me, Mr. Weeks," said Captain Petersham, "we must detain you a little longer—you're summoned to give testimony in this case."

"Summoned!"

"Yes, sir. Here, constable, hand this to the gentleman. Have the goodness to resume your seat Mr. Duck—ah, Mr. Weeks, I should have said; we shall want you presently. Clerk, call Elsie Curley."

"I'm here," responded Elsie promptly, rising from the low step on which she had been sitting, and brushing back her gray hair under her hood with her brown boy hand. "I'm here."

"Take your place on the witness stand," said the clerk.

As Elsie advanced, every eye was upon her. Hundreds there who had come from a distance to be present at the trial of the young rebel, and had never seen Elsie Curley, now pushed forward to get a glimpse of the far-famed fortune-teller and solitary of Benraven.

After taking the usual oath, the old woman folded her arms in her gray cloak, and awaited the pleasure of the magistrates.

"Shall I examine her?" said Hardwinkle, addressing the Captain.

"I thank you," replied the latter; "no, I should prefer to examine her myself."

"Your name is Elsie Curley, and reside on Bearaven mountain?" began the Captain.

"Yes."

"Do you know Mr. Lee and his daughter, of Araheera light-house?"

"I do."

"Have you ever seen a rosary of a peculiar description in Miss Lee's possession?"

"I have."

"Can you describe it?"

"It was a silver baded rosary, with a crucifix set in diamonds."

"Look at this one," said the magistrate, "and tell me if you ever saw it before?"

Elsie took the rosary, and after looking at it for a moment, replied, "This is the very pictur of Mary Lee's, if it been't itself."

"Can you swear positively it is Miss Lee's?"

"No," responded Elsie, "but it's as lake it as any one thing can be lake another."

"Have you seen the rosary often in Miss Lee's possession?"

"A hundher times. It was I tuck it from her dead mother's neck among the rocks of Araheera, the mornin after the wrack of the Saldana, and put it on her own."

"On whose?"

"Mary Lee's. The child was livin in her mother's arms when I found her."

"What!" exclaimed the Captain, "you must mistake. Do you mean to tell the bench that you found a living child in the arms of a dead woman on the morning



after the wreck of the *Saldana*, and that that child is the same Mary Lee who now claims this rosary?"

"I do," replied Else, confidently.

This declaration of the old woman, made so promptly and positively, took the whole audience by surprise. Even Hardwinkle himself, who thought he knew more of Mary Lee's history than any other in court, looked confounded and astonished at the unexpected revelation. In a moment he foresaw that the disclosure would eventually lead to the discovery of his cousin's matrimonial speculation, the boy's relationship with the proprietor of the Virginia plantation, and his own confusion and disgrace, unless he succeeded in damaging the witness' testimony.

"Captain Petersham," said he, turning to the presiding magistrate, and speaking in the gentlest possible accent, "may I take the liberty of putting a question or two to the witness? It really cannot be possible she speaks the truth in this matter."

"As you please," replied the Captain, "but I don't see how it can affect the case whether she speaks the truth or not about the discovery of the child. She swears positively that the rosary is as like that which Miss Lee lost as one thing can be like another, and she had even described it, before she saw it, as consisting of silver beads and a gold crucifix set in diamonds. Now for my part, I don't believe you could find at the present day another rosary through all Europe of the same description. But proceed, sir; satisfy yourself, by all means."

"Else Curley," said Hardwinkle, addressing the witness, of what religion are you?"

"I was once a Catholic," replied the old woman; "I'm nothin now."

"Do you believe in a future state of rewards and punishments?"

"Humph!" she replied, "why should'nt I? God surely 'll punish the persecutor and the murderer in the next world, if the law don't in this;" and as she uttered the words she fixed her keen, deep-sunken eyes on her questioner.

"How long is it since you've been in a house of worship?"

"Well on to thirty years."

"You are commonly called the witch and fortune-teller of the Cairn, are you not?"

"Sometimes fortune-teller and sometimes sho-devil," replied Else, "just as the people fancy."

"Do you know what crime it is to take a false oath?"

"I do."

"What is it?"

"Perjury."

"And what is perjury?"

"The crime yer father committed whin he swore agin my only sister, and sint her to an untimely grave."

Here a loud laugh came up from the crowd below, but it was soon suppressed by the police, and Hardwinkle proceeded.

"I repeat the question, witness, what is perjury?"

"The crime yer father committed whin he swore my brother to the hulk, and sint him to die in a forrin land, with irons on his limbs. The crime ye committed yerself whin ye sint me twice to the dark dungeons of Lefford jail, and when I cum out driv me to burrow lake the hock in the crags of Benraven."

"Woman, I shall send you to jail for the third time, if you persist in using such language in court."



"Scoundrel, hypocrite, murderer, I defy you," cried Else, throwing back her hood and raising her shriveled arm as she spoke; "yer villainy's discovered at last. There," she ejaculated, pointing to Weeks, "there, tell the court here who sent that man to me for spells and charms to make Mary Lee marry him, who tould him of the witch and fortune-teller of Benraven; who tould him she would sell her sowl to fill her pocket? Ah, and little ye thought, too, when ye made this greedy cousin buy up the light keeper's notes, that ye might have the means of sending him to jail if he refused his niece, little ye thought the beldam of the Cairn was watching ye——"

"Hold! hold woman!" exclaimed Captain Petersham. "What does all this mean?"

"Mean," repeated Else. "It means that this cousin of his, this man of trinkets, came here from America in search of the heiress of William Talbot, and that Robert Hardwinkle conspired with him to take her off by fair means or foul. It manes that at the instigation of that devil there in human shape, the Yankee here paid me eighty British pounds, or as he called it, four hundred dollars, for spells and charms, and my good word besides, to make her marry him. It manes that after watching for thirty years I found at last evidence to prove to the world that the pious, God-fearing, saintly, smooth-spoken gentleman on the bench there beside ye, is a hypocrite and a villain."

"Police! take charge of this woman," commanded Hardwinkle, his long, dark, sallow face pale with confusion and anger, "take her away."

"No, no, not yet, Mr. Hardwinkle, not yet," interposed Captain Petersham, "we cannot permit her to leave after casting such aspersion on your character. As your brother magistrates, we feel concerned for your reputation, and must for your sake, and indeed for the honor of the bench, make further enquiries into this matter."

"Else Curley," said he, "you have just charged Mr. Hardwinkle, here present, a magistrate of the county, and a gentleman—up to this moment, at least—of unexceptionable character, with having conspired with Mr. Weeks to take off Miss Lee by fair means or foul—what proof of that fact can you offer?"

"That on the third day afther Weeks came to Crohan House," promptly replied Else, "he came into my cabin on the Cairn and paid me twenty pounds for my sarvices to help him to secure Mary Lee, and *that* afore he iver seen a failure of her face. How cud he know that I was acquent with Mary Lee, or how cud he tell that I'd take his money for sitch a purpose, or how cud he know any thing about me at all, if Robert Hardwinkle did'nt tell him who and what I was?"

"Yes, but all this amounts only to mere suspicion. Have you proofs?"

"Weeks' bank notes that I have still in my possession, clean and and fresh out of the bank of Dublin, is proof enough on his side, I'm thinkin; and the note in the sheriff's hands can spake for Robert Hardwinkle's."

Here the deputy sheriff entered the court-house accompanied by the light-keeper and his afflicted niece, closely followed by her old faithful domestic, Rodger O'Shaughnessy, in the bottle green livery with the faded lace. As the constables drove back the crowd to make way, and Mary Lee appeared, deeply veiled, leaning on her uncle's arm, Captain Petersham rose and saluted her with marked respect, and then a murmur of symyathy ran round through the assembly, and as she advanced nearer to the bench, her dear friend Kate, with her eyes suffused with tears, and regardless of the spectators, ran to meet her, and flinging her arms round her neck, embraced her with true sisterly affection.

*To be continued.*



## Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

**PRAYER.**—Perhaps, never while we are on earth shall we realize the heavenly might of prayer nor the exceeding riches of that treasure, which now, alas! we make so light of, seeing not how thereby God's glory is so much within our power. Oh, what might we not do by prayer! What might we not do in every remotest corner of the earth, in the cells of purgatory, and in the open courts of heaven? Yet the times are against prayer: the spirit of the age is against it; the habits of our countrymen are against it. Oh, for faith in prayer! for faith in simple prayer! and the interests of Jesus shall spread like a beneficent conquest all over the world, and the glory of God shall beautifully cover the earth as the abounding waters cover the bed of the sea, and the choirs of redeemed souls shall multiply, till the Good Shepherd should be, were it any other than He, overladen with the sheaves of His prolific Passion! Heaven opens sometimes, and gives us a glimpse of this potency of prayer. See how it opened on St. Gertrude. She was divinely instructed that as often as the angelic salutation is devoutly recited by the faithful on earth, three efficacious streamlets proceed from the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, most sweetly penetrating the Blessed Virgin's heart. Then from her heart again with efficacious impetuosity, they seek their fountains, and break at the foot of God's throne, as a sunny wave breaks upon a rock, leaving her most powerful after the Father, most wise after the Son, and most benignant after the Holy Spirit. These streams, while the Ave Maria is being said, flow around the Blessed Virgin superabundantly, and with potent impetus, and on the other hand flow back upon her most holy heart. So with marvelous delectation, I am using St. Gertrude's words, they seek their fountain first, and then redounding back, bright drops of joy, and bliss, and eternal salvation, are sprinkled over all the persons of the saints and angels, nay, more, over those who on earth are then commemorating that same salutation, whereby is renewed in every one all the good which he has ever up to this time received through the most salutary Incarnation. Yet, what more easy than to say a devout Hail Mary? And if this be true of the Ave, what also of the Pater, and the Credo, and the Missal prayers, and ejaculations from the Gospel? *Dr. Faber.*

**CHEERFULNESS.**—There is no one quality that so much endears man to his fellow-men as cheerfulness. Talents may excite more respect, and virtues more esteem. But the respect is apt to be distant and the esteem cold. But it is otherwise with cheerfulness. It endears a man to the heart—not the intellect or the imagination. There is a kind of reciprocal diffusiveness about this quality that recommends its possessor by the very effect it produces. There is a mellowed radiance in the light it sheds on all social intercourse, which pervades the soul to a depth that the blaze of the intellect can never reach.

The cheerful man is a double blessing—a blessing to himself and to the world around him. In his own character, his good nature is the clear blue sky of his own heart, on which every star of talent shines out more clearly. To others, he carries an atmosphere of joy and hope and encouragement wherever he moves. His own cheerfulness becomes infectious, and his associates lose their moroseness and their gloom in the amber-colored light of the benevolence he casts around him.

It is true that cheerfulness is not always happiness. The face may glow in smiles while the heart "runs in coldness and darkness below," but cheerfulness is the best external indication of happiness that we have, and it enjoys this advantage over almost every other quality, that the counterfeit is as valuable to society as the reality. It answers as a medium of public circulation, full as well as true coin.

A man is worthy of all praise, whatever may be his private griefs, who does not intrude them on the happiness of his friends, but constantly contributes his quota of



cheerfulness to the general public enjoyment. "Every heart knows its own bitterness," but let the possessor of that heart take heed that he does not distil it into his neighbor's cup and thus poison his felicity. There is no sight more commendable and more agreeable than to see a man, whom we know fortune has dealt with badly, smother his peculiar griefs in his own bosom, and do his duty in the society in which Providence has placed him, with an unruffled brow and a cheerful mien. It is a duty which society has a right to demand—a portion of that great chain which binds humanity together, the links of which every one should preserve bright and unsullied.

It may be asked, what shall that man do whose burden of griefs are heavy, and made still heavier by the tears he has shed over them in private; shall he leave society? Certainly, until he has learnt to bear his own burden. Shall he not seek for the sympathy of his friends? He had better not. Sympathy would only weaken the masculine strength of mind which enables us to endure. Besides, sympathy unsought for is much more readily given, and sinks deeper in its healing effects into the heart. No, no! cheerfulness is a duty which every man owes to the world. Let him faithfully discharge the debt.

**THE FIRESIDE.**—The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It's important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the earth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection, its classic lore may moulder in the halls of the memory, but the simple lessons of home, enameled upon the heart in childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the maturer but less vivid pictures of after days.

So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age, holding fresh in his recollection the events of his childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have, perhaps, seen an old and half obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored, you have seen it fade away, while a brighter and still more perfect picture, painted beneath, is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon the canvass, is an apt illustration of youth, and though it may be concealed by some after design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh and surviving it in decay. Such is the fireside—the great institution furnished for our education.

**CHARACTER OF THE HINDOO.**—The Hindoo is the most religious being in existence. Not an action he performs, not a step he takes, not a word he utters, not a breath he draws, but he does all agreeably to the institutes of his religion. It is prescribed to a Brahmin what foot he must put out first in getting up; he must then carefully cleanse his teeth; then follows religious ablution of the whole body; next he recites inaudibly certain sacred texts; his hair and nails must be cut round, though he must never cut them himself; his mantle must be white; his staff, made of the canonical wood, must be of such a length as to reach his hair, straight, without fracture, of a handsome appearance, with its bark perfect. He must not eat with his own wife, nor look at her eating, or sneezing, or yawning, or sitting carelessly at her ease, or setting off her eyes with black powder, or scenting herself.

He must not blow the fire, or warm his feet in it, nor stride over it; he must not sleep with his feet wet; he must not step over a string to which a calf is tied. He must not look upon the rising or the setting sun, or upon its image in the water. He must avoid standing upon hair, or ashes, or bones, or potsherds, or seed of cotton, or husks of grain. He must not remain under the shade of a tree with outcasts, idiots or washermen, or any other vile person.

**CAUTION FOR THE KING OF PRUSSIA—**

O Frederick William! mind your P's and Q's;  
Or Prussia, through her King, the P will lose.

*Punch.*



**DR. JENNER'S LEGACY TO MANKIND.**—Few persons of these days are fully aware of the obligations of society to the eminent physician named above. The visitations of small pox were in the olden time more fearful than cholera or yellow fever, for no time nor place gave any exemption; but now, thanks to the indefatigable labors of Jenner, the civilized world is almost relieved of that once terrific pestilence. A more faithful attention to Jenner's discovery of vaccination would, perhaps, remove it altogether from the catalogue of modern diseases.

A graphic sketch of it is given by Macaulay, in his *History of England*, when speaking of the death of Queen Mary, who died of it in 1694. He says: "That disease over which science has since achieved a succession of glorious and beneficent victories, was then the most terrible of all the ministers of death. The havoc of the plague had been far more rapid, but the plague had visited our shores only once or twice within living memory, and the small pox was always present, filling the churchyards with corpses, tormenting with constant fears all whom it had not yet stricken, leaving on those whose lives it spared the hideous traces of its power, turning the babe into a changeling, at which the mother shuddered, and making the eyes and cheeks of the betrothed maiden objects of horror to the lover."

Thus mothers and lovers, husbands, fathers, brothers—in fact, every member of society, young or old, of high or low degree, had common cause in suffering, and have now common cause for gratitude to the man who, under Providence, relieved society by a simple preventive of easy application, of a scourge so universal, so devastating, and so perennial.

**THE DIALOGUES OF ST. GREGORY.**—One day a certain monk of tender years, who loved his parents inordinately, set out for their residence; and going away from the monastery without the blessing, the same day that he reached their house he died. And after he had been buried, the next day his body was found cast forth from the earth, when they again committed it carefully to the grave; but the next day they found it again thrown up and unburied as before. Then in all haste they rushed to the feet of the Father Benedict, and entreated with many tears that he would take compassion on the youth and grant him his grace. The man of God thereupon gave them with his own hand the sacrament of the Lord's body, saying, "Go and lay upon his breast with profound reverence this sacred host, and so commit him to burial." Which when they had done, the earth kept the body intrusted to it, nor rejected it again. Consider, Peter, what was the merit of this man before the Lord Jesus Christ, when even the earth refused the corpse of him who had not the favor of Benedict.

*Peter.*—I perceive it plainly, and am filled with astonishment.

Again one of his disciples had yielded to fickleness of mind, and was unwilling to remain in the monastery. And when the man of God might assiduously reprove and frequently advise him, but he nevertheless refused every way to continue in the congregation, and was always on the watch with his prayers to be released; the venerable Father one day overcome by his importunity, angrily bid him begone. But presently after he had gone forth from the monastery, he found in his path a dragon which lay in wait for him with open mouth. And when the dragon (as it seemed) made as if to devour him, he trembling and shaking with fear, began to cry loudly, "Help, help, the dragon devours me!" The brothers then running to his assistance, saw nothing of the dragon, but led back the terrified and trembling monk to the monastery; who straightway promised that he would never leave it, and from that hour he kept faithfully his word; for through the prayers of the holy man, he had seen planted against him the monster which before he had followed unseen.

**A LAWYER'S WISH.**—A late witty number of the Scottish bench was one Sunday, recently, in church, when he heard a sermon which only breathed fulminations and abuse against Satan. After listening patiently to the tirade until its close, the judge, with the feelings of a counsel still strong within him, silyly whispered to his friend, who sat next him in the pew—"I should like to be heard on the other side!"



**WASHINGTON AND RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.**—The following letter from General Washington, addressed to the General Committee of the United Baptist Churches in Virginia shortly after the adoption of the Constitution, will show the opinion of that great man on religious toleration:

*Gentlemen:*—If I could have entertained the slightest apprehension that the constitution framed by the convention where I had the honor to preside, might possibly endanger the religious rights of any ecclesiastical society, certainly *I would never have placed my signature to it*; and if I could conceive that the general government might even be so administered as to render the liberty of conscience insecure, I beg you will be persuaded that no one would be more zealous than myself to establish effectual barriers against the horrors of spiritual tyranny, and every species of religious persecution. For you doubtless remember I have often expressed my sentiments that any man conducting himself as a good citizen, and being accountable to God alone for his religious opinions, ought to be protected in worshipping the Deity according to the dictates of his own conscience. G. WASHINGTON.

**SLEEP.**—Observation and scientific experiment constantly confirm the fact that *the brain is nourished, repaired, during sleep*. If then we have not sleep enough, the brain is not nourished, and like everything else, when deprived of sufficient nourishment, withers and wastes away, until the power of sleep is lost, and the whole man dwindles to skin and bone, or dies a maniac.

The practical inferences which we wish to impress upon the reader are two:

1st. By all means sleep enough, give all who are under you sleep enough, by requiring them to go bed at some regular hour, and to get up the moment of spontaneous waking in the morning. Never waken up any one, especially children, from a sound sleep, unless there is urgent necessity; it is cruel to do so; to prove this, we have only to notice how fretful and unhappy a child is when waked up before the nap is out.

2d. If the brain is nourished during sleep, it must have most vigor in the morning: hence the morning is the best time for study; for then the brain has most strength, most activity, and must work more clearly. It is "the midnight lamp" which floods the world with sickly sentimentalities, with false morals, with rickety theology, and with all those harum scarum dreams of human elevation. *Dr. Hall's Monthly.*

**A SIMILE.**—Slowly, slowly up the wall,  
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade,  
Evening damp begins to fall,  
Evening shadows are displayed.  
Round me, o'er me, everywhere,  
All the sky is grand with clouds,  
And athwart in the evening air  
Wheel the swallows home in crowds.  
Shafts of sunshine from the west  
Paint the dusky windows red;  
Darker shadows deeper rest  
Underneath and overhead.  
Darker, darker, and more wan  
In my breast the shadows fall,  
Upward steals the life of man,  
As the sunshine from the wall.  
From the wall into the sky,  
From the roof along the spire,  
Ah, the souls of saints that die  
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

**EXTREMES.**—Men are stoics in their early years, epicureans in their latter; social in youth, selfish in old age. In early life they believe all men to be honest till they know them to be knaves; in late life they believe all to be knaves till they know them to be honest. Thus, some how or other, men pass in the course of living from one extreme to the other; and from having thought too well of human nature at first, think at last, perhaps, too ill of it.



## Review of Current Literature.

1. **THE LIFE OF MRS. ELIZA A. SETON, Foundress and First Superior of the Sisters of Daughters of Charity in the United States.** By the Rev. *Charles I. White, D.D.* A new and revised edition. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This work is already too well known and too highly valued to need an extended notice. The preceding edition having been exhausted, Messrs. Murphy & Co. have just favored the public with a carefully revised and greatly improved edition. Though the work has been slightly abridged, nothing has been omitted regarding the history of Mrs. Seton. This is as it should be; for every incident connected with the life, and every word or line that fell from the lips or pen of this remarkable and heroic lady, will be prized by every reader as invaluable ornaments to our common nature; and beautiful illustrations of our holy religion. Some minor details only have been left out of the present edition, which, however, has received many improvements from the pen of the learned and accomplished author. The incidents of Mother Seton's life, while highly edifying, are exceedingly interesting. The story of her trials, conversion and heroism possesses the fascination of romance, while its rigid truth and moral Christian sublimity render the work one of unsurpassed attraction and entertainment. In the varied changes of her life, her example may be presented as a model for young women, for mothers and for religious. One of the greatest charms about this work is the careful and happy selection which the author has made from the correspondence of Mother Seton, and skilfully introduced into his narrative. These letters are models in every respect. Besides their many other beauties, they are full of the purest and liveliest sentiments of religion. However useful and striking may have been the achievements of religious persons in society, it is always their interior life that is most remarkable and beautiful. Letters, daily memoranda and written devotions and aspirations are the best sources of information on the inward or spiritual life of heroic Christians. Dr. White has drawn largely and skilfully from these sources in presenting the character and life of Mother Seton. The history of the foundation and growth of the order of Sisters of Charity in the United States under her maternal care, is a most interesting and valuable chapter added to the Catholic history of our country. We think this work cannot fail to be deeply interesting, not only to every Catholic, but also to every one professing to be a Christian. It is embellished with a fine portrait of Mother Seton.

2. **THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY; OR, THE SPIRIT AND BEAUTY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.** By *Viscount de Chateaubriand*. A new and complete translation, with a Preface, Biographical Notice of the Author, and Critical and Explanatory Notes. By Rev. *Charles I. White, D.D.* Baltimore: Murphy & Co. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

We welcome the appearance of this magnificent work, which might be sufficiently characterized by stating that it is the most important among the numerous and valuable productions of the gifted Chateaubriand. His design was to refute the infidel ideas which had been so widely propagated by Voltaire and his disciples, and which represented Christianity as the enemy of human progress, and far inferior to paganism in its influence upon the civilization of mankind. For the full discussion of this subject, he takes a general survey of the Christian religion under four heads, which embrace its doctrines and tenets, its influence upon literature, its connexion with the arts, and the various departments of its worship, and from this exposition of its intrinsic excellence, he concludes in favor of its divine origin.

Though it may be thought by some that the argument of the author is not adapted to the times in which we live, we are of opinion that the general scope of the work may be highly serviceable to religion. The infidelity of the eighteenth century is not yet extinct, even in its specific form; and where it does not retain that form, it exists under



other phases which are not less hostile to the truths of the gospel, nor tend the less to supersede the positive laws and institutions of Christianity by the proud conceits of a selfish or sensual philosophy. This evil, so far as it can be met by an appeal to reason and the instincts of the heart, will find its antidote in the work before us. The advocates of Protestantism, in opposition to the Church, will also find in it the most conclusive evidences of the infinite superiority of Catholicity over all the sects in the diffusion of religious truth, in the advancement of knowledge, in the relief of human misery, and in its effects generally upon the liberty and happiness of man. It is a store-house of information for those who wish to learn the admirable correspondence between the doctrines and observances of the Catholic Church and the yearnings of the human heart, and the wonderful influence which they have enabled her to exert for the welfare of nations. In this respect, it commends itself powerfully to the attention of Catholics themselves, who in general—let it be boldly said—do not sufficiently study their religion, and are not acquainted, as they ought to be, with the excellence and beauty of the faith which they profess. The more this faith is examined, the more does it prove itself a rich and inexhaustible mine, a perennial fountain of light to the understanding, and peace to the heart. If people are sometimes deterred from this study by the grave expositions of doctrinal and ascetical writers, which contrast so strongly with the passion of the age for novelty and pleasure, this obstacle is in a great measure removed by the volume before us: for here, religion appears in all her charms. She wears no gloomy or repulsive aspect; though descended from heaven, she finds a congenial element in all that is great and good upon earth. A queen of peerless beauty, of boundless power, of inexpressible goodness, she appears on all occasions as the friend of humanity, to solace its woes, to purify and enhance its joys. It is she that inspires noble thoughts, that awakens ideas of the beautiful and good, that fires the heart with courage, that prompts to generous deeds. The arts and sciences all gather around her, because from her they receive their inspiration, while to her they owe their dignity and perfection. Literature pays homage to her as the source of its grandest and most brilliant achievements, as the amiable and unerring guide of its delicate and perilous labors. With equal dependence does industry itself, throughout its vast domain, look up to her as the presiding genius over its multifarious departments, to give them dignity, moderation and true enjoyment.

Such is the enchanting picture placed before the reader, and drawn by the pencil of one whose vast erudition, joined with the advantages of extensive travel and a highly poetical mind, eminently qualified him for the task. We bespeak for this volume a wide circulation. It should have a conspicuous place in every parlor. It has always been a favorite work in France, and has been too long excluded from our American literature. The public are much indebted to the Rev. Dr. White for this translation, the first complete one that has ever been presented in the English language. It is scarcely necessary to add that his intimate acquaintance with the French tongue, his general knowledge, and practised pen, afford an ample guaranty of the accuracy and elegance of the version; and we have no doubt that his arduous labors in this instance will be duly appreciated by a discerning community. With regard to the mechanical execution of this volume, we take pleasure in stating that it is a beautiful specimen of typography, embellished with a fine portrait of the illustrious author, and is worthy of the splendid subject which it places before the reader.

**3. MEMORIALS OF HIS TIME.** By *Henry Cockburn*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This volume contains a condensed history of some of the most prominent events of the time of Lord Cockburn, chiefly from the year 1800 to 1830, at which time it ends. His intimate acquaintance with many of the distinguished men of that period, and the account he gives of their connection with the important events of the day, render the book sufficiently interesting to compensate for the time spent in reading it, though it contains nothing of any striking importance.



4. **THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES: a sketch of its Ecclesiastical History.** By *Henry de Courcy*. Translated and enlarged by *John Gilmary Shea*. New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

It has been long a subject of regret that we have had no history of the Catholic Church of this country. Hitherto, the events relative to the establishment, rise, development and progress of Catholicity in the country to its present imposing attitude, had to be gathered, in detached portions, from works in which these events were incidentally spoken of. The want, at length, has been partially supplied by the work now presented to the public; and though it is not without its faults, it fills the void heretofore experienced in Catholic literature, and forms a valuable acquisition to the Catholic library.

With the work itself, apart from some theories indulged in by the authors, we are pleased. It presents in a narrow compass the most important events in the history of the Church in the United States: its early struggles, its vicissitudes, its persecutions, its triumph and present prosperity. It contains much that is interesting and useful, but it can scarcely be called a history of the Church in this country, being confined chiefly to a very limited portion of the territory of the union. It will be found important as a book of reference, as far as it goes, though its arrangement is susceptible of much improvement. We regret that the work, possessing a fair degree of merit, should be marred by theories which seem to us entirely at variance with history, and which must materially detract from the fair fame of the illustrious dead. We have always thought that the illustrious Calvert, the first to unfurl on our shores the standard of civil and religious liberty, was above reproach; that his character for benevolence, and above all, for integrity, stood unimpeachable. But it seems we were mistaken, if the views of the authors of this work be correct. They represent Lord Baltimore as consenting to the toleration of Protestantism in the colony he was about to establish as a  *sine qua non* of his obtaining the charter from Charles I. Here is their language:

"Lord Baltimore had seen too well how the English Catholics were crushed by the Protestants, as soon as they were the strongest and most numerous; he should then have foreseen that it would be so in Maryland, so that the English Catholics, instead of finding liberty in America, only changed their bondage. Instead, then, of admiring the liberality of Lord Baltimore, we prefer to believe that he obtained his charter from Charles I *only on the formal condition of admitting Protestants on an equal footing with Catholics.*" p. 30.

Then it seems that the honor of having originated the noble idea of religious toleration belongs not to Lord Baltimore, but to the weak and sanguinary persecutor of his Catholic subjects, Charles I. If such be true, we confess we have been misled in our estimation of the characters of the men. A few bigoted writers, whose hatred to Catholicity would not permit them to accord to a Catholic anything liberal or tolerant, have maintained such theories, but all liberal authors, whether Catholic or Protestant, have conceded to Calvert the imperishable honor of having originated the idea and reducing to practice the principle of religious toleration—a principle so much in accordance with the mild spirit of Christianity, but one almost unknown in the age in which he lived. Why any Catholic author, at this late day, should attempt to wrest from Lord Baltimore this honor so universally conceded, is to us something inconceivable.

The Catholics of this country have ever been proud to point to Lord Baltimore and the pilgrims of Maryland as the first to proclaim in the country the doctrine of religious liberty—the right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience; but not so with the authors of this work. They can find little in the conduct of Lord Baltimore to admire, and less to approve, and even characterize as "imprudent" the great and crowning act of his life:

"Misled by an idea more generous than *prudent*, Lord Baltimore had openly proclaimed the liberty of Christian worship in his domain of Maryland. . . This toleration was, however, only partial; for to gain entrance to Lord Baltimore's vast domains, it was necessary to believe in the divinity of Christ. But if, even with this restriction, the conduct of the founders of Maryland is the object of so much eulogy in America, we must claim our right to hesitate in joining in it." p. 29.



If, then, the granting toleration was "imprudent," it was wrong, and if *Messrs. De Courcy and Shea* "hesitate" to join those who eulogize Calvert for the act, they evidently imply that they disapprove the principle. This we are unwilling to admit, and still we are at a loss to put any other construction upon their language. Charge if you will that the act was "partial," that it required a belief in Christianity as a qualification for admission into the colony, and you only say that it was defective in a single instance; but before sitting in judgment upon the conduct of Calvert, they should have been able to point to some government, past or present, that was or is a purely tolerant government. We are not aware that such a government ever did or is likely ever to exist. How little we have improved on the great example of toleration set us by Lord Baltimore, is obvious to every one that will take the trouble to look over the constitutions of the several states of the union. Until very recently, in Maryland (and we believe the same restriction still exists in other states), a belief in Christianity was still a qualification for office of trust or emolument. The Jews, and even some denominations of Christians, are restricted by fines and other penalties from performing manual labor on the first day of the week; and a belief in a future state of rewards and punishments, is a universal qualification for witnesses and jurors.

We regret exceedingly that the language we have quoted has been admitted into the work. It is not the exponent of Catholic sentiment on the subject of toleration, and it does injustice to the memory of Lord Baltimore, inasmuch as it would lead to the inference that the boasted freedom of religious worship which he established on the shores of the Chesapeake was a mere matter of expediency, and that, had he not been restrained by the imperative command of his sovereign, he would have excluded Protestantism from the colony of Maryland. As Catholics, we disclaim these views; their admission would give a tacit acknowledgment to the charge so often made, that toleration is not a Catholic element, and is only wrung from Catholics by the force of circumstances.

**5. ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY AND TRIGONOMETRY.** By *B. Sestini*, S. J. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have perused with great satisfaction this admirable introduction to the sciences of Geometry and Trigonometry. The author has succeeded in combining two qualities rarely united, great perspicuity and extreme conciseness. The style is at once agreeable and strictly scientific, and the reader is rather in the condition of a pupil receiving oral instruction than in that of a student wading through dry definitions and abstruse ratiocination. Yet, while the explanations are full, they are not unnecessarily minute, and the student will be surprised to find how much mathematical truth the author has managed to condense in the limited space of his unpretending volume. Much time is economized by making the study of geometry follow that of algebra. In this way, the teacher is enabled immediately to use those space-saving contrivances, algebraical formulae, and also to avoid the introduction of that general dissertation on the laws of proportion with which so much space is occupied in other treatises on geometry. The progress of the learner is also facilitated by the early introduction of so much of the geometry of the circle as is necessary to comprehend the measurement of angles. The preliminaries are made as brief as possible, and the pupil is required to learn his axioms as he needs them, instead of having them presented to him in a solid column, at the very commencement of his studies.

Our readers will see from these remarks that the arrangement of the propositions is original. It has evidently been the result of great thought and long experience in teaching. The student passes gradually from the simpler to the more complex truths of the science. His progress is easy, because the order is so lucid and the style so clear. There is really no difficulty arising from the abstruse nature of the truths propounded, which is not leveled for him, and geometry is made as easy as any of the physical sciences.

The work cannot be too warmly commended as an admirable introduction to the sciences it professes to teach, and we would advise teachers and parents not to select a text-book until they have given this volume a careful and candid examination.



6. GRANTLEY MANOR. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. New edition. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The present handsome edition of Lady Georgiana's works, cannot but be most acceptable to our Catholic readers. No less accomplished as an authoress than pious and unostentatious in private life, Lady Georgiana gives her works a character of instructiveness and practical wisdom which we look for in vain in many of our professedly religious tales. Owing to her recent admission into the Church at the period when she wrote, an error or two in point of Catholic practice occur in the work, but these by no means impair the many useful lessons it conveys, especially to the young of her own sex, who will find in her pages entertainment of the highest order, interest, beauty of style, elegance of description, without a line to pamper the silly or romantic ideas that so often unfit them for real life.

In England, Messrs. Burns & Lambert have not unwisely placed them by the side of the tales of Conscience, in their Amusing and Instructive Library, and the American publishers have done equally well in bringing them for the first time before the Catholic public here.

7. YANKEE TRAVELS THROUGH THE ISLAND OF CUBA. By Demotieus Philalethes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

It is fashionable of late years for almost every one who goes abroad, to write an account of the people, government, laws and customs of the countries he visits, and on his return to give the public the benefit of his labor in the form of a new book of travels. With this practice we are not disposed to find fault; on the contrary, it is highly commendable, when truth, candor, and impartiality guide the pen of the writer. But experience proves that of all literary productions, apart from works of fiction, travels are the least reliable. They are generally written by persons wholly inadequate to the task they assume, and destitute of every facility of acquiring accurate and reliable information. The outlines are derived from the few whose acquaintance they have made in the mail-coach, or at the fashionable hotels, where perhaps they passed a few short days; for the balance, they draw upon their imaginations. But there is a worse fault; we believe that the writers in many instances care little about what their books contain, provided they are saleable. This is the great desideratum; this they seek at the sacrifice of everything else. To know what will please a credulous public is, therefore, of the first importance to a writer of travels.

Now, our Yankee traveler in Cuba knew this, and therefore, availed himself of its importance in the preparation of his book. With many the "annexation of Cuba" is a favorite project, hence it served his purpose to represent the Cubans as dissatisfied in the extreme with the government of Spain, as panting for liberty, and looking forward with an anxious gaze to the moment when the United States shall deliver them from the yoke of oppression. It served his purpose to represent government officers as the veriest tyrants, delighting in deeds of blood, and growing rich by the most unpardonable acts of spoliation. To say that "the Spanish government encourages immorality, rewards unworthy Cubans, and persecutes and despises all those who are worthy and honorable—they (the Cubans) have already discovered that the views of the government are treacherous, and they refuse to swallow the bait of the Jesuits and other lures of this description by which unwary people are caught; or to send their children to learn the degradation and adoration of despots, which the crafty disciples of Loyola inculcate on their tender minds. It is painful to witness the spectacle exhibited by the crowds of innocent youth who attend this *impure school*," page 211. Cuba is Catholic; it was, therefore, convenient and a profitable ingredient in his book, to utter the vilest slanders against the clergy, charging them with the grossest immorality; concluding "that the profligacy of the Cuban clergy was a fact beyond a question, and that there were very few who could be considered as exceptions."

But we have said enough about it to show that it is a book in which no reliance can be placed. A book of which the author himself was ashamed, inasmuch as he has given it to the public without the benefit of his name proper. The loss after all is not perhaps great; but if the Yankee ever was in Cuba (a thing which we doubt, for we believe that the book was written in some New York garret, to suit New York market, by some one who was never perhaps fifty miles from that city), he saw with his "American eyes," and heard with his American ears, things that no one else ever saw or heard before.



- 8 **ADELAIDE, QUEEN OF ITALY; OR, THE IRON CROWN.** By *William Bernard MacCabe*. London: Charles Dolman. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The name of the author of this work will, we feel assured, give it currency wherever the English language is read. Few writers are more favorably known, few have done more in the cause of Catholic literature, and in giving a character and elevated tone to works of fiction, than Wm. Bernard MacCabe. From a cursory glance at the "Iron Crown," we are favorably impressed with its contents, and believe it will fully sustain the high character already acquired by the author. The design of the book is to show the power and influence of the popes during the middle ages, a subject full of interest and instruction. We defer to a future number a more lengthy notice.

9. **CORNELL'S HIGH SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY AND ATLAS.** New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We are much pleased with these works, and were we engaged in teaching, we would most certainly use them, at least in the higher classes, in preference to any others now extant. The Geography possesses many features that must render it popular. It is replete with numerous and very superior wood-cut illustrations, minute and accurate in its details, and free from everything that could give offence to the most sensitive mind. The author seems to have been actuated by a spirit of candor and impartiality seldom met with in works of the kind.

The Atlas is superior to any that has fallen under our notice. The mechanical execution is excellent; the delineation of rivers, lakes, cities, towns, &c., is beautiful and distinct; and what is peculiar to itself, it has two sets of maps; the one for reference, and the other for study. They both seem to have been prepared with the utmost care, and based upon the latest and most reliable authorities. The set designed for the school-room, contains only a selection of the most important places; and this we regard as an improvement. The maps generally in use are too crowded, every available space being filled with names and places. The compilers seem to have placed the perfection of their works in the number of names they could insert, without regard to the capacity of pupils to remember them. We consider the work worthy of the careful examination of teachers.

10. **PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.** By *M. Warren*. Philadelphia: H. Cowperthwait & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

No subject can be more attractive to the young or better calculated to elevate and expand the mind than the study of Physical Geography. It treats of the natural adaptation of the earth for the abode of man—it describes the diversities of the surface of the earth—its divisions of land and water, its mountains and plains—it draws our attention to the atmosphere, and explains the wonderful process invisible to us, by which the water of the ocean is lifted into the air, thence to be diffused over the land to replenish the lakes and rivers, and to give life to vegetation, which in its turn sustains animal life. "Physical Geography," says an eminent writer, "is the history of nature presented in its most attractive form, the exponent of the wonders which a munificent Creator has scattered so profusely around us."

The work before us, in atlas form, seems well adapted to facilitate the study of the science to which it is devoted. Its arrangement is plain, simple and natural: the engravings are excellent, and well calculated to interest and instruct the pupil.

11. **THE BAKED HEAD—and other Tales.** New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

With the exception of the title we are much pleased with this book. It is the second number of "Putnam's Story Library," and contains a series of entertaining tales, some of them conveying excellent morals. There is, however, something objectionable in the name, which at first sight conveys to the mind ideas revolting and unnatural; and may lead a person to regard the book as something low and vulgar, a character which on the whole it does not deserve.



## Editors' Table.

"PENTECOST SUNDAY of that year was a joyous day at the mountain. During the morning and afternoon, many a prayer of thanksgiving ascended to heaven from the church on the hill-side. The president, teachers and students rejoiced, because they were on the eve of occupying the new college. . . . But alas! it was not to be so. That very night they were all aroused from their sleep by the lurid flames and crackling noise occasioned by the conflagration of the building, and Monday morning beheld it a heap of smouldering ruins."

The above is an extract from the article styled "Our Colleges," in the August number of the *Metropolitan*. Well do I remember that fatal night; and in commemoration of the catastrophe I wrote on "Monday morning" the following elegy, which I have accidentally found under a heap of old papers. I send it to you now as a spontaneous effusion of my then young Latin muse, which the mountaineers of my day will be pleased to see again, and those of the present may peruse, at least, as a "curiosity of literature."

### IN S. MARIE AD MONTES NOVI SEMINARII INCENDIUM, ELEGIA.

Ecce jacent lapides conspersi pulvere nigro  
 Ecce ubi limen erat, magna ruina subest!  
 Ignibus heu! stratz flagrantibus ecce columnæ!  
 Porticus haud fultus sternitur ipse simul!  
 Unidque qui superest fœdatur murus iniquo  
 Fumo, perque aulas nil nisi fumus adest.  
 Hœcine pulchra domus, rurisque superbia quondam!  
 Heu mihi! quæ tanti causa maligna fuit  
 Excidii! quis tecta, quis et fastigia pulchra  
 Quæ supra sylvas eminuere, manu  
 Sacrilegâ stravit? quis tantas tamque beatas  
 Spes animi auderet perdere? triste malum!  
 Proh pietas hominumque fides! quis credera possit?—  
 Invida subvertit tecta superba manus!  
 Fax hominis furiosa mali conjecta per aulas  
 Involvit flammâ tecta vorace domûs.  
 Sacra fuit nox illa nimis fatalis; (at eheu!  
 Crimine correptum nil cohibere valet)  
 Quâ sceleratus homo densis circumdatus umbris  
 Ausus munitus tecta subire face.  
 Intulit in muros ignem, cito flamma coruscat,  
 Serpit paulatim corripit atque trabes.  
 Continuo fugit latro seque abdidit umbris:  
 Aet densus tenebras perspicit Omnipotens!  
 Interea crepitante vorax sonitu furit ignis  
 Perque domum totam spargitur ignis edax  
 Exoritur clamor, campana clat horrida signa,  
 Innumeræque simul personuere voces.  
 Excutitur somnus, ruiturque ad limina, fuistra:  
 Nil valet heu flammæ sistere terrificas.  
 Celsa ruunt longamque trahunt secum ecce ruinam  
 Culmina, dum minitans sidera flamma petit  
 Volountur cineres commixti turbine sumi  
 Scintillæque cadunt proxima tecta super.  
 Nulla susurrabat per lucus aura quietos  
 Emicuit cornu Luna serena polo.  
 Interea domus horrifico sonitu riuit, atque  
 Insidet in muris vasta ruina nigris.  
 Jam cœpit noctis tenebras aurora fugare  
 Luce novâ, atque novâ spargere luce polum:  
 Erubuit cœlum; incubuit tamen ædibus horror,  
 Atque super tristes sol oritur cineres.



Our classical readers will find much to admire in the foregoing beautiful lines. They recall an incident of *melancholy* pleasure—a catastrophe looked upon at the time as a dire calamity, but which in the inscrutable designs of providence was permitted for some wise and holy purpose. Great indeed were the trials it imposed on the venerable Dubois and the zealous companions of his labors. They beheld the labor of years blighted in an hour; but their confidence was unshaken, their hopes undiminished, and with truly heroic fortitude, they turned to repair their loss, cheering each other to the task, saying perhaps as they cleared away the ruins: *Foram et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*

Heaven rewarded their noble magnanimity and Christian resignation a hundred fold. A new college, more splendid than the old, rose upon the ruins. God imparted to the latter his special blessing, and made it the channel of conveying countless blessings upon the Church of America. And St. Mary's, venerated by time and honored among the first and most distinguished of our colleges, still stands majestically among her hills, and looking forth from her mountain home, contemplates with feelings of pride her many and distinguished sons. The calamity of the old college sinks into forgetfulness amidst the prosperity of the new. The learned and distinguished author will accept our thanks for the contribution he has made; at the same time, we hope it may not be the last from his gifted pen.

**THE DEW.**—The following selected verses have been handed to us by a friend, with a desire that we would insert them. We most cheerfully accede to the request. There is a delicacy of sentiment in them, and a beauty of expression that must charm and please the reader:

DEW.

"O DEAREST mother, tell me, pray,  
Why are the dew-drops gone so soon?  
Could they not stay till close of day,  
To twinkle on the flowery spray?"

"My child, 'tis said such beauteous things,  
Too often loved with vain excess,  
Are swept away by angel wings,  
Before contamination clings  
To their pure loveliness.

"Behold yon rainbow brightening yet,  
To which all mingling hues are given;  
There are thy dew-drops, grandly set  
In a resplendent coronet  
Upon the brow of heaven.

"No earthly stain can reach them there,  
Woven with sunbeams there they shine,  
A transient vision of the air,  
But yet a symbol, pure and fair,  
Of love and peace divine."

The child looked upward into space,  
With eager and inquiring eyes,  
And o'er its sweet and thoughtful face  
Came a faint glory and a grace  
Transmitted from the skies.

With the last odorous sigh of May,  
That child beneath the flowers was laid;  
Like dew, its spirit passed away,  
To mingle in eternal day,  
With angels perfect made.



**OUR MEMOIRS.**—We feel assured that no department of the magazine has been read with more interest, or been more instructive, than the Memoirs which we have given in the present volume. Of the names of Galvert; Carroll, of Carrollton; Carroll, the first Archbishop of Baltimore; Commodore Barry, and others, as Catholics, we feel justly proud. With their lives and actions we ought to be familiar; we ought, moreover, to hold them up to our children as examples worthy of their imitation as Catholics and as citizens.

In the present number we give a condensed sketch of the great and good Bishop Flaget, to whom the Church of America owes so much. In our next, we will lay before our readers a Memoir of the illustrious Judge Gaston, as great an ornament to his religion as an honor to his country.

**TO A BUNCH OF GRAPES.**—The vine has been a favorite theme among poets in all ages of the world. The bards of Greece and Rome have tuned their harps in its praise, and the poets of later days have not been unmindful of its merits. Our friend *Fidelis*, who was lately seated beneath its shade, touched his lyre and sung forth the following verses in honor of the fruit thereof:

TO A BUNCH OF GRAPES.

Here is a generous cluster of the vine  
Breathing of musk and wrapped in smoky bloom;  
Like to the nasy atmosphere of earth  
Above the crimson foliage scatter'd round—  
When Indian summer warms the dying year.

Shaped like our human heart, and like it too  
We sport of ruffian winds and dusty heat,  
Suspended 'twixt the abyss and azure heaven;  
Each berry brimful of the richest juice,  
And round as is the spher'd eternity!

Elected fruit! forever to the prized,  
Most beautiful in nature and to faith,  
Under whose dewy mantle the belov'd  
In mercy to the life which He hath kindled,  
Hides His unutterable radiance!

Oh haste thee! burst thy cells and bleed to death!  
Slumber not long in darkness of the ground!  
Be borne in silence to a seraph's hand  
That He who changed the water into wine  
May change thy wine to His immortal blood!

FIDELIA.

**"THE TRIUMPH OF PRINCIPLE."**—The article under this head is the first of a series which we intend to introduce, specially for the entertainment and instruction of the young. These articles are intended to illustrate some of the principal traits that form an honorable and virtuous character. From little Gerald, in the *Triumph of Principle*, the youthful reader will learn a lesson of priceless value—that honesty, integrity and industry, joined with piety and religion, are the surest means of attaining success, even in our worldly pursuits; of gaining the esteem and confidence of our fellow-man, and the smile and reward of heaven.

**CHATEAUBRIAND ON EDUCATION.**—We call the special attention of our readers to the article on education, translated from the works of the great French philosopher. The subject is at all times important, but it acquires new interest when touched by the pen of Chateaubriand. His views upon this, as upon all other subjects, are clear, philosophical and practical, and cannot fail but to impart interest and instruction to the reader.



# Record of Events.

*From August 20, to September 20, 1856.*

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—Scarcely a week passes without witnessing some new act of benevolence on the part of the Holy Father. Lately he opened a house at Ponto Sisto, as an asylum for invalid clergymen or those who are unable by age or infirmity to officiate. Foreign clergymen, who have resided ten years in Rome, in the event of sickness, are entitled to a residence in this asylum.—Pius IX. has also founded a college in his native town for public instruction of the highest class, and for the gratuitous instruction of the poor of the town and surrounding country. This institution is entrusted to the care of the members of the Society of Jesus.—The question pending between the Holy See and Russia, is said to have taken a favorable turn, and the Pope will have the privilege of nominating the six Catholic bishops within the Russian dominions. Prince Flovio Chiggi was sent to Moscow to represent His Holiness as a temporal sovereign at the coronation of the Emperor; and at the same time Mgr. Bianchi, chief of the division of extraordinary ecclesiastical affairs, to treat in reference to Polish ecclesiastical affairs. His Holiness sent as a present to the Emperor, Fabris' celebrated statue of the death of Mills of Crotona.—Negotiations are also going on between the courts of Rome and Berlin, having for their object the restoration of the bishopric of Aix-la-Chapelle, which was incorporated with that of Cologne in 1822. The Prussian cabinet is said to have consented to give the necessary pecuniary endowment.—On the 10th of July, His Eminence Cardinal Barnabo, prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, took possession of "Saint Susan's," the church attached to his dignity, situated near the baths of Dioclesian.—The foreign journals mention a remarkable fact which lately occurred at Marino, a village at the foot of Mount Alban, a few miles from Rome. The inhabitants of this place depend chiefly for subsistence on the produce of the surrounding vineyards. The failure of the vine crops for several successive years brought want and distress upon the villagers. Every human effort had failed to arrest the progress of the disease, and on the reappearance of the malady this season, both the clergy and the people turned their eyes to heaven, and sought in prayer and earnest supplication relief from their affliction. The entire population went in procession, in the guise of pilgrims, to the church, bearing before them an ancient miraculous crucifix, which they placed in the basilica, where it remained exposed for a week to the veneration of the faithful. Business operations were in the meantime laid aside; nothing but prayer and penitential supplications were heard throughout the little town, and the sacraments were devoutly approached. Heaven heard their supplications, and rewarded their piety and faith by yielding to their importunities. The disease was arrested, and shortly disappeared from the district.—Cardinal Giovanni Soglia, of the title of the "Four Crowned Saints," bishop of Osimo and Cingali, died at Rome on the 12th of August, in his seventy-seventh year; and in the previous month, Mgr. Laurence Valenzi, domestic rector to His Holiness, departed this life after a protracted illness.

NAPLES.—The King of Naples has resolutely declined all interference in the internal affairs of his kingdom. He repudiates interference as being contrary to all rules of international right, and derogatory to the independence and dignity of his crown. After reminding his officious neighbors of the principles of eternal justice, that direct that we should do as we wish to be done by, he pointedly asks:

"What would Lord Palmerston say if the Neapolitan government were to presume to sit in judgment on the administrative acts of the British cabinet, and to recommend



a modification in its internal policy; or, for instance, the adoption of more liberal measures towards unhappy Ireland, and more humane ones in regard to its subjects in the East Indies? What would be his answer to any power that should thus dare to intermeddle with the Queen's government? He would reply, as the court of Naples now does, that he acknowledged no right and no power in any one whatever to dictate rules of conduct to him, or to indulge in offensive remonstrances; or rather, not so. Lord Palmerston would not even have taken the trouble to answer, but he would at once have sent passports to the representatives of the power that should have so acted. Has not then the King of Naples an equal right with Great Britain to show himself jealous of his own honor, and careful of that of his people?"

And after reviewing in a dignified manner the impropriety of the demands and the consequences to which they might lead, he thus concludes:

"France and England should remember that they engaged in the eastern war for the express purpose of preventing a foreign power from interfering in the affairs of Italy. Any analogous intervention in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies would be a strange and unheard of anomaly. King Ferdinand cannot and will not believe that any such thing can be intended. He relies with entire confidence upon the fact that the courts of Paris and London have in the most public manner recognized this principle, namely: that every free state, however inferior its strength may be to that of the power which pretends to offer advice to it, has the indisputable right to reject the advice when it comes in the form of a threat and an attack upon its independence.

"The King intends to abide by all that has just been said. If, which it is impossible to suppose, it shall be attempted to constrain his will, he will then, confiding in the justice of his cause, make an appeal to the national feeling, as well as to his brave and faithful army, and prepare himself to repel force by force."

**SPAIN.**—Spain at latest dates was quiet. The Cortes was dissolved, and a new one, together with a Senate, shortly to be elected.

The whole of the National Guard of Spain is to be disarmed, but the question of its definitive dissolution will be left to the decision of the Cortes.

The new Municipality Law voted by the Contingent Cortes is to go into operation on the 1st October.

Disturbances have broken out in the southern part of Spain. At Marchena the population rose and massacred the alcaldes, four municipal councillors, and a clerk in the employment of the town. An order given by the alcalde to disarm the National Guard was the origin of this sanguinary scene. The town of Ronza has also been the theatre of similar scenes.

**PORTUGAL.**—On the 8th of August attempts at disturbance took place at Lisbon. For several days previously some excitement was manifested among the lower classes, caused by certain agitators, who took advantage of the high price of bread, to attribute it to speculators. Meetings of the workmen were held, and inflammatory speeches were made. Riot was the consequence. In Lisbon and elsewhere the houses of some speculators in food, and those of several bakers were attacked, but the disturbance was put down without bloodshed. The cholera had appeared in the English College at Lisbon, and several deaths had occurred.

**FRANCE.**—The Emperor, at latest dates, was at the baths of Biarritz. He is reported to be urging the claim of Prince Pierre Bonaparte to the throne of the Danubian kingdom; and to be engaged in considering what title to bestow on the American descendants of Prince Jerome. France and Russia are on the most friendly terms. The crops throughout the country are said to be good.—The existence of a secret society of a very dangerous character has been discovered. Its ramifications extend through several parts of the country. Its head-quarters are in the department of the Upper Loire. Its object is the overthrow of the Bonaparte government—if necessary by the assassination



of the Emperor. From the revelations which have been made it appears assassination is one of their recognised means of success. Each member is sworn to implicit obedience, to abandon family, and to yield up his life.—A new confraternity has been established in France, which has been enriched by many indulgences by the Holy Father. It has for its object the procuring of lamps to burn perpetually before the B. Sacrament throughout the various churches of the empire. Its constitution is simple. A committee has been established, composed of a number of Christian ladies, and presided over, in the name of the archbishop, by another prelate of dignity. The first object of this committee is to get made, by means of alms and subscriptions, a number of suitable sanctuary lamps, which are dispensed gratis to the churches that make application for them. The oil and other necessities are thereafter supplied by means of congregational subscriptions.—The Abbé Destrade, after many years labor, has succeeded in realizing the idea long contemplated by the President-General of the Conference of St. Vincent of Paul, of building an hospital for the indigent poor in the village of Bareges, situated in the loftiest summits of the Pyrenees.—The French papers announce the death of the illustrious sister Marie, of the Order of Charity. She died at Algiers, in the 73d year of her age.

ENGLAND.—The political news of England is unimportant. Little is said about the affairs of the United States, and less upon the "Italian question."—Mazzini has been endeavoring to draw attention to the condition of his oppressed country, by the publication of a lengthy letter in the *Times*, under the head of the "cause of Italy stated," in the course of which he advocates street barricades and wholesale murder in a view of bettering the condition of his countrymen.—The arrival of the Dowager Queen of Oude in England forms at present the chief subject of comment among the English journals. She landed at Southampton on the 20th of August, accompanied by a numerous suite. The object of her mission is to obtain the restoration of her son to the throne of Oude. Her departure from the vessel is thus described by a correspondent of the *Times*:

"At three o'clock unusual excitement was observed at the gangway of the *Indus*. The landing stage from the ship to the dock was covered with carpet. Surrounding the gangway were eunuchs and the chief officers of state belonging to the court of Oude, dressed in magnificent robes, and holding the insignia of their offices. A snow white screen was held up before the gangway. It was now whispered that preparations were making for the Queen leaving the ship, and voices were heard behind the screen. Presently two figures, dressed like Egyptian mummies, appeared and walked across to the stage, their little naked feet in gaudy slippers turned up at the toes. These were assisted into the Queen's carriage, not a vestige of any part of them being seen but their feet and legs. These were the chosen maids of honor to the Queen. Soon after they were seated the screen was thrown down and the palanquin was brought out. It consisted of a chair enclosed in a slender frame, which was covered with a splendid blue and silver robe. In it was the Queen, whom few persons in the world have ever seen. A splendid scarlet umbrella was held over the palanquin. Mace bearers attended her; eunuchs and officers of state preceded and followed her. The pressure of the crowd to get a glimpse at her was intense, and the gigantic eunuchs were in agony. The difficulty of getting Her Majesty into the carriage without being seen was immense. At length a screen was placed against the body of the carriage, and Her Majesty was just in the act of stepping in, when, horror of horrors, two men were detected on the coachman's box, looking deliberately into the carriage, and about to stare Her Majesty in the face. A shout of indignation drove them from their post, to the infinite relief of the courtiers."

His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman recently paid a visit to the town of Aix-la-Chapelle, where he was received with every mark of respect due to his high dignity.—The conversion of the Duchess Dowager of Argyle, and her recent admission into the Catholic Church, has caused great sensation in the upper circle. This is the third



Duchess within the last few years that has been admitted into the Catholic Church. What is a little remarkable, they all belonged to Scottish families.—The death of the Earl of Shrewsbury is announced. This melancholy event took place at Lisbon, on the tenth of August. He was the cousin of the sixteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, to whose titles and estates he succeeded in 1852. By this death, the long succession of Catholic Earls of Shrewsbury is broken; Henry Chetwyna Talbot, a Protestant, it is said, will succeed to the titles and estates of the deceased Earl.

IRELAND.—The Rev. N. Gillooly was consecrated Bishop of Elphin on the seventh of September. The impressive ceremony took place in the Church of St. Vincent, Cork.—The Irish journals announce the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Ferns. The melancholy event took place after a short illness, on the 13th of August. His death is universally lamented. He had been for a long period parish priest of Wexford; and before his elevation to the see of Ferns, Dr. Murphy had secured the affection of all classes by the practice of those virtues which marked his whole career, and which were so much calculated to promote the happiness of the community among which he dwelt. Dr. Murphy was consecrated Bishop of Ferns in March, 1850.—The colossal statue of the illustrious O'Connell in Limerick is being brought to completion by Hogan, the celebrated sculptor. A Limerick paper thus speaks of the work:

"Grand, massive, the illustrious O'Connell in an attitude as characteristic as it is majestic. It is an attitude full of eloquent expression—the right hand raised gracefully before the breast, corresponding in action with the position of the head and with the play of the lips and the eyes, all of which seem to address the spectator in one of those sweetest effusions of persuasive sentiment in which O'Connell loved so much to indulge. The figure, which stands eight feet and some inches above the plinth, is partly enveloped in a large cloak, which, although the costume is entirely modern, is so skilfully arranged as to invest the whole with a fine classic style, affording, besides, to Hogan all that facility for a rich, natural disposition of drapery in which he is unexcelled by any living artist. The folds are broad and massive—the leading characteristics of the whole work—and at the same time flexible and graceful, preserving all the softness and pliability of nature. But what is still more important, the likeness is admirable. In this respect, Hogan had been even more fortunate here than in his former figures or heads of O'Connell; and we have little doubt that any one who has ever seen the Liberator during the memorable period of the monster meetings and the state trials, will hesitate for a moment in perceiving the features and the expression of the man in this work of the Irish sculptor."

SCOTLAND.—The spirit of hostility to Catholicity, which has taken so deep a root in Scottish soil, has lately broken out in open violence. The unassuming Church of Kelso, which no one would have taken for a place of Catholic worship, was assailed by a furious mob, the windows and doors beaten in with stones, many of the movables inside stolen, and the building committed to the flames. "It might have been expected," says a Glasgow paper (the *Northern Times*), "That the fury of the anti-Catholic party would have been satisfied by this act of spite and malice. That such, however, is not the case is proved by the fact, that the poor Catholics have been kept ever since in a state of alarm and anxiety. Threatening notices, couched in the most ferocious language, have been sent to members of inoffensive families. They are menaced with the destruction of their dwellings and property, and with death itself, unless they instantly remove and quit the country. These proceedings are not confined to Kelso, but extend to Jedburgh, Hawick, Yetholm, and the adjacent villages. At Jedburgh, the Catholic chapel and priest have been threatened. In some instances, even Protestants have been ordered to remove from their houses, in order to leave the mob free to burn out a Catholic neighbor."

This was followed by a brutal outrage on the Sisters of Charity in Glasgow. The same paper thus speaks of this affair:



"On last Thursday evening, as two of the sainted nuns, Sisters of Charity, were returning to their convent from the school at Anderston, where they had been engaged in the pious duty of teaching the children of the poor, they were stopped in the street by a large crowd (consisting of men and women), who, with rude and indecent violence, raised their veils, and behaved towards them with every species of rudeness that a brutal mob could perpetrate. Against this host of malignant fiends the sainted nuns feebly struggled. The police tried to interfere; but being few in number, while the crowd became more dense, they found it impossible to open a passage, until, at length, some civilians came forward and volunteered their coöperation, and after removing the obstruction, escorted the nuns to their convent. Now, why this outrage was perpetrated we know not, unless it be for reasons similar to those which influenced the miscreants of old to torture and crucify the Redeemer and martyr his saints. The nuns, indeed, had forfeited all the luxuries of life, all the amenities and fascinations of polished society, for the purpose of devoting themselves to the worship of God, and of bringing up the children of the poor in the path of religion, which alone leads to happiness here and hereafter. In this duty they followed with self-sacrificing solicitude the will of their divine Master. This was their only offence, for which they were insulted and assailed by the brutal mob."

The Church of Scotland has sustained a severe loss in the death of the Rev. James Russell, one of the most zealous and exemplary clergymen of Glasgow, who departed this life on the 6th of August.

**RUSSIA.**—The approaching coronation of the Emperor Alexander II, absorbs every other topic at present in Russia. This event, for which vast preparations have been made, was to take place on the 7th of September, at Moscow. On the 20th of August the Emperor entered the city, which is thus described by a correspondent of the *London News*:

"At 4 P. M., a salute of 74 guns announced that the Emperor had entered the city. The Governor of Moscow and staff, the magistrates and the nobility of the district, received the cortege at different points in its passage through the city. At the Gate of the Resurrection, the Emperor, Empress and other members of the Imperial family, dismounted and knelt before the image of our Lady of Iberia. Thence they proceeded to the Cathedral of the Assumption, and kissed the relics therein; afterward they proceeded to the Cathedrals of the Archangel Michael and the Annunciation, where they performed similar religious ceremonies. Their Majesties afterward walked to the Palace of the Kremlin. At its gate they were received by a deputation of clergy with religious observances. Here the Archbishop of Moscow presented the Emperor with bread and salt. Immediately afterward 101 guns (at 5 P. M.) announced that their Majesties had entered the palace. At night the city was illuminated."

**TURKEY.**—A serious outbreak among the Montenegrin tribes had caused much alarm. At Podgoriza they destroyed several mosques and churches, but at Kuci they committed the most horrid outrages.

"Forty Catholic families had managed, with their priests, to escape the general massacre, and retreated to the mountains, where they lived for three days on roots and berries. On their return they found their homes not only plundered but burned, and this was also the fate of the church. More than 200 Turks of all ages, many of whom were women and children, were butchered in cold blood. In this catalogue of horrors, the unhappy fate of one Catholic family in particular has created the greatest commiseration and sympathy. The husband was engaged in packing up his valuables when he was attacked by six of the Montenegrins, who literally cut him to pieces. At the sight of this wanton act of brutality the wife was so appalled that she instantly went out of her senses, and whilst in that state set fire to the cradle in which her baby was asleep, then killed her other child, a little girl of five years, by splitting her head open with a hatchet, and finally set fire herself to the house, and perished in the flames.



## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

1. ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.—*The Catholic Population of Baltimore.*—The following computation, taken from the *Mirror*, has been compiled, we understand, under the direction of the "Young Catholics' Friend Society," and presents several interesting features. If the rule for computation here laid down even approximates correctness, the Catholic population of our city is much greater than is usually supposed:

In *De Bow's Compendium of the United States Census*, for 1850, there is a table at page 111, in which is shown the ratio that exists between the number of births in a year and the whole population of a given place. This table, based upon the returns of the Census, must in the main be correct. The ratio which applies to the whole population will also apply to the Catholics. By knowing the births among Catholics in this city, we can then estimate pretty nearly the aggregate Catholic population. For this purpose we have gathered from the Baptismal Records the number of births as there entered for the year 1854; and we find them to be 2,586. In the Official Report of Census for the city of Baltimore, for 1850, the ratio of births to the whole population is given as 3.02 per cent. With these data we have this formula:

|    | Births. | Population. | Births. | Population. |
|----|---------|-------------|---------|-------------|
| As | 3.02 :  | 100 :       | 2.586 : | 85,625.     |

The proportion as found belonging to each of the ten parishes at that time formed in the city, was as follows:

| Parishes.          | Births. | Population. | Parishes.             | Births. | Population. |
|--------------------|---------|-------------|-----------------------|---------|-------------|
| Cathedral.....     | 252     | 8,367       | St. Patrick's.....    | 904     | 6,772       |
| St. Alphonsus'.... | 430     | 14,310      | St. Joseph's.....     | 189     | 6,275       |
| St. Michael's..... | 365     | 12,782      | St. John's.....       | 157     | 5,213       |
| St. Vincent's..... | 375     | 12,451      | Immaculate Conception | 118     | 3,948       |
| St. Peter's.....   | 254     | 8,136       |                       |         |             |
| St. James'.....    | 222     | 7,371       |                       | 2,586   | 85,625      |

From this result it is but fair to deduct such children as were brought from outside the city limits to be baptised in Baltimore. The exact number we have not ascertained, but believe it cannot exceed one hundred. This would then require us to make the proportionate deduction of 3,311. As it is customary for mixed families to have all their children baptised in the Catholic Church, there must be some allowance made on that account. There is no means at our control for finding out the number of mixed families, that is, of families in which one of the parents is a non-Catholic, but we estimate the number in this city at about fifteen hundred. That number would then have to be deducted. The final result of our investigation is this:

|                                              |             |
|----------------------------------------------|-------------|
| Aggregate calculation .....                  | 85,625      |
| Deduct, 1st—For births outside the city..... | 3,311       |
| 2d—On account of mixed families.....         | 1,500       |
|                                              | <hr/> 4,811 |

Total Catholic population..... 80,814

*Church Dedication.*—The church of St. Louis, near Clarksville, Howard County, in this State, was dedicated to the service of religion on the 31st of August. The Rev. Mr. Jenkins, President of St. Charles' College, officiated on the occasion.

*Religious Reception.*—Miss Ellen Sharpe received the holy habit of religion, at the Convent of the Visitation in this city, on the 26th of August, taking in religion the name of Sister Mary Ursula. The Rev. Father Hewitt officiated, and delivered an appropriate discourse on the occasion.—The Most Rev. Archbishop administered confirmation to sixty-six persons on Sunday, August 7th, at St. Ignatius' church, near Harford, in this State.—We are gratified to learn that the Fair recently held at St. Mary's church, Harford County, has been attended with such happy results. Nearly



the sum of one thousand dollars was realized, which, we understand, will be sufficient to complete the sacred edifice and procure the necessary articles for the altar and sanctuary.

2. **DIOCESE OF BUFFALO.**—On the 24th of August, the corner-stone of a new church, to be dedicated to the Immaculate Conception of Mary, was laid in Buffalo, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Timon.—The Catholic Cemetery on the Lake Shore, about four miles from Buffalo, was consecrated on August 31st.

3. **DIOCESE OF MILWAUKIE.**—*Religious Reception.*—On the 18th of August, eighteen young ladies received the white veil, at the Convent of School Sisters of Notre-Dame, in that city. Three of them had been pupils of the institution. This convent, which is the mother-house of the order in America, contains no less than fifty sisters, and over twenty postulants.

4. **ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.**—*Confirmation.*—The Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell administered the sacrament of confirmation in St. Mary's church, Hillsborough, Highland County, Ohio, on September 7th, to seventy-four persons; and on the following day, the same Most Rev. Prelate confirmed about the same number in St. Patrick's church, Fayetteville.—On the 20th of August, Mr. Michael J. Lawlor, a scholastic of the Society of Jesus, received the four minor orders in the Cathedral at Cincinnati, at the hands of the Most Rev. Archbishop; and on the two following days, he received the orders of sub-deacon and deacon; and on the 23d was raised to the order of priesthood.—On the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, the corner-stone of the church of the Assumption was laid at Yellow Springs, Ohio.

*Conversion.*—J. S. Carter, Esq., and his wife, were received into the Church by the Most Rev. Archbishop. Mr. C. is a native of Kentucky, and a lawyer by profession. Mr. D. V. Thorne, of West Buena Vista, Gibson County, Indiana, has also been received into the bosom of the Catholic Church by the Rev. Mr. Andran.

5. **DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA.**—A new church, under the patronage of St. Philomena, at Hawley, was recently dedicated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Philadelphia; and also the church of St. Mary's at Midersville.

6. **ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK.**—The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York recently administered confirmation at the Church of St. Lawrence to two hundred and seven persons; of this number eight were converts. On the morning of the same day a large number of those who were confirmed had made their first communion.

7. **DIOCESE OF HARTFORD.**—It is stated that the Rev. F. P. MacFarland, pastor of St. John's church, Utica, has been appointed to fill the vacant See of Hartford. Mr. MacFarland is, we believe, a native of Pennsylvania, and was educated at Mount St. Mary's, near Emmitsburg, Maryland, the alma mater of so many of our distinguished prelates.

8. **DIOCESE OF BROOKLYN.**—The Rev. John F. Turner was promoted to the order of priesthood on the 31st of August, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Brooklyn.

*Religious Reception.*—Miss Anne Osborne received the white veil at the Convent of the Visitation, on the 27th of August, at the hands of the same Rt. Rev. Prelate. Miss Osborne took in religion the name of Sister Mary Frances.

**OBITUARY.**—The Rev. B. SCHAFFHEITNER, C.S.S.R., while officiating at Vespers in St. Mary's church, Buffalo, was taken suddenly ill with apoplexy, and died in half an hour. The lamented deceased was in the 35th year of his age.

On the 24th of August, the Rev. Mr. McARDLE, pastor of St. Patrick's church, Philadelphia, departed this life, in the 31st year of his age.

On the 12th of July, at the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, New York, Sister MARY IGNATIUS (Mary Alice Murray), formerly of this city, in the 32d year of her age.



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*Wm. Gaston*  
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MEMOIR OF JUDGE GASTON.\*

TO RECALL the virtues of the illustrious dead is ever a grateful task. Like admiration for whatever is beautiful in the external world, the contemplation of a

\* *Authorities:* Mrs. Ellet's *Women of the Revolution*, vol. ii; *National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans*, vol. ii; *Annals of Congress* from 1815 to 1817, &c. &c., and original sources.



noble character, merely as a study, is full of interest, even to such as feel no great partiality for the virtues that adorn it. Such is our natural love for the beautiful. But the task is doubly dear and captivating, when we have it in our power to unfold the beauties of such a character with a view to the glory of God and the edification of our neighbor: not merely for the gaze of the human eye, but for the contemplation of the human soul; not as a model from which artists may copy, but as an exemplar from which Christians and citizens may learn a lesson. To the youths of America, struggling in the walks of secular life, WILLIAM GASTON may be presented for imitation, for he was a model civilian. He was distinguished alike for his profound learning in literature, law and political economy, for his exalted sense of duty, the purity of his life, the elevation of his character, the sweetness of his disposition, the depth of his moral principles, and for his firm faith. The influence of such a character is well calculated to elevate the standard of true citizenship. Should it not also be allowed to allay prejudice against that Church which is the fruitful mother of many such children?

The name of Gaston is distinguished in the annals of France. In the religious conflicts which, towards the close of the seventeenth century, disturbed the peace of that country, that branch of the Gastons, from whom the subject of this memoir was descended, espoused the Huguenot cause, of which they were prominent and zealous supporters. But Providence seems to have singularly and mercifully disposed His plans for the recovery of those generous and gifted souls to the ancient faith of their country and their fathers. Upon the revocation of the edict of Nantz, they fled from France and settled in Ballymore, Ireland. Dr. Alexander Gaston, the father of the judge, was the younger brother of the Rev. Hugh Gaston, an eminent Presbyterian minister, author of a standard work in that sect, called "Gaston's Concordat." Dr. Gaston distinguished himself when a student in the medical college of Edinburg, and subsequently accepted the post of surgeon in the British navy, in which capacity he served in the expedition which conquered the Havana. An epidemic dysentery broke out with great violence in this expedition, and made frightful havoc among the troops. In his unwearied attendance on the suffering men, the surgeon himself was stricken down with the disease. The prostration consequent upon his illness was increased by the exhausting heat of the climate and broken spirits. It was under these trials that Dr. Gaston resigned his position in the royal navy and sailed for the North American colonies. He settled himself at Newbern, in the province of North Carolina, where he successfully resumed the practice of his profession.

Margaret Sharpe, the mother of Judge Gaston, was an English lady, born in the county of Cumberland, about the year 1755. Her parents were zealous and pious Catholics, and had their daughter educated at a convent in Calais, France, where she became deeply imbued with the most profound sentiments of religion, and acquired the pure and elegant accomplishments of a Christian Catholic education. She subsequently came to America on a visit to her brothers Girarde and Joseph Sharpe, who were extensively engaged in commerce. She had no thought of remaining in America. It was during this visit that she became acquainted with the gallant and accomplished Irish physician, and thus became an instrument in the hands of Providence for restoring to God and his Church, in the new world, some portion of that flock which in the old world had been wandering from the one fold. Dr. Alexander Gaston and Margaret Sharpe were married in May, 1775.

The happiness enjoyed by these two amiable and accomplished persons appeared to be too great to be destined for a long duration. Indeed, the short period



of married life permitted to them, seems to have embraced the felicity and joy of a life-time, as if Providence, foreseeing the tragic and heart-rending events, that were so soon to terminate it, had thus compressed many long years of happiness for them within a brief span.

The oppressions of the British king and parliament had already begun to alienate from the proud mistress of the seas the affections of her fair and prosperous daughters across the Atlantic. The American revolution was now hurrying onward. Dr. Gaston at once took sides with the oppressed colonies, and became one of the most enthusiastic and determined patriots in North Carolina. He enjoyed a large share of the public confidence and esteem. In August, 1775, he was elected by the provincial congress a member of the committee of safety for the district of Newbern. He performed several tours of military service at different periods of the revolutionary war, in the North Carolina State line. He generally served in the capacity of surgeon, but in the spring of 1776 he was captain of a volunteer corps, and marched at its head to the assistance of Wilmington, at the time that Sir Henry Clinton was approaching that place at the head of a British armament. The cause of the oppressed colonies was warmly supported by a majority of the people of North Carolina, but the tories were very numerous, particularly in that section of the state where Dr. Gaston lived; and the political strifes of the times had awakened a bitter hatred of the two parties towards each other. Dr. Gaston, while enjoying the respect and esteem of the whigs, was honored with the malignant hatred of the tories, who regarded him as one of their most inveterate and dangerous foes.

William Gaston, the second son of Dr. Alexander and Margaret Gaston, was born at Newbern, on the 19th of September, 1778. The eldest child, a son, died in his third year, so that at the time of the transactions we are about to relate, an infant sister alone shared with William the affections of these excellent parents.

Wilmington had for some time been the head-quarters of the British army in North Carolina, but in August, 1781, it was determined to advance upon Newbern, for the purpose of quartering the army there. Accordingly, Major Craig, at the head of a detachment of regulars, and accompanied by a multitude of tories, commenced his march towards that place. The tories, eager to show their courage and zeal in the royal cause, now that they were supported and protected by regular troops, hastened forward several miles in advance of the detachment of soldiers, and suddenly entered Newbern with great rapidity. The whigs, thus surprised, made a brave but irregular and unsuccessful defence, and were finally obliged to give up their town to the assailants. But Dr. Gaston felt it to be unsafe for him to yield himself into the hands of his enemies, who, as he too well knew, were thirsting for his blood, in revenge for his brave and patriotic defence of the liberties of his adopted country. He therefore hurried with his wife and children out of the town, with the intention of removing them across the river Trent to his farm on Bryce's Creek, about eight miles distant. Dr. Gaston having reached the wharf and secured a light scow, the tories came rushing down in such close and hot pursuit of him, that he had barely time to push off from the wharf, leaving his wife and children on the shore, when they were upon the spot. While the husband and father was standing erect in the boat, which floated about forty yards from the shore, and was anxiously watching the situation of those in whom all his earthly hopes and loves were centred, the wife and mother, bearing her infants in her arms, threw herself at the feet of those cruel foes, and in an



agony which no language can portray, entreated for the life of her husband, and implored compassion for herself and children: at that dread moment, a musket, leveled over her shoulder, was discharged, and the noble Gaston fell, a martyr for the country he had so sincerely adopted and so ardently served.

Not satisfied with the patriot's blood and the widow's and orphans' tears, the tories endeavored to deprive these devoted and bereaved objects of the gloomy consolation which even grief affords, by preventing the recovery of the remains of their murdered husband and father, saying that "the rebel should not have even the rest of the grave." The faithful wife, however, succeeded in securing this last sad comfort, and she, with only her infant children, watched in her lonely dwelling over the cold but still precious form till it was duly confided to its last earthly resting place. Death having previously carried off both her brothers, Mrs. Gaston was now left in a foreign land without a protector. William, her only surviving son, and an infant daughter, were the only objects of earthly love left to satisfy the affections of her heart; but the widow's heart did not sink, even under such calamities as these. The serene energy of her character, her pure affection and high sense of duty to her children, but above all, her profound sentiments of religion, sustained her, and, where others might have sunk in despair, her conduct rose to the highest standard of true maternal and Christian heroism. The education of her son now became the absorbing object of her solicitude. In the depth and beauty of his character, she found the sweetest consolations. Impressed from tenderest infancy with the bloody scenes and noble deeds of the revolution, and bequeathed to his country by the testimony of his father's life-blood, the youthful Gaston seemed destined to perform some good mission for his country. His pure and docile heart readily caught the deep religious impress of the mother's inward life, and the dignified and rigid example of her conduct became the model by which his deportment was ever regulated.

Mrs. Gaston's means were very limited, so that she had to practice a very rigid economy in order to accomplish the fond object of her heart, the education of her son. He received his earliest lessons from her. In the performance of this task, she adopted a course which blended at once the tenderest maternal affection with a strict and wholesome discipline. The fulness of a mother's love never allowed her to dispense with a prompt obedience on his part; she never permitted self-love to blind her to the duties of her high office. A simple but instructive little anecdote, related by Mrs. Ellet, will give an insight into the lives and characters of both the mother and the son: "When her son was seven or eight years old, being remarkable for his aptitude and cleverness, a little school-mate, as much noted for his dulness, said to him—'William, what is the reason you are always head of the class and I am always foot?' 'There is a reason,' replied the boy, 'but if I tell, you must promise to keep it a secret, and do as I do. Whenever I take up my book to study, I first say a little prayer my mother taught me, that I may be able to learn my lessons.' He tried to teach the words of the petition to the dull boy, who could not remember them. The same night Mrs. Gaston observed William writing behind the door; as she permitted nothing her children did to be concealed from her, he was obliged to confess having been writing out the prayer for little Tommy, that he might be able to get his lessons."

In 1791 William Gaston was placed under the instruction of the Rev. Francis A. Fleming, and in the fall of the same year, as soon as that institution was ready for the reception of students, he was sent to Georgetown College, being the



first student that entered there. He was *the first student*, not only in point of time, but still more so in industry and piety; thus proving how successful had been his mother's efforts to make him a virtuous youth. In 1792, the Rev. R. Plunkett wrote to Mrs. Gaston—"Your son is the best scholar and most exemplary youth we have in G. Town." Also the Rev. F. Neale wrote to her—"I am inclined to esteem the whole family, judging that through him, sooner or later, they will all become great favorites with heaven." He was so pure and affectionate, so gifted and devout, that his preceptors at the college were in the habit of regarding him like Samuel, set apart for the special service of God. This was true; for though his after life was passed in other and in different struggles, he was ever recognized by all who met him as a valiant soldier of the cross and an obedient son of the Church. To such as will study the influence of his life and character upon the cause of true religion in the south, it must be evident that he had indeed a mission to perform, and nobly discharged it. At Georgetown the classics, as now, were thoroughly studied, but the college studies did not in those days embrace full courses of other branches necessary for a finished education. It was, however, among the Fathers at Georgetown that the accomplished Gaston acquired that classic style and pure taste which were manifested in the vein of polite learning that ran through all his intellectual efforts. So close was his application to his classical studies, that his health became impaired, and it was apprehended that he was passing into a decline. He was compelled to retire from the college for a time and return to the more genial climate of the south, where his native air soon restored him to his usual health, and he was enabled to resume his studies at Georgetown. His mother having resolved to spare no effort in procuring for him the best education the country afforded, placed him under the tuition of the Rev. Thomas P. Irving, and after several months of preparatory study spent with that gentleman, he was sent to Princeton College, where he entered the junior class. The accounts of his brilliant talents and fine character are still handed down among the cherished traditions of that eminent institution. Living in the midst of Protestants, who were his constant and only companions, he was never known to have faltered in his duty as a Catholic, and not in a single instance to have disobeyed the precepts of the Church. At the graduation in 1796, he won the first honors of Princeton College. But he could not think of taking so important a step as graduation without the blessing of God; he accordingly, on the eve of that event, went to Philadelphia and received the holy communion, in order that he might begin the journey of life fortified by "the living manna that fell from heaven." He was repeatedly heard to say in after years, that it was the proudest moment of his life when he communicated the news of his graduation to his mother. When he returned home crowned with the first honors of his class, the reception that greeted him there was truly characteristic of his excellent mother. Restraining the extravagant outbursts of maternal joy and pride so usual on such occasions, this truly Christian mother, before she would permit herself to embrace her only son, laid her hand upon his head as he was kneeling at her feet, and exclaimed, "My God, I thank thee!" She declared that of all the honors he had won, none was so precious in her eyes as the fact that, amid so many scenes of temptation and distraction, he had succeeded in preserving intact the innocence of his youth.

Shortly after his return from Princeton College, Mr. Gaston commenced the study of the law in the office of the eminent lawyer, Francis Xavier Martin,



afterwards one of the judges of the supreme court of Louisiana. He came to the bar in 1798, when he was twenty years of age, and at once gained distinction in the practice of his profession. Shortly after his entering on the practice of the law, the celebrated Luther Martin, of Maryland, paid a professional visit to North Carolina, where he met the young practitioner, and on his return to Baltimore predicted, in a conversation with the late Dr. Potter, an eminent physician of that city, "that Mr. Gaston was destined to fill the first place in his profession in our country." Such talents and amiable qualities as Mr. Gaston possessed, could not remain long without winning the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens. In August, 1800, one year after he became of full age, he was elected a member of the senate of his native state. In 1808, he was chosen an elector for president and vice-president of the United States, for the congressional district of Newbern. During this interval he continued to occupy a seat in the state legislature, and by his great learning in the law and his sound judgment, contributed vastly to the wise legislation of the state. As a single instance of his valuable services, we will state that the act of assembly regulating the descent of inheritances, a subject requiring the ripest and most accurate legal learning, is the offspring of his genius. He is said to have regarded his authorship of this statute as one of the proudest achievements of his life.

It was about this time, 1811, that Mr. Gaston sustained a great domestic loss in the death of his excellent and pious mother. This remarkable lady survived her husband thirty-one years, yet she never laid aside the habiliments of mourning, and the anniversary of her husband's murder was ever kept as a day of fasting and prayer. Never did mother more faithfully discharge her duty to her children. Whatever of good there was in the character of her illustrious son, he always attributed to his mother's influence, and it was a common remark concerning him that he was "the maturity of his mother's efforts." Mrs. Ellet assigns to Mrs. Gaston a high position among the heroines of the revolution, and thus sketches her character with true feminine grace: "Every movement of her being guided by religion, she was strong in its support, and devoted herself to the duties which devolved upon her with a firmness and constancy by which all who knew her w that she lived above time and above the world.

' . . . Her footsteps seemed to touch the earth  
Only to mark the track that leads to heaven.'

"In the house of her affectionate children, she passed the autumn of her days, regarded by all who approached her with feelings of the deepest respect, with which a portion of awe was blended with youthful spirits; for she had very strict ideas as to the conduct of the young and the deference due to age. Her daughter, when a young lady, could venture but stolen glances at a mirror, nor did she or any of her juvenile companions ever allow their shoulders the support of the back of the chair in Mrs. Gaston's presence. Those who spoke of her, invariably named her as the most dignified as well as the most devout woman they had ever seen. Her calm gray eyes, which were of surpassing beauty, could sternly reprove misconduct, while ever ready to soften into kindness towards the distressed. Her upright carriage of person and scrupulous neatness in dress were always remarkable. She kept primitive hours, taking tea at four o'clock in summer; her arrangements were marked by unsurpassed order, and in her domestic arrangement economy and hospitality were so well blended, that at any time she was ready to



welcome a guest to her neatly arranged table, without additions which the pride of life teaches us to deem indispensable. She survived the husband of her youth thirty-one years, in which time she never paid a visit, save to the suffering poor; yet her life, though secluded, was not one of inactivity. Her attendance on the sick and indigent was unwearied, and the poor sailors who came to Newbern frequently experienced her kind offices. During the last seven years of her life after her son's marriage, she seemed more constantly engaged in preparation for her final change. A room in her house was used as a Catholic place of worship, whenever a priest visited that section of the state. She was to be found at all hours with her bible or some other book of devotion in her hands; her thoughts were ever fixed on things above, while the fidelity with which her high mission had been fulfilled was rewarded even in this world—the gratitude, love and usefulness of her children forming the crowning joy and honor of a life devoted to good. Her character is well appreciated throughout North Carolina, and the memory of her excellence is not likely soon to pass away. Her remains rest in the burial ground at Newbern."

Mr. Gaston was elected to congress from the Newbern district in 1813, and was re-elected for a second term in 1815. His congressional career was one of great activity and unsurpassed brilliancy. Though quite a young man, he did not shrink from the encounter with such men as Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Randolph, Grosvenor, Rufus King, and other eminent statesmen of that day. His energy as a public man, his independence of spirit and rectitude of character, and his great learning and eloquence, gained him vast influence with his party, and even with his political opponents, who always acknowledged him as a powerful adversary and a pure and upright statesman. His name is indissolubly connected with the political history of his native state, and his memory is cherished in North Carolina with the same love and veneration in which that of John C. Calhoun is held in South Carolina.

It would be impossible in this brief memoir to enter into the details of Mr. Gaston's career in congress, or to make copious extracts from his speeches. The political student who wishes to enter into a closer study of the purest models of parliamentary debate, and the highest examples of a pure and enlightened statesmanship, is recommended to consult the annals of congress for the thirteenth and fourteenth congresses. Two only of his efforts on the floor of congress can we introduce to our readers here, by making a few brief extracts from them. One of these was the speech he made in opposition to what was known as the *loan bill*, which was a measure introduced into congress in 1815, by which it was proposed to authorize the government of the United States to take a loan of twenty-five millions of dollars. On this important and exciting occasion, Mr. Gaston was the recognized leader of the federal party in the house, and gained great reputation for the ability with which he opposed the passage of this bill. The following brief extracts will convey a very imperfect idea of the whole speech. Mr. Gaston said: "The object of the bill is to authorize a loan to the government of the United States. The precise proposition before you is to declare what sum shall be borrowed—'twenty-five millions of dollars.' Enormous as is the addition which is thus proposed to be made to our debts, could it be shown to be necessary to accomplish any purpose demanded by the honor and welfare of the country, it assuredly would meet with no opposition from me. Is a loan wanted or revenue required to enable the government to pay off its just engagements? To give secu-



rity and protection to any part of our territory? or any portion of our citizens? To afford to our navy (that precious relict of better days) such encouragement and extension as may enable it more effectually to vindicate our rights on the element where they have been assailed? my voice and assistance shall be cheerfully rendered to obtain them. Let the present proposition be withdrawn, and let it be moved to fill the blank with such sum as shall be adequate to supply any deficiency of the revenue wanted for these purposes, and I will second the motion. Nay, sir, should the present proposition be rejected (for while it is pending a smaller sum cannot be moved), and none of those who are most conversant with the state of our finances should come forward with a further proposition, I will myself undertake to move the sum which shall appear competent to effect all these objects. But, sir, this enormous sum is wanted not for these purposes: it is avowedly not necessary, except to carry on the scheme of invasion and conquest against the Canadas. To this scheme I have never been a friend; but to its prosecution now, I have invincible objections, founded on considerations of justice, humanity and national policy." Mr. Calhoun, in the course of his speech in favor of the bill, had animadverted somewhat severely on what he termed the factious opposition to the administration, which might be salutary to a monarchy, but was highly inappropriate in a government so republican as ours. To this Mr. Gaston replied: "If this doctrine were then to be collected from the history of the world, can it now be doubted, since the experience of the last twenty-five years? Go to France—once revolutionary, now imperial France—and ask her whether factious power or intemperate opposition be the more fatal to freedom and happiness. Perhaps at some moment, when the eagle-eye of her master is turned away, she may whisper to you to behold the demolition of Lyons or the devastation of La Vendée. Perhaps she will give you a written answer. Draw near the fatal lamp post, and by its fliekering light read it as traced in characters of blood that flowed from the guillotine—*'Faction is a demon—faction out of power is a demon enchained—faction vested with the attributes of rule is a Molock of destruction!'*" Mr. Gaston's peroration was uttered in the following patriotic sentiments: "In this question I assuredly have a very deep interest, but it is the interest of the citizen only. My public career I hope will not continue long. Should it please the disposer of events to permit me to see the great interest of this nation confided to men who will secure its rights by firmness, moderation and impartiality abroad, and at home cultivate the arts of peace, encourage honest industry in all its branches, dispense equal justice to all classes of the community, and thus administer the government in the true spirit of the constitution, as a trust for the people, not as the property of a party, it will be to me utterly unimportant by what political epithet they may be characterized. As a private citizen, grateful for the blessings I may enjoy, and yielding a prompt obedience to every legitimate demand that can be made upon me, I shall rejoice as far as my little sphere may extend, to foster the same dispositions among those who surround me."

*To be continued.*



## THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY.

*The Genius of Christianity; or, the Spirit and Beauty of the Christian Religion.*  
By VISCOUNT DE CHATEAUBRIAND. A new and complete translation, by  
CHARLES I. WHITE, D. D. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. Philadelphia: J. B.  
Lippincott & Co.

THE literature of modern France can boast no greater name than that of Chateaubriand. His peculiar and forcible eloquence, his vivid imagination, his poetical fervor, would have made him conspicuous in any age.

Genius is valuable and admirable not in itself alone, but in the purposes it subserves, in the good it does to the world and to the progress of humanity. Estimated by this test, our author must be considered one of the benefactors of his race. Making his appearance at a time when his country was sunk in infidelity, he did all that man could to reclaim it, and he will go down to posterity covered with imperishable glory. He possessed precisely those qualities of mind and of heart adapted to the great work which he undertook. A chivalric sense of honor, an ardent love of nature, an impassioned and irresistible eloquence, were the implements he brought to his great task. Those who are fond of tracing the influence of external circumstances upon the life and mind of man, will not fail to observe how admirably he was fitted for the duty to which he devoted the greatest effort of his life.

Born of a noble family of Brittany, he was intimately connected, by his ancestry, with the history of France. He could boast a descent from the sovereign princes of Armorica, and his was one of those old names which secured for its bearer special consideration at court and marks of peculiar respect from the sovereign. It is easy to see how these memories influence his thoughts and feelings, what an organic union with his nation they give him. In everything he identifies himself with his country, and seems to feel a birth-right in her glory, like that of an elder and a favored son. His early education, in addition to those studies which belonged to his rank, was directed alternately to maritime affairs and to theology, as the inclinations of his parents fluctuated between a desire to secure him a commission in the navy and a disposition to see him employ his talents in the service of the Church. Eventually, he adopted neither calling. Circumstances drifted him into the army, but his whole future life was tinged by his early training. One of his biographers traces to this compound instruction his characteristic fondness for travel and his deep religious impressions.

He was attached to the regiment of Navarre when the fountains of the popular passions were broken up and that deluge of blood and fire, which we call the Revolution, burst over France. Bound to the past by ties so powerful in one constituted as he was, he could not help siding with the *ancien regime*. We catch a glimpse of him, through the dust of those troubled times, valiantly flourishing his rapier in the face of certain revolutionists, at a session of the estates of his native province. But the rapier and the brilliant valor of its wearer were of little account in that great tempest of popular wrath. As well might they have been opposed to the rising tide of the Bay of Fundy. Like that irresistible swell, the revolution swept away all such puny obstacles, and sported with the straw barriers of constitutions, which hopeful politicians erected against it. Chateaubriand saw with disgust the spread of republican opinions, the increasing strength of



the *canaille*. When at length the political liberalism of the day reached his own regiment, he threw up his commission. His aristocratic tastes could not tolerate the claim of universal equality.

Sick at heart with the scenes which were going on at home, he resolved upon a voluntary exile from his native country. Already his imagination had been busy with the great continent of the west. He had planned a voyage of discovery to those dreary solitudes of ice which have lately assumed so melancholy an interest for the whole civilized world. The lure which led Sir John Franklin to his doom had fascinated the young Frenchman. He laid out a plan for the discovery of the north-west passage, and had long cherished the hope of being able to thread those frozen solitudes by entering the channel at its western opening and coming eastwardly, thus reversing the usual route of Arctic explorers. It may have been with some vague design of accomplishing this dream, or perhaps only from a weariness of European life, that he sought the new world. He had a letter of introduction to the illustrious first president, and that distinguished man received him with his accustomed dignified urbanity. Chateaubriand was struck with the simplicity of Washington's manners, and was impressed by that republican austerity which formed so great a contrast to the monarchical state with which he had been familiar.

Having soon satisfied his curiosity in the civilized portion of the western continent, he plunged into the heart of the wilderness, and rambled among the aboriginal inhabitants of the country. He lodged in their wigwams, hunted with them, made himself familiar with their habits of life and modes of thought. He descended the Mississippi on a raft, and visited Niagara, while as yet the roar of that great cataract awakened the echoes of the primeval forest. These majestic scenes of untamed nature made a powerful impression upon his imagination. The vast solitudes inspired him with grand ideas; the woods and the waters taught him their mournful eloquence. Throughout his works we find continual allusions to these journeys through the wilds of America.

At one of the houses at which he stopped, on the remote frontiers of the United States, he accidentally saw a scrap of newspaper. He took it up and learned from it the progress of the French revolution, the flight and recapture of the king, the general emigration of the nobility, and the fearful character of the struggle. Already the gigantic limbs of the terror which afterwards ruled France were beginning to be visible. True to the instincts of his order, Chateaubriand hastened to offer his sword to his unhappy monarch. He reached France early in 1792, visited his mother, contracted a matrimonial alliance with a lady of distinction, and then hastened to enrol his name among those *émigrés* who were banded together to restore the old state of things in France. He was unfortunate in his campaign. He was wounded at the siege of Thionville, and shortly after was attacked with small-pox, which brought him to the verge of the grave. Unfit for military duty, he made his way, through many difficulties, to Brussels. There he met his brother, who rendered him some assistance, and enabled him to find his way to the Island of Jersey, where some of his relatives had sought refuge from the storm which raged over their native country. Here he received that attention which his feeble health demanded.

Shortly after his arrival in Jersey he went to London, where he lived in poverty, subsisting entirely upon the proceeds of his pen. Here he received the sad news of the death of his brother and his sister-in-law, who perished at the hands of the revolutionary tribunal. His mother, too, who had been imprisoned by order of the same sanguinary demons, died in prison, not without breathing a prayer and



leaving her injunction for her son to return to the fold of the Church, which he had forsaken for the barren mountains of infidelity. The last wishes of his parent were transmitted to him by his sister, but before he received her letter the hand that wrote it was cold in death. "Those two voices," says he, "coming up from the grave, and that death which had now become the interpreter of death, struck me with peculiar force. I became a Christian. I did not yield to any great supernatural light: my conviction came from the heart. I wept and I believed." Whatever may be thought of the circumstances of his conversion, it cannot be denied that its effects were marvellous. The memory of the trouble he had brought upon his mother plunged him in distress, and he made the only amends in his power. "*The Genius of Christianity*" was the magnificent mausoleum he erected to her memory.

To appreciate the effect of this famous book, it is necessary to have some sort of idea of French society at the time. The principles of Voltaire had worked out their legitimate result, and France had suffered as no nation ever suffered before. In the madness of her impiety she had formally deposed God, and set up a harlot to receive her worship, under the title of the Goddess of Reason. All the restraints of morality had been broken. Women emulated the worst days of Rome, exposing their charms to the public gaze, with an unblushing effrontery, worthy of the days of Vitellius or Heliogabalus. The infamy of transparent garments of gauze was even revived, in circles claiming to be specially refined and eminently classic. With female chastity, all the amenities of life sunk into the bottomless abyss of atheism. The old civilities of manner and address were exchanged for a brutal rudeness, which passed for republican simplicity. The restraints of law were no more. That which the revolutionary tribunals administered, was such a mockery of law, as hell might make of religion. The people, like a hungry tiger who had once snuffed human gore, were ravenous for blood. Day after day, the heavy thump of the guillotine, as it crashed through human necks, became a more and more familiar sound, and the deep red hue of the liquid that coursed through the gutters, told a horrible story of what was going on at the Place de la Revolution.

Not content with blackening the sky of life, the masters of France would prolong these saturnalia of Moloch beyond the grave. They inscribed on the gate of the cemeteries those chilling words, "Death is an eternal sleep." Sad indeed was the condition of France at that day, to all who believed in the creed of its rulers. No law in the land, no faith on earth, no hope in death, no world beyond the grave, no God in heaven. After a time, it is true, Robespierre took the Almighty under his protection, and formally inaugurated God, with turgid, feeble rhetoric, and tawdry and empty parade. But the great mass of the people remained unchanged, and, practically, atheism still ruled the minds of men. Some few, perhaps, admitted the claims of a weak and bloodless theism, as powerless over the human heart, as the dreams of oriental philosophy; but both theists and atheists agreed in turning their backs upon the one only and true God, and worshipping the dim abstractions of their own weak intellects. It was in this condition that "*the Genius of Christianity*" found France, without a faith, without a hope, without an altar.

It is true that a mighty master had seized the helm of State, and anarchy had disappeared before that inflexible will. Still, the minds of men were as dark as they were at the blackest hour of the Reign of Terror. To quote our author's own words, in the preface to the edition of 1828: "When *The Genius of Chris-*



tianity appeared, France was issuing from the revolutionary chaos; all the elements of society were confounded: the terrible hand which began to separate them, had not yet finished its work; order had not yet risen from despotism and glory. It was then, so to speak, in the midst of the ruins of our temples, that I published *The Genius of Christianity*, to recall to these temples the pomps of worship, and the servitors of the altars."

The first Napoleon gladly welcomed the volume. Its wonderful style captivated him, and the truth of its doctrines recommended it to his judgment. His acute and powerful mind readily detected, and cordially despised, the miserable sophistry which the would-be philosophers of the infidel school put forward as argument. He never would tolerate any atheistical prattle in those who surrounded him. Besides, at this time, he had political reasons for wishing a return to the ancient faith. His sagacity perceived the necessity of a religious foundation for all civil government. He was, moreover, busy in the matter of the *concordat*, and was glad to secure the champion of Christianity as ambassador to Rome.

Of course the infidels sneered at the book, and scribbled pamphlets against it. Their efforts, however, did not prevent it from passing through seven editions in two years. Its general effect, making some allowance for the extreme vanity of the author, is rather fairly stated in the preface to the edition of 1828, which we have already quoted. "The faithful believed themselves saved by the appearance of a book which responded so well to their inmost feelings. There was then felt a need of faith, an avidity for religious consolations, which originated in the very privation of those consolations for so many long years. What supernatural strength was to be asked for, in view of all the adversities which had been endured. How many mutilated families had to seek near the Father of men the children they had lost! How many broken hearts, how many souls made solitary, called on a divine hand to heal them. Men hastened to the house of God, as they do to that of a physician, when a pestilence is raging. The victims of our troubles (and how various those victims!) saved themselves at the altar, as shipwrecked wretches cling to the rock whither they flee for safety."

The manner in which the work under consideration has been executed, was admirably calculated to attract the attention and win the favor of those to whom it was addressed. Christianity had been sneered at and ridiculed, till the people of France had come to regard it as a sort of reflection upon one's sagacity and common sense, to be suspected of any religious proclivities. It was thought all well enough for fools and women, but something very far beneath the notice of men of sense. The men who babbled in this manner, were amazingly ignorant of the first principles of that system of religion which they thus thoughtlessly assailed. All their notions of Christianity were derived at second hand, from Voltaire and his copyists. It was necessary to present to them a true view of that system which they so egregiously misrepresented.

Accordingly, our author devotes the first part of his book to a consideration of the dogmas and tenets of Christianity. He begins by a review of the battle-field, and the line of infidel attack. He shows where the champions of the truth have erred, and re-arranges the order of their forces. He abandons the old system of theological argument, and adopts an analytical, instead of a synthetical mode of reasoning. He finds it necessary "to ascend from the effect to the cause; not to prove that the Christian religion is excellent because it comes from God, but that it comes from God because it is excellent." That is, he proposes to win men to admire Christianity, because of its intrinsic beauty and holiness, and after that, to induce



them to inquire into the source of its exalted merits. He sets out to prove it the author of all the improvements of modern civilization; the patron of the arts; the most liberal, most humane, most divine religion, that has ever been professed by man. To do this, he passes in review the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, shows how superior the Christian conception of virtue is to the most rapturous dreams of the poets and philosophers of antiquity, dwells especially upon the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, and proceeds to answer various objections to the Mosaic cosmogony and the fundamental dogmas of religion.

In few parts of his work do his brilliant eloquence and poetic enthusiasm show to greater advantage, than when he describes the habits of animals, and the beauties of nature. His argument against the chronological opponents of Christianity is brief but convincing, but when he touches upon geological science he signally fails. His facts have been all overturned by the advance of science, and the reader wonders that he did not modify his assertions of the evidences of the deluge, to be found in the old Silurian rocks. Indeed, in the matter of physical science generally his notions are crude, and he seems never to have taken the trouble to revise and correct his statements.

But in the second and third parts of the work, in which he combats the absurd idea that Christianity is hostile to human progress, his splendid abilities shine forth in their full lustre. He shows how great have been the gains of poetry, literature, eloquence, and the arts, from the religion of the Saviour. He contrasts the ideas of Paganism with those of Judaism and Christianity, and proves that the latter shoot up into an empyrean of sublimity, as far above the former, as the heaven of the Bible is above the snowy peaks of Olympus. He sets the *Paradise Lost* and the *Divina Commedia* over against the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*, and points out the superior majesty and power of the great Christian poets.

The work closes with a noble eulogy on the ceremonies and practices of Christianity. We had intended to quote some passages, to give our readers an idea of the strength and beauty of his style, but we have labored under an *embarras des richesses*. We have been almost bewildered with splendor. Were we to copy all we have marked, we should extend this article to an unwarrantable length, and we are unable to choose what we shall omit. We therefore refer our readers to the volume itself, which certainly contains more brilliant and varied eloquence, than any book of the kind produced by the present century.

**WHAT FAMILY GOVERNMENT IS.**—It is not to watch children with a suspicious eye to frown at the merry outbursts of innocent hilarity; to suppress their joyous laughter, and to mould them into melancholy, little models of octogenarian gravity. And when they have been in fault, it is not to punish them simply on account of personal injury that you may have chanced to suffer in consequence of their fault, while disobedience, unattended by inconvenience to yourself, passes without a rebuke. Nor is it to overwhelm the little culprit with a flood of angry words; to stun him with a deafening voice; to call him by hard names, which do not express his misdeeds; to load him with epithets which would be extravagant if applied to a fault of ten-fold enormity; or to declare with passionate vehemence that he is the worst child in the world, and destined to the gallows.



## THE PONTIFICAL GOVERNMENT.

*Translated for the Metropolitan from Le Correspondant.*

THE following article, which we take from the pages of the July number of *Le Correspondant*, is from the pen of M. Fr. de Corcelles, who, from his official position near the Holy See, had the best opportunities of understanding the workings of the somewhat complex machinery of the papal government. He addresses himself, as he informs us, not only to Catholics, but to all whose opinions, whatever their origin may be, do not repel, in advance, the expression of free and honest testimony.

Twice, says M. de Corcelles, I represented my country at the Court of the Sovereign Pontiff. This distinguished honor, however, does not permit me to forget diplomatic discretion; but it authorizes me to refute, with a firm assurance, the declarations of the Count de Cavour, of Lords Clarendon and Palmerston, upon the alleged barbarity of the Pontifical Government. Why should my particular relations restrain me? It will suffice for me to oppose to the adversaries of the Holy See that which every one has a right to say, and which all the world may know.

In the first place, before replying exactly to their accusations, I am obliged to define them. This is not easy, since they are sometimes dissembling, vague and confused, sometimes expressed with violent rage.

In the congress, five great powers are concerned, four of which, doubtless would react against extreme propositions; a certain moderation then is necessary. At London, and at Turin, dithyrambs are quite convenient, and yet it is wise to overthrow all pertaining to that kind of ingenuity that M. de Saint-Aulaire, of venerable memory, called, in trying times, the ransom of parliament.

Think you not, that governments the least discussed, pay a tribute of the same sort, and with yet more danger, since nothing there opposes the rapidity of resolutions? Under all rules, alas! they exaggerate for the public. Prudence counsels, nevertheless, to demand whether oratorical threats do not announce at the present day real projects for a future sufficiently near to us.

Not only is the situation of Italy judged without reference to every rule of justice, without opposing debates with the parties denounced, without control or proofs; but it is determined to proceed in this manner. As to considering the question in itself, it appears to be least thought of. The thoughts of statesmen appear to travel in Lombardy and Sicily, Parma and Modena, when they speak of Rome.

In Piedmont, they sacrifice equitable and well ordered liberty to ambition, experience to experiment, the cause of nationality to the systematic alteration of those venerable, Christian, loyal and charming customs, at the very time when we yet admire, upon the field of battle, that which they yet retain of virtuous energy. Independence is tearing up its own titles, and exposing itself to the double bondage that follows anarchy. They become theological disputants, because they know not where to employ their brave steel; but the first and most beautiful condition of States truly representative, without which all liberal array but serve to cover a revolutionary lie, is misunderstood, and as they can no longer respect the rights of conscience of their fellow citizens, it is clear that those of an hundred and eightymillions of Catholics inspire no scruple.



What a contrast! The executive power of the late French Republic had the glory of breaking up the propagandist armies, and of offering to Pius IX that first assistance, that could not remain sterile, and behold an ancient monarchy lending itself to two enterprises precisely the contrary, seeking to destroy in a general war the work accomplished at Rome in 1849, and maintained for seven years!

In England, the same government that so generously received our clergy in 1792, the same people that to its own honor, a few years ago, commenced the work of Catholic emancipation, now descends to sentiments unknown to its fathers. Because the temporal establishment of the Holy See presents its weak points, which are common in the highest degree to all the States of Europe, it is declared that the Papacy is about to disappear, and that the only question now is of securing over it an easy victory; sectarian animosities become complicated with mercantile speculations and reduction of tariffs in exchange for their support. Strange coalition of Febropius, Bareme and Calvin!

In the Congress we find men of moderation, but in the midst of conflicting views, prejudices, working for effect upon governments, upon an assembly, or an ally of doubtful temper, it is impossible to understand their real views and designs. How then, and at what moment shall we take up this suit? Evidently this is only practicable by comparing all that is said, and by a brief review of all that has passed. Let us try to judge the complaint in the severest terms of the prosecution, to show the excess of the evil; and in its mildest forms to show that moderation and true prudence consist in persevering courageously in justice and not being led off or borne away by those who outrage it.

It is well known whence arose this tempest, which may toss and agitate the bark of St. Peter, and with it various other governments, but which sooner or later will die away before a word more powerful than all the tumults of ambition here below.

The Count de Cavour, assisted by M. de Villamarina, addressed a note to the ministers of France and England on the 27th of March, demanding, in the government of the Holy See, the intervention of the powers about to unite in a congress. *The incompetency of the Sovereign Pontiff to govern his people; the permanent danger of disorder in the centre of Italy; the extension of Austrian domination beyond what the treaties of 1815 conceded to her:* make up the substance of their theme which concludes as follows:

"If there is a fact clearly developed by the history of the last few years, it is the difficulty, or rather we should say, the impossibility of a complete reform of the Pontifical Government to meet the wants of the times and the reasonable requirements of the popular will."

Behold the remedy—*Secularization—Code Napoleon.*

"It is evident, adds the Count de Cavour, that the Court of Rome will struggle to the last moment against the execution of these two projects. We conceive that it may yield, *in appearance*, to the acceptance of civil and even political reforms, but to render them illusory in practice; *but it understands too well that Secularization, and the Code Napoleon introduced at Rome, just where the temporal power reposes, would sap its very foundations, and cause it to crumble in taking away its principal supports; clerical privileges and the canon law.* Nevertheless, if one cannot *hope* to introduce a *true* reform in the centre where the machinery of temporal and spiritual authority is so blended that it cannot be separated completely without being broken, we believe that it may be effected in the legations, on condition of separating from Rome, at least administratively, this part of the State.



*Without flattering ourselves that a combination of this kind may last perpetually, we are of opinion that it may suffice for a long time, for the end proposed; to pacify these provinces, to satisfy legitimate popular wants, and thereby even to secure the temporal government of the Holy See, without any necessity for a permanent army."*

Thence follows:

The apostolical principality under the high domination of the Pope, but governed by its own laws, having its tribunals, its finances, its army, governed, with ministers and a state council, by a pontifical *lay* vicar, appointed for ten years; a native army immediately organized by means of a military conscription; the execution of these measures entrusted to a high commissioner named by the powers, and to the French government, whose troops should replace, temporarily, those of Austria in the legations.

Lord Clarendon, informing the house of lords, on the 7th of June, of the reception given to this memorandum of the Count de Cavour and his colleague, expresses himself in these terms:

*"The French plenipotentiary and myself concurred in the opinion, that, the question having been completely discussed with the Sardinian plenipotentiary at numerous interviews, it was not necessary to send a reply in writing. The note of the 27th of March, which I deposite upon the table, was, in itself, the demand to carry the question of Italy before the congress then about to assemble at Paris. The best reply to this note was to do what it called for, and the question of Italy was submitted to the congress."*

It is thus that the Count de Walewski places first, before this assembly the question, from which pour forth immediately, as from Pandora's box, the griefs of Piedmont and of England. It was forgotten that it could not be closed again, and yet as it was but half opened, something is dimly observed to remain at the bottom. We trust it may be hope for the Church!

It has appeared to me just to mention these circumstances because they may indicate that the Count de Walewski took the initiative upon this formidable question so as to circumscribe it within limits which he did not wish to be exceeded. In fact, the French plenipotentiary does not speak to his colleagues of the note or of the projects of M. de Cavour, he confines himself to expressing a wish for the double evacuation of the pontifical territory by the French and Austrian troops, and as soon as the safety and internal organization of the country will admit of it, so as to terminate promptly the present condition of things which he considers anormal. He condemns, furthermore, subversive factions, announces in praiseworthy terms the fidelity of the French government to the Holy See; but the Baron de Manteuffel demands of him *if such sentiments are not of a nature to excite the spirit of opposition and revolutionary movements, instead of corresponding with ideas which it was desirable to realise, with a certainly benevolent intention?*

Lord Clarendon, following, recognizes the principle that no government has the right to interfere in other states, but there are cases where the exceptions to this rule become a right and a duty; according to him, the pontifical government presents assuredly an extreme case; then he complains of the state of siege of Bologna, of the highway robberies in the country; he declares *that if a remedy is not applied for just causes of discontent, a system will be rendered permanent, as little satisfactory for the people as creditable for the governments*; he takes up, in fine, on the part of England, the project of the lay separation of the legations, as exposed in the Sardinian note, but still without mentioning the author.

The Count de Cavour succeeds, and judges proper, before the united powers to add nothing to this playing upon his own ideas, and to be silent upon the memo-



randum which has produced all these debates. Was not this, nevertheless, the occasion to explain, how his note of the 27th of March could secure the temporal government of the papacy, at the same time that it alleged *its incurable bad faith, its absolute incompetency for government; how, if he could not answer forever, for the efficacy of his remedy he ventures to propose it for the perpetuity of the Church?*

But he had his reasons for confining himself to certain views relative to the dangers of Austrian occupation, of *abnormal condition*, &c. It is useless to reproduce here all the observations exchanged at this same session, and officially published. Austria, while objecting that *the congress was not called to make known to independent Sovereigns its will relative to their internal organization*, concurs, nevertheless, with the words of the first French plenipotentiary as to the duration of the occupation of the Roman States. She pronounces against the intervention, wherein she subsequently figures, Russia abstains. Then the Count de Walewski, summing up all that he has heard and said, establishes:

“1st. That the Austrian plenipotentiaries stand associated in the wish expressed by the French plenipotentiaries for the double evacuation of the Pontifical States, so soon as it can be done with due regard to the consolidation of the authority of the Holy See. 2d. *That the majority of the plenipotentiaries have not contested the efficacy of the measures of clemency taken, in a becoming manner, by the governments of the Italian peninsula, and especially by that of the two Sicilies.*”

This, it is seen, is a moderate suffrage, because it sets aside the note of the Count de Cavour; but it does not say whether the Pontifical government, the only one with which are occupied at present, is comprised, *by rigors of a nature to trouble the peace, and to furnish material for the attacks of the demagogues*, in the same complaint that is principally addressed to the Court of Naples.

The words *by the governments of the peninsula*, apply necessarily either to all the sovereigns of Rome, Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, or to a portion of them. Why the plural without names? If certain of these governments are excepted, it would have been but just to have said so, for the censures of Europe are not, in Italy, without personal and public perils.

Commentaries on a proposition made and not refuted in congress, give to it in other assemblies, and in the echoes of the press, a character not thought of by the author—but in certain situations silence speaks.

The resounding of the twenty-second protocol proves this well. What happens in fact? The Count de Cavour, not having met with the reception he had expected in the congress, sends again to the ministers of France and England only a second note more vehement than the first; this time he no longer invokes the concurrence of the other powers, and he remains silent as to the project of the 27th of March, then he sets off to give an account of his course, under another style, to the chamber and senate of Piedmont.

Nothing shows more clearly the strategy of the complaints expressed against the Holy See than the different terms of the Count de Cavour in these latter conjunctures, so closely allied one to another. According to the note of the 16th of April, everything is at the worst; the Count de Cavour uses no more reserve:

“Our hope has been deceived. In spite of the good will of England and France, in spite of their benevolent efforts, the persistence of Austria in requiring that the discussions of the congress should remain strictly circumscribed in the sphere marked out before her union is the cause that this assembly is about to dissolve without having brought any relief to the afflictions of Italy. \* \* \* \* \* Never were the prisons and penitentiaries so filled with condemned for political causes. Never has the police been more troublesome, nor the state of siege more severely applied: such is the condition of Italy for the last seven years.



*"Convinced that they have nothing more to expect from diplomacy, the Italians will fall back, with southern ardor, in the ranks of the revolutionary and subversive party, and Italy will be again a burning focus of conspiracies and disorders which will perhaps be repressed, but which the most trivial European commotion will cause to break forth again with furious violence. Thus, the undersigned are convinced that the cabinets of London and Paris, taking into consideration the state of Italy, will consult, in concert with Sardinia, on the means of applying a remedy."*

"Signed :

C. CAVOUR.

"DE VILLAMARINA."

In the chamber at Turin, on the 7th of June, things are not so dark, according to this minister, who congratulates himself upon a certain success :

*"Thus the abnormal and unhappy condition of Italy has been denounced to Europe, not by demagogues and revolutionists, but by the representatives of the first powers of Europe. A verdict rendered by France and England cannot remain sterile."*

(Lord Clarendon had said, on the 5th of June, in the House of Lords, that "the English government could not occupy itself with the second Sardinian note, because France and Austria, occupying the Pontifical territory, were the only powers competent to prepare things for the departure of their troops with safety, but that the two governments were negotiating earnestly together near the Holy See, to effect this result.)

And even Austria has her compliment in the Senate, so satisfactory do things appear :

*"The facts cited by the Sardinian plenipotentiaries have not been contested in the congress, after the closure of which their connection has been acknowledged by a power which had refused discussion on this subject ; in such manner, that at the present day there is not one which does not recognize that the condition of Italy is abnormal, and that the application of a remedy is necessary."*

If the Count de Cavour has thus contributed to involve Austria in the remonstrances, it is perhaps a success, in his point of view, and the Pontifical government comes out of the campaign equally accused and abandoned ; but we must wait yet until the spirit of the negotiations of France and Austria is better known. Until then we will doubt if M. de Cavour owes them so much thankfulness.

Such is, so far as relates to Rome, all the history of the twenty-second protocol, of its causes, of its remonstrances, direct or indirect, and of its results, so far as yet known. It would have shown us the minimum and maximum of accusations addressed to the Pontifical government if Lord Palmerston had not taken occasion to declare, with declamatory malice, before the parliament, *that the holy city had never been better governed than during the absence of the Pope, and by the Roman triumvirs, who had at least endeavored to prevent the atrocities committed.* (!)

After this vulgar outrage by Lord Palmerston on his fellow-citizens of Ireland, his allies at Sebastopol, the Catholics of the whole world, upon the most gentle as well as most holy Pontiff, we may boldly conclude ; that,

The Pontifical government refuses necessary amnesties ; its dungeons have never been so filled with suspected or condemned political offenders ; it rejects artfully and obstinately the ameliorations required by the spirit of the age, oppresses its people, and does not pretend to govern them but by force ; its administration is in disorder ; highway robberies infest its thoroughfares ; it refuses to laymen an adequate part in the public employments ; its situation is, as was said in the congress, *anormal*.

I will examine in order these principal charges ; I propose even, apart by itself, to complete my study in exposing a real paradox in regard to the diplomacy of the



day, that is to say, the necessity of applying, sooner or later, to the double inviolability of the Holy See, within as without, the guarantee common to the Catholic powers. On this point, which has nothing in it rash or chimerical, since it is known to have occupied the conferences at Rome in 1832, and at Gaeta in 1849, I do not adopt the objections of M. de Montalambert.

But for the present, I throw myself into the melee as advocate for the accused.

*To be continued.*

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## SCENES IN THE LIVES OF THE APOSTLES.

### ST. PAUL, (*Continued.*)

*The Apostle at Perge—Fickleness of the People—At Lystra he is looked upon as a god, and soon after stoned—His Miraculous Recovery—Return to Antioch—Missions to Illyricum and elsewhere—His Missionary Life, its trials and sufferings—The Council of Jerusalem.*

HAVING thus in the conversion of Sergius Paulus laid a foundation of that Roman Church, which, beginning with the baptism of the centurion Cornelius



*Perge in Pamphylia.*



by St. Peter, the chief of the apostles, was by the death of both to be raised to its signal pre-eminence, St. Paul left Cyprus, and once more embarking on that sea which he was so often to traverse on his apostolic voyages, he landed at the mouth of the Castrus, and proceeded doubtless on foot to Perge. The stately temple of



*St. Paul and St. Barnabas at Lystra.*

Diana, which from a neighboring height cast its shadow of superstition over the tomb, saddened the heart of St. Paul, yet here the apostle of the Gentiles, though he preached first to the Jews, was to gain souls to Christ, not from his brethren according to the flesh, not from the children of Jacob, but from the hitherto blinded votaries of Diana.

On the first sabbath-day indeed St. Paul and St. Barnabas entered the synagogue, and doubtless marked by their dress as teachers of the law, were invited by the rulers to speak, if they had any word of exhortation to make to the people. On this invitation St. Paul rose, and after showing God's mercy to their nation, he showed that Christ was really the Messiah, and urged them to believe in him, and not by their obstinacy become partakers of the sin of those in Jerusalem. Many were converted by his words, and the doctrine was talked of by all, Jew and Gentile, so that the next Saturday, "the whole city almost came together to hear the word of God." The Jews, now excited by envy, opposed St. Paul, whereupon he and St. Barnabas said boldly: "To you it behooved us first to speak the word of God; but seeing you reject it, and judge yourselves unworthy of eternal life, behold we turn to the Gentiles." Nor did they turn in vain: many believed and were baptized. This spread of the truth provoked the Jews, who, arousing the fanaticism of the women and the great, raised a persecution against the apostles, who were driven out.



Shaking the dust from off their feet, St. Paul and St. Barnabas journeyed on through the provinces of Pamphylia and Pisidia, and crossing the mountains descended into the plain of Iconium. The synagogue of this city was the scene of another triumph, for at their preaching many, both Jews and Greeks, believed; but of persecution also, for the unbelieving attempted to maltreat them, and even stoned them as blasphemers. Obedient to our Lord's direction, that when one city rejected them they should visit another, the holy envoys proceeded to the other towns of Lycaonia, such as Lystra and Derbe, preaching the gospel in all directions. At the former of these cities a mighty miracle attested the mission of the apostles. Perceiving a cripple, whose countenance showed the faith within him, St. Paul, turning to him, said aloud: "Stand upright on thy feet," and immediately he who from birth had never used his limbs, leaped up and walked.

"The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men," cried the astonished crowd, and hailing St. Barnabas as Jupiter and St. Paul as Mercury, they sought to pay them divine honors; so that the very priest of Jupiter came with his attendants and victims to offer sacrifice to them at the city gate. Horrified at this impiety, the apostles rent their garments, as the Orientals always did to express grief or indignation, and rushing forward explained that they were mortals like themselves, envoys of the only true God, whom all must adore to be saved. But so persuaded were the people, that not without great difficulty did St. Paul succeed in convincing them.

With such a high character among the people, it might be supposed that their success was now rapid; but in a few days these same people, led away by men from Antioch and Iconium, turned against the apostles, and stoning St. Paul dragged him out of the city, flinging what they supposed his lifeless corpse to be the prey of the vulture and the jackal. But God had not yet terminated the labors of his apostle: when the disciples gathered around the body of their holy master he arose, restored it would seem by a miracle, and returned with them to the city. The next day, with St. Barnabas, his holy companion, he proceeded to Derbe and Antioch. For a considerable time there they labored in all these cities, increasing the number of the faithful; ordaining priests. Having firmly established the Church in these provinces, they returned to Attalia, where they once more embarked, and sailing past Cyprus and St. Paul's native Cilicia, landed at the mouth of the shady Orontes and ascended to Antioch, that cradle of the Christian name and primacy.

Great was the joy of the Church at Antioch when the apostles related what great things God had wrought by their ministry, how he had opened the door of faith to the Gentiles, how many souls had been led to the way of salvation, what trials they had undergone, what consolations they had experienced.

This return to Antioch took place, it is supposed, in the year of our Lord forty-five, and from this period it became the centre of missionary operations, to which we find but occasional allusions in the writings of the apostle himself or his disciple St. Luke. The most remote of the excursions was apparently his mission to Illyricum, where, as he informs us in his epistle to the Romans, he preached the gospel,\* being the first to proclaim the tidings of salvation on that shore of the Adriatic. He sought ever the spots which no envoy of the cross had reached, the places "where Christ was not named, lest he should build upon another man's foundation." Of these voyages by sea and land, we know neither the particulars

\* Rom. xv, 19.



nor the result: of the success which attended his preaching no record is preserved, but he tells us in general terms that he underwent more hardships and was more frequently in prison for Christ's sake. We know that he was three times shipwrecked, and that on one of these occasions, to use his own expression,



*A Day and a Night in the Deep.*

“A day and a night I was in the depth of the sea” Besides these, he was constantly in “peril from robbers, in perils from his own nation, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils of the sea, in perils from false brethren, in labor and painfulness, in watching often, in hunger and thirst, in fasting often, in cold and nakedness.”\*

During the course of these excursions he was five times scourged by the Jews, each time receiving the thirty-nine stripes which the law allowed, and thrice, too, was he beaten with rods by the Romans, who, allowing greater severity, of course did not treat him more gently than his own countrymen: and yet such was the love of the cross of this servant of Jesus Christ, that only once did he assert that proud prerogative of Roman citizenship, which would have saved him from ignominy and pain.

One event in this period, related more at length, is his visit to Jerusalem, and the consequent convocation of the first council of the Church. The occasion was as follows:—The Church at Antioch flourished exceedingly under the holy men who had founded it, and had gathered to the fold no inconsiderable number of Gentiles, on whom none of the obligations of the Mosaic law were imposed. At last, however, some from Jerusalem, said to be Cerinthus and his disciples, came and sowed the seed of discord, preaching that none could be saved who did not practice circumcision and fulfil the observances of the law. So great was the trouble caused, that the faithful at Antioch resolved to send St. Paul and his con-

\* 2 Corinth. xi, 23-28.



stant fellow-laborer, St. Barnabas, to the holy city to the feet of the apostles of our Lord, the depositaries of his doctrine and his truth, in order to know from the unerring tribunal which Christ had established what was the course to be pursued.



*Hills and Walls of Jerusalem.*

Christianity itself was at stake. The apostles who had survived till then assembled with the bishops and priests at Jerusalem, and the question was laid before them. St. Peter presided, and St. Paul with St. Barnabas set forth their labors among the Gentiles and the course which they had pursued—a course approved by miracles and by a rapid propagation of the gospel. His fellow Pharisees, however, unmoved by this, still expressed the opinion that the Mosaic laws should be upheld as of divine institution, and never formally abolished by our Lord in his teaching, or by the apostles in practice. St. Peter, however, rising up, said: “Brethren, you know that in former days God made a choice among us, that by my mouth the Gentiles should hear the word of the gospel and believe. And God, who knoweth the hearts, gave them testimony, giving to them the Holy Ghost, as well as to us; and put no difference between us and them, purifying their heart by faith. Now, therefore, why tempt you God to put a yoke upon the necks of the disciples, which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear; but we believe to be saved by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ in like manner as they do.”



St. James next spoke, approving all that the chief of the apostolic college had said, and he too gave it as the truth that the Gentiles converted to God were not to be disquieted. Certain things, however, which even before the Moenic dispensation had been required, were to be observed; that is, that all should refrain from the heathen sacrifices by partaking of the meats offered, from concubinage, and also from eating blood or strangled animals. The decision of the council was conformable to the words of the apostles and head of the Church, with whom Christ had promised to abide all days, even to the consummation of the world, and whom he had taught by his Holy Spirit; and the decree of the Council of Jerusalem, index of its divinely given powers, begins with the awful words: "It hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us."

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## OUR CONVENTS.—IX.

### THE SISTERS OF LORETTO.

OF the early missionaries of Kentucky, and many of them were men of eminent holiness and fruitful laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, there is none perhaps who can more justly rivet our attention than the Belgian priest Charles Nerinckx, who founded the order of which we are now to speak, and allured to our shores that band of young and devoted Belgians who became the corner-stones of the Jesuits in Missouri.\*

Born at Herfelingen, in Hainaut, on the 2d of October, 1761, he passed from the bosom of his pious family to the College of Geel, and thence to the far-famed University of Louvain. Resolving to devote himself to the service of the altar, he found in his holy design no obstacle from his parents, and accordingly began to read divinity at Mechlin in 1781. Study did not chill his early piety or zeal, and it excited no surprise that on his ordination, four years later, he was appointed pastor of Mechlin, nor eight years later entrusted with the care of the extensive and neglected parish of Everbery Meerbeke. Here he remained, restoring discipline, awakening piety and elevating all, till the hordes of infidel France burst on unhappy Belgium. Then, in concealment for seven long years, he imparted, by stealth, the consolations of religion to his flock, and to the countless victims of infidel cruelty. At last, as perils grew thicker around him, Father Nerinckx saw little hope of being able to continue his labors, and embarking for the United States, reached Baltimore in 1804.

Bishop Carroll received the Belgian priest with joy, and as soon as a knowledge of our language enabled him to undertake the ministry, sent him to Kentucky, thenceforth to be the field of his labors, his privations and his merits.

"In the course of his long missionary career," says the illustrious Bishop of Louisville, to whom we are indebted for these precious details, "Mr. Nerinckx discovered many young females who sought to practice a more perfect virtue than was compatible with the distractions of the world. They had caught no little of his own spirit of prayer, of disengagement from the world, and of lofty enthusiasm in the path of Christian perfection. He observed, too, many young girls, who were raised in ignorance and greatly exposed to temptation." To promote the

\* Fathers Eiet, De Smet, &c.



spiritual welfare of these he resolved to form a religious congregation or sisterhood, and impelled by that same filial devotion to our blessed lady and the whole holy family which had characterized the holy missionary Chaumonot, the sainted founder of Loretto in Canada, that exact copy of the Santa Casa,\* Father Nerinckx styled them the "Sisters of Loretto, or Friends of Mary at the foot of the Cross."

Among his spiritual daughters in the various missions which he directed, Mr. Nerinckx easily found ladies proper to begin the work, and he accordingly laid the corner-stone of his new society on the 25th of April, 1812, in a spot which he had secured on Hardin's Creek, near the church of St. Charles. Here in a few log cabins these pious women began their order, the tall cross reared at their very door reminding them that the end of their institute was to honor the sufferings of our Lord and of his dear Mother. Poverty of the severest kind characterized this fervent order: bare-footed, clothed in coarse attire of their own manufacture, with no bed but a little straw, these sisters, as frequently they uttered from beneath their close veils the touching ejaculations: "Oh! suffering Jesus! Oh! sorrowful Mary!" recalled the fervor and austerities of the holy land of Thebais.† The comparison is not our own; in the words of the sainted Flaget, who knew them well, and who knew sanctity well, these early sisters of Loretto were "the edification of all who knew them: their singular piety and penitential lives reminding one of all that we have read of the ancient monasteries of Palestine and Thebais."‡ "They have a holy superior," wrote the present Bishop Odin, in 1824, "for five years has she been sick. During the bishop's absence she was several times supposed to be at the point of death. It was my happiness to see and assist at these moments so fearful to the worldly. Oh! what a touching spectacle! a smile was ever on her lips; she lovingly kissed her Saviour's cross, and enjoyed a perfect calm. When asked whether she needed anything, she would answer: 'prayers; a holy death; that is all I ask.'"§

Their own sanctification was not, however, the sole object of the institute: one main object was to labor for the religious instruction of girls, and so successful were they in their course of education that in a few years they were enabled to send out colonies from the mother-house, and before the death of their holy founder, which took place at St. Genevieve on the 12th of August, 1824, they had six different establishments in Kentucky and Missouri, their order comprising no less than a hundred sisters, nineteen being in the latter State. Besides the girls whom they had formed as regular pupils, they had at this time prepared also no less than eight thousand girls for their first communion.¶

Mr. Nerinckx died away from his spiritual daughters, but his remains, claimed at first by the house in Missouri, were finally transferred to the mother house of the institute which he founded, where they rest, like those of Saint Francis, at Annecy, and Archbishop Neale, at Georgetown.

\* Father Chaumonot was successively Huron missionary on the banks of Lake Huron, at Isle Orleans near Quebec, and at Loretto; during a temporary stay in Montreal he founded the confraternity of the holy family, which still subsists, approved by many successive Popes. His church at Loretto was an exact imitation of the Santa Casa in size, dimensions, arrangement and furniture. This holy man died at Quebec on the 21st of February, 1693, at the advanced age of eighty-two, after a life illustrious for miracles and supernatural favors.—*Shea's History of the Catholic Missions*, p. 198.

† Bishop Spalding's Sketches of Kentucky, p. 202-209. *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*, ii, 369.

‡ Letter cited by Bp. Spalding, p. 208.

§ *Annales de la Propagation*, ii, 369.

¶ Catholic Almanac for 1840, p. 143. *Annales de la Propagation*, x. 47.



After the death of their lamented founder, the Loretines confined their labors under the guidance of the Rev. Guy Chabrat, subsequently coadjutor bishop of the diocese. During his administration the society continued to increase and flourish, the State having given its approval of their services to the cause of education by incorporating their academy at Loretto in 1827.

The sisterhood has increased in numbers and usefulness down to the present time. In 1844 there were no less than one hundred and seventy-nine members in Kentucky, Arkansas and Missouri, all subject to the mother house of Loretto: and at that time sixty-five had died in the order during its existence of thirty-two years.\*

At present there seem to be seven establishments of the order in Missouri and Kentucky, Mother Bridget Spalding being the superior. The academy at the mother house has sixty pupils; that of Mount Calvary, near Lebanon, sixty, directed by twenty-eight sisters; that of Bethlehem, in Harden County, ninety pupils, under the charge of twenty-five sisters; at the convent of Cedar Grove, near Portland, thirteen religious train up in virtue seventy young ladies. In Missouri there are three convents, one at Floressant with twenty-one sisters and a school of seventy-five girls; one at St. Genevieve with seventy pupils, and the convent of St. Vincent's at Cape Girardeau, where sixty-five pupils acquire a polite and liberal no less than a Christian education from the Sisters of Providence, the devoted daughters of Father Nerinckx.

\* Sketches of Kentucky, p. 213.

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## THE TRIUMPH OF PRINCIPLE.

Concluded from page 546.

IN the different departments of the warehouse, several assistants, young and old, were scattered, to whom Gerald was formally introduced, and amongst them to Mr. Joseph Hastings and Mr. Richard Bassett, who were working together. With these Mr. Dillon left Gerald to assist in preparing an extensive order, and returned to his official desk, after pointing out what was to be done. They were both a year or two older than Gerald, and although they were obliged to work in order to be up to time in the execution of the order, still it was evident that they labored unwillingly, and while they did so they spoke slightly and disrespectfully of their employer, and hazarded several jests at his expense. Gerald could not laugh at or join in this, as they seemed to expect that he would do; but he said nothing for the present, but did the work allotted to him, and listened in silence to all that they said. As he was raw and inexperienced, he found that after a few days these "chums," as they called themselves, were greatly more disposed to play than to work, and that while they lolled about at their ease and talked of the "fun" they had enjoyed or were to enjoy, they sought to place their own burthens on his shoulders, or, in other words, to make him do their tasks as well as



his own. Of the two, however, he found Dick Bassett infinitely the more exacting. Joseph Hastings was an easy-tempered, indolent, careless lad, fond of pleasure, and not scrupulous as to the kind; he was easily led, and as his uncle was fond of him and his allowance was liberal, he had more means at his command than he well knew what to do with. But Bassett, who was poor and viciously inclined, took advantage of the weak nature of his friend, and led him to taverns and other scenes of dissipation which injured his health, wasted his money, and depraved his mind. All this, of course, was unknown to Mr. Hastings, whom they called the "governor," and before whom Bassett always appeared to be busy, sober and industrious, although the moment his back was turned he laughed at his own success in cajoling his employer, and enjoyed the artifice amazingly.

At first these young men were kind enough to Gerald, they taught him how business was to be done, because it materially assisted and relieved themselves, and they would have induced him to join their parties and spend his money if he had listened to their representations and allurements and yielded to them. But, fortunately for himself, he had a happy home to return to when his day's work was over, and ample employment when he got there, which was more to his taste than the temptation they offered him. He had Fanny to teach, and the improvement which his docile and pretty pupil made, a great deal more than repaid him for the trouble he took to instruct her; while, on his own part, he set himself seriously to grapple with French and German, as the languages most likely to be useful to him as a commercial man, and to perfect himself in the art of an accountant, which he felt to be quite as necessary. And then, when these duties were over, he listened to Fanny as she practised her lesson on the piano, or joined her in a song, or read aloud some historical or interesting work to her and his mamma, and afterwards discussed with them the merits of the book they had just read, and concluded the evening by joining his mother and family in reciting aloud the Rosary of the ever Blessed Virgin Mary, in a charming little oratory which, at his leisure hours and at his own sole expense, he had constructed for his sister. Having placed themselves under the protection of the Immaculate Mother of all righteousness, and entreated her intercession, and that of all the angels and saints, as the chosen servants of God, from whose prayer for suffering sinners his merciful ear is never turned away, they retired to rest, fortified by their pious exercise, and prepared for that happy, peaceful slumber which none but the virtuous ever enjoy.

Thus it happened that the temptations thrown in his way were no temptations to him, determined as he was on the fulfilment of his duties, and fortified by a wish to improve both his sister and himself. He resisted them, therefore, firmly but quietly, and after a while he also began to refuse to undertake the additional labor which his fellow-clerks pressed upon him. For this he was at first reviled by Bassett, and finally threatened with personal chastisement; but at this his spirit at once rebelled:



"I have listened to your ill-language," he said coolly to his threatener, "because your reproaches are unjust and untrue, and only degrade yourself without injuring me; but a blow is altogether another thing, and I would seriously advise you to think twice before you proceed to inflict it on me."

Bassett resumed his occupation sullenly and silently, while Gerald and Joseph continued theirs in a better spirit, occasionally addressing each other, and sometimes good-naturedly assisting each other, for Gerald's late exhibition of manliness had wonderfully raised him in the estimation of young Hastings.

"And how do you manage to spend your evenings, Gerald?" asked Joseph, as they paused in their labor.

"Very pleasantly, indeed," answered Gerald, with a smile.

"But you don't always remain at home, do you? that would be terrible slow work," said Joseph.

"I do not find it so, I assure you," replied Gerald; "I have a sister to teach, a mother to please, and myself to instruct, and so between all, when bed hour comes, we are all very often surprised to hear it is so late, I assure you. Besides, sometimes a friend or two comes in to tea, and sometimes we go to them, and altogether I do not feel that I require any better friends or greater amusements than I find in my own quiet home."

"Ah! well, I wish I could say as much," said Joseph, with a sigh; "I have a father and mother, too, but my father always goes out after dinner, and my mother is too busy to sit quiet; and I have brothers and sisters, too, but Emma and Mary are always thinking of balls and parties, and Edward and Jem are eternally battling, and all the younger ones are just let to do as they like, so that to me any place is better than home, for there is neither order nor regularity in it, and even Dick Bassett and the tavern are a relief, although, to tell you the truth, Gerald,"—this he said in a whisper,—"*I find Dick an expensive friend, who generally leaves me to pay wherever we go, because he knows that the Governor stands to me, although he, poor man, thinks that I spend the extra pay in improving myself. Indeed, one way or other, I must pull up, Gerald, for as it is, I have outrun the constable—got myself into debt, I mean—and unless I take better care for the future, the Governor may come to hear of it, and that would be ruin, for debt is the very thing on earth he most abhors. I should lose his favor and countenance for ever if he were to know how I am involved. But now let us get on; when we are done, I will have another chat with you, for Bassett always laughs at me when I talk of reforming either him or myself, and I hate to be laughed at.*"

Bassett had been called away during the latter part of their conversation, which gave Gerald an opportunity of saying:—

"No true friend would wish you to run into debt, or hazard your uncle's displeasure, and no prudent adviser would counsel you to persist in a course of pleasure which is attended with such serious risk."



"Yet what can I do?" asked the weak-minded Joseph; "Dick is a capital fellow, after all—up to everything, and knows everybody; I could never get on without Dick. To-night, for instance, we are to meet a party of gay fellows, and if I refused to go, what in the world would I do with myself? I know I shall have to pay more than I can spare——"

"Then don't do it—don't go at all," interrupted Gerald, earnestly; "spend your evening with me if you wish, and try how you will like it, but for goodness' sake, do not suffer any one so far to mislead your easy disposition, as to tempt you again and again into scenes and places which your best friend would wish you to avoid."

"Yes, but my word is pledged, Gerald; Dick and all of them would be disappointed."

"Let them; such a promise is only conditional; to break it injures nobody, and they can amuse themselves very well without you," said Gerald.

"That is true enough, too," answered Joseph; "so, I—I'll speak to Dick about it."

"No, do not do that," said Gerald, laughing; "make your resolution first, and when you speak to him, tell not that you wish to do it, but that *it is done*. Remember that you have a great deal at stake, and think seriously that your uncle's good will is not a matter to be lightly lost, nor ought you to risk it because a few foolish young men expect you to be as foolish as themselves. Here is Bassett now; tell him you mean to take your tea with me, and let him come with you if he pleases. My mother will be glad to receive any friends of mine."

Dick Bassett looked dismally black upon hearing of Joseph's new engagement. As to himself, he gave Gerald's courteous invitation a point-blank and very rude refusal, and then set himself to combat Joseph's resolution in every possible form. But, seconded by Gerald, Joseph stood firm, and, at last, the contest ended by Bassett's asking him for a loan of money, and by Joseph's telling him that he had it not to give.

"Had I gone with you to night, Dick," he said, "I must have borrowed from some one, and thus added to debts which, as it is, it will puzzle me to pay. I have been thinking of retrenchment for some time, and now I am ~~fixed~~ <sup>fixed</sup> on it. Better late than never, you know, and I would seriously advise you to follow my example."

"Aye, and become a milksop and a miser," said Bassett, sneeringly. "No, no, Joe, I hope I have more of the spirit of a man in me than that comes to. I'll make your compliments to our friends, however, and tell them that you are afraid of spending your shillings, and can't come."

"Tell them what you please, sir," replied Joseph, haughtily, displeased at the bantering tone of his friend.

When Gerald returned home, he told his mother what he had done, and the motives which had actuated him.

"I like Joseph Hastings," he said to her, "for he has a good disposition and an amiable heart. But he is weak, and indolent, and easily



led, and for his good uncle's sake, as well as his own, I should like to turn him from his present idle and expensive courses into better ones, if I can. He seems disposed to like me, and we must try and amuse him, if possible, mamma; so I will prepare my dissolving views, and my magic lantern, and my galvanic trough, and Fanny shall sing her best songs, and you will be sure to give us a hot cake, and a capital cup of tea, and then, who knows, amongst us, but we may be able, in some degree, to repay Mr. Hastings' goodness to us by serving his favorite nephew in the best way."

Mrs. O'Reilly kissed her son, and promised to second his good intentions to the best of her ability, and so did Fanny, who was now about thirteen years old, and was fast springing up into a very pretty, as well as a very accomplished, girl.

When Joseph arrived in the evening, he was ushered into a neatly furnished, well-lighted parlor, with a bright fire in the grate, bright faces to welcome him, and everything looking bright and cheerful about him. As the evening passed on, he found the time hang by no means heavy on his hands, and when he parted from Gerald in the hall, he thanked him gratefully for his entertainment, and readily promised to come again as often as they invited him.

"We are seldom from home, and you will always find us the same," was Gerald's answer; "come to us as often as you will, and the oftener the better, if you find it pleasant, or if you think we can be of any use to you."

From that day forth Joseph Hastings was an altered youth. He and Gerald became "chums," instead of Dick Bassett, for Dick stuck to his old companions and his old habits, although both Joseph and Gerald reasoned with and tried to change him; but he refused to be "schooled," as he called it, and sneered at the good advice given him, even while he witnessed the effect of it in another. Still he scrupled not to borrow money from Joseph, although, when quarter day came round, and he was asked to pay it, he had always an excuse to offer, and was mightily offended when, at last, Joseph insisted on it, in order that his own debts might be paid.

"Mrs. O'Reilly," he said, "has been kind enough to lend me what was necessary to pay my creditors, in order that my uncle might not hear of my folly in running into debt, but she expects to be repaid the loan with which she has accommodated me, and that cannot be done if I lend my money to you, or if you do not honorably pay me what you owe me. Believe me, Dick, it would be better for you to do as I have done, and stop short in time, for you will find, in the long run, that dissipation is not pleasure, and that evil ways, and loose companions, are the surest forerunners of suffering, poverty, and disgrace."

Dick, however, was too hardened to listen to him. He still met his remonstrances with a sneer—called him a milksop and a miser, and paid



him back only a part of his debt, and that after many applications, although he had always money to spend on idleness and folly. It was fortunate, perhaps, for Joseph that he had Gerald always near him to keep him up to his good intentions, and to neutralize the attempts which Dick, and Dick's comrades, made to wean him from them, since otherwise, such was his yielding nature, that he might have relapsed and fallen back into errors still greater than before. But as months, and even years, rolled by, Joseph found that Gerald's plans and Gerald's maxims were the best, after all. As Gerald advanced in years, and as his intelligence advanced with them, his sagacious employer, who had watched his conduct keenly, without appearing to do so, had gradually advanced him from the lower departments of his office to the higher, and had advanced his salary also, until, when he was only eighteen years of age, he was in the receipt of a hundred pounds a year, and enjoyed the unlimited confidence of his employer.

But this was not all. Gerald was not one of those who, having reached a certain height, felt his ambition gratified, and aspired to reach no further; he was aware that, although he might become a successful trader, without possessing much book learning, still the accumulation of riches was not the great aim of his existence, and he, therefore, desired to store his mind with such various and general information as would fit him to take his place in society, and enable him to perform his part there with credit and success. He had always a reasonable quantity of time on his hands, and, although he made it a point of employing his Sundays in good works, such as teaching the catechism, assisting at charity sermons, organizing collections for the propagation of the faith, and such like pious duties, still, on the evening of other days, he had ample leisure to pursue such a course of study as would hereafter be useful to him in the way he desired it should be. In his intercourse with books, however, as well as in his intercourse with men, he sedulously avoided all acquaintance with what was vulgar, irreligious, anti-Catholic, or otherwise objectionable. He pitied the wretched writers of those so-called "liberal publications," who cater at once for impurity and irreligion, and who conceive that an attack on "Popery" has a right to excuse them in whatever other deviations from decency, truth, and morality they may think proper to indulge; and his taste was too refined, his principles too sound, either to be caught by their cheapness or tempted by their contents. The open attacks on religion, which so many of them glory in making, were scarcely more distasteful to him than those insidiously treacherous ones which so many of these *traders* in Christianity now make against that Holy Church which was established by Christ himself, and maintained by the labors, services, and sufferings of his saints and martyrs; and, guided at first by his excellent mother and his spiritual director, and afterwards confirmed by his own reason and sense of right, he early looked on them all with an abhorrent eye, and always sought at



purser and clearer fountains to drink of those living waters which elevate the imagination and inform the mind, at the same time, without debasing the principles or jeopardizing the soul. He studied with zeal and the deepest interest the history of his own dear country, and every page of it impressed him with still more respect, and still greater pride. While other nations, actuated by sordid or selfish motives, had fallen away from the True Faith, it had clung to it amidst persecution and temptation—amidst famine and danger, and ridicule and reproach, and was now as steadfast and firm as if the whirlwind of men's evil passions and purposes had not been for centuries at work to uproot the Divine structure, and frighten or seduce its worshippers from their allegiance to the Truth. He also made himself conversant with many branches of science, and with many of the arts which adorn and chasten life. Young himself, he delighted in the society of those of his own years, and, as "birds of a feather flock together," he was, by degrees, enabled to draw around him many who, like himself, preferred rational pleasure to needless and aimless riot, and who, in the indulgence of their own tastes, were careful, at the same time, to avoid committing sin themselves, or of being the cause of it in others. In fact, such is the influence of one pure, strong mind, which sets itself to work in the right way, that, in his own circle, Gerald, without wishing it, became a very leading person, indeed. The fathers and mothers of families were always happy to welcome him as a favored guest, for whilst his cheerful and happy temperament gave a fresh impetus to rational amusement wherever he went, his well known purity and regularity of life were a guarantee that all those who mixed with him, or followed his lead, were perfectly safe in doing so. Amongst the junior members of the little community Gerald O'Reilly's opinion and Gerald O'Reilly's decision were paramount; his information, if not very deep, was both various and well-digested, and he communicated it readily, fluently, and with an evident wish to oblige, which added to the interest with which it was received. He sang well, he danced gracefully, he understood the principles of drawing and music, and was no mean proficient in both; but these accomplishments were never obtruded, and although he was too frank, free, and fearless to disclaim them, still they were only brought forward as accessories, and only when, by being so, they promised to communicate pleasure and oblige his friends. It is due, also, to his reclaimed "chum," Joseph Hastings, to say, that the kindly influence which Gerald had established over him had never been lost. Many a temptation had been thrown in his way by Dick Bassett and others, in order to lead him again into their toils, and induce him to forsake the tea-table and its innocent pleasures for the riot of the tavern and the horrors of the debauch; but he was as firm as a rock; he listened to them gravely, and answered them seriously, but he followed his own course steadily, and well it was for him that he had the good sense and resolution to do so, as the sequel will show.



It was about this time that, on a particular morning, Mr. Hastings assembled Joseph, Gerald and Dick Bassett, in his own *sanctum*, where few ever intruded except they were sent for, and then only when particular business was to be done. As soon as they were inside, the old gentleman shut the door with his own hand, and then addressed them with much solemnity of manner:—

"I have sent for you here, young gentlemen," he said, "in order to perform a disagreeable office towards one amongst you. To you, Gerald O'Reilly, I have nothing to say, save what is to your credit, and what your best friends would wish to hear. You have performed your duty well and diligently from the first, and the credit and character you have gained for yourself from all who have dealt with you, cannot fail to be of use to you in your after life. With you, Joseph Hastings," he continued, addressing his nephew, "I have also reason to be satisfied. At one period of your life you thought yourself a very clever fellow, and that it was as easy to hoodwink 'the Governor' as you believed it to be. But in that you were mistaken; I am better served—better informed, than you think; it is my duty to watch over the proceedings of those in my establishment, in order that I may know how to act. You were in debt, and, therefore, in danger; you were on the high road to ruin, sir, until a wiser, though a younger friend, stepped in to save you; his interference prevented mine, and has converted you from a man of so-called pleasure into a much better and more estimable thing. As for you, Mr. Richard Bassett," he went on, fixing his hard, stern eye on the abashed Dick, "your movements are intimately known to me, and have been so for some time. I grieve to say, sir, that they are such as I highly disapprove of. You have been warned, over and over again, by Mr. Dillon and others at my desire; you have seen, sir, that my nephew has thriven from the moment he withdrew himself from your counsels, and the companions and haunts to which you introduced him; you have been told, that your pursuits would displease me, and yet you persisted in them; and now, sir, as you have chosen your own course, you cannot be displeased if I should take mine. You are no longer an assistant of mine; Mr. Dillon will balance your account, and my parting advice to you is to change your mode of life, and when next you meet a 'Governor' as well disposed as I am, neither to ridicule him behind his back, nor to cheat him before his face, and so a good morning to you."

From Mr. Hastings' decision there was no appeal; so Dick turned away to seek another situation with a tarnished fame, while Joseph and Gerald remained to prosper and become more united every day. In point of fact, after a few years more Mr. Hastings retired from trade with a competent fortune, and his business is now carried on by the firm of "HASTINGS AND O'REILLY," while Fanny O'Reilly has changed her name since last summer, and is now Mrs. Joseph Hastings, and is happy as the day is long. Gerald and his mother still keep house together; and although he is much looked up to in female society, still his home is so happy that he is content with it, and so that he can please his mother and keep her comfortable, he is perfectly satisfied.



## ANGEL AND DEVIL;

### A REVERIE.

#### I.

*(A youth leads his sister to a bench in a garden.)*

BROTHER.—So;—gently, dear sister; let me place this pillow behind you, and rest on it while the soft south-wind kisses your cheeks with its balmy breath. Behold! how kind and loving everything is to you in this spot:—the flowers turn their blossoms towards you; the birds warble their sweetest songs. The sparkling rivulet lingers at your feet with wooing murmurs; and there, in the distance, the sun descends to the west, covering the fields with purple and gold. Dost thou not feel how the zephyrs caress thy cheek and dally with thy curls?

SISTER.—How beautiful is nature, brother! Every thing about us seems to laugh and leap with joy; everything on earth is happy! Why does mother always speak to me of a “*better land*,” and why do the tears start in her eyes when she says I am hastening to “the better land?”

BROTHER.—Rosa, dear, if the tears of men were like precious stones of varied colors, thou wouldst find the drops that fall from mother’s eyes to be pearls of snowy whiteness or drops of jet! She mourns thy early departure for that “*better land*,” yet she rejoices that the Lord has given thee a crown of purity!

SISTER.—Will I soon go thither, brother!

BROTHER.—God alone knows, Rosa!

SISTER: *(dreamily)*.—How hurried is the flight of yonder bird! He has caught a worm for his nestlings! Hark! how joyously they greet his coming. When those little ones sing their first songs in the trees, I will be in the “*better land*,” brother, will I not?

BROTHER: *(in tears)*.—Oh! say not so, my sweet sister! If the angel comes so soon thou wilt go with him!

SISTER.—The rose trees promise such quantities of flowers;—will I be gone before their buds open?

BROTHER.—Let not such saddening fancies cloud thy soul, dear Rosa. God’s! will be done! Take this rose; it is thy image as it bears thy name. Oh! that its perfume could restore thy soul!

SISTER: *(looking at the rose)*.—Poor rose; why tear thee so soon and roughly from thy parent stem? Brother, what is this rose’s fate?

BROTHER.—It will fade and die, Rosa.

SISTER.—Die! die!—a word that makes me tremble. I must die, too, before I can go to the “*better land*!”

BROTHER.—Death, sister, is frightful to the wicked; to thee it should be blessed and gracious.

SISTER.—Yet, agony oppresses my bosom! What will happen to me, brother, in that perilous hour?

BROTHER.—An angel, sister, will stand at thy right hand; he will wrap thee in rays of light, take thee gently in his arms, spread his golden wings, and waft thy joyous soul to God, who has prepared a place for thee in heaven.



SISTER: (after a long silence.)—My eyes are heavy, brother; I want to sleep in the open air;—it will revive me.

BROTHER.—Rest on the pillow, Rosa; I will watch thy sleep.

SISTER.—Not so, brother; put the cushion on the right-hand; is it not there that the angel of the Lord is to appear? Does it not seem to thee as if a shining cloud were around me? Perhaps the angel is already here!

BROTHER.—No, no, Rosa, he will not come to-day. Dispel these illusions, and repose thy weary head.—(She rests her head on the pillow, and picks the rose to pieces, listlessly.)

SISTER.—Wake me, brother, if I sleep too long.

BROTHER: (seating himself near her and weeping.)—Two withered flowers!—Behold those crimson petals, sprinkled like blood stains over her snowy hands.—(Her hands stir, and the rose leaves fall in the streamlet.) Ah! what a type of thy fate, my sister! Thy sixteen summers have glided away beneath a mother's protecting love; she has seen them bloom and fade like these blossoms, and now,—poor drooping flower, upon thy broken stem,—there is no longer a single leaf to cast upon the stream of life. Perhaps the angel is already at her side. Does the Lord choose the purest of these children to swell the heavenly choir? Will my sister's voice be joined in harmony with the angels' before the throne of God?

## II.

### THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.—THE DEVIL.—THE MAIDEN.

THE ANGEL.—Back, evil spirit; what seek'st thou here?

THE DEVIL.—Thinkest thou, Angel of Light, that I ever give up a human soul without a conflict? If thy love forces thee to protect the souls of men, my hatred compels me to persecute them.

THE ANGEL.—Thy hatred? What harm has this child done thee?

THE DEVIL.—Is she not a daughter of Eve?

THE ANGEL.—Thou hast said it.

THE DEVIL.—This maiden belongs to the human race; she may see God and find grace in his sight; but I,—conquered, thunder-stricken, flung into the abyss,—I, alone, must be forever exiled! The country that has been snatched from me is given to that miserable favorite—man! And I,—shall I not hate him!—I not persecute him! But I've said too much already! Envy devours my heart! Be mine this soul!

THE ANGEL.—She is pure; thou can'st not touch her!

THE DEVIL.—Well: that's what we shall test! Thou hast but icy truth,—I the seduction of lies. Let us begin the battle!—(A deep stillness; the brother sleeps soundly; he becomes enveloped in a cloud; the air grows heavy with perfume; brilliant and innumerable flowers spring up around the girl, and flocks of birds sing in the trees.)

THE ANGEL.—Almighty God, grant the poor child whose watch is given me, the power of victory in this mortal fight! Grant that I may come before thee with this tender spirit purified in the fire of trial! Grant that it may not be mine to bewail the loss of her gentle soul for all eternity!



## III.

THE ANGEL.—THE DEVIL.—THE MAIDEN.—A ROSE.—A RIVULET.

THE MAIDEN: (*waking with a smile.*)—Oh! God! what new sensation of life is this? Am I restored again? Is it but a pleasant dream? But no,—it is *not* a dream;—my heart beats strongly and the warm blood courses nimbly through my veins! Where am I? How beautiful is everything! how sweet the perfumed air! how splendid these flowers! how ravishing the song of birds! Has the Angel borne me already to the “better land?”

(*The Devil hides himself in a rose.*) See; there’s a rose bending its stem towards me. Come, sweet flower, come, rest in my lap; I will not pluck or harm thee! What bright and glorious colors!

THE ROSE: (*speaking in the Devil’s voice.*)—I bend to thy lap, sweet sister, to gaze on thy enchanting face. Oh! how lovely thou art! No rose of the field can rival the carnation of thy cheeks! Lift, lift, once more those drooping lids that I may beho’d thy glorious eyes! I envy thy lips their sparkling coral; had I but leaves like it I’d rest to-morrow on a queenly breast! Smile, sister,—smile again! Thy mouth is a rose, whose petals hide the richest pearls! Thy beauty is beyond all beauty!

THE MAIDEN.—Thou errest, doubtless, sweet flower; thou singest to me a song that the roses sing among their kind!

THE ROSE.—Oh! no, sister: nothing on earth is as beautiful as thou art! See; the streamlet at thy feet retards its murmuring wave to mirror *thee*! Oh! let me die on thy bosom or amid the curls of thy glossy hair! Take pity on thy poor sister; pluck her from the tree, and keep her near thee ever!

THE MAIDEN: (*plucking the rose and placing it in her bosom.*)—Rest on my bosom, sweet flower; and may’st thou long retain thy fresh and brilliant hues!—But, what kindles this unusual flame in my breast? Rose, thy thorns wound me!—(*She casts the flower aside.*) Thy affection is not real!—(*The Devil hides himself in the rivulet.*)

THE RIVULET: (*speaking in the Devil’s voice.*)—Oh! lovely girl;—bewitching Rosa!

THE MAIDEN.—Who spoke my name?

THE RIVULET.—Thou hast often stopped dreamily on my velvet banks. Bend, bend that swan-like neck over my mirror, till it reflects thy glorious form!

THE MAIDEN: (*bending over the rivulet and beholding her features in the water.*)—How bright and rosy are my cheeks to-day! The raven’s wing is not blacker than my hair; jet is not darker and more glittering than my eyes; the lilly is not whiter than my brow—— (*the Devil comes forth from the rivulet.*)

THE DEVIL: (*mockingly to the Angel.*)—Ha! ha! Angel of Light—thou beginnest to look sad! Dost thou persist in thy silly pretensions? Surely thou dost not! Thou see’st my power over this girl. Have I not in my hand the two master-keys of woman—vanity and love? One of them was sufficient to open her heart;—pride has possession of it already!

THE ANGEL.—Spirit of Darkness! I will not, like thee, glorify myself by a doubtful victory. Go on with thy lying deceit. Adam’s sin subjected men to thy seductions; but remember that they who come out of trial triumphant, enjoy a higher rank among the chosen of the Lord than those who never fought. Thou



only preparest a greater glory for this girl, and, for thyself, the eternal torment of having conferred a blessing on a child of man!

THE DEVIL: (*passionately.*)—Ah! know'st thou how to touch the nerve of agony in my breast! Curse thee, thou cowardly slave of the Almighty! Could I but force this girl to yield, the abyss of hell would echo for years with shouts of joy! 'But, she *shall* yield;—she *shall* fall! See'st thou not, she is already enraptured with herself;—behold how she smiles and simpers at her image in the stream! Be on thy guard or I'll bespatter thee!—(*he plunges into the stream.*)

THE MAIDEN: (*looking into the water.*)—Has thy silvery mirror, dear Rivulet, reflected the features of many maidens, and was there ever one that looked like me?

THE RIVULET.—A hundred maidens have admired themselves in my wave; yet, but *one*, alone, was lovely! Her dress glowed and sparkled with gold and precious stones, and flowers quivered on their stems in the curls of her hair. Oh! I have watched twenty youths follow her to my brink, kneel to her, implore a glance, and cry out at her feet: "Oh! cruel goddess, it is a blessing even to die beneath your eyes!"—And yet, angelic Rosa, that maiden's features, form, and glance, were but as hawthorn to the lilly when compared with thine!

THE MAIDEN: (*after a long dreamy silence.*)—To be the most beautiful! to be worshipped as a goddess on earth!—oh! glorious feeling! But, what gentle voice whispers in my ear! It is the voice that consoled me in sickness. How sad and plaintive it is!

THE ANGEL: (*with deep sadness.*)—Hast thou entirely forgotten thy good friend, Rosa? Knowest thou him no more who stood by thy couch, allayed thy suffering, watched thy sleep?

THE MAIDEN.—Yes, yes, I know him still and love him always; but why is thy voice so sad to-day?

THE ANGEL.—Thou knowest not who I am, Rosa: and yet, from thy birth to the present hour, I have never left thee. I was by thy cradle and gave thee gentle sleep; in flowers, I sprinkled pleasant dreams around thy pillow. I was the guide of thy infant steps, and, in early life, removed the pebbles from thy pathway. Though I belong to a higher sphere than that of humanity, my affection for thy spirit made me thy slave. Oh! how glad I was when happiness blessed thee! Thy crystal heart had never been dimmed by a single cloud. A glorious ray from heaven already marked out the track we were to follow; one little hour more, and thou would'st hear the angelic choir singing thy welcome! But now, alas! now,—thy soul,—oh! misery!—is stained by the sin of PRIDE! The golden ray is gone;—my heart is breaking!

THE MAIDEN.—Dost thou indeed love me so much, good spirit? Tell me how it happens that I caused thee such sorrow?

THE ANGEL.—Thou art vain of thy beauty.

THE MAIDEN.—And *thou*, too, confessest that I am beautiful!

THE DEVIL: (*laughing.*)—Well said! Well said!—Ha! ha! ha!

THE ANGEL.—EVIL, alas! is a fatal ivy which strikes its roots deep and quickly! Rosa, the Lord has given fleet and beautiful limbs to the doe,—a graceful neck to the swan,—gold and purple plumage to the peacock,—a glorious voice to the nightingale;—let each of these boast the gifts that God has bestowed on it: He has given them nothing more! But, should man, oh! Rosa,—should *man* grow proud of this vile wrapping of clay which we call the body,—and halt delightedly to gaze on that perishing beauty that comes from earth and to earth returns? Hast thou not a jewel more precious still? Hast thou not *within*, the



immortal image of thy maker—**THE SOUL?** Do'st thou not know, Rosa, the most precious gift God has given thee? Wilt thou be ungrateful to him?

**THE MAIDEN.**—No; no; I will never be thankless, yet I rejoice that God has granted me personal beauty.

**THE DEVIL:** (*mockingly, to the Angel.*)—Angel of Light, stop this useless contest; thy efforts are idle! She plunges deeper and deeper into my toils:—she is mine!

**THE ANGEL:** (*to the maiden.*)—Behold, how my tears start at thy words, oh! child, entrusted to my guardian care! Thou strayest from the fold; may thy weakness and inexperience excuse thee in the sight of him who is all mercy!

**THE MAIDEN.**—Weep not for me so, my beloved; thy grief pains me and I feel that the new emotion that stirs within me will be fatal. Would'st thou be sad were it not for that? If I can drive it from my heart I will do so for thy sake, yet I fear the strength is denied me.

**THE ANGEL:** (*to the Devil.*)—Down, seducer,—down; the snare thou hast laid is discovered and broken! (*To the Maiden.*)—Rosa, thy beautiful face and personal charms are perfect enough to excite the admiration of earth; but hear what more thou hast. Thy soul is rich in virtues, clear and limpid as diamonds; it delights thy God, yet if it remains as it is now, it will dwell forever with one we dare not name! Tell me, Rosa, couldst thou keep but one of those two beauties, which wouldst thou choose?

**THE MAIDEN.**—I'd keep the beauty of my soul!

**THE ANGEL.**—Thou say'st well, Rosa: another star is kindled for thee in the crown of light thou shalt wear in heaven.

**THE DEVIL.**—Angel of Light thou hast conquered in this trial, but the same good fortune shall not attend thee in the next and final one! I'll try this soul by the touch-stone of earthly love!

#### I V.

**THE ANGEL.—THE DEVIL.—THE MAIDEN.—TWO DOVES.—A YOUTH.**

**THE MAIDEN.**—Yes; the beauty of our souls is more lasting; it pleases God, the body pleases only men.—(*two doves alight on a willow tree.*) Dear Doves, oh! that I may remain pure and spotless like you! I love my brother with a love as true and tender as thine for thy brother, sweet dove!

**THE MALE DOVE:** (*to its mate.*)—How long, cruel one, wilt thou continue deaf to my pain? I languish with love and sadness, but thou art ever indifferent. Is thy heart a rock?

**THE FEMALE DOVE.**—I understand thee not, my love; thou weep'st and mourn'st for some unconscious grief. Do I not love you? Did I ever leave you to follow another brother? Faithful companion and guardian, thou art always dear to me!

**THE MALE DOVE.**—Brother,—brother! I will no longer be thy brother! Frosty friendship has fled from my burning heart: a new fire consumes me.—(*The Doves fly away.*)

**THE MAIDEN.**—How strangely they talk! He will *not* be her "*friend*" or her "*brother*," and yet he loves her so ardently! My playmate Louis used to speak to me so; he, too, would not be my "*brother*," and now he has gone far,



far away, because I could not understand the suffering of his heart. What did he mean? I cannot comprehend it.

THE ANGEL: (*to the Devil.*)—Thy temptation is powerless before the virgin purity of my charge. The Lord be praised!

THE DEVIL.—Think'st thou I am at my wit's end? I merely wished to recall a memory to her mind; I was only preparing the way for an infallible snare. She has spoken words that will not be lost. Thou wilt see it!—(*He transforms himself into the person of a youth.*)

THE MAIDEN: (*seeing the youth approach her.*)—Who's this? Oh heaven! is it Louis? Yes, yes, 'tis the friend of my childhood. Oh! joy! joy! Louis, dear Louis!

THE DEVIL: (*in the form of Louis, his face dejected and care-worn.*)—Rosa, hast thou thought sometimes of thy wretched friend?

THE MAIDEN.—Oh! always, always! I never forgot the delights of my girlhood, nor him who shared them. But thou, Louis—did'st thou not forget thy early companion, when far away?

THE DEVIL.—Rosa, thy question pierces my heart like a sword.

THE MAIDEN.—Why, Louis?

THE DEVIL.—Alas! thou wilt never understand me. I left thee, Rosa, heart-broken with despair; I wandered about like a madman, and suffered like a martyr. In distant lands I told my grief to the forest: I whispered thy name to the gardens; I taught thy beauty to the birds; I bemoaned thy cruelty to the rocks; I watered my weary way with tears; thy image followed me wherever I went; I remembered nothing but thy witching eyes, thy stony coldness! Morning and evening, day and night, I thought of thee;—and now thou dar'st ask if I forgot my boyhood's friend! Angel! take pity on me, or I die!—(*He seizes Rosa's hands and presses them passionately.*)

THE MAIDEN: (*alarmed.*)—Leave me! leave me! Thy hands burn like coals; thy looks pierce my heart. Oh! kill not the peace of my soul!

THE DEVIL.—Cold as ever! Did the same flame burn in thy bosom thou would'st not feel the fire of my hands. Behold, cruel girl—grief destroys me;—my eyes fail;—thou killest thy lover, and gazest carelessly on his dying frame! Pity me! pity me!—(*He casts himself on his knees at her feet.*)

THE MAIDEN: (*compassionately.*)—Poor Louis! Could I but assuage thy woes I would gladly do it.

THE DEVIL.—Thou can'st, my beloved! Say thou art mine,—that thou lov'st none but me!

THE MAIDEN.—I have a mother, Louis, and love her, too.

THE DEVIL.—Yes;—love thy mother!

THE MAIDEN.—I have a brother.

THE DEVIL.—Love thy brother too; but say thou art mine,—that thou lov'st none better than me!

THE MAIDEN.—And if I say it, Louis?

THE DEVIL.—I will not die; I will live, immortal in thy love!

THE ANGEL.—Rosa, Rosa, wilt thou love a man more than thy God.

THE MAIDEN.—Oh! I love God; but my poor friend is dying: must I not help him?

THE DEVIL.—Haste, haste, Rosa—speak the word that can save me; the icy hand of death is already on my heart!

THE MAIDEN.—I would speak it, Louis, did I not fear to anger the Lord.



THE DEVIL.—Alas! thou lov'st me not, Rosa! Thou rejoicest at my death! Shall a small sin stop thee? Will not repentance obtain thy pardon? Behold, my heart is bleeding:—quick, quick,—the saving word!

THE ANGEL.—Speak not, wretched girl!

THE MAIDEN.—And let my poor friend die helplessly?

THE ANGEL.—Decide thy own fate:—before thee is a suffering man, who says he is dying for love; in heaven there is a Man-God, who has given thee his love, and shed his blood for thee on Calvary!

THE DEVIL.—Pity me! pity me!

THE MAIDEN.—My mind wanders! What shall I do? Alas! poor Louis!

THE ANGEL: (*despairingly*).—Rosa, my beloved, thy hour is near! See'st thou not my tears? There's Death—behold him! Be quick—pronounce thy doom or gain salvation. Dost thou belong to this youth and the earth, or to thy God, thy Saviour? To whom—to whom dost thou belong—to Christ or this seducer? Speak!

THE DEVIL.—Speak Rosa, speak!

THE MAIDEN.—Oh! Louis, Louis,—thou art so lovely:—thy burning love,—thy boundless woes ———

THE ANGEL.—She falls!

THE DEVIL.—Victory! victory! Her soul is mine!

THE MAIDEN. ——— And yet far, far above all I love my Lord; my love and soul are God's forever!

THE ANGEL.—She's saved! she conquers! Praise be to God on high!

THE DEVIL: (*in his natural shape*).—Damnation! she triumphs! Again the abyss of hell will resound with my shrieks of agony! Angel of Light, be thou accursed forever! (*He disappears in space.*)

## V.

THE ANGEL.—THE MAIDEN.—THE BROTHER.

*The garden appears as at first; the brother awakes and arises.*

THE ANGEL.—Rosa, thy hour is come; rest thy head on my arm.

THE MAIDEN: (*starting, as from a dream*).—Brother! brother!

BROTHER.—What wilt thou, Rosa?

THE MAIDEN.—Quick, quick;—a parting kiss for mother and for thee!

THE BROTHER.—No, Rosa, oh! no!—thou wilt not go so soon, dearest?

THE MAIDEN.—See, brother; see the Guardian Angel! my head rests on his arm; he folds me in his golden wings. Listen; the heavenly choir sings my welcome! I go to "the better land!"

BROTHER.—The last kiss, dear sister!

THE MAIDEN.—Farewell!—tell mother to come soon; tarry not long; I will find father in heaven; and when you both join us we will sing together before the throne of God! Farewell! Spread thy wings Angel!—Ha! we fly along the golden path!

BROTHER.—DEAD!



# Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

**VIRTUE.**—Virtue has resources buried in itself, which we know not till the invading hour calls them from their retreats. Surrounded by hosts without, and when nature itself turned traitor, is its most deadly enemy within; it assumes a new and a superhuman power, which is greater than nature itself. Whatever be its creed—whatever be its origin—from whatever segment of the globe its orisons are, virtue is God's empire, and from his throne of thrones he will defend it. The orbs of creation, the islands of light which float in myriads on the ocean of the universe; suns that have no number, pouring life upon worlds that, untravelling by the wings of seraphim, spread through the depths of space without end; these are, to the eye of God, but the creatures of a lesser exertion of his power, born to blaze, to testify his glory, and to perish! But virtue is more precious than all worlds—an emanation, an essence of himself—more ethereal than the angels—more durable than the palaces of heaven!—the mightiest masterpiece of Him who set the stars upon their courses, and filled chaos with an universe! Though cast into this distant earth, and struggling on the dim arena of a human heart, all things above are spectators of its conflict, or enlisted in its cause. The angels have their charge over it; the banners of archangels are on its side; and from sphere to sphere, through illimitable ether and round the impenetrable darkness, at the feet of God its triumph is hymned by harps which are strung to the glories of its Creator.

**How Do You Do?**—National forms of salutation are true indices of national character. The whole history of a race may be found in the dictionary of its language. Words and phrases are the offsprings of previously existing objects, thoughts and circumstances, and their paternity is readily traced.

Thus, among all savage and warlike people, the common salutation conveys a wish or a prayer, that the person saluted may enjoy peace, the greatest good of individuals and of nations, and the boon most frequently withheld in that phase of life. Throughout the Bible this is the invariable blessing—shalum! and the wandering Bedouins of the desert have, to this day, the same form of salutation. Another phrase of theirs: "If God will, thou art well," betrays the fatalism of Islam.

"Peace be upon thee," says the fluent and facile Persian; "I make prayers for thy greatness; may thy shadow never be less!" This last form smacks of summer and the South. Such a salutation would make a Northman shiver! It shows, too, a great respect for fat—for a dignified, aldermanic rotundity.

The Greeks, a joyful people, full of the vigor of a life of action, expressed their salutation in a single word—"rejoice."

The commercial and enterprising Genoese of the middle ages, used to say, *Sanctata guadagno*—"Health and gain,"—than which no phrase could be more characteristic. In a similar spirit, the "swag-bellied Hollander" salutes you with *Hoe verat's-ge?*—"How fare you." The easy phlegmatic German says *Leben sie wohl?*—"Live thou well!"

The Frenchman's *Comment vous portez vous?*—"How do you carry yourself?"—reveals the very soul of the French character. How is the formular, and not what. And then the *portez vous*, how well it expresses the eager restlessness and vivacious manners of that nation. *Comment ça va-t-il?* is of the same tone and character.

John Bull and Brother Jonathan, in a hearty, but business-like tone, greet you with "How do you do?" What could be more characteristic of the great and potential Anglo-Saxon race. To do, of course,—of this there is no question—it is the all of life; but how do you do? "How are you?" This embraces all—health, wealth, power, knowledge. What more could one say? and here it is all in three words—"How are you?" "How do you do?" Again, the answer is, "Well,"—I do well! Reader, "How do you do?"

*Life Illustrated.*



**THE ORGAN IN THE CATHEDRAL AT FREYBURG.**—An American lady, writing from Freyburg, thus speaks of the celebrated organ in the Cathedral of that city:

"As usual in a new city, we wandered around in the crooked, up-and-down-hill streets of Freyburg, and just at evening went to the Cathedral to hear the great organ, famous for its imitation of the human voice. The streets were dusky in the twilight as we walked along, and when we entered the church it was so dark that we could not distinguish the faces of those assembled. A man with a lantern met us at the door and took our tickets, and we passed up the sombre aisle toward the altar. Funeral services were to be performed on the morrow, and a coffin covered with a pall stood on a bier at the upper end of the aisle. The white embroidery of a skull and cross bones shone out strangely in the twilight. We were hardly seated when the organ pealed forth. It was too powerful; its full swell pained the ear and seemed to overwhelm the cathedral. Anon, the sound died away, and a sweet song as of human voices, rose from the heart of the organ. Now the chant swept into the far distance, so that the ear strained in listening, yet still one clear female voice came distinct and tender, sustained by other voices in a harmony so faint that it seemed like the anthem of a distant angelic choir. Anon it broke forth full and strong, as though the singing company had come to the hither side of some mountain which before had kept their voices from us. Again it swept away and again returned, the notes so sweet and unearthly that the organist had power not only over the keys of his instrument, but over the emotions of his hearers, and moved them to involuntary tears. There was a pause; and then the triumphant hallelujah in the 'Messiah' burst from the organ. The instrument seemed to speak the words; the music rolled through the church in a sea of sound, and throbbed and broke against the arches of the roof. The whole building seemed to pulsate, and then again the sound died away and all was still. The sweet notes of a pastoral next arose, and the pipe of the shepherd called to the Alpine echoes, which answered him in tones of aerial melody. Again and again he piped, and again and again the voice replied, till he threw aside his instrument and shouted to the echo a song of the mountains, which it returned with the same sweetness and precision. It was like standing again in the Alpine pass and hearing the notes shouted close beside us mount far above and cling in weird, unearthly and oft-repeated tones around the jagged peaks of the Wetterhorn.

"Everything about us made the music impressive: the vast cathedral with its dim columns and arches, lighted here and there where the pale moonbeams struggled in; the heavy shadows crouching in the distant aisles and trembling near the organ, where the faint light of a lamp made the gloom only more manifest; the slow vibrations of the holy oil, burning before the altar; the stillness of the assembled listeners; and the deeper stillness and more utter darkness of the velvet pall, whose folds rested motionless on the cold pavement and told of a house where the light of day comes not, where music whether of gayety or worship sounds not, where no ear listens, where no eye weeps, where no heart throbs in emotion and in life."

**THE ORIGINAL OF NUMERAL FIGURES.**—The original of numeral figures, used in arithmetical computations, has been long a subject of dispute in the republic of letters. It is allowed that we are indebted for them to the genius of the Eastern nations, the inhabitants of India being reckoned the inventors of the notations which we call Arabian, because we derive the art from them, and they from India. But when figures were invented, and how long they were in use before the Arabians received them, is uncertain. It is believed that neither the ancient Greeks nor Romans had any knowledge of them, for Maximus Planudes, the first Greek writer, who treats of arithmetic, using these characters, lived in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and long after the Arabian figures had been in use in Europe, and gives it as his opinion that the Indians were the inventors. The Moors brought them into Spain, whither many learned men from all parts of Europe resorted, in quest of Arabic literature. As to the time when the new art of computation was first known in Europe, Vassius thinks it was not before the year 1250, but Dr. Wallis has, by many good authorities, proved that it was before the year 1000, and shows that Gerbertus, afterwards Pope, by the name of Sylvester II, who died in 1003, was acquainted with this art, and brought it from Spain into France, long before his death. The same author shows that it was known in Britain before the year 1150, as appears by a treatise on arithmetic, by John de Sacro Bosco, who died about 1256. He gives an instance from the mantel-piece of a house, wherein is inscribed Mo. 133, being the date of the year 1133; another instance was discovered in the window of a house near the market-place, Colchester, where between two carved lions stands an escutcheon, with the figures 1090.



**SINGULAR CASE OF SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.**—The London Times narrates a series of occurrences in the town of Bedford, England, which greatly excited public curiosity and puzzled the wisacres. On a recent night an alarm of fire was raised in that town, which was found to proceed from a house where the servants, in the absence of the family, had been thoroughly cleaning with a view to rid it of vermin. In furtherance of this design, recourse was had to fumigation by means of burning sulphur. The sulphur was duly ignited and the vessel placed in what was deemed a safe position—the middle of the room—and the room vacated. About two hours thereafter it was discovered that the sulphurous fluid had escaped from the vessel, fired the floor, and eaten its way through the boards. The fire was extinguished and all was deemed safe. This was on Tuesday night. On Saturday evening the head of the family returned, and on retiring to rest, and having innocently thrown his damp stockings on the carpet, what was his astonishment on seeing them ignite! Something like a panic seized the household, but at length their fears were pacified and they went to rest. The next day (Sunday), while the master was at church, fire was again discovered in the house. It was suppressed, but in the course of the day no less than thirty fires broke out in different parts of the house in the presence of most respectable and intelligent persons. Says the Times:

“Every part of the furniture in every room of the house appeared to be charged with some mysterious, self-igniting gas. Smoke issued suddenly from cupboards, large and small, from almost every drawer, and even from boxes of linen and woollen materials, which had not been opened for some length of time prior to the Tuesday’s fire. Some of the statements made before the coroner are so startling as to be nearly incredible. One gentleman laid his handkerchief upon the sofa, when it forthwith ignited. Another gentleman, while discussing the marvels of the day and washing his hands, discovered that the damp towels on the horse in the bed room were on fire. A lady, anxious to prevent further mischief, had a short time previously examined a box containing articles appertaining to female apparel, and, pronouncing it safe, had shut it up, but on going to remove it felt that it was hot, and on re-opening it discovered the contents in a blaze. But it is impossible to enumerate all the strange fantasies played by this subtle and mysterious fire. Of course suspicion was soon awake, but the closest investigation afforded no ground on which to rest the surmise of foul play.”

On Monday, the same phenomena, somewhat abated, re-appeared, and it was found that the greater part of the property in the house was charred or burnt to tinder. A fire coroner held an inquest upon the subject, and all the above-mentioned incidents, with others, were deposed to. A lengthy investigation was had, but the evidence failed to account for the singular occurrences. The evidence of two medical gentlemen who had witnessed the phenomena, however, indicated a most important and remarkable class of truths in chemistry. Without venturing to give a formal solution of the matter, these gentlemen were of opinion that the sulphurous fumes, in connexion with the gas of the charred wood, had charged the entire house with inflammable gas, which in cases of friction, in others by electricity, had been from time to time ignited.”

**KIND WORDS.**—They never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one’s own good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it burn more fiercely. Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our day, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image on men’s souls; and a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, and unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

Pascal.



**DON'T STAND STILL.**—If you do, you will be run over. Motion—action—progress—these are the words which now fill the vaults of heaven with their stirring demands, and make humanity's heart pulsate with a stronger bound. Advance or stand aside; do not block up the way, and hinder the career of others. There is too much to do now to allow of inaction anywhere, or in any one. There is something for all to do; the world is becoming more and more known, wider in magnitude, closer in interest, more loving and more eventful than of old. Not in deeds of daring; not in the ensanguined field; not in chains and terrors; not in blood, and tears, and gloom; but in the leaping, vivifying, exhilarating impulses of a better birth of the soul. *Reader*, are you doing your part in this work?

**DRY LEAVES FROM THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.**—Money has been called the “sinews of war,” and for this reason—how is it possible, without money, for an army to make an advance?

It is with health as with our property—we rarely trouble ourselves in looking seriously after it until there is very little left to look after.

Few men are “driven to desperation” without having had a hand themselves in the driving.

In female phraseology, it is almost invariably a man who is “a great big stupid,” and a woman who is “a great big silly.”

Uneasy is the head that wears a wig in a gale of wind.

“Life's a bumper,” but the teetotallers would wish to make it a bumper of nothing but cold water. *Punch.*

**THANKSGIVING FOR RAIN.**—

“Bless God for rain,” the good man said,  
And wiped away a pearly tear;  
“That we may have our daily bread,  
He drops his showers upon us here;  
Our Father, thou who dwell’st in heaven,  
We thank thee for the pearly shower;  
The blessed present thou hast given  
To man and beast and bird and flower.”  
The dusty earth, with lips apart,  
Looked up where rolled an orb of flame,  
As though a prayer came from its heart  
For rain to come, and lo! it came.  
The Indian corn, with silken plume,  
And flowers with tiny pitchers fill’d,  
Send up their praise of rich perfume,  
For precious drops the clouds distilled.  
The modest grass is fresh and green,  
The brooklet swells its song again;  
Methinks an angel’s wing is seen  
In every cloud that brings us rain;  
There is a rainbow in the sky,  
Upon the arch where tempest trod;  
God wrote it e’er the world was dry—  
It is the autograph of God.

**PRIDE** is a louder beggar than want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one thing you must buy ten more, that all may be of a piece. But poor Dick says: “It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.” And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich as the frog to swell in order to equal the bull.

**ADVICE.**—Almost the only commodity which the world refuses to receive, although it may be had gratis, with an allowance to those who take a quantity.

**ARGUMENT.**—With fools, passion, vociferation or violence; with ministers, a morality; with kings, the sword; with men of sense, a sound reason.



**MOUNTAINS.**—Mountains are to the rest of the earth what muscular action is to the body of man. The muscles and tendons of its anatomy are, in the mountains, brought out with force and convulsive energy, full of expression, passion and strength. The plains and lower hills are the repose and the effortless motion of the frame when the muscles lie dormant and concealed beneath its lines of beauty, yet ruling those lines in their every undulation. This, then, is the first grand principle of the truth of the earth. The spirit of the hills is action—that of the lowlands, repose; and between these there is to be found every variety of motion and rest, from the inactive plain, sleeping like the firmament, with cities for stars, to the fiery peaks, which, with heaving bosoms and exulting limbs—with the clouds drifting like hair from their bright foreheads—lift up their Titan hands to heaven, saying: “I live forever!”

**THE DEATH OF CAROLAN.**—(*Founded on Fact.*)

Weary and faint came Carolan,  
To his ancient halls one day;  
His withered cheek was pale and wan,  
And his flowing beard was gray;  
And dim was the eye of the bard of old—  
His palsied hand was weak;  
His voice, whose music erst had thrilled,  
In feeble tones did speak:—  
“Blest home!” he said, “I’ll rest me here—  
Lead me once more to my oaken chair!”

He gazed around with anxious eye,  
On each familiar face,  
But saw them not! and heaved a sigh,  
While tears stole down his face;  
’Twas sad to see the blind man weep  
O’er memories of the past!  
His soul seemed moved by sorrows deep,  
His strength seemed failing fast;  
“Bring me my harp!” he said, “once more—  
My harp, my pride in days of yore.”

Around his harp awhile he clung,  
With mingled smiles and tears,  
And then some tender strain he sung,  
Of bye-gone happy years;  
But soon in more impassioned words,  
He tried a bolder strain,  
And struck some wild and thrilling chords,  
Then all was hushed again;  
Then breathing out his soul in prayer,  
The Minstrel died in his oaken chair.

**THE KING AND THE DENTIST.**—Went to H—— the dentist to have my teeth cleaned. Told of his nephew, who is practising as a dentist in India, being employed to make a set of teeth for the King of Delhi. The difficulty at starting was, that the dentist required to be allowed to take a mould of the king’s mouth; and the idea of a Christian putting his hand in the royal mouth was an abomination not to be heard of. It was at last, however, agreed that by washing his hands, before the operation commenced, in the water of the Ganges, the dentist might qualify himself for the contract. The teeth succeeded admirably; and one of the courtiers who, from jealousy of the Englishman, had declared they would be good for nothing, was desired by the king to put his finger in and try; and, on the courtier’s doing so, his majesty nearly bit the finger in two. The affair, however, turned out unluckily; as the king, whose appetite was enormous, being enabled by the new grinders to gratify it *ad libitum*, brought on a plethora, which nearly killed him, and the teeth were thrown into the Ganges.

*Memoirs of T. Moore.*

**ANCESTRY.**—The boast of them who have nothing else to boast of.



## Review of Current Literature.

### 1. PICTORIAL BIBLE STORIES. Part Second. Moses—Solomon. By the Rev. Henry Formby. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The readers of the *Metropolitan* are already acquainted with the labors of Father Formby; his efforts to establish a series of stories drawn from the sacred annals, in a style adapted to the capacity of the young, and in a form at once entertaining and instructive. We know the fondness of children for pictures—the delight with which they gaze on pictorial representations; we know, too, the deep and lasting impressions thus made upon the innocent and youthful mind. To turn this inborn propensity of the child to its mental improvement, and make the instruments of its pleasure serve as a medium of imparting religious instruction, is a work that cannot be too highly appreciated; and to accomplish so desirable an object, is the design of the series of Bible Stories.

The little volume now presented to the public, is the second of the series. It passes over a period of sacred history fraught with the deepest interest. The departure of the Israelites from the land of Egypt, their passage of the Red Sea, their wandering in the desert, their arrival in the promised land, their wars and their triumphs, the prosperity and the punishment of David, the glory of the reign of Solomon, are all calculated to make the most lasting and salutary impressions on the minds of children. They will learn from the many examples in the sacred annals the beauty and the rewards of virtue, and the enormity and the punishment of crime.

The neatness of the finish and numerous embellishments of the present number give it a peculiar attraction. The illustrations are of a superior order, surpassing in correctness of design and beauty of execution any thing we have met with in similar works.

### 2. THE SEVEN SACRAMENTS OF THE CHURCH; or, the Seven Pillars of the House of Wisdom. By the Rev. Henry Formby. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is another work from the pen of the learned and zealous missionary of Birmingham. His zeal for the cause of truth; his burning desire of imparting instruction to those around him, allow him not a moment's repose. He has learned from experience the sad want of religious knowledge, especially among Catholic youth. To remove this reproach, and to remedy the evil, has long been his most ardent desire. Hence his indefatigable labor in the cause of instruction; hence his exertions in his various works to blend the pleasing with the profitable, and to make the acquisition of knowledge a pastime and a pleasure.

The Seven Sacraments of the Church is not a book of piety; it is rather a work of popular instruction on the most important tenets of religion. It is written with a view of making religious instruction interesting to youth, by connecting the explanation of the dogmas of the new law with incidents drawn from the history of the Old Testament. The design is admirably conceived and well carried out.

But the distinctive feature in the work is its pictorial character,—a feature that will render it at once a favorite with the young. Experience shows the value of types and figures in a work of instruction, particularly in the point of attractiveness to the youthful mind. Being fully impressed with the usefulness of the book, we earnestly commend it to parents and others having the charge of youth.

### 3. THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FROM THEIR COLONIZATION TO THE END OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH CONGRESS IN 1841. By George Tucker. Vol. I. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

It has been well observed, that "history is philosophy teaching by example." From the light reflected from the ages of the past, we are enabled to contemplate the actions of those who have gone before us, to gather knowledge from their lives, and to profit by their experience. From the example of the great and the good, we are en-



couraged to virtuous and noble deeds; from the fate that has befallen the impious, we are admonished that the crimes of nations as well as individuals, have a limit; that the day of reckoning, though postponed by the patience of an offended Deity, will sooner or later arrive.

A knowledge of general history is important, but as citizens of a vast empire, whose very foundations rest upon the intelligence of the people, it behooves us to be intimately acquainted with the history of our own country. With its institutions, with the circumstances connected with its growth and prosperity, every citizen ought to be familiar; and indeed with the present facilities of acquiring this knowledge, it would be a reproach not to be acquainted with the history of the United States.

The importance of being well acquainted with the annals of this country, especially from the period when it assumed the position of an independent nation, cannot be too highly estimated. It is therefore a source of much gratification to observe that the subject has engaged the attention of some of the ablest minds in the country. We have histories of the United States ably written—accurate in detail and abounding with the deepest interest. A history, however, dealing more with the institutions of the country than is usually met in those now extant, marking their progress and developing their advantages, it often occurred to us, was a very great desideratum; and this has been supplied by the work now presented to the public from the pen of Mr. Tucker.

The author commences by given us a short outline of the early settlement of the country. He passes rapidly in review the events that led to our separation from the mother country, at which period his history properly begins. From this onward his details are more ample and full. Connectedly with the history, he examines minutely the working of the government, and exhibits the secret springs by which it was impelled. The characters of the distinguished men who took part in its early formation are properly estimated and correctly drawn. Candor and impartiality, as far as we are able to judge from the volume before us, seem to have been the chief aim of the author. The style is clear and concise, and well adapted to the nature of the work; and if we may judge of the forthcoming volumes by the one now presented to the public, we are fully persuaded that Mr. Tucker's history will become a valuable acquisition to the literature of the country, and compare favorably with those histories which are now regarded as standard works on the subject.

4. *THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON*: in three volumes. By *Washington Irving*. New York: G. P. Putnam. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

There seems to us a peculiar fitness in the fact, that the most distinguished actor in the past history of the nation, should find a biographer in one of the most distinguished writers of the present age. The name of Washington Irving is one of which America feels proud; his literary career reflects lustre upon the country and on the age in which he lives. His life of Washington, apart from other merits, would derive importance from having emanated from his pen.

We have other lives of Washington possessed of distinguished merits. Weems will be read for the humor of its style, and for the fund of anecdotes which interlard its pages; Marshall, for his calmness and impartiality, and that almost judicial dignity with which he treats the subjects; Sparks, for his faithful annals and valuable records of Washington's writings; still there was room for another biography, in which the graces of literature should be brought to illustrate the life and times of the "Father of his Country."

The work before us, whether we consider it in respect to its subject or author, is one that needs not our commentary or our praise. There is one feature in it, however, which we much admire. It exhibits Washington more in a social attitude than we find him in other biographies. This feature has been observed by a cotemporary writer, who thus speaks of it in a notice of the work: "It has been too much the habit of historical writers to represent him rather as a cold abstraction than a being warm with the life and blood of a man clothed in flesh and partaking in like passions with ourselves.



Mythology alone, it should be remembered, preserves the record of demi-gods who no longer "live in the faith of reason." In the annals of veritable history and biography we expect to meet with *men*—men who, though they may have made their lives sublime, were yet sharers in that common humanity which they have done so much to ennoble and adorn."

5. **PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA AND MEDINA.** By *Richard F. Burton*. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The interest felt at the present time in everything relating to the East, would be alone sufficient to give to this book a favorable reception. But there are other circumstances which combine to give it a degree of more than ordinary importance. Our knowledge of the Mohammedan doctrine, and the rites and ceremonies attending the worship especially, in the "sacred" cities of Medina and Mecca, is extremely limited. No people could be more jealous and more guarded of their religious rites and ceremonies than the followers of the "Prophet." None but professed Mohammedans are allowed to enter the above-named cities; hence the difficulty, be the disguise ever so complete, for Christians to enter these places. It is not surprising, therefore, that to the present time only three or four Christians have been able to describe, from personal observation, the cities of Mecca and Medina.

Bartesseca, an Italian, in 1603, was the first who made a pilgrimage to Mecca; and his account, we believe, is chiefly confined to a description of that city. Pitts, an Englishman, in 1680, visited Mecca and Medina; but little reliance is placed upon his statements. The most reliable author, previous to Mr. Burton, is Burkhardt, who visited the East in 1814. His account, however, is chiefly confined to Mecca, as he was taken ill at Medina, which limited his observations and descriptions concerning the latter place. Burton's narrative is more ample and complete than any of his predecessors. Difficulties innumerable lay in the way of the execution of his dangerous undertaking; but his perfect disguises, his thorough acquaintance with the various dialects of Arabia and Persia, and his knowledge of Mohammedan doctrine, enabled him to accomplish it successfully. He describes minutely many things only mentioned by those who previously visited these places, and fully corroborates previous accounts. His full and minute account of the religious observances of the pilgrimage, and the various forms of salutation and prayer, is exceedingly interesting. Indeed, the whole work abounds with interest, far surpassing, to our minds, the most engaging novel. But, apart from the interest thrown into its pages, the work will be found in a high degree valuable to those who wish to acquire a knowledge of oriental life and scenery, and become acquainted with the religion and religious observances and ceremonies of the followers of the "Prophet."

6. **WIDDIFIELD'S NEW COOK BOOK; or, Practical Receipts for the Housewife.** Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

As the science treated of in this book was far above our humble abilities, we handed it to a fair friend, with a request to give us an impartial statement relative to its merits. The following is the prompt and, we must presume, candid reply:

"Widdifield's New Cook Book is, without a question, one of the best of the kind now before the public. Its receipts, over five hundred in number, extend over every variety and species of cooking. These receipts have been fully tested, and prove to be all the authoress claims for them. But one of the great advantages enjoyed by this book is the simplicity of the ingredients, and the comparatively moderate cost at which every receipt may be prepared: thus uniting in cooking two most desirable objects, economy and utility. Let our young ladies make themselves familiar with this book; it will prove far more useful, when they come to assume the care of a household, than a score of novels."

With this endorsement, we can have no hesitation in recommending the work to our readers,



## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Murphy & Co. announce for early publication, the following important works, viz. A new revised edition of *The Primacy of the Apostolic See Vindicated*; by the Most Rev. FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK, Archbishop of Baltimore. The announcement of a second edition of this important work within a year, is not only the best evidence of its merits, but also of the interest taken in the subject. It is universally acknowledged the ablest vindication of the primacy ever published, and the steadfast and increasing demand for it, must be alike gratifying to the distinguished author and to the Catholic community. There are many reasons at the present time which render the subject attractive, not only to the enquirer after religious truth, but even to the statesman. These reasons are briefly enumerated by the learned and distinguished author in the following extracts which we subjoin from the preface of the forthcoming edition:

"Although but a short space of time has elapsed since the fourth edition of this work was issued, several events have occurred which serve to show the vast importance of the subject of which it treats. The impediments thrown in the way of the exercise of the Pontifical power, by Joseph II, have been voluntarily removed by the present Emperor of Austria, who feels that his first duty and best policy is to acknowledge the Church of God, to respect her rights, and promote the observance of her laws. The Czar of Russia has so far yielded to the sense of the expediency of conciliating his Catholic subjects as to send a minister to Rome empowered to make every suitable concession for the arrangement of the Catholic interests of Poland; and has received, in return, an extraordinary envoy of the Holy See, sent to compliment him on occasion of his coronation, which has so recently dazzled the world by its splendor. But the greatest homage rendered to the papal authority in this age, or perhaps in any other, is the acquiescence of the whole Catholic episcopacy and the Church at large in the definition pronounced two years ago from the Chair of Peter. In the mean time, the want of a tribunal to maintain and guard the revealed doctrines has been seen in the English establishment, by the latitude of opinion allowed by the Queen's Privy Council in regard to baptismal regeneration, and by the recent proscription of the doctrine of the real presence pronounced in the name of the Archbishop of Canterbury. In our own country, the excitement which prevails on the subject of domestic slavery, and the spread of polygamy in the territory of Utah, evince the advantages of an authority which, independently of local considerations, declares the divine law, and lends moral influence to the support of government and society. May we not hope that the unjust prejudices so deeply rooted and so industriously fostered against this guardian power will at length yield to the evidences which daily multiply of its necessity?"

*Roman Vesporal*, containing the complete vespers for the whole year, with the Gregorian chants in modern notation, is another work shortly to be issued by the same publishers. This is an important work, and its appearance will be hailed with pleasure. It is intended to supply a want which has been much felt in this country, both by clergy and laity. The former will find it a liturgical work required in every church; to the latter it will be a hand book, enabling them to assist at the solemn services of the Church and take part in the same. The chants of the Church should be familiar to Catholics; they should join in them, as is the custom in Catholic countries. Devotion and a sense of duty may lead us to take part in the public service of the Church, but we pray best when we say those prayers which the Church prescribes for us. This should be early impressed upon the minds of children, and if the forthcoming book be introduced into our schools and colleges, its good effects will soon be felt throughout the country.

Mr. Donahoe, of Boston, announces for early publication *The Principles of Government*, by WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN; and *The Life of Mary, Queen of Scots*. The former of these works was written while the distinguished author was in exile. The name of William Smith O'Brien, the prominent part he took in the late Irish rebellion, and the circumstances under which the work was written, must impart to it additional interest, and will secure it a large circulation. The latter is from the pen of a French author, the celebrated De Marles, and was published at Tours, in 1853. It is translated by a gentleman of Maryland.



## Editors' Table.

**THE DIES IRÆ.**—The return of the second of November reminds the Catholic of the solemn and sacred duty he owes to the souls of the faithful departed. On this day he hears repeated the words of the inspired pensman, that "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." And in this who can sufficiently admire the charity which the Catholic Church entertains for her children? In infancy, she receives them; during life, she watches over them; in death, she hovers round them; and when the earth closes upon them, she follows them to the throne of her heavenly spouse, and interposes her supplications in their behalf.

How hard, how inconsolable is death to those who believe that the ties of parental love and filial affection are buried in the grave of a father, or chilled in the tomb of a mother! who are forbidden to kneel at the parental grave, and with uplifted eyes whisper a prayer of requiem for those whom they so fondly cherished on earth. To these, death is truly death! But not so with the Catholic. For him death is divested of half its terrors. The tomb is but a veil which separates him from the parents he loved and the friends whom he cherished on earth. With the eyes of faith he beholds them. The venerated form of a father or mother rises before him. He sees beneath the shades of the tomb the brother of his heart, the sister of his fondness, or perhaps the child of his affection. From the shores of eternity he holds sweet communion with those who were most dear to him in this vale of affliction; and when human nature would sink in sorrow and in sadness, he seeks relief for his tears in offering to heaven a prayer for the repose of their souls. He knows that if God be a God of goodness, he is also a God of justice; he knows that nothing defiled can enter heaven, and fearful lest some stain or blemish may still detain them from that happy abode, he feels a consolation that none but a Catholic can feel, in being able to aid them with his prayers, and in saying in all the fervor of his heart: O God, be merciful to their souls!

Sublime and heavenly teaching! If it were not of divine precept, how can man reject a doctrine which touches the finest cords of the human heart!—a doctrine so consonant with the first dictates of human nature!

But we are wandering from the subject on which we intended to pen a few words. It is not our intention to treat of the doctrine of purgatory, or even to exhort our readers to the duty they owe, especially on the second of November, to the souls of the faithful departed, but simply to dwell for a few moments on the historical associations connected with that beautiful Catholic hymn, the *Dies Iræ*, which forms a part of the solemn service for the dead.

No composition of the same length has been so long and so universally admired as the *Dies Iræ*. The solemn grandeur of the measure, and the dread solemnity of the theme, render it a poem that cannot be read without producing in the mind mingled feelings of melancholy and awe. The hardest heart will yield to softness under its influence. Even Dr. Johnson, stern and rugged as was his nature, could not, it is said, repeat without shedding tears the following verse:

"Quærens me sedisti lassus,  
Redemisti crucem passus,  
Tantus labor not sit cassus!"

The admiration of Sir Walter Scott for this hymn is well known. In a letter to the poet Crabbe he says: "To my Gothic ear the *Stabat Mater*, the *Dies Iræ*, and some other hymns in the Catholic Church, are more solemn and affecting than the fine classical poetry of Buchanan: the one has the gloomy dignity of a Gothic church, and reminds us constantly of the worship to which it is dedicated; the other is more like a pagan temple, recalling to our memory the classical and fabulous deities." In his last days of life and reason he was often heard repeating verses from this hymn with quotations from the sacred writings. "Very often," says his biographer, "we heard dis-



tinctly the cadence of the *Dies Iræ*." Its lines, in like manner, haunted the dying hours of an earlier poet, the Earl of Roscomon. He was the author of an English version of this hymn, and as we learn from Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, uttered the moment when he expired, with great energy and fervor, two lines of his own translation of the *Dies Iræ*:

"My God, my father and my friend,  
Do not forsake me in my end!"

Upon the *Dies Iræ* Mozart founded his celebrated "Requiem," the last and one of the greatest of his works. The excitement of his feelings whilst engaged in this celebrated composition, is supposed to have hastened his death, which occurred before he had fully completed his task. Ancina, at the time a professor of medicine in the University of Turin, was on a certain occasion assisting at Mass when the *Dies Iræ* was chanted, and was so deeply affected by it that he determined to abandon the world. He did so, and afterwards become Bishop of Saluzzo. Knapp, distinguished among the sacred poets of Germany, though a Protestant, is unbounded in his admiration of the *Dies Iræ*. He compares the original to a blast from the trumpet of the resurrection, and while he himself attempts a version of it, pronounces the original inimitable in any translation. The effect produced on the mind by hearing it performed is often overwhelming. "It was impossible," says a writer describing it as performed in one of the great churches in Germany, "to refrain from tears, when, at the seventh stanza, all the trumpets ceased, and the choir, accompanied by a softened tone of the organ, sang those touching lines:

"Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?  
Quem patronum rogaturus,  
Cum vix justus sit securus?"

It would be an interesting task to trace the *Dies Iræ* through the various translations into which it has been rendered. They are perhaps hundreds. Lisco, in an appendix to the *Stabat Mater*, of which he gives fifty-three versions, mostly German, subjoins seventeen versions of the *Dies Iræ*. Leche, a German poet, is said to have rendered twelve several versions of this hymn. The English translations are also numerous. One of the earliest and most admired is that by Crashaw, a poet of great merit. Crashaw was a clergyman of the English Church during the reign of Charles I, and became a convert to the Catholic faith. His translation of the *Dies Iræ*, in the judgment of Pope, was the best of his compositions. In later days we have many translations. The version inserted in several of the larger Catholic prayer books, commencing:

"That day of wrath, that direful day,  
Shall in the heavens the cross display,  
And all the world in ashes lay,"

is far superior to most of the translations we have met with. The Rev. Isaac Williams' translation possesses much merit, especially of certain stanzas. There is something remarkably striking in his rendition of the third and fourth stanzas:

"When the trumpet's thrilling tone,  
Through the tombs of ages gone,  
Summons all before the throne;  
  
Death and Time shall stand aghast!  
And Creation, at the blast,  
Shall rise to answer for the past."

The following translation of the same stanzas, which we take from St. Joseph's Manual, does not possess the same power and effect:

"His trumpet sounds a dreadful tone;  
The noise through all the grave is blown,  
And calls the dead before his throne.



Nature and death shall stand and gaze,  
When creatures shall their bodies raise,  
And answer for their ill-spent days."

There are other very excellent translations of this poem; that by the Rev. Richard C. Trench, beginning:

"O! that day, that day of ire  
Told of prophet, when in fire  
Shall a world, dissolved expired!"

is possessed of merit; but his language generally is too tame, lacking that energy which the subject requires.

It is a little curious that the authorship of this beautiful hymn is still involved in doubt and uncertainty. It is usually ascribed to one of the Franciscan order, and supposed to have been written towards the close of the thirteenth century. By some it is ascribed to Cardinal Ursini or to Cardinal Frangipani, who died in the year 1294; by others to Humber, fifth general of the order of St. Dominic. The order of St. Francis, in its early history, seems to have cultivated sacred poetry. St. Francis, its illustrious founder, is said to have written several poetical compositions; and to Jacopone, one of its earliest members, is ascribed the authorship of the *Stabat Mater*.

"Our stock of poetry, gentlemen, has dwindled away to a mere nothing; and unless it be shortly replenished our readers ——." Here O'Moore broke off the sentence, at the same time heaving the contents of the green bag upon the table. "There's the whole of it: not a line of it worthy of the name of poetry. My head has been almost turned in scanning over it, to see if I could find a single piece in the whole collection wherewith I could fill up a corner of our Table for the present month." "Here is a piece," continued O'Moore, "from some poor exile from the land of his birth, the first stanza of which is worthy of the pen of Gerald Griffin:"

Dear Erin, thou wronged one, how deeply I love thee,  
The home of the muses in days that are told;  
Thy daisy-clad hills and the sky that's above thee,  
Are bright even now as they have been of old;  
But where are the hearts that were wont to stand round thee,  
As they who of yore upon Clontarf unbound thee?  
They're exiled or dead, and the Britton doth mock thee,  
And hush thee to silence as still as the grave!

"But in the remaining stanzas our poet takes such extravagant flights that I could not follow him. Here is another little scrap all the way from the far west. It was suggested on hearing that a young lady had entered a convent. It is applicable to all who have the happiness to be called to the religious state:"

"The lady of the bleeding heart."—SCOTT.

"The lady of the sacred heart."—BLAKE.

She might have been a husband's pride;  
Have graced a mother's hearth:—  
But she would be a seraph-bride—  
Her love was not of earth!

Domestic ties!—too light their span  
To grasp her boundless love;—  
For all the fallen race of man  
Her incense goes above!

Love is her altar—love her shrine,—  
And grateful hearts can tell,  
How she has offered love divine  
To him "who loved so well."

I will not breathe her sainted name,  
But such as seek to know  
Must find the best 'midst all the blest  
That dwell in GRAND COTEAU.



"In the dearth of originals, permit me, Mr. O'Moore," said Father Carroll, "to offer a selection from no unworthy source. On its merits I will not venture to pass judgment; it will be sufficient for our readers to know that it is from the pen of Dr. Brownson." "What?—poetry from the pen of Dr. Brownson? Has the great reviewer found time amidst the weighty subjects that usually engage his pen, to hearken to the inspiration of the muse of song?"

"I will not vouch for his being the author, but at all events the poem in question has met his approbation and passed the keen eye of his criticism."

"Our readers require no more; the Doctor's opinion on subjects is law infallible. Let it be read."

Here Father Carroll, taking up the last number of the Quarterly, read the following extract from a poem of much merit, full of spirit and martial fire, entitled

#### THE BATTLE OF INKERMEN.

"Heard ye not the tramp behind us!  
 If a foeman come that way,  
 We may make one charge to venge us,  
 And then look our last of day.  
 As the tiger from the jungle,  
 On the bounding column comes;  
 We can hear their footfall ringing,  
 To the stern roll of their drums;  
 We can hear their billowy surging,  
 As up the hills they pant,—  
 O God, how sweetly sounded  
 The well-known '*En avant!*'  
 With their golden eagles soaring,  
 Bloodless lips and falcon glance,  
 Radiant with the light of battle,  
 Came the chivalry of France.  
 Ah, full well, full well we knew them,  
 Our bearded, bold allies:  
 All Austerlitz seemed shining  
 Its sunlight from their eyes.  
 Round their bright array dividing,  
 We gave them passage large,  
 For we knew no line then living  
 Could withstand that fiery charge.  
 One breathing space they halted—  
 One volley rent the sky,—  
 Then the *pas de charge* thrills heavenward,  
 '*Vive l'Empereur!*' they cry.  
 Right for the heart of Russia  
 Cleave the swart Gallic braves,  
 The panthers of the Alma,  
 The leopard-limbed Zouaves.  
 The cheer of rescued Briton  
 One moment thundered forth,  
 The next—we trample with them—  
 The pale hordes of the North.  
 Ye that have seen the lightning  
 Thro' the crashing forest go,  
 Would stand aghast, to see how fast  
 We lay their legions low.  
 They shrink—they sway—they falter—  
 On, on!—no quarter then—  
 Nor human hand, nor heaven's command,  
 Could stay our maddened men.  
 A flood of sudden radiance  
 Bathes earth and sea and sky,  
 Above us bursts exulting  
 The sun of victory.  
 Holy moment of grim rapture,  
 The work of death is done,  
 The Muscovite is flying,  
 Lost Inkerman is won!"



# Record of Events.

From September 30, to October 30, 1856.

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## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

**ROME.**—The festival of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin was celebrated as usual at the Church of Our Lady of the People. His Holiness went to the church in state, and in coming down from the Quirinal Palace passed through the whole length of that fine street, the Corso, the houses of which were hung with tapestry, &c. Crowds of people were present for the purpose of receiving His Holiness's benediction. In His Holiness's carriage were the Cardinals Barnabo and de Medici. After the Mass, the Holy Father returned to the Quirinal by the same way, amidst crowds of the faithful. The Romans, to show their devotion towards the mother of our Lord, illuminated their houses on the vigil, and also on the evening of the festival. It is said that a Consistory was to be held on Thursday, the 18th of September. This will be a Public Consistory, for the purpose of investing His Eminence Cardinal Viale Prela with the Hat, and it will be followed by a Secret Consistory, in which several bishops will be proclaimed.

**The Pontifical Army.**—According to a statement published in some of the papers, the Pontifical army, it appears, consists of 14,000 men. The *Risorgimento* of Turin, considers that number to be greatly exaggerated, and after making numerous reductions and suppressing altogether the companies of invalids and veterans, it shows that the Pope's army only consists of 8,000 men, namely—native infantry, 3,000 men; foreign infantry, 3,500; one battalion of Chasseurs, 700; two batteries of artillery, 200; a regiment of dragoons, 600—that is, 7,400 infantry, 600 cavalry, and 12 pieces of artillery.—The Holy Father lately received several handsome and valuable presents from the Emperor of the Burmans. They were brought to Rome by a missionary priest. They consist of a solid golden chalice, a cross, enriched with precious stones, and valuable rings, accompanied by a letter in which the Catholics of the Burman Empire convey to the chief of the Church the expression of their affectionate attachment.—Religious affairs in the East have lately been under the consideration of the cardinals and prelates belonging to the congregation of Extraordinary Catholic Affairs. It appears that the Sultan through the medium of Monsignor Hassoun, Latin Archbishop of Constantinople, has made propositions to the Holy See in respect to the establishment of diplomatic relations with Rome, and which are likely to be advantageous to the Catholics of the Ottoman Empire.

**Conversions.**—A distinguished member of the Greek schism has lately been reconciled to the Catholic Church in Rome. On Sunday, the 31st of August, at the Church of St. Athanasius, His Eminence Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of the Propaganda, received the abjuration of the Rector Theogene Palatides, of Constantinople. Cardinal Barnabo pronounced a discourse of great learning on the occasion. Within a few months there have been a great number of conversions from among the Foreign Legion at Rome. When this legion was formed some newspapers expressed surprise that the Pope would admit Protestants to a corps particularly designed for the protection of the Holy See. The result has answered them as to the wisdom as well as goodness of His Holiness. Fidelity to their flag and to their military duties was all that could be asked of these soldiers, and these are compatible with their not being Catholics. But the influence of Rome has wrought its effect. The spiritual care of this legion was confided particularly to the Redemptorist Fathers, and they have had the happiness of receiving



already some eighty of this legion into the bosom of the Catholic Church. The same movement is going on among the same class of soldiers in other cities of the Pontifical States, and there is a prospect that soon all the soldiers of the Foreign Legion will have been, or have become, Catholics.—*Freeman's Journal*.

**NAPLES.**—The aspect of Neapolitan affairs has undergone but little change during the last month. The menacing attitude of England and France towards Naples still continues, and at latest accounts the English fleet was on its way to the Bay of Naples. What the result of this arbitrary and ill-timed measure will be remains to be seen. There is doubtless some secret design at the bottom of the movement. Perhaps there may be some truth in the conjectures of a correspondent of the *Tablet*, writing from Turin, under date of September 2d:

"I have only been in Turin four-and-twenty hours, but have already become aware of the great state of excitement the country is in on account of the Murat movement in Naples. The presence of Prince Lucien at the baths of Aix, in Savoy, and that of the Murat-Pepoli family, at the Hotel-Feder, in Turin, give good grounds to believe that something of unusual importance is going on; and the numerous Neapolitan exiles in Piedmont are to be seen walking about the streets, talking and gesticulating with great eagerness, in a state which in England would be described as bordering on distraction. Plainly speaking, it seems to men of sense here that the visit of the young Prince Murat to a place lying on the very threshold of Italy, and the stay of so many of his family in this, the only town in Italy where any thing like political agitation may be carried on, could not have taken place without the knowledge and the tacit consent of the tenebrous ruler now wielding the destinies of France. They think that Napoleon III is secretly bent on suddenly and violently hurling the Bourbon from the throne and placing his cousin at Naples, on conditions which may enable him to come to the best understanding with Piedmont, and to establish an alliance which may serve to resist and to combat, if need be, the overbearing ascendancy of Austria in Italy. It is supposed that the English government—so far as it may be said that there is an English government—piqued by the obduracy and insolence of Ferdinand, evince no hostility to this imperial scheme, and that by the sanction of England, Sicily may easily be induced to acquiesce in the change of dynasty, and persuaded or compelled to give up all thoughts of a separate crown, if not of a separate parliament and constitution."

**SPAIN.**—The government of Marshal O'Donnell is still maintained with energy and moderation. Its acts of justice towards the Church give hope that it will result in a blessing to the people, and extinguish forever the elements of revolution. Orders have been given to cancel the sentence of exile pronounced against the illustrious Bishop of Barcelona. An express was despatched to the Governor of Murcia, to place at the disposal of the illustrious exile whatever was necessary to enable him to return to his diocese in a manner suited to his exalted dignity. The return to Madrid of the Patriarch of the Indies has also been authorized by the government. We learn, likewise, that an envoy extraordinary, chosen from among those deputies who resisted the confiscation of Church property, will set out immediately for Rome, with a view of coming to some understanding with the Holy See. The mission is said to have been offered to Mr. Luzuriaga. The constitution of 1845 has been restored; the Cortes will be retained, but deprived of some of their revolutionary powers.

**FRANCE.**—A conspiracy to assassinate the Emperor has been detected. The *Times'* Paris correspondent says that the thirty persons lately arrested belong to a society of revolutionists of the most violent and dangerous kind, which held a meeting on the same day, when it was decided to assassinate the Emperor on his return from Biarritz. All the members are known to the police, and the majority of them are artisans. Several of those arrested are very young, and appear intelligent and not uneducated. Nothing was found at their residence to implicate them; but the police are prepared to prove the existence of the society and its frequent meetings.

Rumors are current that an exchange of colonies is being negotiated between France and England. France to give up her factories on the mainland of India, in exchange for the island of Mauritius. It is also reported that France wishes to purchase from Denmark a strip of the coast of Iceland for fishing stations. It is also further reported



that the State of Algeria demands a large addition to the troops stationed there. A division of gunboats is to be sent to Senegal. The French exiles in the Basque provinces are to be removed to Spain.—The Emperor at latest dates had returned to Paris.—Abbé Hiraboure, curate of St. Martin's, and arch-priest of Pau, has been lately nominated to the Episcopal See of Aire, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mgr. Launclus.

ENGLAND.—The events of the month have been few and unimportant. Some little excitement was created in London by a grand Chartist demonstration of welcome to John Frost, the Chartist, who lately returned from exile. After parading the streets, the procession moved to Primrose Hill, where various speakers addressed the assemblage.—A very great sensation has been created by the appearance of a circular addressed by Prince Gortschakoff to the representatives of Russia in foreign ports, in relation to the rights and independence of nations. This circular, as may be seen under the head of Russia, takes strong grounds against the policy of England and France towards Naples. The London papers are very violent against this manifesto of the Russian Czar.—Every arrival gives new evidences of the increase of Catholicity in England. On the festival of St. Michael His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman dedicated the new and beautiful Church of Our Lady and St. Joseph, at Kingsland. His Eminence was assisted by the Bishop of Nottingham, and attended by Mgr. Canon Searle, the Very Reverend Canon Dormet, Cure of St. Jaques, Brussels. The Bishop of Nottingham sang Mass. After the gospel the cardinal ascended the predella of the altar and delivered a most eloquent sermon, founded on the festival of the day. His Eminence mentioned the coincidence that this day was the anniversary of the granting of the English Hierarchy by His Holiness, and he reminded his hearers of the storm raised on that occasion, "which must have been allayed by the mighty archangel and prince of the people of God, under whose tutelage the decree, fraught with so much good to the Church in this country, was placed by the Vicar of Christ."

Another spacious Gothic church is shortly to be opened at Peterborough, in the diocese of Nottingham. At Peckham, a suburb of London, a new convent is in course of erection, we believe for the Capuchin Fathers, who have made great exertions in that vicinity. A new church has lately been dedicated in the same quarter, and several large schools have been opened.—The Abbot of Mount St. Bernard Abbey in England has sent the following communication to the *Glasgow Catholic Journal*:

"In a recent letter I announced that I was about to lay before the general chapter of our congregation in France the generous proposal of land in the neighborhood of Beaulieu made to us by Lord Lovat, with a view of our founding a Cistercian Monastery with an Agricultural Colony or reformatory school annexed at Mount St. Bernard Abbey. I brought the matter before the General Chapter, last week. The decision of the Chapter on this and other proposals was that throughout the entire congregation, no offers of new foundations should for the present be accepted."

*Cardinal Wolsey's Hall.*—Cardinal Wolsey's splendid hall at Hampton Court has now been completely restored, and in a manner that is highly creditable to the artists employed. The work may be open to criticism in one or two little points, but on the whole it is very satisfactory; and if the similar restoration which is in progress at Wolsey's Oxford foundation (Christ Church or Cardinal's College) is equally successful, it will be a matter of satisfaction.

It is gratifying to notice the interest which is now manifested in the preservation of the monuments of Catholic times. Her Majesty has just contributed one hundred pounds towards the proposed restoration of the beautiful Chapter-house of Salisbury Cathedral, and on several other occasions the Queen of England has shown a similar appreciation of our ancient Catholic architecture. Hampton Court (which is almost as much the palace of the people as the Vatican itself) now enables us to form some idea of its appearance during the splendid entertainments which formerly took place within its tapestried walls, when the banquets of the Cardinal Archbishop were said to have exceeded in splendor every entertainment which had hitherto been given in Eng-



land, and when his French visitors doubted which most to admire—the banquet, the mansion, or its master.

The mind is thus carried back to the time when the Catholic Church was not merely recognized in England, but possessed the civil rank and social privileges to which she is so justly entitled as the bride of Christ. The portrait and arms, mitre, monogram, and motto (*Dominus mihi adjutor*) of the Cardinal of St. Cecilia, meet the visitor continually, and the hat and legateine cross of the great Archbishop of York (notwithstanding his faults and errors) suggest more pleasing remembrances than the regal crown of "Henricus Octavus," the author of the Reformation—a calamity which was probably only delayed through Wolsey's prudence and influence. No sooner was he removed than the work of destruction immediately commenced; and another English Cardinal, his contemporary and companion, become a martyr of the Apostolic See, and commenced that stream of Catholic blood which continued to flow during several succeeding reigns. We are told that the "royal dye" of a Cardinal's robe is intended to remind the wearer that he is to be prepared, if necessary, to shed his blood for the Church; and the information was not lost upon the venerable Fisher. Such are the associations of Hampton Court; and the very hotels in the village, ("the Mitre and the Cardinal's Inn," &c.) are suggestive of Catholic recollection. The most popular charge against poor Wolsey is that of his ambition; but whatever may be its truth, we must remember that ambition is not always a vice, and that there is a laudable ambition as well as a "proper pride." "Honorable ambition," says Cardinal Wiseman in a sermon preached in Rome a quarter of a century ago, "is one of the noblest of earthly sentiments;" and it is to this which we appeal in offering medals and prizes in our schools and colleges.—*Tablet*.

**IRELAND.**—One of the most striking features in the affairs of Ireland at present, is the actual zeal displayed by the clergy and people in the erection of new and magnificent churches. At Longford the splendid cathedral of St. Mel, the patron saint of the diocese of Ardagh, was opened for divine worship on the 24th of September. "It was," says the *Freeman*, "in truth an ecclesiastical event full of deep interest, and was attended by circumstances remarkable for their significance, even in this Catholic land; for no less than sixteen prelates, two of them archbishops, about one hundred other dignitaries and clergy, comprising representatives from six dioceses, and nearly 18,000 persons of all ranks and conditions assisted at the ceremony. A more signal manifestation of the religious zeal and fervid piety of a people—no matter in what respect the proceedings are considered—could scarcely be afforded. The temple consecrated to the worship of the Almighty on this occasion, is one of the largest and most imposing of modern ecclesiastical structures in Ireland; and is possessed of very considerable architectural beauty, especially in the interior. The enormous sum already expended upon it, £30,000, has been cheerfully contributed by a Catholic population, whose zeal for the glory of God deems no expense, however large, sufficient for the decoration of His house, and when the day arrived on which the impressive ceremony of blessing and consecrating this noble pile should take place, the people who had so long labored for this result, and had so fondly looked forward to its realization, congregated in vast multitudes from the most distant parts of the diocese, to join with their bishops and priests in praying the Lord to accept this habitation, to dwell therein, and sanctify it by his presence." The Cathedral was commenced in 1840 by the late Rt. Rev. Dr. Higgins, and was continued with several intermissions until the death of that prelate, when the work ceased until the accession of the present reverend bishop, the Right Reverend Doctor Kilduff, when it was resumed, the walls of the edifice being then nearly completed. The plan of the church is cruciform; the extreme length, including the portico, which is not yet built, is two hundred and thirty-six feet; the extreme breadth across the transepts is one hundred and thirty-five feet, and the interior breadth through the nave and aisles is eighty-six feet from wall to wall. The style of architecture is Roman; the nave and aisles are separated by colonades of Ionic columns; three feet in diameter,



executed in black Irish marble. The Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, officiated as consecrating prelate on the occasion. Another beautiful church was dedicated on the seventh of September at Keldarvin, under the patronage of the Mother of God. The Right Rev. Dr. Durcan, assisted by several other prelates and clergymen, officiated on the occasion.—The clergymen of the diocese of Ferns recently assembled in chapter for the purpose of electing a successor to the Right Rev. Dr. Murphey. The choice of the chapter fell upon a priest eminent alike for his virtues, his learning, and his sterling integrity. After the votes had been gone through, it was found that by a large majority Dr. Furlong, of Maynooth, stood dignissimus; Rev. P. Barden, dignior; and Rev. Mr. Keating, Murmstown, dignus. The names of these three reverend gentlemen will be forthwith transmitted to Rome, that His Holiness may put the Apostolic seal on the election of one or the other of them.—The Archbishop of Tuam has published an able letter, addressed to the secretaries of the Crimean banquet, in which he administers a severe rebuke to the government for refusing and neglecting to provide an adequate number of chaplains, and to make due religious provisions in the army and navy for the Catholic soldiers. "The committee," says the distinguished prelate, "will, however, receive sympathy and praise to a large amount, if, when pledging the health of these brave men, they crown it with another, which it will not be their fashion to forget or disregard, the pledge of never relaxing in their efforts until they succeed in achieving for that portion yet bereft of their enjoyment, free and easy access to their altars during the war, and the quiet shelter of their native roof after their triumphant return."

**SCOTLAND.—Conversions.**—Two sisters of Sir Wm. Maxwell, Wigtonshire, viz., Charlotte and Georgiana, were converted to the Catholic faith last year, in Palermo. They were baptised by the Rev. Fr. Sordani, of the Convent of Santa Maria, on the 8th of August, and were afterwards received into the episcopal palace, by the Archbishop of Palermo.

**RUSSIA.—The Coronation.**—His Imperial Majesty Nicholas I. was crowned at Moscow on Sunday, September 26, 1826, by the Archbishop of Uspenski Soeber, and the act of coronation was performed by the Metropolitan of Moscow. The procession to the cathedral was everywhere manifested. Count Orloff, Count Shchegolev, Count Tolstoy, field marshal, and Gens. de Berg and Benckendorff, were present. The Ambassadors who were present were England, Prussia, Austria, France, Sardinia, Saxe-Coburg, and the representative of the Swiss Confederation. The appearance which immense preparation has made at the Kremlin Palace and in the streets, and the enthusiasm manifested. The ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, the solemnity of the ceremonials of the church, the procession to the cathedral, and the city rendered the whole affair most inspiring.

The substance of the amnesty to be granted on the 1st of January, 1827, is as follows:

First—That the maritime provinces shall be exempted from the payment of the duty on the importation of foreign goods.

Second—Amnesty for the events of 1825, 1827, and 1828, property not removed.

Third—Direct taxation to be regulated by a new centime, and it is reported that the Czar is about to effect a full union with the Pope.—A new edict removes all quarantine restrictions from the Sea of Azof, until the close of navigation for the year 1827.

Fourth—The special correspondent of the London Times writes that the magnificent pageant :

could be as difficult to describe as it is to witness. It was an account of a grand spectacle at the Kremlin, and was most present and effective. The wealth of



ness almost barbaric, and displayed with a taste founded on Oriental traditions and modified by European civilization. Instead of a narrow stage, the scene was laid in the ancient metropolis of the largest empire the world has ever seen ; instead of tinsel and mock finery, gold and silver and diamonds flashed in the real sunlight."

An important document has been issued by the Russian Government, over the signature of the minister of foreign affairs to every representative of Russia in foreign ports. The document seems to have been called forth by the course of policy adopted by England and France towards Naples. After reviewing the proceedings of the Congress of Paris, and the objects sought to be obtained by it, Gortschakoff proceeds :

**"Starting from this point we must suppose that it is the intention of all the Powers which participated in the last war, as it is the thought of the Emperor our august Master, that the general peace should be the fixed point of departure for the re-establishment of relations based upon the respect of right and the independence of Governments.**

"Has this hope been fulfilled? Has the state of international relations been re-established?"

"Without entering into the minute details of some secondary questions, we regret that we are compelled to say that there are two countries which form part of the European family, in one of which the normal condition does not yet exist, and where in the other it is threatened with attack.

"We allude to Greece and to the kingdom of Naples."

"There is no longer an excuse now for the occupation of the Hellenic territory, against the will of the Sovereign, and in opposition to the sentiments of the nation. Political motives might, to a certain point, explain the violence done to the person of the Sovereign. Necessities of war, more or less proved, might be urged to give a coloring to the infraction of right. But now that none of these motives can any longer be alleged, it appears to us impossible to justify before an equitable tribunal the continued presence of foreign troops on the soil of Greece.

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Naples, if it has not yet come to a question of cure, it is high time to think of prevention. The King is not because His Majesty has transgressed any law towards foreign Courts, but because, in the exercise of his sovereignty, he governs his subjects according to

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that such advice might even  
be the furthest limit allow-  
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RUSSIA.—*The Coronation*.—His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Alexander of Russia, was crowned at Moscow on Sunday, September 7th. The ceremony took place in the Uspenski Sobor, and the act of coronation was performed by Archbishop Philaretis, the Metropolitan of Moscow. The proceedings were very grand and great enthusiasm was everywhere manifested. Count Orloff was created a Prince; Prince Woronzoff, a field marshal, and Gens. de Berg and Soumarokhoff, Counts. Among the special Ambassadors who were present were Earl Granville, Prince Esterhazy, M. Castal-borgone, and the representative of the Sultan. The proceedings had all the august appearance which immense preparation had designed. An immense crowd assembled at the Kremlin Palace and in the streets, and very great enthusiasm was everywhere manifested. The ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, the parade of troops, the ceremonials of the church, the procession to the palace, and the decorations of the city rendered the whole affair most inspiring. The Continental papers profess to give the substance of the amnesty to be granted on the occasion as follows:—

First—That the maritime provinces shall be exempt from conscription for four years.

Second—Amnesty for the events of 1825, 1827, and 1831, but the confiscation of property not removed.

Third—Direct taxation to be regulated by a new census.

It is reported that the Czar is about to effect a full understanding in religious matters with the Pope.—A new edict removes all quarantine restrictions from Bessarabia, Black Sea, and Sea of Azof, until the close of navigation for the present year.

The special correspondent of the London *Times* furnishes the following brilliant picture of the magnificent pageant:

"It would be as difficult to describe this dazzling pageant as it would to give an accurate account of a grand spectacle at the theatre. In all its component parts it was magnificent and effective. The wealth of a vast empire was poured out with a profuse-



ness almost barbaric, and displayed with a taste founded on Oriental traditions and modified by European civilization. Instead of a narrow stage, the scene was laid in the ancient metropolis of the largest empire the world has ever seen; instead of tinsel and mock finery, gold and silver and diamonds flashed in the real sunlight."

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"We allude to Greece and to the kingdom of Naples.

"There is no longer an excuse now for the occupation of the Hellenic territory, against the will of the Sovereign, and in opposition to the sentiments of the nation. Political motives might, to a certain point, explain the violence done to the person of the Sovereign. Necessities of war, more or less proved, might be urged to give a coloring to the infraction of right. But now that none of these motives can any longer be alleged, it appears to us impossible to justify before an equitable tribunal the continued presence of foreign troops on the soil of Greece.

"Thus the first words pronounced by our august Master, when the restoration of peace enabled the Emperor clearly to express his views on the subject have been, with regard to this matter, clear and precise. We did not conceal our opinion in the councils of the Cabinets, and we still maintain it.

"We feel it, however, a duty to add, that although the results have not yet fully answered our expectations, we entertain the hope of not remaining isolated in a position where right and justice are evidently in favor of the cause which we support.

"As regards the kingdom of Naples, if it has not yet come to a question of cure, it appears to us much to be feared that it is high time to think of prevention. The King of Naples is the object of a pressure, not because His Majesty has transgressed any engagement imposed upon him by treaty towards foreign Courts, but because, in the exercise of his incontestable rights of sovereignty, he governs his subjects according to his fancy.

"We could understand that, as a consequence of friendly forethought, a Government should give advice to another in a benevolent spirit; that such advice might even assume the character of exhortation; but we believe that to be the furthest limit allowable. Less than ever can it now be allowed in Europe to forget that Sovereigns are equal among themselves, and that it is not an extent of territory, but the sacred character of the rights of each, which regulates the relations that exist between them. To endeavor to obtain from the King of Naples concessions as regards the internal government of his States by threats or by a menacing demonstration, is a violent usurpation of his authority, an attempt to govern in his stead—it is an open declaration of the right of the strong over the weak."

**CHINA.—Martyrdom of a Priest.**—The Fathers of Mercy established at Bordeaux received from the China Missions the melancholy intelligence of the martyrdom of one of their number. The following letter published in the *Universe*, dated Hong Kong, gives the particulars of the sad event:

"Reverend Father and Friend—Another martyr among the members of our dear congregation! The 29th February, 1856, M. Chapdelaine was, after horrible torments, beheaded, by order of the Mandarin of the Province of Kouan-Si, China, out of hatred to Our Lord Jesus and His Holy Religion. The head was afterwards hung on the branch of a tree, and formed a mark for a crowd of children to pelt at. May it please Heaven to convert some of these young persecutors into St. Pauls! It is not accurately known what has become of the body of this glorious martyr, with the exception of the



liver and the heart, which were fried and eaten, half raw, by these cannibals, in the hope of becoming thus invulnerable. One of the Christians was fortunately enabled to gain possession of the head and conceal it. There were, at the same time, two Christians who suffered martyrdom for the Faith with our worthy brother—one, a young man, named Laurence, who had but lately received the sacrament of Baptism, with an humble Agnes of 23 years old. O! how favored has been our good brother. He had been in the country but two years, and thus soon has he carried off a glorious palm. In a few months I shall visit the scene of his triumph. I am still at Hong Kong, and have already had, thank God, many trials. I have slightly tasted of the bitter chalice which our Divine Master marked out for his servants. But this in no way affects my spirits, my wishes or my courage. I hope to be on my way by the month of November. Adieu! Yours, devotedly,

ARNAL, Missionary to China."

Many other Christians have been arrested, and, at the latest dates, were still detained in the prisons of Kouan-si. Throughout China, and even up to the gates of Shang-Hai, the Christians have much to suffer.—Nine Priests from the Seminary of the Foreign Missions have lately embarked for the Asiatic Missions confided to the care of the Society of the Fathers of Mercy.

#### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

1. ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.—*Ordinations.*—An ordination was held by the Most Rev. Archbishop on the 18th Oct., in the chapel of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Baltimore, at which Messrs. J. McDevitt, of the diocese of Baltimore, and J. T. Sullivan, of the diocese of Wheeling, were admitted to the holy tonsure, and Messrs. E. Brennan and E. Didier, of the diocese of Baltimore; M. Moran, of the diocese of Boston; H. H. Meuffels, of the diocese of Detroit, and J. M. Cloarec, of the diocese of Burlington, received the minor orders.—On the 19th, Messrs. F. A. Baker and J. B. Vogien, C.S.S.R., M. Hartney, P. O'Reilly and M. Moran, of the diocese of Boston, and J. M. P. Dugliet, of the diocese of Burlington, were promoted to the subdeaconship.—On the 20th, Messrs. F. A. Baker, J. B. Vogien and P. O'Reilly were ordained deacons.—On Sunday, 21st, at the Cathedral, the Rev. F. A. Baker and J. B. Vogien were raised to the priesthood. The Rev. Mr. Baker was formerly an Episcopal clergyman, and pastor of St. Luke's church of this city. The Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati with the sanction of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, celebrated solemn High Mass in the old Mountain church, near Emmitsburg, and conferred the clerical tonsure on Mr. Joseph Fitzgerald; the four minor orders on Mr. David Walker, and deaconship on Rev. Edward Fitzgerald. Very Rev. E. T. Collins was assisting priest; Messrs. Wm. McClosky and Henry McMurdie, deacon and subdeacon, and Rev. David Whelan, master of ceremonies.

*Religious Profession.*—At the Convent of the Visitation in this city, on the 9th Oct., Sister Mary Sebastian McKenna was admitted to the three solemn vows of religion. The Very Rev. Father Seelos, C.S.S.R., officiated, assisted by the Rev. Father Hewitt, C.S.S.R., who delivered a most beautiful and impressive discourse appropriate to the occasion.—On the morning of the 10th of October, in the chapel of the Immaculate Conception, Visitation Convent, Washington, Sister Mary Immaculate Williamson was admitted to the holy profession. Rev. H. J. De Neckere, S.J., presided on the occasion, assisted by the Rev. H. Hoban, S.J.—On Monday morning, September 29th, Miss Anna M. Fitzpatrick, of Washington, was received into the Carmelite Convent of this city, and took the name in religion of Sister Michael, of Jesus, Mary, Joseph. The Rev. Father Seelos, C.S.S.R., celebrated Mass and presided at the ceremony, and Rev. Mr. Damphoux preached.



**St. Charles' College.**—A complete return of the contributions from the several churches in the diocese for the support of this excellent institution, has been recently published. The total contributions amount to \$1,672 81. For this liberality the president and directors of the college express their deepest gratitude. It is large and generous; but how small and meagre when compared with the Catholic population of the diocese of Baltimore—less than *one cent and a half* for each individual. But how exceedingly small, when compared with the high and holy object for which the contributions were made!—The education of youth for the holy ministry; the training up of young men to serve in the sanctuary of the Lord, to supply the comparatively destitute American mission with a virtuous and efficient clergy.

**Restitution**—However much an irreligious and unbelieving world may deride the institutions of the Catholic Church, it is forced to admit the salutary influence of the tribunal of Confession. How frequently do we hear of restitutions being made through its instrumentality. Lately, Mr. Schumacker, superintendent of Adams' Express Company, received one thousand and thirty dollars, through the hands of the Rev. Mr. Dolan, of St. Patrick's church, Baltimore. This money Mr. S. received on account of the company, but, of course, has no idea from whence it came.

**2. DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA.—Ordinations.**—On the 15th of September, the Right Rev. Bishop Neumann conferred, in the cathedral chapel, tonsure and minor orders on Messrs. Lawrence Brennan, Michael Blacker, Thomas Quin, Joseph Meurer, John B. Bach and Aloysius Miller. On the 6th, the same gentlemen received the holy order of subdeaconship; on the 8th, deacon's orders, and on the 10th, at the High Mass in St. Patrick's church, they were ordained priests. Mr. John F. Branegan, who has not yet attained the canonical age required for the priesthood, was ordained deacon. All the above named gentlemen are alumni of St. Charles Borromeo's Theological Seminary. Rev. Mr. Blacker has been sent to Silver Lake, Rev. Mr. Quin to Phoenixville, Rev. Mr. Meurer to Pottsville, and Rev. Mr. Bach to the church of the Assumption in the city of Philadelphia.—The Right Rev. Bishop Neumann, during a late visitation of his diocese, conferred the sacrament of confirmation at Sugar Ridge, Dashore, and Mahopenney, and contracted for the erection of three new churches at Bethlehem, Northampton county; Wilmot, Bedford county; and at Ashland, Schuylkill county. Subsequently the same Right Rev. Prelate visited Holmesburg and confirmed ninety-six persons.

**Religious Receptions.**—On Tuesday, the 21st of September, the following ladies received the white veil of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd at the hands of the Right Rev. Bishop, assisted by the Rev. Nicholas Steinbacher: Miss Maria Bucket, who took the name of Sister Mary St. Philip of Neri; Miss Julia Hayes, Sister Mary of St. Euphasia; Miss Mary Conway, Sister Mary of St. Joseph; Miss Bridget Laruy, Sister Mary of the Immaculate Conception.

**3. DIOCESE OF MILWAUKEE.**—From the *St. Louis Leader* we learn that, on the 24th of August the Right Rev. Bishop Henni blessed a stone church in the town of McEwen, fourteen miles North of Milwaukee, between the river and the lake. He also laid the corner-stone of a church in Racine, which has already been reported. During his tour along the Wisconsin river he laid on the 7th of September the corner-stone of a stone church 60x40, on a little rising ground in a beautiful valley, town of Roxbury, Dane county. In the morning, he gave confirmation to forty-two persons. At this same place there will soon be built a Mission House for the Norbertine Fathers. Across the river, in Sack county, on the day of Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, he confirmed some fifty persons; here a fine brick church is being built under the invocation of St. Aloysius. In the chapels of St. Francis and St. Martin, also in Dane county, he confirmed one hundred and eleven persons.

**4. ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.**—On Monday the 13th of October, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati celebrated the 23d anniversary of his consecration at Mount



**St. Mary's Seminary.** On that occasion, the seminarians and students of the college presented him with an appropriate congratulatory address.

**Confirmation.**—On the first Sunday of October, the Most Rev. Archbishop administered confirmation at St. Patrick's church, Cincinnati; three of those confirmed were converts to our holy faith, and received into the Church by the Rev. Mr. Wood; and sixteen of the number confirmed were Italians, prepared by the Rev. Mr. Sanguinetti, a priest of Genoa, who is sojourning for some time in Cincinnati.

**Conversions.**—John Louis Kaufman, says the *Cincinnati Telegraph*, a native of Pennsylvania, but raised from childhood in Cincinnati, a Lutheran, sent last week for the Most Rev. Archbishop, and professed his desire to be received into the Catholic Church, adding that only the consideration,—“What would people think,” had kept him from doing so years past. As he had recent visits from and conversations with the Lutheran minister, Rev. Mr. Harrison, and still continued dissatisfied with his creed, and had moreover a correct knowledge of the doctrines of the Catholic Church, the Archbishop administered conditional baptism, and, a day or two later, admitted him to the holy sacraments of Penance, Eucharist, Confirmation, and Extreme Unction, all of which he received in the most edifying sentiments. During the time that elapsed from his reception of the sacraments to his death, the prayers for the sick were frequently recited for him and he derived much comfort from the suggestion of pious reflections adapted to his situation, but particularly from the contemplation of the Crucifix, which he wished to have always in his hand and sometimes pressed to his lips. Mr. Kaufman was only twenty-eight years old at the time of his death. Mr. John Wright, a native of England, but a resident of Glendale, in Hamilton Co., was received into the Catholic Church in the course of the last spring. On the 7th of October, his five children, previously well instructed, were baptised by Rev. Mr. Witler, in the church of the Fourteen Holy Patrons, Lockland.

**5. DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG.**—**Confirmation.**—The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Pittsburg, in the early part of September, administered Confirmation to seventy-seven persons at Sandpatch, and five at Fairfield, Somerset county, Pa. A new church at Birmingham was recently dedicated to the service of Almighty God, under the patronage of St. Michael.

**6. DIOCESE OF BOSTON.**—On Saturday, September 20th, three young men were ordained priests for the diocese of Boston at the Ecclesiastical Seminary of Quebec. The names of the young gentlemen are:—Reverends James Farren, John W. Donahoe, and Michael Carroll. They arrived in Boston on the 25th. These young men were educated for the diocese of Boston. Many others are being educated in the United States, Canada, Ireland, France, &c., for this diocese, by our Rt. Rev. Bishop, so that laborers for the vineyard will be steadily added to the zealous band of clergymen already on the mission.—*Pilot*.

On the 28th of September the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Boston administered the sacrament of Confirmation to one hundred and ninety-one persons in Webster, Mass. On the same day the Bishop dedicated a church in Oxford, under the invocation of St. Roch, and confirmed thirty-four persons. Both these churches are under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Napoleon Mignault.

**7. APOSTOLIC VICARIATE OF INDIAN TERRITORY.**—**Catholicity in Kansas.**—On the 21st of September our thriving young city witnessed a ceremony never observed in this region of country before—the solemnity of laying the corner-stone of our new Catholic church. The morning was gloomy and wet, nevertheless a large crowd of all classes and creeds was present, who testified its regard for religion and its author by the strictest attention and decorum. Additional interest was given to the procession by the presence of the members of the Independence (Hibernian) Benevolent Society, with their beautiful banner, used for the first time on this solemn occasion.—*Cor. of Leader*.



8. **DIOCESE OF HARTFORD.**—On Sunday, October 12th, the corner-stone of a new church was laid at Meriden, Conn., under the patronage of St. Rose, the Virgin Saint of America. Of the clergy there were present seven; viz. Rev. Thomas Quinn, of Meriden; Very Rev. James Hughes, of Hartford; Rev. E. J. O'Brien, of New Haven; Rev. Dr. Cummings, of New York; Rev. Dr. Wallace, of Wallingford; Rev. L. Daly, of New Britain; and Rev. L. F. Mangan, of Middletown. Of the laity there were not less than two thousand, besides many Protestants.

9. **DIOCESE OF BUFFALO.**—At the close of the retreat lately held by the clergy of the diocese, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Buffalo addressed a pastoral letter to the laity, fraught with the most salutary counsels, and applicable not only to the Catholics of the diocese of Buffalo, but to Catholics everywhere. We regret that we cannot insert this letter entire, for the edification and instruction of our readers; but that portion relating to the sacrament of marriage is too important to be omitted. On this subject the illustrious and learned prelate uses the following language:

"Here, as in every part of our country, we have had to deplore the profanation of the holy sacrament of marriage; the heart-breaking woe and misery, and the awful scandal that ensued. To protect God's people from the occurrence of such evils, we have decreed that whoever, neglecting priestly ministry, or priestly admonition, will be married by a non-Catholic minister, or a magistrate, shall, by the very act, become excommunicated. And also that those wicked persons who attempt a second marriage, whilst their first consort is living; deceiving the priest either by culpable silence or sacrilegious falsehood; and all guilty witnesses or abettors to such marriages, which they must know to be unholy and invalid, are by the very fact excommunicated; and that absolution from this major excommunication is reserved to the bishop. Pray to God, dearly beloved, that those regulations may prevent the recurrence of crimes which call down a curse of God upon the guilty parties, their advisers, and abettors."

The Bishop also announces, that on the 21st of November next a Preparatory Seminary for the education of youth for the sanctuary, will be opened at Buffalo, under the direction of the Priests of St. Vincent of Paul, and asks the prayers of the people for its success, which we are confident will be heartily and fervently given.

**Dedication.**—We learn from the *Buffalo Sentinel*, that the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new church of the Immaculate Conception, took place on the 31st of August. The crowd was immense, not less than 6,000 persons, and all endeavored to be as near as possible to the place where the Bishop officiated. After performing the holy ceremonies, previous to the chanting of the Litanies, the Rt. Rev. Bishop preached an impressive discourse, which was remarkable for incontrovertible proofs for the usage of the sacred rite which he was performing. The length of the building will be one hundred and twenty feet, the breadth in front at the porch sixty feet.

10. **ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW ORLEANS.**—We learn from the *Lafourche Union*, that the Most Rev. Archbishop officiated on Sunday, the — of September, in St. Joseph's church, Thibodeaux, and conferred upon several societies their appropriate insignia. At the seven o'clock Mass, the Ladies of Good Succor, a confraternity under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, respectively received the ribbon and medal, by which the members are distinguished. The objects of their society are, charity and the practice of Christian duties. Before High Mass, "the Children of Mary," composed of young ladies; "the Ladies of Good Succor;" and "the St. Joseph's Society," formed into a procession and proceeded from the presbytery to the church. After Mass, the Most Rev. Archbishop bestowed upon sixty members of St. Joseph's Society their insignia, after which ceremony, the societies having marched back to the presbytery, the Most Rev. Archbishop addressed them in a few words, encouraging them in their laudable work.—We are gratified to notice the return of the Most Rev. Archbishop from his long and fatiguing visitations through the parishes Attakapas and Opelousas, during which he confirmed five hundred and fifty-seven persons.

**Ordinations.**—From a correspondent of the same journal, we learn that three priests were recently ordained at the Convent of the Visitation, Sumerville, Ala. The Visita-



tion Convent is about three miles from Spring Hill College, and forms the third or eastern angle of a triangle with the College and the city of Mobile. There were three candidates for priest's orders, namely, Rev. Daniel Houlihan, Rev. J. M. Bertail, and Rev. F. X. Basy, respectively an Irishman, a Frenchman, and a Belgian. All three are for the Archdiocese of New Orleans. These gentlemen, previous to coming here, about two years ago, to complete their theological studies, received from the Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc all the minor orders. Having read a long and very brilliant course of theology, they received here, on the 25th of July, the order of subdeaconship from the Rt. Rev. Dr. Portier, Bishop of Mobile, the venerable and Apostolic senior of the United States hierarchy. On the 25th of August the same prelate conferred on them the order of deaconship, and on Saturday, Sept. 13th, raised them to the high and holy order of priesthood at the above named Convent.

11. ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK.—On Sunday, the 21st of September, the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes administered the sacrament of Confirmation at St. Lawrence's church, 84th street, to two hundred and seven persons, of whom eight were converts to the Catholic faith. The Archbishop delivered an eloquent address on the occasion.

12. DIOCESE OF LOUISVILLE.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Louisville administered the sacrament of Confirmation at St. Michael's church, Fairfield, to twenty persons, on the 5th of October, and preached on the occasion. On the following day he confirmed at the church of St. John the Baptist, in Bullitt county, eight persons, two of whom were converts. On Tuesday, the 6th of October, he confirmed twenty-one persons at St. Gregory's church, and on the next day, he administered the same sacred rite to the young ladies at the Nazareth Academy.

13. DIOCESE OF CHICAGO.—A new Catholic church is in process of erection at Galesburg, Knox county, Illinois; one at Canton, and another at Avon, Fulton county, Illinois, will be commenced early this fall. The *Leader*, St. Louis, says we learn from a friend who has recently taken up his residence in that vicinity, that all the places above named offer fine prospects for Catholic settlers. There are no fewer than sixty Catholic families in the neighborhood of St. Augustine, between thirty and forty at Canton, and from ten to thirty in each of several other settlements in Fulton county. Galesburg, where two years ago there were but two Catholics known, now contains upwards of three hundred, mostly permanent residents.

OBITUARY.—The diocese of Louisville has sustained a severe loss in the death of the Rev. WILLIAM OBERHULSMANN, a zealous and exemplary clergyman. This melancholy event took place on the 27th of September last, after a short illness of one week. The deceased was a German by birth, and has been on the mission since 1850.

A fatal accident, which took place at Tivoli, Italy, deprived the diocese of Hartford of an estimable clergyman, the Rev. JAMES O'REILLY, formerly pastor of St. Joseph's, Providence, R. I. Mr. O'Reilly was in feeble health, and was recommended to bathe in the sulphur lake near Tivoli. Being an excellent swimmer, he ventured beyond the limits of safety, and overcome by the exhalations of the lake, perished. His body was found, but life was extinct. *May they rest in peace.*



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**REFLECTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS IN REGARD TO WHAT IS  
CALLED THE CATHOLIC PRESS.**

It is complimentary to the liberal institutions of America, where no distinction of religious creed is recognized by the government, that there are more Catholic periodicals, of one name or another, published in this country than there are among the English-speaking Catholics of the whole world besides. Now, even in this country, the date of the origin of these Catholic periodicals is within the memory of men who have hardly attained more than the meridian of human life.

A growth of periodical literature so rapid, may naturally be supposed to contain the tares as well as the wheat of laborious planting, and of a prematurely-expected reaping of the harvest.

Accordingly, there has been observable, in the mode of conducting these periodicals, a certain amount of rivalry, involving, at the same time, a very considerable amount of mutual hostility between one periodical and another, so that the benefits to religion which might have resulted from something resembling unity of purpose, and a right understanding of the principle of a Catholic press, have been so thoroughly neutralized, that it is becoming a question among its supporters, whether it has not already done more harm than good to the Catholic community.

The writer of this remembers when there was only one paper that could be classed, directly or indirectly, under the head of a Catholic journal, in the United States. It was published in New York. It professed to defend the Irish character against obloquy, which was then as abundant as it is now. It was called the Shamrock. Incidentally, it was Catholic, in so far as the Irish were assailed, principally on account of their religion. This was succeeded, if the writer mistakes not, by the Truth-Teller.

The first really Catholic paper, and which happily survives, though but feebly supported, is the Catholic Miscellany, of Charleston, founded by the eminent Bishop England. Throughout all times this paper has sustained itself amidst great trials, with a dignity and erudition such as have not been surpassed by any Catholic periodical in the country. In the mere news department, it had little to offer that would be interesting to the Catholics of the North, except what would have been a repetition of matters with which they had been previously familiar. But in its editorial department, whether as regards the purity of the English language, the dignity of style, the force and at the same time elegance of argument,



in dealing with an adversary, no Catholic periodical published in the United States has yet surpassed the Charleston Catholic Miscellany.

Since then we have seen the rise of many Catholic journals, and the failure of more than a few. Those that survive are before the mind and under the eye of the Catholic people of the United States. Without invidious comparison, it may be said that each has its strong phase of merit, and its sinister aspects of possible injury to the cause which it professes, and by a confiding people is supported to advocate.

The only ground on which the writer of this paper would feel himself authorized to present his views in relation to the Catholic press, is a ground of zeal and interest for the universal harmony and union, not only in faith, but also in charity, of all the scattered members of the Church of God, who are to be found spread over the surface of this now great empire, extending from the southern boundaries of Canada to the northern limits of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. These Catholics are not homogeneous in the order of natural birth, inasmuch as not all have been born in any one country; but they are homogeneous in the supernatural order, by which God has provided that they should be spiritually born into the *one* church, which is not the church of any nation, but of all nations without distinction—holy, Catholic, apostolical.

One of the greatest calamities that could fall on the Catholic people of the United States, would be, if allusions to variety of national origin should ever be allowed to distract their minds from that unity of hope and mutual charity which result from the communion of saints.

For some time past it has been observable that this so-called Catholic press has exhibited, especially in the North, divergencies well calculated to excite attention, if not alarm. On the one side it has been assumed that the success of religion in this country depends on the continuous influx of emigrants, especially those of Irish origin, and that religion vanishes in proportion as the Celtic feeling dies out—that the national character of the American people, and more particularly as it affects the “first and second generation of emigrants,” is hostile to the Catholic religion—that the best method of perpetuating the faith in this country, so far as the Celtic race is concerned, is to keep up and perpetuate a species of Irishism in connection with the faith.

On the other hand, it has been assumed with equal confidence, but not on any better foundation, that our holy faith will labor under great disadvantages, and can hardly be expected to make much impression on our countrymen, until it can be presented under more favorable auspices than those which surround foreigners. In short, that, if it were rightly understood, its principles are in close harmony with those of our constitution and laws—that it requires only a skillful architect to dovetail the one into the other, and to show how the Catholic religion and the American Constitution would really fit each other as a key fits a lock—that without any change in regard to faith or morals, the doctrines of the Catholic Church may be, so to speak, Americanized—that is, represented in such a manner as to attract the attention and win the admiration of the American people. Now, in the opinion of the writer, the prevalence of either of these two systems would be disastrous to the cause of the Church.

The Church is not a foreigner on any continent or island of this globe. The Church is of all nations, and for all nations, as much as the sunbeams of heaven, which are not repudiated as foreign under any sky. In fact, truth, no matter by whom represented, is at home in all climes; and this not simply in matters of religion, but in matters of history, arts, and sciences.



It may be admitted that if the twelve Apostles, when they carried the faith of Christ to the different nations, had been natives of the several countries in which they propagated Christianity, the success of their mission, according to the limited range of earthly wisdom, might have been greater than it was. But, on the other hand, their success, the constancy of their testimony, and for the most part their martyrdom, gave evidence that they were men sent of God, and not sent by other men merely like themselves.

And so it has been. Those who had received the faith, carried it forth in their hearts and on their lips, under a divine commission to those of other nations who had not as yet received it; bearing, at the same time, as became witnesses for Christ, their lives in their hands. The Apostles were, by national origin, Jews—they became Christians by the grace of divine faith. They did not carry their Judaism to be established in other countries, but only their faith. And throughout the whole tenor of ecclesiastical history, this same order has prevailed. The faith, once established became, to a certain extent, indigenous in the several countries which had been the theatre of their labors.

But in the annals of Church history, there has never been a country which, in its civil and social relations, has exhibited so fair an opportunity for developing the practical harmonies of Catholic faith, and of Catholic charity, as the United States. Whoever would take the pains to examine how, under the influence of the Catholic principle, representatives of all nations have been blended into a unity, unexampled in the history of the world, need only trace the order of succession among the bishops and priests of the United States. Not to speak of the priesthood, if we confine our remarks to the episcopacy, the highest test under which nationalities could be profanely brought into comparison with Catholic sentiment and order, we may cite a few instances of the sees that have been longest established. The first bishop of Baltimore was an American. His coadjutor, who survived him but a short time, was also an American. The next bishop of that see was a Frenchman. His successor was an Englishman, and was succeeded by an American again, who in turn has been succeeded by an Irishman. The first bishop who lived to preside in the see of New York, was an Irishman. His successor was a Frenchman, and his successor is again an Irishman. The first bishop of Richmond was an Irishman; his successor is an American. The first bishop of Cincinnati was an American, the second is an Irishman. The first bishop of St. Louis was a Frenchman, the second an Italian, the third is an Irishman. The first bishop of Natchez was an American, the second a Belgian. The first bishop of Charleston was an Irishman, the second an American. The first bishop of Louisville (formerly Bardstown) was a Frenchman, the second an American. The first bishop of Boston was a Frenchman—second and third, Americans.

This is quite enough to show that the Church of God, in feeling as well as in faith, selects, as vacancies occur, the prelate most likely to advance the kingdom of Christ, utterly regardless of such contemptible things, when they are foisted into the spiritual order, as nationalities. The first bishop of Nashville, of Wheeling, of Covington, of Erie, of Buffalo, of Albany, of Portland, of Newark, are all Americans by birth, and all of them, we may say, appointed by the unanimous suffrages of their seniors in the episcopacy, who forgot their own several birth-places in determining the most suitable prelates for these different sees.

If we turn our attention to the priesthood, it will be seen that neither pains nor expenses have been spared to train up and introduce into the sanctuary of the



Church, such young men, natives of the country, as may have exhibited, from time to time, apparent evidences of vocation to the sacred ministry. The bishops of foreign birth are precisely those who held this great purpose nearest to their hearts. The venerable bishop of Bardstown was very successful in his efforts to accomplish this object. The bishops of St. Louis were equally zealous, but perhaps not quite so successful. Indeed, the prelates of all parts of this country have labored with equal industry and zeal, to encourage vocations to the ecclesiastical state among the promising young men of the country.

Now, supposing that Catholics of foreign birth, the "first and second generation of emigrants" should or could go forth, following the course of the sun in search of the *el dorado* of independent agricultural life, where every man might repose under *his own* vine and fig tree (that is, in case he should ever have a vine or a fig tree to repose under), as poetically imagined in the organ of the Buffalo Convention, in its original *thema*, not in its discordant *variations*;—supposing all this, what then? Why, this: The Bishops and Priests of the Eastern, North Eastern, and North Western Dioceses, whether of native or foreign birth, will have, among other considerations, hardly Catholics enough left to keep the grass from growing green in the vestibules of the churches built by the departed "first neglected and second lost generation of emigrants." But then, on the other hand, the presence of foreigners having been removed, the Bishops and Priests will have ample time to address their ministry to those who are to the "manor born."

Now, in view of these facts, neither clergy nor laity can afford, as Catholics, to have any distinction drawn among them in our periodicals, as among natives and foreigners. In the Catholic Church there are no natives. There is the nativity of baptism subsequent to the natural birth. There is the adoption by grace of every soul, whether introduced into her communion during the period of infancy or in adult life. Neither are there foreigners in the Church of God—it is one Lord, one faith, one baptism.

It may be added that something analogous happens in relation to the country itself. There is a civil or political nativity provided for by the laws, by complying with the conditions of which, those who wish to make this country their perpetual abode, are recognized before the law as citizens; and the stigma, or calamity, if such it be, of having been born on foreign soil is thenceforward removed and wiped away.

If, therefore, the law of the land has blotted out the distinction between a native-born and a nationalized citizen, why should it be kept up in periodicals professing to be guided by the spirit and charity of the Catholic Church?

This is unbecoming. This is not Catholic. This ought to be left to our enemies. We shall still be weak enough when we shall be most intimately united for the purpose of resisting the hostile pressure from without.

The Catholics of the United States have been sorely tried within the last few years, by the assaults made upon them on account of their religion. True, the sword of hostility seemed directed against foreigners, but when the occasion required, it was found double-edged. It has been said, that previous to the late outbreak of this feeling, what was considered to be, at least, a portion of the Catholic press, had given great offence to our Protestant fellow-citizens by its arrogant and sometimes insolent tone and invective. Here there is a mistake. The papers, though advocating Irishism, to which this reproach would apply, were never recognized by the legitimate authorities of the Church as Catholic papers. But the Protestant community could not understand any such distinc-



tion. And whilst the conductors of such papers may have merited such a reproach in their imprudent and improper course, it conveys an indirect compliment, to the effect that Irish and Catholic must be one and the same. Within the last eight or ten years no small portion of this supposed Catholic press has been under the special guidance of editors born on the soil, but who had entered into the Church at a matured period of life. In dealing with their fellow-citizens on topics of religious controversy, dogmas of faith, doctrines, and even discipline, they have claimed the right and exercised it of speaking with a plainness, a frankness, a boldness in the ear of their countrymen which few persons trained from infancy in the Catholic Church would have felt warranted to employ. The spirit of the Catholic Church, is indeed, a spirit of strength and energy—neither of which is impaired by the use of the most charitable language.

The divergency of views presented in some of these periodicals, and to which allusion has been made in a foregoing portion of this article, requires some little development. The actual condition of the Catholic Church in this country is a problem of deep interest not only to ourselves, but also to our co-religionists in Europe. Sometimes exaggerated views of the progress of religion in the United States are conveyed in our periodicals, so that our brethren in Europe become almost elated in view of the Church's anticipated triumph. Then, again, other accounts suggest only discouragement, and almost despair. We may take the following as a specimen of this latter misrepresentation. A paper, which is supposed to have considerable circulation both here and in Ireland, has recently published the following deceptive, if not malicious, statement:

*(From the American Celt, of September 27.)*

"We have concluded to transfer to our fifth page, the particulars of the late abominable prize fight, or manslaughter, in the neighborhood of this city. We do so with feelings of deep disgust and humiliation. The names of nearly all the actors in that brutal conflict suggest only too plainly their paternity. In New York, as in San Francisco, Ireland, where sheriffs of counties are this year wearing white gloves, to commemorate calendars without criminals—this same Ireland has here and on the Pacific the discredit of swarming the great cities with a horde of hardy, vulgar ruffians, unmatched in any former state of society. Most of these wretches are young men born here or in the English manufacturing towns, of Irish parents. Such was the notorious Sullivan, such was the Kelly in this last tragedy. Surely, surely, some one has a terrible account to give of our neglected first and lost second generation, in the English and American cities."

The author of the above remarks, which are at the same time insolent and untrue, seems disposed to whine over moral results which he himself had contributed in no small degree to bring about. If he had chosen, he might have selected many names, of the first and second generation, against whom there is no reproach, but who, on the contrary, do honor both to religion and to the country which gave them birth. But the editor in question is a theorist; and he is in the habit of subordinating the facts of a case to the fancies of his mind. In statistics he will never boggle at a mistake of two or three millions in estimating the Celtic race on this continent. So, also, it suits his absurd idea to exaggerate, if, indeed, that were possible, the miseries of the Irish emigrants, as they may be found in the cellars and garrets of New York. Now, the truth is best on all questions of this kind. That many of these emigrants have to undergo a certain amount of hardship and trial after their arrival in this country is unquestionable. But this is incident to their transition from one country to another. And it is but truth to say, that their abode in the cellars and garrets of New York is not more deplorable nor more squalid than the Irish hovels from which many of them



had been "exterminated." And it is truth to say that in their actual condition they are surrounded by appointments of civilization, and even the comparative comforts of a temporary home, which by no means await them, even in the contingency (which will never happen), that the philanthropy of a convention in Buffalo should be able to pluck to the surface, from the fertile depths of Illinois prairies, a township to be called St. Patrick's. It is humiliating that an editor, professing to be a Catholic, should select infamous names, connected with infamous and brutal transactions, and fling them in the face of Ireland, and of the Catholic clergy in English and American cities, as proofs that the second generation of Irish Catholics is lost. This we have already said is untrue. 1st. The names mentioned, by the writer's own showing though they may be of Irish descent, are not of Irish birth. 2d. They could be counted at best, not as a fair specimen of the second generation, but as the lowest and most degraded exceptions in regard to its general character. 3d. We all know that Ireland itself has more than once furnished notorious characters of the same class—that is, bullies for the ring. 4th. We know that a generation, even in Ireland, the debris of the famine, was rapidly becoming a curse to the country, when the war with Russia presented an outlet which relieved the nation from the dangers of their presence. Again, we may add that it is all nonsense for any writer to assume, or pretend, that there is nothing but piety and religion in Ireland. We would be the last to deny the hereditary constancy of the Irish people in clinging to their religion and practising its precepts. But, alas! it must be admitted, that the same vices that prevail in this country are found also in the large cities of Ireland, and, indeed, in the large cities of all other countries, whilst, in proportion to the population, the aggregate of misery in those European cities is greater than it is here.

If the writer of the above extract had been pleased to look around him in the city of New York, he could easily have discovered that neither is the first generation neglected, nor the second lost. He could have reported to his countrymen in Ireland or elsewhere, that within his own memory, and under his own eyes, colleges, seminaries, convents, schools, altogether ranging from the highest education to the very humblest elements of learning, have sprung up around him. He could have reported that within the same circle there are not fewer than two hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen, the great majority of whom are devoted to God, in a religious life, who are directly or indirectly engaged in imparting Catholic instruction, blended with secular and useful knowledge. He could have reported that they have under their care an average of from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand Catholic pupils. This is mentioned inasmuch as the editor in question is on the spot, and he can verify the statement. Now, it is equally certain that efforts of a similar kind, perhaps even greater, have been going on in the large cities of England and America. And, yet, he has been pleased to overlook all this, and to wave the bad reputation of two or three ruffians, such as may be found in any country, in the face of Ireland, and of the clergy of the large cities of Europe and America, to prove that the first generation is neglected, and the second lost.

No doubt many are lost, but against this there is no infallible preventive in any country. The editor says that some one will have a terrible account to render. This account will not fall exclusively on any one individual. But the editor himself might reflect as to whether, in his publications of former times, he may not have contributed to the result he deplores and exaggerates. Has he any recollection of having warned the Catholics of both the first and second generations, against



contributing one farthing towards the relief or restoration of Our Holy Father Pope Pius IX, lest, forsooth, our Protestant fellow-citizens might suspect Catholics of loving God and their Church more than he and Kossuth, and other pseudo-patriots professed to love what they called liberty? But this is only one instance of the manner in which journalists, supported exclusively by Catholics, tamper with their principles, alienating them from the strict and simple observance of their religion, under the plea of making them freemen.

In reference to this topic of the actual condition of the Catholic Church in this country, it is necessary to make just discrimination, before arriving at fixed conclusions. That the Catholic religion has lost not a few of the first generation, and still more of the second, is undeniable. But is this the only country in which such things have happened? Are we not inundated with reports of apostasies in various parts of Ireland itself? We know the agencies by which these temporary apostasies are brought about. The progressive and awfully persuasive powers of starvation render even a false religion, which offers bread and bibles, less odious from day to day, to the wretched beings who have no alternative left but a choice between death and falsehood.

The loss to the faith in this country is of a somewhat analogous character. Among grown up and instructed Catholics, an instance of deliberate apostasy—that is, renouncing the Catholic faith, and professing some other nominal creed, is exceedingly rare. But in vast numbers of instances the parents of children, who had emigrated to this country, died before they were able to make any provision for their unhappy offspring. In other instances, they lived, or rather languished, under the trials incident to their condition, without having the ability to imbue the minds of their children with the principles of Christian doctrine. The consequence has been, that these children, taken charge of by the public, grew up entirely ignorant, and sometimes ashamed of the creed of their fathers. Under similar circumstances, similar results would occur in any country; and no one who is impartial, will for a moment pretend that results of this kind are necessarily an evidence of the withering influence which some of our Editors suppose to be exercised on the growth of Catholicity, by the civil and political institutions of the United States. There is a sense in which the Church may be said to have lost those children, but a truer form of expression would be to say, that she had never gained them—inasmuch as the Providence of God permitted that they never had an opportunity of knowing their religion. Consequently, in their case, there has been no such thing as a renunciation of the doctrines of Catholic faith, with which it was their misfortune never to have been acquainted.

If, on the other hand, we turn our attention to what would be a much truer test of the progress of the Catholic religion, there are abundant evidences to show that it is not retrograding. If we can point to instances in every State, in every diocese, almost in every parish, so-called, in which Protestants of the most cultivated minds, most unblemished personal characters, have borne their testimony, actuated necessarily by the grace of God, to the overwhelming evidences of the truth of the Catholic religion; if this testimony has not been in theory only, but reduced to practice, by their renouncing doctrines in which they had been reared, and embracing those of the one, holy, Catholic and apostolic communion, at the sacrifice of temporal interests, of long and cherished friendships, rising by that same grace of God superior to the tyranny of human respect; then who will say that our religion is not making progress in the United States, or that there is essentially any thing in its requirements incompatible with the genius and feelings of the Ameri-



can people? Compare these witnesses, who in mature life bear such testimony to the truth of the Catholic religion, which they embrace, with the alleged falling off of the unfortunate offspring of emigrants or others, who really never had an opportunity of knowing what that faith is, and who consequently never could, as a moral act, renounce it, and the impartial reader will be enabled to judge, so far as the power and honor of the Catholic religion are concerned, how the balance might be adjusted between loss and gain.

Now it is certain, that the converts to the Catholic faith in the United States are very numerous; and, in point of respectability, many, if not all of them, entitled to rank in the first class of American citizens—natives of the soil.

Should we not, in gratitude to God, but in deep humility at the same time, feel great satisfaction at this result? These persons give a species of worldly standing to our religion, which, however, its Divine Founder did not leave to be dependent on the great ones of the earth. Among professional men, officers of the army and of the navy, lawyers, physicians, jurists, geologists, merchants, &c. &c., including a very considerable number of Protestant clergymen, the Catholic Church has welcomed to her fold, and taken to her bosom, no small number of distinguished converts. Among them, one of the earliest and most universally known, is the learned Dr. Brownson, editor of our only Catholic Review on this continent. His reputation as a writer, is European as well as American; and whilst he, in his zeal, is sanguine of hope, that the predispositions of his countrymen, whom he knows well, are especially adapted to the reception of the Catholic religion, we fear that the reality will not correspond with the anticipation. That the great mass of the American people are actuated by a general sense of justice, or perhaps what might be better expressed by the words "fair play," towards Catholics and their religion, is most freely and cordially admitted. That there is any thing especial in the national character of the country, predisposing it to direct sympathy with our holy faith, is a proposition, the evidences for the belief of which, history has hitherto concealed. But, unfortunately, history has brought to light, in one place or another, all over the country, instances which prove but too well that the American people have inherited, even in their political freedom, the prejudices of their ancestors. Convents have been burned down, and no compensation offered to their scattered inmates for the injustice done them, or by way of repairing the broken faith of a Sovereign State, that had assumed to protect them in their legitimate rights of life and property. Catholic Churches have been burned down, while whole neighborhoods have been, under the eye of public officers, reduced to ashes. People have been burned to death in their own dwellings, or, if they attempted to escape, have been shot down by the deadly messenger of the unerring rifle. Crosses have been pulled down from the summit of God's sanctuary. Priests have been tarred and feathered. Ladies have been insulted for no crime, except that of having devoted themselves to the service of their Divine Master in a religious state, in the hope of conferring aid or consolation on their fellow-beings.

These things are undeniable—they are history. God forbid that we should implicate the great mass of our fellow-citizens in the dishonorable responsibility of such transactions as these. They were the work of what is called mobs; and mobs occasionally carry out their lawless and violent purposes in all countries. But we confess our disappointment at not having witnessed a prompt and healthy, true American sentiment in the heart of the community at large, in rebuke of such proceedings, and, so far as reparation was possible, in making it to the injured parties whom they had failed to protect.



The learned editor of the *Review*, so far from being discouraged at the gloomy prospect pictured forth by one or two others in regard to the prospective decline of the Catholic religion from the period when European, especially Irish emigration, shall have ceased, or been sensibly diminished, is, on the other hand, buoyant in his anticipations of the progress which the Church is destined to make as soon as she will be more generally and more widely represented by natives of the soil and less so by foreigners, who indeed, in a worldly point of view, must appear under disadvantages.

If one portion of what is called the Catholic press insist upon it, that our holy religion is mainly dependent, or destined hereafter to depend on foreign, even Irish emigration, we must look upon such notions as a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. Emigrants arrive on these shores under the infallible destiny of dying out and leaving no successors, except such as may descend on our wharves day by day from the ship's side. To suppose that the Celtic race can perpetuate a Celtic posterity on this continent, is just as absurd as to imagine that the grains of wheat which had been hermetically sealed within the cerements of an Egyptian mummy for two, three, or four thousand years, without the extinguishment of its natural life, "according to its kind," and transplanted to this land, even in our own day, confided to the fertile soil by the expectant husbandman, should produce in his fields an Egyptian crop instead of an American harvest. We would beg, therefore, all Catholic editors to leave out any anticipations or speculations in regard to the perpetuation of any specific race within these United States. So far as we are Catholics, and especially Catholics born under British domination, we had no country until we arrived on these shores.

By the British constitution, we were entitled by natural birth to the full protection of its laws; but the very laver of regeneration which wiped away the stain of original or actual sins, was construed by that intolerant government—crime enough to sink us into degradation. So that the rights to which we were entitled by natural birth were being washed away, whilst the soul was being cleansed from defilement by the rites of our baptism.

We have renounced British domination, and, thank God, the gates of a country which professes to acknowledge the equality of men, have been thrown open to us.

But it does not follow that we have renounced, or that our posterity ever shall renounce the fidelity which we owe to God and our Holy Faith, and in the assertion of which we are warranted by the American Constitution.

On the other hand, the anticipations of some zealous Catholics who are not of Celtic origin, appear to us, and we make the avowal with regret, too sanguine in regard to the future success of the Catholic Church in the United States. Among these is Dr. Brownson. In the last number of his *Review* is found the following paragraph:

"When the end we have to consult is not simply to hold our own, but to advance, to make new conquests, or to take possession of new fields of enterprise, we must draw largely upon young men whose is the future. These Catholic young men, who now feel that they have no place and find no outlet for their activity, are the future, the men who are to take our places, and carry on the work committed to us. We must inspire them with faith in the future, and encourage them to live for it. Instead of snubbing them for their inexperience, mocking them for their greenness, quizzing them for their zeal, damping their hopes, pouring cold water on their enthusiasm, brushing the flower from their young hearts, or freezing up the well-springs of their life, we must renew our own youth and freshness in theirs, encourage them with our confidence and sympathy, raise them



up if they fall, soothe them when they fail, and cheer them on always to new and nobler efforts. O, for the love of God and of man, do not discourage them, force them to be mute and inactive, or suffer them, in the name of Catholicity, to separate themselves in their affections from the country and her glorious mission. Let them feel and act as American citizens; let them feel that this country is their country, its institutions their institutions, its mission their mission, its glory their glory. Bear with them, tread lightly on their involuntary errors, forgive the ebullitions of a zeal not always according to knowledge, and they will not refuse to listen to the counsels of age and experience; they will take advice, and will amply repay us by making themselves felt in the country, by elevating the standard of intelligence, raising the tone of moral feeling, and directing public and private activity to just and noble ends."

We confess our inability to comprehend or appreciate the meaning of this paragraph according to the words in which it is expressed. The Catholic young men of this country have had, so far as we know, every encouragement to realize the ideal of the eloquent Reviewer. And it is a matter of great consolation to know that hundreds of them, even in this city, are co-operating in various ways to correspond with the programme laid down for them in the foregoing remarks. Many of them belong to pious associations, Rosary societies, the admirable association of St. Vincent de Paul, and other devout sodalities. But when or where, or by whom, they have been hindered from doing the work assigned them, or have had the "flower brushed from their young hearts," is quite a secret and a mystery to us. We are equally in the dark as to any reason why the distinguished Reviewer should use in the depth of his zeal, the following solemn and emphatic language: "O, for the love of God and of man, do not discourage them, force them to be mute or inactive, or suffer them, in the name of Catholicity, to separate themselves in their affections from the country and her glorious mission." We cannot imagine from a retrospect of nearly forty years, when or where, or how, or by whom, any thing has been brought about which would warrant this almost awful ejaculation. But no matter, it is a relief and a consolation to believe that one who knows his country and his countrymen so well as Dr. Brownson, should cherish such hopeful anticipations of the future, in regard to the Church of God. We could hope, but we cannot say, that we believe the general picture which he has drawn can be realized.

We regret exceedingly that many persons, at least so we have been told, are dissatisfied with some of the views put forward by Dr. Brownson. And we would regret it the more, if in reality he had given occasion for this dissatisfaction, by viewing the whole question from something like what might be called an original stand-point. At all events, there is this to be said, that if we have Catholic writers at all, their heads and their hands, their thoughts and their pens, must be guided, not by another but by themselves, in their individual capacity, and under their individual responsibility. It may be added farther, that the liberty of the press on all subjects is not to be questioned in a country like this. At the same time, there is a censorship in this as well as in other nations. The difference is that in other countries the censorship of the press, through the medium of government agents, is exercised, in general, previously to, or simultaneously with the publication of an article—here it comes after. There, it is the judgment of an individual who acts under state authority—here, it is the censure of many individuals acting each one under the dictation of his own private judgment. Catholic editors, therefore, need not be surprised if, when they trespass too largely on the feelings of their subscribers, the circulation of their periodicals should be occasionally abridged.



We should be exceedingly sorry if any thing of this kind should occur in the case of Brownson's Review. It is known to himself, at least, that many of his articles have not been such as to merit our poor approbation. But we are told by astronomers that there are spots on the sun. And if he has written and published some things that might be offensive, he has written many others that are destined to perish never. When he and all of us shall have been consigned to the dust, those who are to succeed us will go forth among the pages of his Catholic Review, "prospecting," as they say in California, for the best "diggings." Nor will they be disappointed, if they have tact and talent for profound philosophical, literary, and religious "mining."

But even should all other portions of his works pass away, there is one declaration of his that the writer quotes from memory, which is destined to be quoted throughout Christendom, just as long as the declaration of Fenelon, on a certain occasion, when he condemned some of his own writings, because they were disapproved by the head of the Catholic Church. The circumstances and the persons differ from each other in several respects. Fenelon was an Archbishop; Brownson is a layman. Fenelon condemned what he had written,—nothing that Brownson has written has been authoritatively condemned; but the declaration to which we have referred, and which is imperishable, was the honorable and gratuitous proclamation from Brownson's own pen, when he embraced the Catholic faith—when he had already acquired a philosophical and literary reputation sufficient to make a proud man vain, he did not hesitate to give an example of humility that will be an edification to the Catholics of future ages as well as of the present, in stating that he "had brought nothing into the Catholic Church except his sins." Now there is no great eloquence in this language. It amounts to a mere truism, because whether it be the infant of three days old or the adult convert to the faith, it is all the same.

We do not think, therefore, that the Catholics of New York and of the United States can afford to see Brownson's Review languishing or dying out for want of support. Suppose there are passages in it which some of us may not have approved of, what of that? There is not even among these a single passage from the perusal of which a judicious reader may not have gleaned knowledge and information. We would entreat the subscribers to the Review to hold on. It has been useful, and we think it destined to become more and more useful as its learned editor shall be more and more cheered in his labors by the hearty support of Catholic patronage.

We have other nominally Catholic papers published in New York—one being what is called the Archbishop's organ. Of course it is to be assumed that the Archbishop's organ can never be out of harmony with all that is advantageous to Catholicity. And yet it has not been faultless. One thing, however, we must say, that during a period of several years, when the mania of revolution and red republicanism was prevalent all over Europe, and extensively sympathized with by many of the people of this country, the Freeman's Journal never deviated from the principles of justice, and truth, and order, and social interests; and that, in fact, events have justified its course and its foresight. There is another paper called the Irish American. If you should meet an "IRISH AMERICAN," and an "AMERICAN CELT," side by side on the public way, you would be exceedingly puzzled to distinguish between them, they look the one so much like the other—but especially the Celt.



There is a difference, however. The American Celt is a man determined to battle his way through life in this country, and to perpetuate his race, with its instincts and habits, through all future times. The Irish American, on the contrary, thinks that plausibility is the best policy which emigrants can adopt in this land. He and his partner, though of different creeds, are still of the same country. He makes known, from time to time, for the edification of his readers, that they never quarrel on the subject of religion, and the moral of his editorial would be, "Go thou and do likewise." He does not say that there is a sufficient amount of religion between him and his partner to quarrel about. But whenever some nasty bigot writes a scurrilous article, lampooning the Catholics in all the relations of life, our Irish American is sure to claim a little space in the vulgar newspaper that has published the insults, and then there is nothing more adroit than the manner of his approach. An idea of his communications may be formed from the following imperfect imitation :

SIR :—I read your article against the Catholics. I regret deeply that you haven't a better opinion of us. And now, with profound respect, I would humbly beg leave to say, that I am a Catholic, though my partner is a Protestant; that I do not believe what you have said about our religion, and that I really am sorry that you have not a more kind and charitable opinion of us.

(Signed)

EDITOR OF THE IRISH AMERICAN.

A letter like this awakens a response from the calumniator of the Catholics, through the columns of his vile newspaper which had elicited the communication. So that the whole business becomes a double advertisement. The response will be to the effect that the Irish American is a very sensible man, entirely disabused of the errors of the religion which he professes—emancipated from the superstitions of his creed, and the control of his clergy. In short, if all Catholics were like an Irish American, the people of this country could get along with them.

The heading of our article implied that we should offer suggestions as well as reflections in regard to what is called the Catholic Press. This we shall do with great diffidence; but so far as depends on us, with a determination that they shall not be disregarded, at least in reference to the spiritual interest of our own diocese, and of the people committed to our care. 1st. We advise that Catholic periodicals abstain from every thing having even a tendency to infringe on the regular ecclesiastical authority, by which God has been pleased to appoint that his Church should be governed. That they shall not presume to draw odious comparisons, and publish them, between the clergy of one section of the country and those of another; that they shall not arrogate to themselves the position of oracles or umpires, to decide where is merit and where is demerit; that they shall not single out a clergyman for premature panegyric, simply because he is a patron of this or that journal, whilst they pass over in silence other clergymen, oftentimes of more than equal worth. In short, that they be careful in regard to every topic of this kind.

2d.—We respectfully suggest that if they are religious papers, Catholic doctrine and the politics of the country be not blended together in the same columns; for too many of them have exhibited great industry in scattering the seeds of Catholic doctrine in the spring-tide, and, unfortunately for the honor of the creed which they profess to serve, have been seen with equal industry among the reapers, not of religion, but of politics, in the time of harvest. Of course, individually, editors as well as clergymen have a full right to cherish and express and exercise their political opinions in regard to all public questions. But a political paper ought to cling to its profession; and we say the same of a religious paper.



especially a Catholic journal. If it be a Catholic journal, political partizanship should be scrupulously excluded from its columns. It is only when these papers exhibit a disposition to realize an amphibious life—now Catholic, and now political—that they become dangerous in the estimation of the American people, who cannot, it appears, get over the notion that because they are partly Catholic, their politics are suggested or dictated by the ecclesiastical authorities of the Church.

3d.—We would say that the Church has no politics; that an editor in his department, even whilst professing to promote the interests of religion, should remember the immense responsibility attached to his position. It is much greater than that of the merchant who deals in material things.

And, finally, that the Catholics of New York, and of the United States, are bound by every sacred obligation, which they mutually owe to each other, to their families, to their pastors, to the whole Church of God, to frown promptly and indignantly upon any newspaper that attempts, whether intentionally or not, to sow discord among them. This we know to be their own feeling in the diocese of New York. The pastor of a congregation may be of one nation—his flock composed of several. Can they afford to be divided from each other, or to have the apple of discord thrown among them? A great number of Catholic families are composed of mixed origin, so far as natural birth is concerned. The husband was born in one country, the wife in another, and the children perhaps in another still. Can editors, professing to conduct Catholic papers, be permitted to infuse mutual distrust and discord into such peaceful and affectionate domestic circles, so as to excite prejudice in the minds of the children against their parents, or in the minds of the parents against their children? In brief, are the union, happiness, charity, family ties of a united Catholic people to be disturbed or even trifled with at the discretion, or rather indiscretion, either of this editor or of that other? We trust not. The Catholic people have it in their own hands to keep their editors in the straight way—at least so far as the interests of religion and the peace of the Catholic community are concerned. And the time may not be far distant when it will be their duty to exercise this power, by withdrawing their support from any paper, the moment it shall have given circulation to doctrines calculated to impair the Christian charity and mutual support, without distinction or comparison, by which the faithful of this diocese have been so long and so happily held together.

It has not escaped the observation of reflecting men, that, during a recent period of very considerable political excitement, the Catholics, as a body, have borne themselves with great moderation and dignity. They are increasing in numbers, increasing in wealth, increasing in intelligence, and may we not believe and hope that they are increasing also in piety and attachment to their religion. They take but an abstemious part in the great questions which have threatened the disruption of the country. They have entire confidence that the general wisdom and patriotism of the American people, will be quite sufficient to preserve the constitution and union of the United States, and to maintain those principles of civil and religious equality, for which their noble, heroic ancestors made such ample (and in *their* intentions), everlasting, provision.

✠ JOHN HUGHES,

*Archbishop of New York.*



## ST. AUGUSTINE—ITS PRESENT AND ITS PAST.



*Franciscan Convent of St. Helena, now the U. S. Barracks.*

QUAINT old Spanish city ! Few of us can realize how un-American, how European St. Augustine is. Over its solid stone houses, its ancient convent, its moss-grown church, its ruined buildings and romantic fort, floated for two centuries the gorgeous flag of Spain, save when Gourgues for a moment reared aloft the snowy standard of France, or England for a season flung to the balmy winds her cross of St. George, to lower it at the glorious moment when the stars and stripes rose in tri-

umph from the St. Mary's to the St. Laurence, the first border saints of our republic.

Strange, too, in its contradictions is its history : the old Franciscan convent which we trace above for our readers is a barrack for the troops of the United States ! The present Spanish inhabitants are chiefly descendants of emigrants who settled in Florida while it was under the yoke of Great Britain, and its Spanish troops were for a considerable period the royal Hibernian regiment, with their green standard glittering with the harp of Erin, and the pastors priests who were from the land which has given America an England, a Kenrick, a Purcell and a Hughes. We find, too, that the Catholics have been alternately subject to the bishops of Havana, New Orleans, Charleston and Savannah ; while now, as two centuries ago, the court of Rome is deliberating on the propriety of erecting St. Augustine into an episcopal see !

The barrack where the soldier now paces up and down is a spot which calls for the interest and veneration of every Catholic. It was in better days the convent of St. Helena, the home of the poor friars of St. Francis of Assisi, the centre of their missions which effected so much good among the red men of the peninsula, the spot from which they daily went in Catholic times to visit the two Indian villages which then lay on either side of St. Augustine. Not only is it the oldest conventual building now standing in our territory, but in its walls dwelt and prayed and sacrificed some of the most heroic of our early missionaries, those heroic apostles Corpa and Rodriguez and Badajos Velaxola Añon, whose martyr-blood sanctified the soil : here labored Pareja compiling for the converts those works in Témuquana, which are the oldest books in any of our Indian languages, and are now so rare that no price can be deemed extravagant : here poured forth their orisons Perdomo the pioneer, and Garces the early martyr of that land where the love of Christ and the desire of saving souls outstripped by a century the lust for gold !



Ruined by the English when they occupied the city, it became the barracks for their troops, and such it has continued to be down to the present time. Efforts, however, have been made and will be renewed to induce the government to restore to the Church a spot so hallowed in her annals, a spot so dear to her heart.

At the period when the city passed into the hands of the English, the Franciscans with most of the citizens passed over to Cuba: the new-comers seized all, expelled the Indians from their villages, and made the parish church serve for Protestant worship.

Soon after this, however, an English gentleman named Turnbull brought over a colony of Greeks and Spaniards from Minorca, who settled at New Smyrna, where they had a church and a priest; but finding themselves oppressed and wronged by Turnbull they rebelled, and headed by Pellicer, the grandfather of the Rev. A. N. Pellicer, now pastor of Montgomery, Alabama, they proceeded to St. Augustine, where the mass of their descendants are still to be found. Like their forefathers, they are unambitious: a little garden or the fishery in the bay supplies all their wants; leading the calm and easy life of the peasants in other lands, as little concerned at the turmoils of the busy republic as the Bas Breton.

When the Spanish flag was restored in October, 1784, the Irish regiment arrived with a Spanish priest, Father Francis Troconis, as chaplain, while the Rev. Thomas Hassett and the Rev. Michael O'Reilly, of the county Longford, were appointed to minister to the spiritual wants of the citizens, which they did for several years, the latter dying parish priest on the 13th of September, 1812. It was his consolation to receive in 1788 a visit from the Rt. Rev. Cyril de Barcelona, auxiliar to the Archbishop of Cuba, and ten years after to dedicate on the 8th of December, 1798, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the new church which had been completed the previous year. For ten years prior to his death Father O'Reilly had been aided by the Rev. Michael Crosby, a native of Wexford, who had studied in Spain. This clergyman now became pastor, and died just after Jackson took possession of Florida. The history of the labors of the Irish clergy in America is unwritten, and few have any idea of the existence of those whom we have named. The French have published more as to the labors of their clergy in this country than Irish and American Catholics together for their eminent men: and we cannot but hope that Dr. White and Bishop Spalding will not cease from their labors or find none to enter the field which they have so beautifully opened; and still more may we call upon our Irish priests to give us a biography of some of the glories which their native isle has bestowed on America—a Miss Lalor, the foundress of the Visitation; the Miss Ryans, the holy foundresses of the Ursulines of Charlestown; a Bishop England, a Connolly, a Barron, a Gartland, a Powers.

But to return to St. Augustine, which, founded by the stern Melendez in 1565, almost three centuries ago, still preserves its essentially Catholic appearance. Although the Franciscan no longer treads its streets, wending his way from his convent walls on his errand of mercy; although the solitaire no longer kneels at the Angelus, yet of its small population scarce one-third are Protestants.

With a climate mild and healthy to a proverb, St. Augustine offers many inducements to the Catholic invalid to visit its fading splendors. Unlike our cities generally, its low stone houses, its massive garden walls, its ruins, the Agonea or passing bell, and the scene at twilight from the rampart of the fort—the convent before you, the fishermen singing their Catalan songs as they row to the shore, and the old fort itself with its Spanish bastions, all carry one away to other lands and the ages of faith, poetry, and great enterprises.



## CHRISTMAS.

*Translated from the French of Viscount Walsh.*

IN this feast, which may well be called the feast of mothers, of children, and of the poor, what encouragement is there not for all: but more especially, what consolations for those whom the world excludes from the number of its favorites. Before the birth of Christ, honors and respect were granted only to power and prosperity: temples were erected to good fortune. Before Christ, the poor might groan, the slave might complain, but the Pagan was deaf to their groans and tears. Olympus was the abode only of smiling divinities: riches, glory, pleasure, all had their gods; but adversity and misfortune had not theirs.

Now, that Jesus Christ has been born in a stable, whilst in his infancy he has been compelled to fly into exile—now, that he has been persecuted, crowned with thorns, and put to death—now, no grief is left unheeded, and the hope which consoles is a virtue of obligation. From the birth of the Divine Son of Mary, flow all the consolations of the Christian religion. From the little mountain of Bethlehem, spring all the living waters which heal our wounds and relieve our sufferings. It is with reason, then, that the nations rejoice at the approach of this great night, with its stars, its brilliantly illuminated mass, its holy songs and watchings.

Indeed, I can imagine nothing more beautiful, nothing more poetical than a Christmas night, kept in a Catholic country by pious Christians.

The bells sounding above our heads the joyful and sonorous peals which arouse the city, are the voices of the angels who cry out to us from the clouds, "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will."

The great brilliancy which fills the vast church, the light which shines among the highest arches, gilding and adorning the columns, recall to the minds of the pious, the miraculous brightness which appeared in the heavens, and which conducted the shepherds to the stable of Bethlehem.

Those clear and melodious voices which resound in the sanctuary, the noble and majestic sound of the organ, are a lively representation of heaven and earth, cherubim and men united in praising God.

In the midst of the green branches of holly and ivy, which winter has not been able to despoil of their verdure, behold a cradle—the infant Jesus reposes therein: it has been thus ornamented by the hands of the sisters of the hospitals and convents. There, mothers are praying on bended knees for their sick children; the general joy has diminished their anxiety, they invoke the mother of their Saviour with more confidence than custom: Mary has been a mother, she cannot but understand them, she will hear their prayers, and offer them to her Son.

After the three masses which began at the first stroke of the midnight hour, and which have been said in the midst of a thousand burning tapers and clouds of incense, the faithful, filled with a holy joy, return to their homes, and before retiring to sleep, seat themselves to a gay repast, called by our forefathers the feast of Christmas, and which, in Christian families, admits of nothing but what is innocent.

When the sacred night is on the point of terminating, and when the sky begins to whiten in the east, then sounds the bell for the mass of dawn; and those who



remained at home during the performance of the sacred office, hasten now, in their turn, to offer up their prayers.

Later, when the sun is considerably advanced in his course, all the joyful bells of the Cathedral, and of the parishes of the town are in motion, and a concert, as it were, is heard in the air, and the birds which are accustomed to build their nests in the old spires and ancient towers, are dislodged from their stony nests, and fly in crowds about the churches.

The ancient basilica is so crowded that the squares of granite with which it is paved are no longer perceptible. The columns seem to rise towards the vaulted roof from a living mosaic of heads crowded together, and affording to the eye a varied contrast of colors. In the mean time, the assembled multitudes divide, retiring to the right and left, and make a passage for the prince of the church who officiates, and who is about to celebrate high mass. Vested in a golden chasuble, with his mitre on his head, and crosier in his hand, he advances slowly, blessing the faithful who bend their heads at his approach. The silver cross of the parish, the red one of the chapter, acolytes, thurifers, chanters, deacons, priests, venerable canons, all carrying lighted tapers in their hands, precede him singing: "A bright light has shone upon us, because the Lord is born to us. He is born, the Lord, and he shall be called the Admirable, the Prince of peace, the Father of the world to come. The reign of the Lord shall have no end. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, God hath appeared to us. Sing canticles of praise, ye heavens; be glad, O earth, for the Lord hath had mercy on his people, and hath consoled them,—He hath had compassion on his afflicted children."

When the procession has been round the church, as soon as it has re-entered the sanctuary, the high mass commences; sometimes are heard the voices of the chanters, accompanied by the sound of sonorous instruments; sometimes the vaulted roof echoes with the majestic peals of the organ; sometimes a grave and solemn silence reigns throughout. Above the thousands who are assembled on bended knees, a bluish cloud rolls in volumes, it is the smoke of the incense: so much has been burnt at the midnight mass, and at the mass of dawn, that the whole church is filled with perfume.

On this day, if the organist is master of his instrument, he will repeat those ancient airs so much loved by our forefathers, and which we have heard in our infancy. Nothing tends more to assist us in praying, than recalling to our minds reminiscences of former times; who can pray without faith, when he reflects on his mother, and his tender years? Let not the organists then have recourse any more to the opera of their motetts, but let them repeat those ancient national airs, which have not passed through the blood of revolutions, and miscalled reformatations, but which the walls of our churches have, if I may so speak, rendered quite familiar.

It is not before the altar only that the feast is kept: the hearth has also its Christmas rejoicings: on this day the families assemble together, and the little children are allowed to dine at table, for this is their feast. I have described the Christmas solemnity as it is observed in a large town, under the vaulted roof of a cathedral and celebrated by a high dignitary of the Church. I might have taken for the subject of my description, Christmas in the country—in a village—or a castle, for this feast possesses every where a great poetical beauty.

I remember a midnight mass said in secret during the persecution of '93. At that time there was no longer any church in which to celebrate the holy mysteries: a barn was chosen by the villagers for that purpose. The women decorated it the night before; coarse but very white cloths were hung around; a rustic table, cov-



ered with very white cloths, served for the altar; branches of holly, with small red berries, were placed like nosegays on each side of the ebony crucifix, with two links in iron torches. This was all the pomp in those times of persecution. Without doubt it was not unacceptable before God, who searches the reins and hearts before him, and who was pleased to be born in a stable, and who called poor shepherds to his cradle rather than kings.

The hour which brings to mind the miraculous birth was come, each family had been waiting for it, assembled together before the fire relating ancient stories, and singing in a low voice old Christmas carols. Alone, and without making any noise, each of the faithful hastened to the barn which had been so adorned for the feast. With what piety did they not fall upon their knees before this poor altar! The faith of the shepherds, who heard the angels themselves announce the birth of our Saviour, was not more lively than that of these poor peasants,—of these men of good will, who also adored the Son of Mary in a stable.

To assemble together for prayer, was then one of the greatest crimes; death was the punishment, and this thought added new vigor to their piety; it was like the primitive Christians praying in the Catacombs. When the priest appeared at the altar, the tears flowed from the eyes of all: and the priest was so touched, that he also shed tears, which were far from being bitter: confessor of the faith, he had been struck, and persecuted for his Saviour; only a few days before, he had been seen in the hands of the executioners, and was within a hair's breadth of being put to death, and now behold him, leaning over the altar of God, the God who rejoiced his youth.

The feelings which prevailed there, were different from those which were caused by the pomp of the cathedral; but God being present under the cottage roof quite as much as under the gilded vault of the cathedral, hearts were touched, and souls elevated.

While Christmas fills the towns and villages with joy, old country houses have also their rejoicings; the majority of the families who occupy noble manors, are fond of preserving ancient customs; wherefore, after the collation which they take together about seven o'clock in the evening, the watching is prolonged in the hall, where, for once, no profane music is admitted. If any of the young damsels play the piano or the harp, it is to accompany their voices to some of the hymns of the middle ages restored by Felis. This evening, if any thing is read aloud over the work-table, it is such a work as the *Genie du Christianisme*, commencing at the chapter on feasts.

The neighbors are assembled with the family and guests of the house; and when the chapel (well decorated with the choicest flowers of the green-house, and lit up with tapers) is opened, in a few moments it is filled with people, so that those who are in the gallery can no longer see the pavement of black and white marble—it has disappeared beneath the kneeling crowd; rich, poor, farmers, servants, are come to adore the Lord and Master of all.

At the most solemn part of the mass, are heard *melodious* voices singing the *Adagio fideles*. The baron's daughters, with their young friends, form the choir, which, by its sweetness and harmony, calls to mind the choir of angels, who sang to the shepherds, glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will.

I have endeavored to paint the pomp of a Christmas mass, celebrated in a cathedral—I have described the celebration of a mass in a village, in a time of persecution; I will now recall to mind a Christmas feast spent in a foreign country.



In the north of England, near the small town of Clithero, at the foot of Pendel Hill, one of the highest mountains in Great Britain, lived at S—— Hall a fervent Catholic, Lord S——. His forefathers had been persecuted for the faith under Henry VII and Elizabeth, and when the persecution against the same Catholic faith had arisen in France, after the revolution of 1789, Lord S——, who had for a long time resided in one of the most religious and loyal provinces, seeing the approach of these bad times of proscription and danger threatening his French relations, offered to receive them under his own roof, where they would be secure from all danger. Many accepted his offer, and I shall never forget the little French colony which I saw in his hospitable mansion.

We happened to be there one Christmas day. On the eve, branches of holly, with their berries resembling pearls of coral, had been placed over the entrance door of the castle. Glees had been sung in the evening in the hall, to celebrate Christmas, one of the choruses, which I shall never forget, and which was sung to a gay and lively tune, was

The merry merry time,  
The merry merry time,  
Bless the merry merry Christmas time.

In France, in most of our chateaux, the chapels have not the greatest care taken of them; such is not the case in England: many there, like David and Solomon, think that the house of God ought to be better than their own. And I might cite more than one castle, where the chapels are adorned with a magnificence almost regal. At S—— Hall, at W—— Castle, they are not quite so splendid, but still they are very neat and becoming,—the altar, the tabernacle, the seats, the torches, were of polished mahogany, with gilt ornaments, and a thick carpet of the most brilliant colors covered the steps of the little sanctuary: without was snow and cold, within this sacred enclosure, every thing neat, warm and comfortable. In the gallery facing the altar, reserved places were surrounded with curtains of crimson silk; behind this veil were the organ and singers, Lady S——, my mother's sister, Lady G——, her daughter, and her nieces formed this family choir. That time is long past—since the Christmas feast, many a day of death—many an All Souls day has flown by—many of those who sang then before the altar at S—— Hall, are now singing before their God in heaven—many years, many vicissitudes of fortune have befallen me since that merry Christmas time. Since then I have heard the musical masses of Mozart and Rossini; but neither all these years, nor all these different changes of fortune, nor all these great talents, nor all these solemnities, have been able to obliterate from my memory the Christmas mass sung in exile.

Even now, methinks I hear the *Adeste fideles* sung by the sweet voices of the ladies at the offertory; and, in describing Christmas, I could not but recall the occasion to my mind.

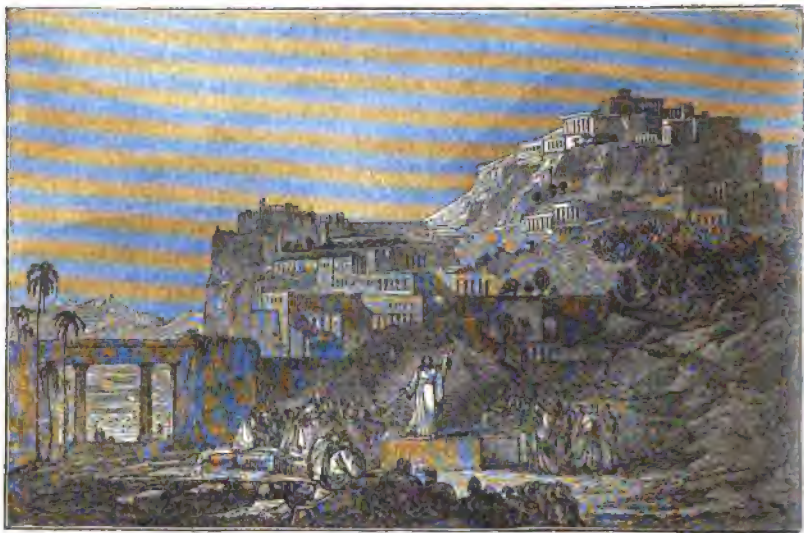
In England there are the Christmas-boxes, which correspond with our new year's gift. The Church also begins her year from the advent of the Nativity of our Saviour, and it is with great reason she does so. Every day of the Christian year ought to derive its origin from Christ's coming upon earth. Some great painter, I cannot call to mind who it was, in a painting of the Nativity, has represented all the light proceeding from the body of the divine child. Thus it ought to be, with regard to time. The Christian's first day ought to begin from the divinely illuminated time of Christ's Nativity.



## SCENES IN THE LIVES OF THE APOSTLES.

### ST. PAUL, (*Continued.*)

**AFTER** the council at Jerusalem St. Paul visited the churches, bearing to all the decrees of the council, the earliest official document of the Church, preceding even the gospels in its diffusion: for till then the gospel had been preached by word of mouth. Heaven directed the path of St. Paul, diverting him from cities



*Paul Preaching at Philippi.*

to which he sought to go, and by visions bidding him go to Macedonia. "Pass over to Macedonia and help us," said a native of that country to St. Paul. Obedient to the divine call, the apostle sailed from Troas to Samothracia and thence to Neapolis and Philippi.

This city, near the lovely plains traversed by the Strymon, on which the fate of the Roman empire had been decided, was the frontier town of Macedonia. Its lovely situation, its mines and manufactures, made it a thriving town, and here for some days the apostle and his companions abode. When the sabbath came they passed out of the idolatrous city, in which no synagogue even rose to the God of truth, and as they roamed along the river bank they came to an assemblage chiefly of women, evidently united for prayer. The retired spot, the day prepared them for the words of St. Paul. Setting down he addressed them, announcing the gospel of Jesus Christ: nor in vain; Lydia, a pious woman of Thyatira, a seller of purple dye-stuffs, listened to his words, and yielding to the influence of grace sought baptism; her family too joined her, and when the waters of remission had bedewed their brows Lydia humbly besought the apostle to make her house his abode during his stay in Philippi. "If," said she, "you have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house and abide there."



Accepting the proffered hospitality St. Paul and St. Silas followed Lydia to her dwelling, but they did not traverse the streets without evincing their power as servants of the most high God. A girl possessed by a pythonical spirit; that is, whom the devil enabled by knowledge which he communicated to play the part of a prophetess, met the apostle. The power of the holy man overcame the bonds of satan: she followed St. Paul, St. Silas and St. Luke, for the holy evangelist was in their company, crying out: "These men are the servants of the most high God, who preach unto you the way of salvation."

During their stay St. Paul frequently met her, and ever did she raise her cry testifying to his mission. St. Paul, at last grieved at her condition, turned and said to the evil spirit: "I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ to go out from her." The word of the apostle had the effect promised by our divine Lord; the evil one departed, and with it the pythonical power. Though heaven rejoiced at her delivery, the covetous masters of the poor slave were filled with wrath and fury. Their hatred of the truth, their hatred of the foreigners who interfered with their gains knew no bounds. Arresting the holy men they dragged them to the forum, to the tribunal of the magistrates, denouncing them in these words: "These men disturb our city, being Jews; and preach a fashion which it is not lawful for us to receive nor observe, being Jews."

Yielding to the shouts of the people, the magistrates rent their garments and condemned them to be scourged: and then cast them into prison, charging the



*Paul and Silas in Prison.*

jailor to watch carefully over them. The officer to secure them cast them into the deepest pit in the dungeon, fastening their feet in stocks. Rejoicing to suffer for the name of Christ, St. Paul and St. Silas praised God in hymns and prayers; when suddenly at midnight there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken, and the fetters fell from the limbs of the prisoners, and the prison doors gaped wide.

Terrified beyond measure, the jailor seeing the doors open would have slain himself had not the Apostle of the Gentiles cried out: "Do thyself no harm, for



we are all here. Amazed that human eye could see him in the darkness or read his thoughts, he called for a light, and entering fell at the feet of the apostles. "Masters," he cried, "what must I do to be saved?" "Believe in the Lord Jesus," said the apostle, "and thou shalt be saved and thy house." The night was now turned into day, sadness into joy, the prison to a temple. The jailer washed the stripes of the holy sufferers, and listening to their teaching was baptised with all his house. Then spreading a banquet, "he rejoiced with all his family, believing God."

The magistrates, too, alarmed by the earthquake, sent to release the prisoners, but St. Paul boldly refused: "They have beaten us publicly, uncondemned men that are Romans, and have cast us into prison; and now do they thrust us out privately? Not so, but let them come and fetch us out themselves." Alarmed at this, the magistrates came and besought them to go in peace. Then the holy company proceeded to the house of Lydia, where St. Paul encouraged the faithful, and taking leave of them departed.

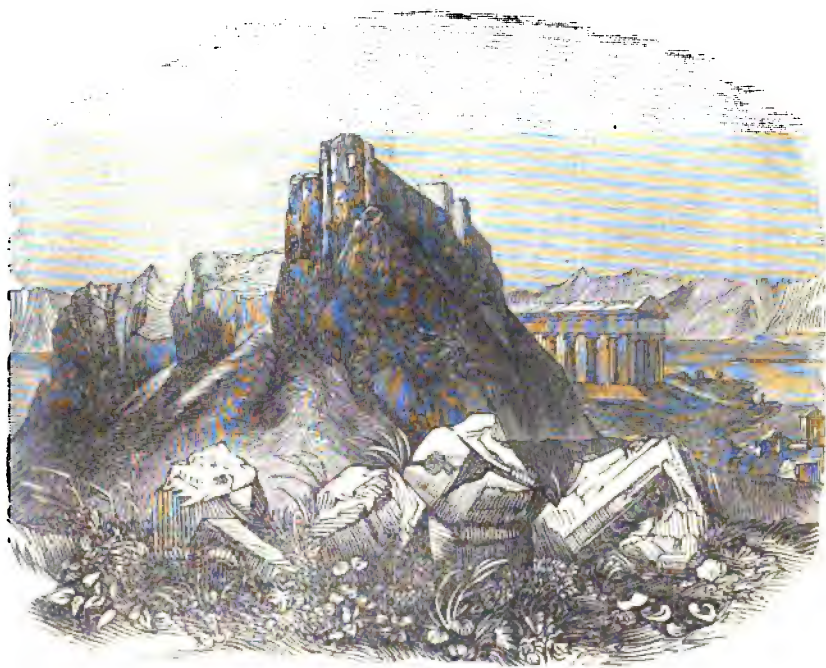


*Modern Hebrew Synagogue—from Picartz's Religious Ceremonies.*

After visiting Amphipolis and Apollonia, St. Paul came to Thessalonica, the modern Salonika. This city, so associated with the name of the holy apostle, was a town by Philip of Macedon, who gave it the name of his daughter. It lay on the gulf of Thermae, and at this period contained many Jews, who had a synagogue where they met on the sabbath to hear the law. St. Paul took up his abode in the house of Silas, and on the sabbath-day expounded the scriptures in the synagogue, showing how they were realized and accomplished in the person of Jesus. Some few Jews believed but more Gentiles, especially women of rank.



won by the beauty and purity of the Christian doctrine. The Jewish leaders: filled with envy, denounced the apostles to the magistrates in terms since so frequently applied to true servants of God: "These *disturbers* of the world have come gainsaying the decrees of Cæsar, and saying that there is another king, Jesus." The apostles could not at the moment be found, and as Jason was compelled to give security, they retired to Berea. Here St. Paul found the Jews better disposed: they listened to his doctrine, and comparing it with the scriptures found that the fulfilment had indeed come. Many believed and were baptised, but as Jews came from Thessalonica to excite trouble, St. Paul, leaving St. Silas and Timothy, embarked with some companions for Athens, and in the year



*Mars' Hill, Athens.*

of our Lord fifty-two arrived in that capitol of Greece, still in spite of the overthrow of the republic a place of great importance, a resort of learning and a cradle of idolatry and false opinions.

Too well known is every spot in that classic ground for us to dwell here on the Acropolis, the Parthenon, the grove of Academus, the Porch of Plato. Here St. Paul awaited the arrival of his companions, but meanwhile his spirit was moved within him as he beheld the thousand forms of idolatry around him in a city proud of its science, its learning, its wealth and material prosperity—a city which would scorn to accept as teachers of divine truth foreigners poor and low and ignorant, at least in their eyes.

In the synagogues he disputed with the Jews, in the squares with all men. The epicureans and stoics entered into discussion with him, but his doctrines seemed so strange that they brought him to the Areopagus, that solemn court of the city.



“May we know,” they said, “what is this new doctrine of which thou speakest, for thou bringest in certain new things to our ears. We would know, therefore, what these things mean.”



*Paul Preaching at Athens. — Raphael.*

Rising up in the midst of that renowned assembly, St. Paul said :

“Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things you are too superstitious. For passing by and seeing your idols, I found an altar also on which was written : *To the unknown God*. What therefore you worship, without knowing it, I preach to you. God, who made the world and all things therein, being Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands ; neither is he served with men’s hands as though he needed any thing, seeing it is he who giveth to all life, and breath, and all things : and hath made of one all mankind, to dwell upon the whole face of the earth, determining appointed times, and the limits of their habitation. That they should seek God, if happily they may feel after him or find him ; although he is not far from every one of us : for in him we live and move and be ; as some also of your own poets said : *For we are also his offspring*. Being therefore the offspring of God, we must not suppose the Divinity to be like unto gold or silver, or stone, the graving of art and device of man. And God indeed having winked at the times of this ignorance, now declareth unto men, that all should everywhere do penance. Because he hath appointed a day wherein he will judge the world in equity, by the man whom he hath appointed, giving faith to all, by raising him from the dead.”

And when they had heard of the resurrection of the dead, some indeed mocked ; but others said : We will hear thee again concerning this matter.

The sermon produced a deep impression, but most closed their hearts to God’s word, though one Areopagite, the celebrated St. Dyonysius, was then converted with Damaris, a holy woman, and several others.



## THE PONTIFICAL GOVERNMENT.

Continued from page 603.

The voice of the congress shows that its principal attention was directed to the amnesties. The commentaries of the Count de Cavour and of Lord Palmerston have indicated atrocities. We will commence them with the question of the

### SEVERITIES OF THE PONTIFICAL GOVERNMENT.

In recapitulating the pretended rigors of the Holy See, this very natural reflection has often presented itself to my mind: why is it that the finances, judicial proceedings, and administration figure only by their titles in the charges preferred, without any detailed explanation? The question is solved by this, that passion takes advantage of general terms, indefinite indeed, but suggestive, to qualify institutions which it does not properly apprehend. In fact, indifferent and careless people are mostly ready to compound for general terms; and they imagine themselves near enough to the truth when they have vaguely decided that though a portion of a statement is undoubtedly false or exaggerated, yet, that if it were all false, it could not have such extensive credit.

Another instinctive reason obscures subjects which require an effort of the intelligence—they are not sufficiently dramatic. Dungeons, tortures, exile, act differently on the public sympathies. One meets these exiles, and to pity them is a good and natural sentiment. We have often heard only their own recitals, full of the exaggerations common to suffering and to political ardor. We may excuse them; they are unhappy, and would require rare merit indeed to speak otherwise; but how many statesmen there are, happy, powerful, respected, responsible for the order of nations, who use the cold violence of art to excite them, to envenom them, to aggravate and multiply them, perhaps, by their indiscretions to declare war upon conscience, upon the morality of so many people, and to run the chances of territorial aggrandisement—for these we cannot have the same indulgence.

Nations, that treaties of recent formation have brought under an authority foreign to their faith, their languages, their interests, and their usages, are as exiles. I feel for their lot, I sympathise with the souls who bear this noble grief without staining it by malignity or thirst for disorder. But as to the ambition which agitates, without grief and without title, I cannot consider it a just and great cause. It is this I make exceptions to, and I hold it suspected when it cries out against the cruelties of the king of the universal Church; I demand its proofs, its lists of prisoners, of exiles, of convicts. It has a noisy press, it is as free as anything can be that obeys only unjust passions. Why limit itself to general allegations?

I am somewhat familiar with the subject of amnesties, for I have demanded very many. The feeling of the government that I represented was very lively in this regard, and the responsibility of the instructions that I punctually executed, weighed upon me during the first six months of the French occupation. We had, by an understanding with the Holy Father, and for the security of our own army, a police distinct from that of the pontifical government, as active as devoted to its duties; the Frenchman who directed it, in all respects competent, still exercises the same functions. I could not then have been ignorant of any arrest, or any



decree of exile. Moreover, it is evident that if so violent a reaction against persons manifested itself at Rome, the beginning of the restoration, after a prolonged struggle, after all kinds of disorders, in the midst of reciprocal indignation, even though as little justifiable on one side as on the other, would have been the time for severities and vindictive and cruel prosecutions. It is then also that the agents of the Roman police met with the most ardent denunciations, and had to contend with the most extensive commotion. The head and front of the revolutionary party, the most determined men, had assembled at Rome in proportion as they had succumbed at the north. There the principal and last part was performed.

One may then affirm that this concentration, and the various circumstances of the times, must have offered occasions and motives of reprisals in a greater degree than at any subsequent time, after the first troubles. If any one supposes that all the enemies of the Holy See had fled at our approach, he is much deceived. A considerable portion of the organized military force had submitted to the Pope; a large number of employees and persons who were compromised did not remove.

An amnesty from the Holy See, published at the same time as the *motu proprio*, constitutive of the actual forms of the government, provided for their situation. Up to that time all that related to the compromised had remained in a state of uncertainty and suspense.

The pontifical government had been relieved by the arms of France, with the concurrence of Austria, Spain and the Two Sicilies. From the month of March of the same year, in fact, our plenipotentiaries, conjointly with those of these three powers, in the conference at Gaeta, recognized fully, conformably with their instructions, the fundamental principle of the sovereign temporal power of the papacy as a necessary guarantee of its free spiritual power. Thus Pius IX acted in the plenitude of his proclaimed rights, sustained not only by the governments represented in the assembly at Gaeta, but by the greater part of the European governments, which, though not represented there, still called for this restoration.

Such was the starting point of all that had been accomplished, the general condition of all the interventions, so that the legitimacy of the rights and powers of the Pope cannot be contested without attacking at the same time the wishes, rights, declarations, and diplomatic engagement of nearly all Europe, Catholic or not. Such was, and such is yet, let it not be forgotten, the character of the *motu proprio* and of the act of amnesty.

The sovereign notification of political penalties dates from the 18th of September, and its language alone can give the measure of what was granted or refused: but, as will be seen, the ulterior pardons by the Holy Father were not limited thereby.

"Entire exemption from all political penalty for those who took part in the revolution, excepting; 1st. The members of the provisional government; 2d. Those of the constitutive assembly who took part in its deliberations; 3d. Those of the triumvirate and of the government of the republic; 4th. The chiefs of military corps; 5th. All of those who having enjoyed the amnesty of 1846, have broken their parole by taking part in the late insurrections; 6th. Those who, besides political crimes, have been guilty of crimes coming under the cognizance of the ordinary penal laws."

Such is the act. The words *members of the government*, not being otherwise defined, might apply to a considerable number of civil employees, and even of municipal functionaries; many prosecutions and arrests might have been the consequence. And so, if the various categories. Nevertheless, no preventive political arrests took place during the six months of our occupation; no judgment, no capital sentence, no sequestration of goods, no fines were inflicted.



His Holiness did not think, nor could any one suppose, that his government could be maintained in the absence of all authority of justice and penal infliction in regard to those who had just deluged his states with blood. On the other hand, he knew that arrests, exiles, penalties, were a source to many governments of embarrassments which he wished to avoid. It is, therefore, in his eminent prudence and his perfect liberty, but above all in the incomparable goodness of his heart, he amended the application of this act of amnesty, yet without effacing entirely its penal and comminatory character.

Thus many *constituents* who had taken no part in the overthrow of the Pope, were amnestied after the 18th of September, although they were comprised in the stated exceptions.

The words *chefs of corps* were so construed as not to embrace but eight or nine superior officers. The pontifical government declared, moreover, that it only considered those *members of the republican government* who were former ministers already proscribed as constituents. Thus the exceptions in the different categories were brought down to a very limited number of persons.

At the advent of Pius IX, the number of amnestied was sixteen hundred. Of these, six hundred had accepted, in spite of their pledge of honor, employment under the revolutionary government. Nevertheless, in all these cases, thanks to so many lenient modifications, His Holiness ordered no arrests. He allowed the French authorities to offer to the compromised, definitely excepted in the amnesty, and consequently subject to penalties, their passports, with all facilities for departure. They certainly availed themselves of them. Herein are stated the sole and severest rigors of the act of amnesty.

Two or three hundred prosecutions might have followed from acts originally promulgated, and afterwards modified and reduced. *Thirty-eight only were instituted.* This is the number of passports delivered; fourteen of these were with subsidies. The same political events gave cause to no other departure.

Not only all the prosecutions reserved were not carried out, but the Roman authority so tempered them that superior officers of the republican army walked about almost openly.

It has been stated that the government affected to charge upon its enemies common crimes, so as to find a pretext to rob them of their liberties. A document brought to light by researches made with the greatest care meets this calumny. In the month of August, 1849, the prisons of Rome contained two hundred and seventy individuals—of these one hundred and twenty were confined for attempts upon life and property, and the others for ordinary crimes. In the month of October the mean number of prisoners for all offences did not exceed that of times anterior to the revolution of 1848.

In some cases ecclesiastical derelictions were complicated with political crimes, but the merit of the latter, in the eyes of the revolutionary party, could not efface with the pontifical authority the gravity of the former. All told, seven priests were confined in a separate prison, so as not to confound them with ordinary malefactors. This fact ought to reassure those, by the way, who have figured to themselves large numbers of ecclesiastics confined by the *vicariat*, for these seven just mentioned were subject to its disciplinary jurisdiction.

In the course of negotiations, one was occasionally subject to a surprise: thus, one of the directors of the defence of Rome was about to be prosecuted as a *chef de corps*. The French authorities offer him a passport, which he neglects to make use of. Some time after a domiciliary visit at his house, in presence of his family,



exposed upwards of two thousand volumes carried off from a public library, a valuable collection of arms belonging to a foreign princess residing at Rome, and a quantity of lace taken from the churches. We hope we may be pardoned for not having sustained this literary gatherer of choice collections against the authority of the Holy See. I know not the result of his trial.

Upon another occasion we interfered in favor of a Neapolitan deserter that the Roman government felt obliged to deliver up to the King of Naples, according to an international arrangement for reciprocal extraditions. The affair was easily arranged between the courts at Portici and Naples. It was acknowledged on the part of both, that political extraditions being forbidden by the laws of France, our situation in regard to Neapolitan refugees who had thrown themselves under the protection of our flag, should be respected. We accordingly gave the Neapolitan his passports, upon which he went off to some other country of his own choice. He had just left when a complaint was lodged against him for swindling and bigamy.

These anecdotes serve to show that the Roman authority, and our own, were not so atrocious as Lord Palmerston is pleased to pretend. I add willingly that the duties of my charge brought me in contact with other compromised men of honor, but misled by their dreams, who learned only too late the weight of the yoke imposed on them by their ruling factions.

Were severities increased after my departure? I believe it was just the contrary, for reasons before specified. The difficulties were greatest at first; and I have read the following pleasing news in a work too favorable in my opinion to Count Cavour and his policy, but which, notwithstanding this error, publishes also impartial facts and wise counsels.:

"The Holy Father has instituted a commission, formed of certain members of the tribunal of the consulta, to revise or annul all suits now pending connected more or less directly with the times of the late troubles. A great number of these suits have been thus suppressed, either by the council itself or by the Holy Father upon the report of the council."—(*Annuaire de la Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1854.)

I must point out to Count Cavour and Lord Palmerston an important omission in their diplomatic or parliamentary depositions. They have forgotten the inquisition and the holy office. This was nevertheless a beautiful text to play upon credulous imaginations, and for the use of those who have not this weakness. How could they forbear? In 1849 its dark mysteries were constantly spoken of. I have before remarked how the public in general compounds for the powerful figure of rhetoric called repetition, and how also it takes fractions of made up horrors to be true, perhaps a fourth or a half—sometimes, by way of compensation, it accepts the simple truth.

Governments and legislatures are very accessible to impressions of the public—even the clergy is not always exempt.

A distinguished priest was concerned for the illustrious Abbé Rosmini, whom he believed to be arrested. While thus anxious a friend invited me to dine with the detained, who was then enjoying the peaceful repose of the *Villegiatura*, under the refreshing shades of Albano, and probably never thought of the affectionate interest felt for his liberty.

It is not amiss to relate it: it shows that the clergy is not so fond, as is pretended, of persecutions. In spite of my complete list of thirty-eight names and my pains to dispel the phantom, the inquisition was constantly cited. Meanwhile a detachment of our troops was quartered at the Holy Office—the vicar and assessor were unemployed—the one at Gaeta and the other at Naples.



Few persons know that the congregation of this terrible name is charged, when in operation, with spiritual decisions in matters of mixed marriages, of fasts and abstinence.

We read in the *Etudes Statistiques* of Rome, by M. de Tournon, prefect of the empire in that city from 1810 to 1814, the following passage :

"The functions of the Congregation of the Holy Office are well known, but what is not, is the reserve with which it renders its decisions, and the actual mildness of its proceedings. We had evident proof of this when the French armies took possession of Rome, for they found the prisons almost empty. The spacious rooms of the detained, their salubrity and cleanliness, bespoke sentiments of humanity in those who presided over this prison, which may be made, with little or no change, an excellent house of detention."—(p. 47, vol. 9).

In 1849 the constituent assembly threw open, in its turn, the doors of the Holy Office. The Roman republic found there but one single priest, committed for forgery.

I visited this place on the 3d of July, when our troops were entering by the gate of Transteverine. My guide, a former Belgian officer, a volunteer in the army of Africa, who paid the greatest attention to our wounded during the siege, following them up wherever charity called him, through every danger, is at the present day prelate near His Holiness. Three soldiers accompanied us. After having passed in front of the fortress of St. Angelo, occupied by the republic, we crossed a plain covered with orange trees and jasmines, which certainly did not resemble the descriptions of the chonicles; two Roman battalions guarded the entrance. I could not then find there any pontifical victims, but I had at heart the deliverance of other prisoners from the Holy Office. I still possess as an autograph a leaf from the jail book on which is written opposite to the names : "For sympathy exhibited for the French army."

More than a century before the Roman constituent assembly, in 1740, the president, de Brosses, a man of learning not under the influence of the Church, wrote to his friends :

"Liberty of opinion, in matters of religion, and to some extent even of speech, is as great at Rome as at any other city with which I am acquainted. You must not believe that the Holy Office is as black as represented; I have heard of no case of persons confined by the inquisition or treated with severity."

Would you know the opinion of Voltaire, in one of his rare moments of impartiality ?

"The best reply to make to the detractors of the Holy See, is in the limited power enjoined at present by the bishops of Rome, which they exercise with wisdom, in long possession, and in a system of a general equilibrium which is now that of all courts.—(Art. S. Pierre. Dic. Philosoph.) Rome (he says elsewhere) is no longer sufficiently powerful to make war, and her weakness is her greatest happiness. She is the only state that has enjoyed the sweets of peace since the sacking of the city by the troops of Charles V."—(Cour. de Rome—Dic. Philos.)

Would the author of this apology have applauded all that he himself prepared ? We may doubt it. Certain revolutions would have greatly disturbed him—besides, he loved the *lords*, though the habits of the present chief of the British cabinet would certainly have astonished him.

Since the times he wrote, what popes have reigned ?—Pius VI, Pius VII, Leo XII, Pius VIII, Gregory XVI—holy pontiffs, the two first robbed and imprisoned for the faith, and also on account of that admirable and single peace, *which had not been troubled since* Charles V; Gregory XVI, almost dethroned for the same cause, and Pius IX undergoing exile for having refused to violate, by war, the



obligations of his universal paternity, as M. de Montalambert has reminded us in his admirable summary of the numerous acts of ingratitude in return for the unarmed civilization of the popes.

Thus, in the space of seventy years, that country has experienced three wars, which were so long unknown; three usurpations—two by attacks from without, and one by the internal tyranny of a coalition of all revolutions. What was the attack by the Constable de Bourbon, compared with those committed in our days, not only upon pontifical authority, but upon the sacred foundations of all the social state, upon all principles of authority, upon all the liberties the world enjoys, for those at Rome cannot be overturned without spreading among all nations the same calamities, the same moral and material abasements? Piedmont and England would not escape them.

Are we tired of this peace at the very time when we are celebrating it in a congress? In fact we cannot be considered too exacting when we require of these plenipotentiaries the good sense and prudence of Voltaire.

They bring their accusations against these late pontiffs, these martyrs of union among the peoples, humble, beneficent, generous to a fault; the dispensers in a half century of four or five amnesties, always violated by those who had obtained them; repairing after each revolution by their economy and the means of the Church the exhausted finances of the state; continual reformers of abuses as far as possible, under circumstances always perplexed; effacing the last remains of nepotism, of venality, of monopolies, of the privileges and faults of former times. They wish that the papacy, in its temporal weakness, which is the true secret of their speculations and their hostilities, should be what it never was in its strength, oppressive and cruel! But let us return to my list and to the situation I have described in the first period of occupation, the only time when severities were possible, and yet which never took place.

The government of the republic was informed of these results. Thus my excellent friend M. de Tocqueville, speaking in his own name as minister of foreign affairs, had every reason to signalize them as he did in the following language at the session, 18th of October, 1849:

“What is certain is that up to this time this revolution, which commenced by violence and assassination, and which was kept up by violence and folly, has not cost any man his liberty, his property, nor his life.”

The left of the legislative assembly, the *Moniteur* bears witness, took care not to contradict whatever related to the pretended atrocities and the personal penalties now spoken of by Lord Palmerston and the Count de Cavour, and upon this, without a shadow of proof, after seven years of reparations which appear to annoy them, they affirm that which the “mountain” did not pretend to in the days of its greatest violence.

Will it be said that since the act of amnesty new repressions have frightened civilized Europe, in the pontifical states; that the scaffold, unknown to our times, has been again erected? Twice, indeed, it has been erected—once for one of the assassins, regularly convicted for the murder of the heroic Rossi, and a second time for him who failed in a similar attempt upon another minister of His Holiness, the Cardinal Antonelli. This courageous friend and faithful minister of Pius IX., who would adorn the wisest counsels and do honor to any government, has bestowed a pension upon the family of the murderer, whose life he tried in vain to save.

Since when have governments, monarchical or republican, been able to subsist without repressions, and have amnesties become open doors for all the new phases



of crime? How long since penal sanctions are no longer necessary for criminal attempts which follow clemency?—and must not their numbers be proportioned to the frequency of the bloody conspiracies to which they apply?

We have reason to believe, nevertheless, that the repressions posterior to 1850 have been very limited; but if any circumstance could multiply them, it would certainly be the appeal made openly to that *southern ardor*, to that impatience, to those vibrations of approaching subversion, that the Count de Cavour depicted, for the promotion of his cause, in his note of the 16th of April.

Does not every one know that secret societies cover Italy, that the Mazzini loan has there its brokers, that innumerable subversive writings set out from their conventicles, and that visible encouragement, if not direct assistance, comes from that quarter? You fear demagogue insurrections, and yet denounce repressions! Remove the cause. I will not tell you where it dwells—but do not aggravate it by your rashness.

I have sought in vain in the penal acts of the Holy See the name of a venerable archbishop; I have seen therein mentioned the name of no person distinguished by honorable services on the field of battle, or by the defence of order and established governments.

It may be said that states generally have not had and have not now any comminatory character in their amnesties, nor daily legal prosecutions.

Who will throw the first stone at the government of the Holy See? Will Austria? Her amnesty of 1849 excepted eighty-six names, she sequestered property and executed in Hungary. Remonstrances were then made to her with closed doors, but she replied that Piedmont did not hesitate to repress insurrection in Genoa; that England sent her Chartists as convicts to Australia, and hung insurgents in the Ionian Isles; that the French republic, after the 15th of May, 1848, the days of June of the same year, and the 13th of June of the following year, found means of protecting herself.

I have heard it said that at Vienna the late Prince Schwarzenberg declared in regard to the representations of England and Piedmont, that he felt much inclined to send them notes about the insurgents of Genoa and those poor Ionian peasants.

It must not be thought that I propose to gainsay anything the French government may undertake, in connection with Austria, to obtain redress of wrongs unknown to me, and ameliorations which may be deemed necessary. I will not even defend myself, from any such intention so far as it opposed to my most sincere sentiments. I am replying simply to the foreign plenipotentiaries, who will not succeed, I trust, in giving a dangerous character to the present negotiations.

We have reason to know that the Pope has always heard and solicited advice addressed to his temporal authority by the European governments. In 1831, in 1832, in 1849, his institutions were the subject of his free and benevolent communications. He will do justice beyond doubt to all that is reasonable, and nothing else should be asked of him.

But England and Piedmont are very far from these just and necessary considerations. It is on this account that I undertake to repel their attacks upon the Church, and to defend a most sacred cause against their statesmen.

One of the first precautions to take in approaching the Holy See relative to any internal reform is to avoid noise and clamor, which favor revolutions and take away from the Sovereign Pontiff precisely the conditions of dignity, independence and liberty, without which ameliorations become more difficult after they have been demanded than they were before.



On his real and apparent liberty depend his means of satisfying the desires expressed; and what passed at the session of 8th of April was the reverse of facilitation. So Lord Palmerston has discovered in relation to the affairs of Poland; he said in reply to the reproaches of Lord Lyndhurst, in the house of lords, on the 1st of July:

"When we saw that every step on our part would give rise to fatal interpretations in Russia; that we would be suspected of wishing to interfere in the acts of clemency that the emperor of Russia may please to exercise at his leisure, and that they might have lost their merit, if it were considered that they were due to the instigations of the powers, the governments of France and England did not say a word in regard to Poland."

This observation is certainly judicious in face of a great power like Russia, but it should not be less so in regard to a small state like that of the Holy See. Furthermore, a certain prudence and delicacy, proportionate to the universal importance of the Church, should be observed towards the Holy See, as every one, Catholic or separated, may readily comprehend. The papacy is the dignity of a large portion of the human race. If veneration is impaired at this source, and in this school, where will indignity end?

I have repressed so far my dearest and most pious recollections, to reply by cool reason to the hostility manifested against the Holy See; but in the bottom of my heart I felt a testimony which predominated over all others—the goodness of the injured pontiff.

It was entrusted to me in 1848 and in 1849 to bear to Pius IX the consolations of France. The first time it was but a few days after the assassination of his minister and the murderous siege of the Quirinal. Never, in the midst of the most bloody horrors, have I heard from this gentle spirit any expression which was not that of an afflicted father, without a shade of bitterness towards his cruel enemies; he recalled constantly by his language the last words of Pius VI: *Ignosce illis!* Confiding in the cross, penetrated with the divine responsibility of his inheritance, attentive to preserve the independence of the Church, and with it the assured liberty of all peoples; but conciliatory in all regards that accorded with this invincible firmness.

Just as he appeared in his besieged palace, gentle, calm, strong in that courage which never abandons apostles and pontiffs, such did he appear at Gaeta and Portici; then at Rome, by the bed-sides of our soldiers, replying with such a charm to their simple homage; at the lowly beds of the dying of Chabra, sustaining them with his paternal hands, and preparing them himself for their last journey; with inexpressible grace and goodness, merciful towards his deluded children, with a heart overflowing with benedictions, and truly filled with the Holy Ghost.

"To have a lovely idea of this evangelical spirit," said Bossuet in his panegyric on St. Francis de Sales, "it was enough, it appears to me, to contemplate his countenance. But let us seek in the heart the source of that attractive sweetness, which having filled the interior, spreads over the outer man a simple and easy grace, and an air of temporal cordiality which breathes but an affection all holy, a charity which carries with it patience to bear with faults, compassion to pity them, and condescension to cure them."

And such is Pius IX.

Why are we driven to present this faithful portrait on account of the language of the Count de Cavour, *grand nephew* of St. Francis de Sales, the true conqueror, who did so much for the house of Savoy, and for the now impaired unity of so noble a nation?



## MEMOIR OF JUDGE GASTON.

Continued from page 592.

The other congressional effort of Mr. Gaston from which we propose to extract, is the speech which he made in January, 1816, against retaining the *previous question* in the rule of the house. Mr. Stanford, of North Carolina, introduced a motion to expunge the previous question from the rules, which led to an animated and learned discussion, participated in by many of the leading lawyers and statesmen of the country. Mr. Gaston had long been dissatisfied with the oppressive action of this rule, by which the debate on any question could be suddenly arrested by a tyrannical majority, and the house forced to an immediate vote thereon. He had made it a subject of close study, as his speech clearly proves. The structure of his mind, so well trained in logic and so profoundly stored with the learning of the law, would naturally lead him to take pleasure in the discussion of such questions, and the ingenuity with which he seized upon such a topic, so far removed from the usual course of most men's studies, for the display of his learning and mental powers, has been greatly admired. Mr. Clay having concluded a speech in favor of retaining the previous question, Mr. Gaston rose, and after a clear and lucid statement of the question before the house, said: "I have been anticipated by my colleague, and I rejoice that I have been thus anticipated. From none could the call upon this honorable house to emancipate itself from the thralldom of the 'previous question' proceed with more authority and propriety than from its oldest surviving son; from him who has witnessed the growth of this rule from its first intrusion here to its present all-controlling domination. And, sir, I rejoice equally at the opposition which the motion of my colleague has encountered. If this hideous rule could have been vindicated, we should have received that vindication from the gentleman who has just resumed his seat (Mr. Clay). If his ingenuity and zeal combined could form for the previous question no other defence than that which we have heard, the previous question cannot be defended. If beneath his shield it finds so slight a shelter, it must fall a victim to the just though long delayed vengeance of awakened and indignant freedom. If Hector cannot protect his Troy, the doom of Troy is fixed by fate." Again: "The privilege of the representative to declare the will, to explain the views, to make known the grievances, and to advance the interests of his constituents, was so precious in the estimation of the authors of our constitution, that they have secured to him an irresponsibility elsewhere for whatever may be uttered by him in this house; 'for any speech or debate in either house, they (the senators and representatives) shall not be questioned in any other place.' The liberty of speech is fenced round with a bulwark, which renders it secure from external injury—here is its citadel—its impregnable fortress. In vain may its enemies assail it from without; but within, the mutes of despotism can murder it with impunity." After a learned and most minute investigation of the previous question in all its bearings, as chiefly exemplified in the parliamentary history of Great Britain, Mr. Gaston concluded his speech as follows: "This moment is peculiarly favorable for an impartial decision on the proposition before us. The return of peace has brought about a new order of things, which must be followed by modifications of parties impossible to be distinctly foreseen. Interests which have been heretofore opposed, will be found acting in concert, and jealousies and enmities which a common feeling



has suppressed, will be roused into activity. There are few, perhaps there is no intelligent member of this body, in whose theories and maxims of political philosophy the changes and trials through which we have passed have not produced some alteration. Besides, an event approaches which in every free country is necessarily accompanied by party mutations: the executive power is about to change hands. At this moment, no one can confidently pronounce whether before this congress closes he will be found among the majority or the minority of the house. This, then, is the auspicious moment for putting down with one consent this odious tyranny. The victims of oppression should disdain to become its instruments; the possessors of arbitrary power know not how soon they may be compelled to feel its injustice."

Some of the other subjects of debate in which Mr. Gaston took part, were as follows: during the first and second sessions of the thirteenth congress—the proposed amendment to the constitution, by which the mode of choosing and organizing the electoral college was to be changed; his own resolution in relation to the Canadas; the bill to prohibit the ransoming of vessels; the Maryland memorial, and the resolution in relation to the embargo: during the third session of the thirteenth congress—the resolution to issue treasury notes; the bill to incorporate the United States Bank; the militia bill, &c.: during the first session of the fourteenth congress—the commercial convention; the repeal of the direct tax; the United States Bank, &c.: during the second session of the fourteenth congress—the amendment to the constitution changing the mode of electing president and vice-president; the right of Indiana to cast her electoral vote; the contested election of the Missouri delegates, &c., &c.

Upon his retirement from congress in 1817, Mr. Gaston resumed the practice of the law. His time, however, between his return to North Carolina and his elevation to the bench, was divided between his profession and his engagements in the legislature of the state. A man so highly gifted and so useful to his country, could not remain in private life: Mr. Gaston was from necessity a public man. As a legislator, his name ranks with the greatest names our country has produced. He could not in justice be called a politician, for he rose early in life to the rank of a statesman. The statute book of North Carolina is full of the monuments of his genius. The people of that noble commonwealth are enjoying this day the fruits of his invaluable public services. Many of his most brilliant and learned speeches were made in the state legislature; that delivered in 1828 on the subject of the state currency is spoken of as one of his highest efforts. A long continued period of financial depression had caused a very great recourse to the banks by the people for relief. The banks had liberally and generously applied their means for the public relief, until about 1828 it was discovered that the public distress extended far beyond their powers of relief, and the extent to which they had carried their accommodations began to recoil upon themselves. They were consequently compelled to cease discounting and to begin to collect their outstanding means with some vigor. An outcry was at once raised against the banks, and those whom they had most relieved were now most vociferous in their denunciations of them. Bills were introduced into the legislature ordering prosecutions against the banks and for confiscating their effects, which passed through their first stages so rapidly as to indicate an immense majority hostile to those institutions. Mr. Gaston, who had been president of the bank of Newbern, and thoroughly understood the subject, was not deterred by the hopeless appearance of their cause from raising his voice in their defence. Day after day he stood up manfully for the



banks amid sneers and sarcasm, and finally succeeded in warding off the threatened blow by dividing the house on the main question, "thus saving the banks from destruction and the state from disgrace." The justice of Mr. Gaston's course has since been fully acknowledged. His defence of the old constitution of North Carolina, in 1831, was an effort truly worthy of such a cause and of such a champion. His biographer in the National Portrait Gallery, in alluding to this speech, says: "The constitution of the state is a venerable document. It came down to the present generation from the sages of the revolution, and is loved and venerated in North Carolina for its very antiquity. It was a fit occasion for the exhibition of his learning, eloquence and patriotism, and these resources of his mind he poured forth with the most brilliant profusion." Besides the law regulating descents, Mr. Gaston framed the statute establishing the present supreme court of the state, "and the liberal basis upon which it is established is to be ascribed to his zealous and efficient support." It was owing to his efforts that the clause in the constitution of North Carolina discriminating against Catholics in their civil and political rights was expunged. The following notice of his noble labors in that cause, is from a Protestant pen in the state: "The most brilliant era of his legislative career was the convention of 1835. The hour of the repeal of the constitutional disfranchisement of Catholics, was probably the proudest of his life. His speech on that occasion was one of the rarest and most admirable specimens of eloquence which ancient or modern times have produced. His whole soul was poured into the task. He felt that it must be achieved by *him*, or not at all. Those who do not remember, cannot imagine the bitter spirit of prejudice which bigotry and intolerance had conjured up at that period in ignorant minds. To find any parallel, we must go back to the sixteenth century. The agitation, misrepresentation and delusion in the counties nearest the seat of government, resembled those of the political campaign of 1840. In those counties, numbers firmly believed that the convention was about to burn all their bibles. The object of the agitators was to intimidate the convention from its great work of justice—the emancipation of our Catholic fellow-citizens. Can such things be believed of North Carolina in the nineteenth century? Alas! popular ignorance is like the hidden fire of the volcano when all is quiet above. Such facts are useful to be referred to—they ring in startling peals the cry for popular education. The effort of Judge Gaston was successful. To him is due the gratitude of the wise and tolerant of every land. To him, as North Carolinians, we give our thanks for the erasure from our constitution of that relic of the bigotry and ignorance of the dark ages which stood in the front of our statute-book—the wonder of other states, and the shame of every enlightened Carolinian. Future generations must pay the debt in the veneration with which they will enshroud his name. That the act of emancipation was not complete—that it was not as comprehensive as humanity and the boundless circle of his own enlightened benevolence, was not his fault." Judge Gaston was a firm and ardent friend and defender of the federal union, and a decided opponent of the doctrines of nullification as set forth in the South Carolina protest. He was highly conservative in politics, and a warm opponent of the radical tendencies of his times.

As a profound jurist, Judge Gaston was eminent among the great legal minds with whom he was thrown in contact. He fully realized the prediction of the great Luther Martin. His mind was deeply imbued with the spirit of magna charta and the old common law. Few legal minds in this, or perhaps in any country, were more profoundly versed in the abstruse learning of the law. The advan-



tages of a finished education, his excellent mental discipline, together with his powers of elocution, enabled him always to avail himself of what he knew, with great power. He lost no time in seeing the point at issue, in arranging his thoughts methodically, and in expressing them with effect. His arguments addressed to the court on law points were remarkably brief and vigorous.

It was, however, as an advocate that his powers as an orator were most remarkable; it was on this stage that he acquired most reputation. The following graphic description of his style of oratory, is from the pen of one who often felt the enchantment of his eloquence: "It was as an advocate that Judge Gaston was most illustrious. The forum was an arena in which he trod the undisputed victor. Here all the excelling qualities of his mind and heart were called into display. As a criminal advocate, he long enjoyed unrivalled reputation in North Carolina. His was not a cold and mercenary advocacy. Such was the warmth of his sympathy, that from the hour he heard the story of the wrongs or misfortunes of his client, he became his zealous friend. He threw himself heart and soul into the defense, and made it his own personal cause. No fury of popular prejudice or obloquy could bend his unwavering devotion, or frighten him from the courageous defense of injured innocence, as he firmly believed it. All that zeal could accomplish, aided by every weapon which untiring industry could gather from the stores of boundless learning, by the acutest subtlety of perception, and the most insinuating and pathetic eloquence, he did. Who, that has ever seen, does not yet freshly remember—who can ever forget that noble form, as he rose to address the jury in some case of life and death? The head slightly declined—the calm gray eye—the expansive jutting brow, overloaded with thought—the embarrassed beginning, hesitating, pausing, stumbling along, the words falling singly, slow, like rain drops before the storm, but kindling an unaccountable interest and curiosity. But now the manner becomes more animated, words come like disciplined troops, obedient to the will, and arrange themselves in their positions—each so apt and expressive, and now and then one concentrating such a world of thought, it seems to fly to and bury itself in your heart. Those deep gray eyes, now luminous with the fire of thought, look on you, and you behold in their bright, mysterious depths unutterable thoughts, of which the words that now fall like snow flakes are but the dim echos. The earnest, emphatic gesture seems but the action of the thought. Those deep, deliberate, emphatic tones, are earnest indeed. You feel it is no holiday show, no spouting rhetorician you are seeing, but a man deeply moved, earnestly thinking. The thought that convulses the orator is effused into your soul. You sit enchained, entranced; time, space, visible realities, are forgotten. The thought that fills you alone, is real: you live but in the thought that you breathe in, like some maddening gas, and yield yourself, subdued and willing, to the power of a spirit mightier than you."

In 1833, William Gaston was elevated to the bench of the supreme court of North Carolina, a post which he continued to adorn for the remainder of his life. To the discharge of the duties of his high office, Judge Gaston brought all the rich treasures of his well stored mind and the sterling qualities of his upright heart. Never was the ermine worn with more unsullied purity, never was justice more ably or more impartially administered. It would be impossible to convey to the minds of our readers a just idea of his judicial career in this memoir. His decisions are recorded in the law reports of North Carolina, as precedents for the guidance of posterity. The student will learn from these reports\* the active part

\* Iredell's N. C. Reports.



that Judge Gaston took in the business of the court, and how much he contributed to its enlightened administration of justice. The encomiums passed upon him by the court at his decease will show how his colleagues on the bench valued his services. So devoted was Judge Gaston to the discharge of his judicial duties, and so indifferent to public advancement, that he declined to exchange his seat on the supreme bench of North Carolina for one in the senate of the United States.

During a life actively and incessantly devoted to professional, legislative and judicial labors, Judge Gaston always found time for general reading. Having acquired in his youth a fondness for literature, he always found in works of taste and art a relaxation from severer studies. Though usually engrossed in business, he yet made it a point to keep up with the current literature of the day. It is related of him, that "it was his custom, in riding the circuit of his courts, to take with him the last new publication, and to peruse it as he rode along the roads, and he was not unfrequently aroused from the enchantment of Scott or Irving by the upsetting of his sulky." He was an intense student and a profound thinker. Possessing great mental activity and an untiring fondness for business, he did not debar himself from seasonable relaxation and recreation. His habits of recreation were refined and judicious. No man was more at home in the social circle, and none contributed more to its entertainment. His conversation was instructive, but never stiff or formal, for his disposition was genial, gay, and sometimes convivial. He is said to have been unrivalled in the narration of an anecdote, especially a professional one.

In the domestic circle, the genial warmth of his character was peculiarly felt. His engrossing public duties never withdrew his attention from the duties of domestic life. It was there he found his chief comforts and sweetest consolations. His high moral qualities gave him a keen relish for the virtuous enjoyments of home. Though the rude hand of death often invaded the circle of those dearest to him, still his deep sense of religion ever made him courageous and cheerful. He had been three times married; his first wife was Miss Susan Hay, daughter of John Hay, Esq., of Fayetteville, to whom he was married on the 4th of September, 1803, and who died on the 20th of April, 1804. His second wife was Miss Hannah McClure, only daughter of General McClure, to whom he was married on the 6th of October, 1805, and who died on the 12th of July, 1813, leaving one son and two daughters. His last wife was Miss Eliza Ann Worthington, eldest daughter of Dr. Charles Worthington, of Georgetown, D. C., to whom he was married in August, 1816, and who died on the 26th of January, 1819, leaving two infant daughters. To his motherless children he was everything, supplying by his tenderness and thoughtful solicitude the loss of their mother. Their education was the object of his greatest care, and he regarded their religious instruction as the most important part of their education. The following extract from a letter which he wrote to his eldest daughter, then married and residing in the north, on the subject of sending her younger sisters to school, will show what were the views of this great man on this most important subject: "Without an opportunity of making my own observations, I must rely on those of others. And to whom can I trust so securely as to yours? You have, then, not only my permission but request to fix E . . . and K . . . where you think proper. Inform me of the arrangements you may make, and let me know to whom I am to remit and how much. As far as is practicable without abridging their means of improvement, consult economy. And above all, let it be explicitly understood that their religious opinions are to be treated with *respect*, their religious practices to be in no manner interfered with, and that they are not to be even invited, much less



required, to do any act inconsistent with the *avowed profession* of the faith in which they have been nurtured. You must excuse me for being thus particular. Much as I respect Connecticut, I know full well the rancorous and unenlightened hatred which is there felt against my venerable religion, and the extreme difficulty which must be experienced by those who are under the influence of this confirmed prejudice, in treating with decency what is so completely misunderstood, and feared, and detested. I would spare my children the mortification of seeing that insulted which they have been taught to revere, and save them from the greatest of all moral evils, *the unsettling of their faith.*"

We have already alluded to Judge Gaston's religious character in the earlier part of his career. As we have seen him in youth, pious, regular and uncompromising, so he continued in manhood, old age, and in death. Religion was "the guide of his youth and the light of his path." Before the church was erected at Newbern he used to read the mass prayers for all the Catholics that could be collected together; and always, in the absence of the priest, he would with the greatest humility and devotion kneel before the railing of the altar and repeat the prayers. After his death, his confessor declared that he regarded him guiltless of ever having committed mortal sin. He corresponded intimately with Bishops England and Brut , whose letters to him breathe the warmest sentiments of affection and esteem. His life teaches us the lessons that virtue equally adorns every period of life; that religion is essential for every age and condition, because all ages and conditions are equally subject to the hand of death; that we know not the day nor the hour; and that life should be a preparation for death. The life of Judge Gaston, and more particularly his sudden death, most forcibly illustrate these truths. Of the many eulogiums pronounced upon him by Protestants after his death, all allude in special terms of admiration to his deep and practical sense of religion. There is no calculating the good accomplished for the cause of our religion by one such Catholic life, led in the midst of Protestants.

Judge Gaston died at Raleigh, on the 23d of January, 1844, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. On the morning of the day he died, he attended court in his usual health, and was in the active discharge of his duties when he was suddenly stricken down by apoplexy. He was removed immediately to his lodgings, where, by the timely and skilful application of remedies, he revived, and was engaged in cheerful conversation with the friends who surrounded him at that moment of peril, till within five minutes of his death. A second stroke of apoplexy came upon him in the evening, while he was utterly unconscious of danger, and in five minutes thereafter this great and good man was no more. At the moment of the fatal blow, he had been relating with great playfulness the particulars of a convivial party at Washington many years before, and was speaking of one who on that occasion had avowed himself a "free thinker" in religion. "From that day," said Judge Gaston, "I always looked upon that man with distrust. I do not say that a free thinker *may* not be an honorable man; that he *may not* from high motives scorn to do a mean act; but I dare not trust him. A belief in an overruling divinity, who shapes our ends, whose eye is upon us, and who will reward us according to our deeds, is necessary. We must believe and feel that there is a God, all-wise and,"—raising himself up and seeming to swell with the thought,—"**ALMIGHTY!**" Such were the last words of William Gaston.

In his death North Carolina lost her greatest, her favorite son, and the union one of its best and ablest defenders. North Carolina was bowed down with grief, and a voice of sorrow came forth from every section of the country. It was felt



everywhere that a great man had fallen. The contemporary journals gave expression to the public sentiment in the most exalted eulogiums on the public services and virtues of the deceased, with which they teemed. The legislative bodies, the courts, the colleges, all public and private associations, and the popular assemblies, met on this sad occasion, in order to place on record the testimonials of their profound sorrow. From the many such testimonials which we have had before us, we select only the following from the proceedings of the supreme court of North Carolina. After announcing to the court the death of Judge Gaston and the circumstances attending his illness, the attorney general said: "I cannot speak of Judge Gaston as he deserves to be spoken of. His eulogy is on the lips of the whole country. The force of his example will perpetuate his praise. The ways of heaven, how inexorable are they, to teach us our nothingness, as well as to wean us from life. Our most useful citizens, our nearest relations and our dearest friends, are snatched away, impelling us to rely only on him who pervadeth and sustaineth all things. You know (addressing himself to the chief justice, who was present at the death scene) the manner of his death. Sorrow often produces its consolation. I was present when Judge Gaston died. That he lived constantly mindful of the grave, I have no doubt. The evening before he departed this life, in conversation with a friend, he mentioned that death had to him no terrors—that the years he had numbered were but so many steps in the completion of the journey assigned him by his master, and that he rejoiced that his armor would soon be put off. Up to the moment of his dissolution, his mind was cheerful—entertaining and instructing his friends on moral subjects. His last sentence impressed upon them the absolute necessity, to enable us to be either useful here or happy hereafter, of an abiding belief in a being present everywhere, knowing the intent and understanding the imagination of the heart—who is almighty, bringing man into judgment after death, rewarding him for his deeds. Before his voice had died upon the ear, 'he was not.' 'He had gone to his rest.'"

Chief Justice Ruffin, on behalf of the court, responded with very great emotion: "The court unites with the bar in lamenting the calamity which has fallen on us, and is ready to concur with whatever may honor the memory of our deceased brother, or express a sympathy with his bereaved family. The loss indeed is that of the whole country, and it will doubtless be deeply felt and deeply deplored by the whole country. But to us, who have been connected with him here, it is peculiarly severe. Having been closely associated in private intercourse and in the discharge of a common public duty, for the last ten years, we have had the best means of knowing and appreciating his personal virtues and judicial services. We know that he was indeed a great man and a great judge. His assistance in the discharge of our official duties, is cheerfully acknowledged by us who have survived him. In our opinion, his worth as a minister of justice and expounder of the laws, was inestimable; and we feel that as a personal friend his loss cannot be supplied."



# MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.\**

BY PETER PINKIE.

*Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.*

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE crowd outside the court-house grew more and more clamorous for admission as the trial proceeded. Stones were several times thrown at the doors, and finally the multitude grew so excited as to be on the point of rushing up the steps to disarm the constables, when suddenly the word "halt" was heard ringing clear and sharp from the direction of the street, and next moment a detachment of police headed by a lieutenant passed through the gate, and opening a passage with their bayonets took their position on the court-house steps.

This reinforcement, it is needless to observe, was ordered by Mr. Hardwinkle himself from the neighboring village without the knowledge or consent of Captain Petersham. Hardwinkle in fact saw from the very beginning that the Captain determined to throw every obstacle in the way of Barry's committal, and he on the other hand resolved to leave no means untried to thwart and disappoint him. Hence the moment he found the police had all been sent in search of Lanty Hanlon and his sister, with the exception of three or four to guard the prisoner, he despatched a messenger to the nearest officer in charge, and under pretence of an anticipated riot commanded him to bring forthwith all the force he could muster to sustain the magistrates in the execution of the law.

After the slight interruption occasioned by the entrance of the sheriff and his party, the chairman again resumed his examination of the witness.

"My good woman," said he, "you have made a very grave and serious charge here in open court against one of my brother magistrates; no less a charge indeed than of conspiring with another individual here present to entice, seduce or carry off, by fair means or foul, a highly accomplished and amiable young lady, Miss Mary Lee, of Araheera-Head. I now call on you to substantiate that charge or confess yourself guilty of a foul and malicious slander."

"Slander!" repeated Else, drawing herself up and looking round the audience; "I niver was guilty of slander in my life. I'm now four score years and more: thirty of them I spent in the wilds of Benraven under the foul name of witch and devils-dam; but where's the man or woman here ever knew Else Curley to tell a lie or slander a neighbor—if there is let them spake. What I am, that man there on the bench has made me. For these long and weary thirty years he stud between the light of heaven and me, and yit though I niver expect to see God but in anger, I wud'nt tell a lie to send him to the gallows."

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As Else uttered these words her look was calm and defiant, and she stood erect as a statue, with her arms folded on her brown bare breast, and her deep gray eyes fixed on Robert Hardwinkle.

The spectators gazed on her in silent astonishment. Her mien, her attitude, but above all the dignity with which she spoke, struck them as extraordinary in a woman of her character and years.

"She has seen better days, that old creature," observed Horseman, turning to the priest.

"Ay, so report says. There is some mystery about her, too, I never could fathom."

"But on what grounds," again demanded the Captain, "have you made this charge against Mr. Hardwinkle?"

"Humph! grounds enough, sir, grounds enough. First ask the sheriff there to produce the promissory note Mr. Lee's now arrested for."

"My jurisdiction don't extend so far, my good woman," said the Captain. "If the gentleman, however, chooses ——"

"Certainly sir," replied the latter, "certainly; I can see no objection."

"Well, I guess you might as well not mind it just now," drawled out Weeks, who had resumed his former seat and kept whittling his pencil, leaning back against the partition.

"How so?"

"Well, I object to the production of the note—that's all."

"The objection don't hold, sir—the note being now in possession of the civil court," responded the sheriff, handing the document up to the bench.

"Hah!" exclaimed the chairman as he read it over. "This note's drawn in favor of Steven C. Ingoldsby—and endorsed by Robert Hardwinkle to Ephraim C. B. Weeks—with interest added up to 13 ——. Witness, how does this date correspond with Weeks' arrival at Crohan?"

"He was here two weeks to a day, promptly responded Else—just time enough for his cousin there to go to Dublin and ferret out Mr. Lee's creditors."

"You're of opinion, then," said the Captain, "that Mr. Hardwinkle bought up this note and endorsed it to Weeks as a means of coercing Miss Lee to marry him through fear of her uncle's incarceration?"

"I am."

"Still, my good woman," observed a little red-faced man on the right of the chairman, "you have given us no proofs yet that Mr. Weeks ever proposed marriage at all to the young lady in question."

"Proofs!" repeated Else, running her hand into her bosom and drawing out a pile of letters. "Proofs—there's proofs enough here!"

"How came you by these letters?"

"Weeks gave them to me to deliver to Miss Lee."

"Ah—and you delivered them?"

"No; I kept them."

"And told Mr. Weeks, no doubt, that you handed them to the young lady?"

"That 'd be a lie if I did," responded the old woman; "and you heard me swear I niver told a lie in my life."

"So Miss Lee never saw these letters?" pursued the little red-faced man, apparently somewhat discomfited by his failure in the attempt to break down the witness' testimony. "She never saw them?"



"Saw them—humph!" ejaculated Else, contemptuously. "No, no; it 'd ill become the daughter of William Talbot to touch the love-letters of such a scarecrow as that;" and her finger pointed to the Yankee as she spoke.

"Hand me these letters," said the Captain—"hand them over here; we must see what they look like."

After running his eye over the contents of one or two of them, taken at random from the parcel, he turned to Weeks and requested to know from that gentleman whether he acknowledged the authorship, and if so, had he any objection to have the letters read in court.

Weeks hesitated for a moment, at a loss what reply to make. He had a great temptation to disavow the letters altogether, if he could do so with impunity; but he feared he could not, and to fail in the attempt would only cover him with greater shame and confusion than ever.

"You have heard the question, Mr. Weeks?"

"What! about writing these letters?"

"Yes!"

"Oh! I acknowledge the corn, of course, right straight off. I guess I haint got nothing in them to be ashamed of, have I? Well, the hull amount of it is, I sorter liked the girl."

"Just so, sir."

"There's no treason in that, I reckon?"

"Certainly not."

"As for the lady been of gentle blood, and all that sorter thing, why it's all right enough I guess over here in this old country of yourn. And so folks round here may think perhaps a Yankee merchant like me aint good enough match for her; but I tell ye what, gents," he continued, rising to his feet and thrusting his hands down, as usual, deep into his breeches pockets—"I tell you what, I'm the son of an old revolutionist, and I've got a notion that the descendant of one of these same old heroes is about good enough for any Irish girl ever walked in shoe leather. I may be wrong, gents, but them's my sentiments notwithstanding."

"Witness," resumed the chairman, without appearing to take much notice of Weeks; "witness, since the gentleman acknowledges having written these letters and made honorable proposals therein, what can you show us disreputable in his conduct or that of his cousin, Mr. Hardwrinkle, respecting the overture of marriage?"

"Was'nt it the act of a mane, designin villain," responded Else, "to try to entrap a girl of her years into a marriage to save her uncle from beggary or a jail, when he knew her to be the heiress of William Talbot, now livin in the United States?"

Mary started as the sudden announcement fell upon her ear.

"Hush, hush!" whispered Kate; "keep quiet for a moment."

"Oh my God, my God!" she murmured—"what do I hear! my father still living! Oh! mother of mercy, can this be true!"

The light-keeper glanced at the chairman and then at the witness, as if he feared the old woman's wits were wandering; and the priest, turning to Dr. Horseman, quietly observed "that things were beginning to assume a new complexion."

"Else Curley, be careful what words you utter here," said the Captain, anxiously looking down at the two young friends, now folded lovingly in each others arms. "You may have excited hopes, perhaps, which never will be realized. On what authority do you make that assertion?"



"What, that William Talbot is still living?"

"Yes."

"Plenty of authorities: first and foremost, that rosary there in the priest's hand; then the draggin up of that poor cabin-boy under a warrant, for fear he'd tell the sacret when he'd recover; and last of all, the condemned look on that dark, dismal countenance there beside ye."

Hardwrinkle raised his head and smiled at the old woman, but it was a smile so ghastly that the spectators felt chilled by its death-like expression.

"Hah! ye smile," said Else; "ye smile, and well ye may, for you're the bloodsucker and I'm the victim. Ye hunted me long, and run me down at last. From crag to crag ye hunted me, and from peak to peak—from the mountain to the glen ye hunted me, and from the glen to the prison. Ay, ye hunted me and ye famished me, and ye robbed me of my sowl at last. Ay, ay, well ye smile at the rack and ruin ye've made; but bide yer time, bide yer time—it's a long lane has no turn. That hellish smile can't last always: and maybe yer time is shorter nor ye think for, too. The hand of God may reach ye yit afore death reaches me. Bide yer time!—onct I thought I cud niver die till I seen yer corpse at my feet and my heel on its neck; but heaven, it seems, or fate, will have it otherways. There's but one bein livin cud save ye from my vengeance, and there she's now," cried the speaker, turning to Mary Lee—"that very girl there—that spotless child, that ye tried to make the victim of yer cold-blooded villainy, has three times saved yer life——"

"Woman, woman!" shouted the chairman at the top of his voice, after several fruitless attempts to silence her; "woman! woman! stop, stop—I shall commit you if you don't desist instantly."

"Pshaugh!" exclaimed Else; "what care I for yer committal. But go on, go on, Captain—put yer questions, and I'll answer them."

"You say this rosary is a proof that Mr. Talbot is still living—how do you explain that?"

"Aisy enough. That rosary is the property of William Talbot, and the boy here must have received or stolen it from its owner when he left Virginia three months ago. Call up Rodger O'Shaughnessy—he can identify it."

"Is Rodger O'Shaughnessy in court?" enquired the Captain. "Witness, you may remain as you are."

"Ahem! yes, please yer honor," responded Rodger, rising and making a profound obeisance to the bench.

"Have you any objection to be sworn in this case?"

"Not the laste in the world, yer honor."

"Clerk, swear him where he stands."

After the usual solemnity of taking the oath, Rodger raised his hands and smoothed down his few remaining white hairs over the collar of his old bottle green coat, and then looked across at his young mistress, as if to say to her in as many words, "don't be afraid, my child; I'll say nothing to injure the credit of the family."

"Witness," began the chairman, "what is your name?"

"Rodger James O'Shaughnessy, sir."

"You have been a servant in Mr. Talbot's family—how long?"

"I was forty years steward and butler at Castle—the family seat of the Talbots, and my father before me for nearly as many more."

"Clerk, hand him that rosary."



Rodger took the precious relic reverently from the clerk's hand, and drawing out his spectacles, deliberately wiped them with his handkerchief, and then slowly adjusted them to examine the rosary.

"Well, sir," demanded the chairman, after a long pause, "have you seen that article before?"

"I have, sir, a hundred times."

"In whose possession?"

"In Mr. William Talbot's, and in his father's, Edward Talbot's; of Castle ——."

"Did you ever see another like it?"

"I did, sir; the fellow of it, in the possession of Edward Talbot's lady, and afterwards in that of her daughter-in-law, Miss Mary Lee's mother, from whose neck it was taken after the wreck of the *Saldana*, by the witness, Else Curley (as she often testified to me), and placed on the neck of her foster child here present."

"Can you swear the rosary you now hold in your hand is not the rosary Miss Lee lost recently, but that which at one time belonged to her father?"

"I swear it."

"How can you do so, when the two are so much alike?"

"Ahem, ahem!" ejaculated Rodger, "they're like one another, to-be-sure, yer honor. But I carried this rosary twict to the jeweller in Cork with my own hands, to be mended, and can take my oath to the mark of the crack here yet under the arm of the crucifix."

"Very well, sir, that's sufficient on that point; and now let me ask you another question in connection with the rosary: Do you think, from what you have known of William Talbot's disposition, he would be likely to part with this rosary—give it as a present, for instance, to this boy?"

"Ahem! yer honor," responded Rodger, "I didn't think so once, any way—the night his father died, when he called master William to his bed side, and throwin the rosary round his neck, cautioned him never to part with it, as long as he lived, for there was a blessin in it, and he'd find it out some time before he died. I bequathe it to ye, my son, siz he, as the best legacy I can lave ye. Since the Duchess of Orleans give it to me as an acknowledgment for saving her life at the Virgin's chapel at Aix, I niver yet went to sleep without telling those beads. I hope, my dear boy, you will follow your old father's example. Ahem! I was present myself, yer honor, standin by when that happened, and if I could judge by master William's vows and promises that night, I might safely say, he'd never be likely to part with it willingly."

"From the Duchess of Orleans, did you say?"

"Ahem, yes sir," responded Rodger. "Her Grace gave one to Mr. Edward Talbot and the fellow of it to his lady, at Vairsells, with her own hands. I heerd the old master tell the story to the lords and ladies many an evening at Castle ——. But sure, yer honor, that's neither here or there, now; ahem! these old times can never come back again. Och! och! it's little I thought once when I used to see as many as seventeen lords and ladies of the best blood in the land seated in the great dining hall at Castle ——"

"Well, well, Rodger, we mustn't talk of these things now," interrupted the Captain. "You must remember you're on your oath."

"Ay, ay, I had almost forgot that," said the old man. "But I'm ould, yer honor, ye know, and my memory's not just so good as it used to be."

"It's now nearly twenty years since Mr. William Talbot was last seen in England—is it not?"



"Ahem! ahem!" ejaculated Rodger, pausing for a moment to recollect himself, "ahem, no sir, it's not so long as that; no, it's just eighteen years ago come next Michaelmas since he fought the duel, and we niver seen him more after that night."

"Nor heard of him?"

"No, sir. Some thought he crossed over to France, and some thought he went out to America—but no one could ever tell. For a long time we expected he'd write home, but no letter ever came, and then we began to think he heerd of his wife been lost, with the rest of the passengers in the Saldana, and made up his mind to bury himself in some distant country for the rest of his life."

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, addressing his brethren of the bench, "perhaps you wish to examine the witness further."

No one seemed inclined, however, to interfere, and then the chairman turned to Father Brennan and his learned companion, and observed somewhat quaintly, that the history of the rosary was a very interesting one, and likely to involve important consequences.

"Important for your young friend here," said the priest, in reply. "Her tender devotion to the Mother of God, and her constant practice of saying the rosary, will soon find their reward, I trust, in the discovery of a long lost parent."

"It's a very curious affair all through, whatever be the result."

"Remarkably so; but you know, Captain, I often told you how God Almighty makes use of strange means sometimes to accomplish his designs. The discovery of one rosary by the loss of the other is certainly providential."

"By the lord Harry it looks very like it," exclaimed the Captain. "To judge from the circumstances one would suppose Providence had certainly some hand in it. But we must try to get through the business of the court a little faster or we shall be here all night. Witness," he continued, again resuming the examination, "I have another question to ask before I dismiss you. Can you remember what day it was Miss Lee first missed her rosary?"

"I cannot, sir, exactly, but I think it was on or about the time Mr. Weeks paid his first visit to the light-house."

"Yes; *about* that time, you think—you can't swear to the day?"

"No; I can't swear to that—but Miss Lee is here present, ye can ask her."

The Captain hesitated a moment—at a loss whether to call on Mary for her testimony in open court, and thus expose her to the gaze of the spectators, or suffer the circumstance to pass unnoticed, and come to some conclusion respecting the cabin-boy without further delay. His deliberation, however, was suddenly interrupted by the sheriff, who now rose and begged to be permitted to leave with his prisoner as soon as possible—it being late in the afternoon, and the distance to Lifford jail some six hours travel.

"What's the amount of the debt?" demanded Else, interrupting the Captain, who was about to reply to the sheriff. "Mr. Lee sha'n't leave here the night in your costidy if I can help it. How much is the debt?"

The sheriff after looking for an instant at the execution named the sum.

"Humph!" ejaculated Else, running her hand down into the pocket of her dress and drawing out her wallet, "humph, the sum's purty big, but I've enough here to pay it, I'm thinkin."

"You!"

"Ay, me. Isn't a witch's money as good as the queen's if it's current? Mr. Weeks there will tell ye these notes is fresh from the bank;" and the old woman smiled faintly as she spoke.



"Why, how's this?" demanded the Captain, "how did you come by this large amount of money?"

"That's not a fair question, Captain, and I'm not bound to answer it; but to plaze ye: I got £80 of it from that gentleman there, Mr. Weeks, for services rendered, an the rest I saved from my husband's earnings. Here, Mистер Sheriff, count out yer money and let the prisoner go."

The sheriff took the bills and gold and laid them on the table; then counting over the amount marked on the back of the execution, he receipted for the same, and handed the document with the balance of the money over to the witness.

While this transaction was passing the whole audience seemed in commotion, every one expressing his astonishment to his neighbor, that a woman of so infamous a character as the fortune-teller of the Cairn, should thus part with the gold she loved so much to save a comparative stranger from the hands of the law. Even the light-keeper himself was taken completely by surprise, and the magistrates looked at one another and shook their heads as if they suspected some mischief at the bottom of it. As the sheriff was about to consign the bills to his pocket-book, a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and drawing out a small bank detector he laid it before him, and took up one of the notes to examine it.

"Humph!" he ejaculated, after a pause of considerable length; "I might have suspected as much. Witness, let me see that note of hand and execution for a moment—I fear I made a mistake."

"Too late, sheriff," responded the old woman—"I tore them in pieces; but sure if the fragments 'd be of any use to ye, they're here at my feet."

"Anything wrong?" enquired the chairman.

"Yes, sir; the notes are counterfeits on the bank of Dublin."

"Counterfeits! Is it possible—you astonish me."

"Not a doubt of it, sir. The Dublin Bank in its last circular cautions the public against tens and twenties counterfeits of its new plates; and here," he added, handing the detector and one of the notes up to the bench, "you can see in an instant that the plate is a forgery."

The Captain examined it for a moment, and then turning to the witness demanded to know if she could affirm on oath these notes were given her by Mr. Weeks.

"I protest against putting that question to a woman always of disreputable character," cried Hardwinkle, "and now this moment convicted of an attempt to pass counterfeit money. I object to the question."

Those of the spectators within hearing of this unexpected disclosure who happened to have had any dealings with Weeks during his short stay in the neighborhood, now began to feel alarmed; and one of them, a dealer in dry goods, who had furnished him with fishing tackle, gaffs, landing nets, and so forth, stood up and begged to inform the bench that he had now in his possession a bank note from Weeks in payment for goods delivered, and prayed the chairman to examine it.

The latter took the paper, and after looking at it for a moment pronounced it an impression from the same plate as the rest.

"Here's another, plaze yer honor," cried a little tailor, who had mounted on the shoulders of his neighbors, and flourished a bill over the heads of the audience; "here's another I got from Mr. Hardwinkle there, and I'm afeerd it's of the same family."

"Send it up."



The tailor's note, like the haberdasher's, on examination proved also to be a counterfeit.

"Clerk," said the Captain, "make out a warrant instantly for the arrest of Ephraim C. B. Weeks, in the name of the state, on a charge of having issued and attempted to pass counterfeit money."

"And I," said the light-keeper, "as guardian of my niece Mary Lee, charge Ephraim C. B. Weeks with having stolen a rosary from my house at Araheera-Head, the property of the said Mary Lee."

"Clerk, when you have made out the warrant, take Mr. Lee's deposition. Witness," he added, motioning to Else Curley, "you have done—you may retire."

"Ay, ay," muttered Else, drawing the hood of her old gray cloak over her head as she turned to leave the witness' stand; "I'll retire now, but there's more work to be done yit afore the sun sets. Let the wrong doers luck to themselves."

"Hold, woman! for whom is that intended?" demanded Hardwinkle.

"Ask yer own conscience," replied Else, turning on her step and casting back a look of intense hatred at her persecutor; "ask yer own conscience, if ye have any left. All I say to ye now, Robert Hardwinkle—luck to yerself, for God will soon call ye to yer reckonin'!" and so saying, the old woman slowly descended the steps, and silently took her place close by the dock where Randall Barry stood patiently awaiting his doom.

The reader, perhaps, may think it strange that such insulting language as Else Curley uttered during her examination should have been permitted in a court of justice; but it must be remembered that Else bore the reputation of witch and sorceress, and in that character claimed for herself privileges and immunities which no ordinary woman would dare aspire to. Besides, she was well aware that as long as Captain Petersham presided in court she had little reason to fear Hardwinkle's resentment. In addition to all this, however, Else Curley was naturally a bold, fearless woman. Her look, her speech, her very gait proclaimed her such the moment she appeared. Supercilious to her equals amongst the peasants, she was on the other hand as arrogant in her intercourse with those above her; and very likely had the judges of assize presided in that court-house, surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of supreme judicial power, instead of humble county magistrates, Else's conduct towards Hardwinkle would have undergone but little change.

"Constable," said the Captain after Else had retired; "here, take this warrant and arrest the body of Ephraim C. B. Weeks, now in court, and keep the same in close custody till you receive further orders. Miss Lee," he continued, "I regret exceedingly to be obliged to call on you for testimony in this case, or rather that your uncle's deposition just made requires it. But you will perceive it's a matter of grave importance, and needs a thorough and patient investigation. Have the goodness, if you please, to take the witness' stand."

As Mary rose and advanced to the stand, leaning on Kate's arm, her whole frame trembled, and her heart seemed to sink within her at the thought of being exposed and questioned before so many spectators. In passing the dock where Randall Barry stood shackled, patiently awaiting his trial, she raised her handkerchief to her face under her veil, as if to hide it more effectually from her lover's gaze, and timidly ascended the platform.

The moment the audience saw the graceful figure of the young girl and heard it whispered about she was the light-keeper's daughter, a general rush was made in the direction of the bench. Those in front forced their way along the passages



either side the counsel table, and despite the threats and efforts of both policemen and magistrates, succeeded in obtaining positions where they could behold the far-famed beauty of Araheera-Head.

In the midst of this commotion Hardwinkle rose and demanded to know if the reinforcement he sent for had arrived.

A policeman replied in the affirmative.

"Then send up half a dozen here to maintain order—the rest may remain outside."

"Why! how now! Mr. Hardwinkle," exclaimed the Captain. "You ordered these men here without my knowledge."

"I apprehended a riot, sir, and felt it my duty to order them."

"A riot!"

"Truly, yes; I have received private information to that effect. A very respectable man assured me yesterday of the existence of a conspiracy to rescue the prisoner in the event of his committal. Indeed, so apprehensive have I felt ever since, that I deemed it prudent to have the prisoner put in irons."

"What, sir! shackled in court, and before the law declares him guilty," exclaimed the Captain, glancing at the young outlaw. "Soh ho! prisoner, what's the matter with your arm—eh, in a sling?"

"Broken, sir," responded the prisoner.

"Broken—how so?"

"By a musket ball from a policeman on the day of my arrest."

"What! fired at you?"

"Yes, it seems so."

"And then chained you, broken arm and all. Ho there, guard! unbind the prisoner."

"Captain Petersham, allow me—I really must protest," began Hardwinkle.

"Protest the d——, sir. Constable, unbind the prisoner," thundered the Captain, as the fellow appeared to hesitate—unbind him instantly, or by——; off with the chains, sir. Gentlemen," he added, "this outrage is insufferable. A South Sea Islander could hardly be guilty of such savage tyranny as this."

"Excuse me, Captain?" said Hardwinkle.

"No, sir; I shall not excuse you. I vow to heaven, sir, this is the most inhuman treatment I ever witnessed."

"I was rather afraid," pleaded Hardwinkle.

"What! afraid of a man with a broken arm escaping from a guard of police. Sir, I regret that here in open court I feel obliged to reprimand you, and to tell you as plainly as I can speak it, that your conduct in this matter is unbecoming. Silence there below—constable, drive back these people, and keep order in court."

"Captain Petersham, after such insulting language you will not be surprised if I now inform you that in future I shall not sit with you on this bench. I should quit the court this moment but for the interest I feel in this trial. Were I not a man of peace, sir, your language would doubtless have been more guarded."

"Not a whit, sir; and as for your quitting the court, you would find it, perhaps, a little more difficult just now than you imagine."

During this bye-play Mary Lee stood in the witness' box, her head slightly bent, and her hands resting on the edge of the stand.

"Your name is Mary Lee, is it not?" began the Captain, after silence was again restored.

"Yes sir," replied the witness in accents barely audible.

"Will the witness have the goodness to remove her veil?" said Hardwinkle.

Mary trembled as she heard the words, but made no motion to comply with the order.

"I must insist upon it," said Hardwinkle, "however painful."

*To be continued.*



## Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITE.

**THE BOY MISSIONARY.**—But a few years since a zealous and modest priest penetrated into the isles of Fernando Po and Annobon, and took possession in the name of the cross of Jesus. Returning to Madrid he labored unceasingly for two years to have missionaries sent in order to open the eyes of the poor natives to faith and civilization, for they were plunged in the most complete ignorance and darkness of idolatry. At last, after unheard of effort, the priest Don Miguel Martinez set out to evangelize these islands, accompanied by some young ecclesiastics, workmen and mechanics; the priests to bear the word of God to these people, and the mechanics to give them the first rudiments of the most necessary arts.

In the first voyage of discovery and exploration, on landing at an island near Fernando Po, the first missionaries found not far from the shore on a rock a rudely shaped cross, and around it in the attitude of prayer, a group of black children, directed by a white child, all about the same age. They were reciting in Spanish, around that altar and bark covered cross, the *Hail Mary*.

Great was the astonishment of the missionaries to find an altar reared to the cross in these parts, where they thought the very idea of the cross unknown.

On seeing them, the child cried out in Spanish: *Curas! curas!*—Priests! priests! and all the little negroes at once turned to see the missionaries. The latter went up to the child and asked him to guide them to his parent's house. The child told them that he had been cast there about a year before, in a great shipwreck, that he had been separated from his parents, and had not seen them afterwards; that he had been taken up by some negroes who had brought him up with their children, and recollecting what he had seen far away, before he started with his parents, he had made that cross and taught the little negroes the prayers which his mother had made him say every night and morning, and that they all came every day to kneel before the cross.

"They are Christians, then," said the missionaries, "as we have heard them pray ing with you?"

"I do not know whether they are," answered the child, "they see me pray, they kneel around me and have learned some words of my prayers; but I do not know whether they understand them, for I do not know their language. Nevertheless, I have taught them to make the sign of the cross, and they never fail to make it as they pass before the cross."

"And who planted the cross?"

"I did," replied the boy, "for I remembered those along the roads at home."

And with these words the poor little fellow burst into tears.

The missionaries asked him his name, but he did not know it, nor his native place, nor where he came from; nor did he know precisely how long he had been on the island, as he had no way of measuring the time.

The missionaries revered the inscrutable designs of God, thanking him again and again that a child able neither to read nor to write, nor even initiated in the mysteries of religion, had thus begun the conversion of a whole tribe, so much that they had only to continue his work.

The child, first apostle of the island, has remained there, and it is certain, that as he now knows the language and manners of the people, he will be of incalculable service to the missionaries who have since gone.

**HOW TO ADMINISTER ADVICE.**—Advice should always be given in the smoothest and most polished medium—as you will see nurses administering medicine to children in a silver spoon.



**WESTMINSTER ABBEY.**—Westminster Abbey is a grand structure, worthy to be the tomb of kings. It was built at different periods, the oldest part being the eastern part of the nave and aisles, dating from Henry III and Edward I. Next came the cloisters; and the rest was built at different periods; the foundation however was old, dating from Sibert, the king of the West Saxons in 600, and then destroyed by the Danes; it was rebuilt by Edgar in 958. The two towers were erected from designs by Wren. The interior fully equals the magnificence of the exterior. The view from the west end down the nave and the aisles is very fine, the noble Gothic arches being so lofty and light. There are very beautiful windows of stained glass in the nave and transepts, but the great attraction with visitors is Henry VII's chapel, at the eastern end, the most elaborately ornate part of the building, both as to its interior and exterior.

The roof is most extraordinary—it hangs down in taper masses of carved stone which look as light and graceful as it is possible to conceive. It is cut and perforated into the most intricate interlacing figures. At the upper extremity is a fine window with the symbols of the house of Lancaster and of Henry VII, in stained glass. Around the chapel are the stalls of the Knights of the Bath and their Esquires. In the midst is the splendid tomb of Henry and his queen with a brass screen of the most elaborate workmanship. Around the chapel are monuments of Mary, Queen of Scots, the mother of Henry VII, Queen Elizabeth and General Monk. Immediately in front of Henry VII's chapel is St. Edward the Confessor's, the most venerated of all, containing a tomb erected to his memory by his admirer Henry III.

This chapel holds more renowned dust than any other in England. Edward the Confessor is in the tomb that Henry III erected; before it stands the ancient coronation chair brought from Scotland, in which all the monarchs of England have been crowned for many reigns back, to James I probably. Under it is the ancient stone on which the Scottish kings were crowned, brought from Scone. Also the plain gray marble sarcophagus of Edward I. This was opened in 1774, and the body found in an unusually perfect state. The tomb of Edward III with his effigy under a Gothic canopy, and here are kept the shield and sword carried before him at Creci and Calais, and through his glorious campaigns in France; Richard II and Queen; Eleanor, queen of Edward I, with an effigy, a noble and beautiful face it must have been if the effigy is like it.

The other chapels, six in number, contain numerous ancient and modern tombs, most of them with statues and effigies. Henry V, the conqueror of France, lies in a chapel by himself; on his tomb is a wooden effigy, formerly covered with silver, and with (I believe) a silver head; this is gone and the silver is torn off—it was stolen at the time of the reformation. The poets corner is attractive from its numerous memorials to men of genius—Gay, Thomson, Shakespeare, Camden, Garrick, have monuments erected to them here. Just to the left on entering by the door of the poet's corner, is a mural tablet with a three quarter face in high relief with the simple, though famous inscription, "O rare Ben Jonson." Shakespeare's monument represents him in a musing attitude with this inscription from the Tempest on the base, "The cloud capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself, yea, all that it inherits shall dissolve; and like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind." There is a monument to Major Andre; one to Sir Isaac Newton, and many others which do not seem to me in good taste. Why not leave the grim old Plantagenets and the few Tudors that are there to sleep undisturbed without having this white marble, so glaringly in contrast with the gray walls, to distract the attention and disturb our thoughts? To put up these tablets the carvings and mouldings of the walls had to be destroyed, an irreparable loss.

**A SIMPLE RULE.**—To ascertain the length of the day and night at any time of the year, double the time of the sun's rising, which gives the length of the night, and double the time of its setting, which gives the length of the day. This is a little method of "doing the thing" which few of our readers have been aware of.



**A GEM OF HISTORY.**—We take the following beautiful and truthful extract from the new work by Mrs. Blunt, of which a notice appears upon another page of this number:

From the history of the storms of religious persecution which have swept over the whole world, we read of but one spot where, since the birth of Christ, religious liberty has ever been born. Appropriately was the name given to the place—humble, yet lofty—lowly, yet queenly—**ST. MARY'S!**

From among all the ships freighted with freedom, which, at different ports, have entered our common country, we, people of Maryland, alone may record one ark! and dove! which landing its precious burden on the high mountain of liberty of conscience, planted the cross in peace, and proclaimed its protection equally for all believers in Christianity.

"Cecilius, Lord Baltimore!—the father of Maryland, the tolerant legislator, the benevolent prince!"—first among legislators who established an equality among sects!

"Every other country in the world had persecuting laws.

"I will not"—such was the oath for the Governor of Maryland—"I will not, by myself or any other, directly or indirectly molest any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ for or in respect of religion."

"And, whereas, the enforcing of conscience in matters of religion"—such was the sublime tenor of a part of the statute—"hath frequently fallen out to be of dangerous consequence to those commonwealths where it has been practised, and for the more quiet and peaceable government of that province, and the better to preserve mutual love and amity among the inhabitants, no person within this province, professing to believe in Jesus Christ shall be any ways troubled, molested, or discountenanced for his or her religion, or in the free exercise thereof.

"To foster industry, to promote union, to cherish religious peace; these were the honest purposes of Lord Baltimore during his long supremacy."

"Well might the freemen of Maryland place upon their records a declaration of their gratitude as a memorial to all posterities, as a pledge that succeeding generations would faithfully remember the care and industry of Lord Baltimore in advancing the peace and happiness of the colony."

And now, freemen of Maryland! have we lived to see the day when this memorial is forgotten—this "*pledge*" to the Irish peer broken in the bitter persecution which would sweep away every foothold of his countrymen?

Shall there ever be an *American* governor of the free State of Maryland, who must refuse, by his oath made to a secret society, the noble spirit of the oath, sworn to and maintained by the English governor of the English province of St. Mary's?

Surely, sooner may any other State than Maryland marshal its mobs as "*Sons of Freedom*," and riot in an anti-Catholic Christianity.

**THE HERMIT AND THE MADONNA.**—Near the spot where our gondola touched, we perceived a Madonna sculptured in the wall, with a lamp burning before her, flowers, freshly gathered, and a purse suspended to a long pole to collect alms of the gondoliers and fishermen. On landing we found an old man seated at the cottage door; the gentleness of his voice and the serenity of his noble countenance inspired an interest in his history. He told us that the island was formerly occupied by Franciscan monks, who were driven away by the French invasion, and that the soldiers vainly attempted to drag down the holy image, firmly seated in its tabernacle of stone. For more than twenty years he had lived on this insulated spot, and on our inquiring if his solitary existence did not sometimes induce melancholy, he pointed, with an expressive smile, to the Madonna, and replied, that having always the Mother of God so near him, he had never felt his solitude, that the proximity of such a protectress was sufficient to make him happy, and that his sweetest occupation consisted in supplying the lamp and renewing the flowers before her image.



**TOBACCO, SNUFF, AND HOOPS.**—There is wit and humor, intermingled with some wholesome advice, in the following extract taken from the *Scalpel*, for November:

Come here, thou filthy and unsightly tobacco-chewer, whose breath would poison the sewer, and whose slavered lips would frighten a scavenger!—here, take *The Scalpel* in thy trembling hand, and read thy doom! Wilt thou make a respectable man—throw away thy tobacco! Get into a big spittoon, and let the water run over and through thee, for the next two months; and then get into a vinegar vat, and undergo a thorough pickling, and by the fourth of March next thou mayest become a decent citizen.

Hallo! you rollicking, hiccougging, stupid spalpeen of a drunkard; lie down in that gutter, and hear patiently our fervid virulence. What, in the name of decency and manhood, are you about in putting that Belzebub compound of alcohol, aquafortis and alum into your alimentary stew-pan? Here, take this; it is one of our emetics. Swallow it down and vomit it up, and then let us swab you out with wormwood tea and some of our "Capsicum Catsup." We know what's good for you. Hand over your money, and set your muddled brains (if you have any left) to work on its pages, and go anywhere that we send you—Blackwell's Island, if we say so; but go at once and have our prohibitory liquor law enforced at the point of *The Scalpel*. Give up the liquor, or give your carcass for dissection. Let conscience or the crows be satisfied.

You take snuff, do you? Well, if your nose is of no more worth than to make a dust hole of, let's make your mouth a garbage barrel! Here, open it, and let us put these withered cucumbers and rotten apples and cabbage in! Hold, there are some stinking scraps of scrofulous cow-beef, and some cigar ends that have been twice smoked and sucked. Stay, there's a few rotten onions, and the contents of a spittoon from a grocery store where you go to buy your dinner. Don't be angry. It's just as nice as any of your perfumated, irrigated, dried and ground snuff! We shall have to put your nose under the hydrant until winter, and then begin to apply oil of turpentine until spring.

My dear Miss Letitia! why do you wear tight boots and high heels? Your fascinating foot will be spoiled. The pressure will make the toes swell. You will have most agonizing pains from corns, and swelling from bunions. The beauty of your foot will be lost, the springing gracefulness of your tread will be gone; the legs will be stiff and painful, and you cannot dance the fascinating scottische; you will have to shuffle and amble like a spavined nag, and perhaps your ankles may give out, and you be lame for life.

You can cultivate and improve your natural possessions and gifts of body and mind, but you cannot alter or change them for the better. Your foot is just the right size. Take care of it, wash it, rub it, keep it clean and warm, and cultivate every toe and joint, and make it an elegant and reliable carriage for the body. If you put it into bonds and imprisonment, expect an ugly and troublesome enemy. A compressed foot is one of the most awful of botherations. Pray you avoid it!

O madam! I tell you it is thoroughly outrageous! I was speaking to you, Lady Veronica Perfect! Well, sir, pray what is "thoroughly outrageous?" Your dress, my lady. And pray, sir, what is my dress to you? An abomination, madam. And your *Scalpel*, to me, is an impertinent sheet. I shall dress as I please, sir. I wish you would, madam. At present you dress to please that vulgar mob of fools called "*The Fashion*." You who have such good taste and cultivated understanding, to put yourself in the shape of a parachute, and be hooped up like a hogshead of sugar, with tackling enough about you for a packet ship! You ought to be ashamed of it! With a shell on your head and a dry goods store about your heels. Are not you a foolish woman to make yourself a slave to the dry goods seller and dress maker? You'll fill the Crystal Palace alone, soon! Why, you'd positively have to undress in the entry, if you came to see us, for you couldn't get into the door-way of an ordinary parlor as you are. What will become of you at the equinox?



## Review of Current Literature.

1. ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS; the second Grinnell Expedition in search of SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, 1853, '54, '55; by *Elisha Kent Kane*, M. D., U. S. N., illustrated by upwards of 300 engravings from sketches by the author, &c. &c., 2 vols. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The ruling sentiment during the perusal of the two volumes of Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations is that of intense sympathy. There is a sad but irresistible fascination in his minute detail of incessant strife with cold, storm, ice, and mental depression, amid continual darkness. So deep is the spell of this simple narrative, that the reader is often forced to put the book down and seek relief from over-taxed interest.

It became evident, very soon after Dr. Kane reached his winter quarters in 1853, that the vessel was permanently imprisoned in the ice, and that whatever he accomplished either for his humane mission or science, was to be done by other means than navigation. The story, thenceforward, becomes one of struggle against the elements, isolation, disease, restless companionship, starvation, and all the dreary surroundings of continual night and unyielding ice. In the midst of these disheartening circumstances, the commander never loses sight of the main purpose of his expedition; and although many of his men soon became afflicted by maladies incident to cold and confinement, he employs every serviceable person in pushing his explorations northward, on foot or on sleds, across the waste of glacier, rock, and ice-floe, that forms the northern shores of Greenland. Parties are dispatched to store provisions for further searches in the spring, but are overcome by intense cold,—the thermometer descending fifty and sixty degrees below the freezing point! A straggler,—hardier than the rest,—brings back the news of discomfiture, and the commander is instantly off for the rescue, which he fortunately effects, though with temporary loss of his reason and almost of his life. At last, *the first winter* in the ice ends, and the sad companions of cabin and fore-castle are refreshed by hopes of release during summer; but there is no relaxation of the inexorable *bergs* even with the returning sun. The Esquimaux dogs,—the party's hope in extremity,—sicken and are diminished in numbers; disease attacks and prostrates the stoutest men; scurvy eats into their frames; limbs are frost-bitten till they mortify and require amputation; food fails; game is extremely scarce; the bear, awk, walrus, and seal seem extinct; rats are hunted as luxuries; a search for provisions that were stored on shore shows that the bears had attacked the *caches* and devoured their contents; and finally some of the desponding ship-mates depart for the south in hope of regaining their homes; but their enterprise fails, and they wander back to the brig where they are welcomed with a comrade's kindness, only to diminish the resources of the steadfast. And so, a *second winter* sets in with early rigor; and those burrowing ice-moles, the Esquimaux, are their only visitors in the ensuing night of many months. Ice, snow, storm, darkness, drift, desolating cold are upon them again for half a year; and then comes the weary monotony, not of simple imprisonment, but of all the tortures imaginable from such elements of misery. There is hardly any food in the brig; coal is entirely expended; and, at last, there was no fuel but the vessel herself! They strip her economically;—burning their cables inch by inch, before they begin to destroy the outer casing of planks. Then there are sketches of burrowing in cairns or holes in the snow, where, clad in furs and huddling together among the Esquimaux, they strove to preserve animal heat and forget themselves in prolonged sleep. The exhausting monotony of all this must have been enough to unnerve the stoutest even under more favorable circumstances; yet, throughout these manifold trials, Kane never lost heart, but cooked, nursed, doctored, encouraged, devised, supported the *morale*, maintained discipline, kept up the routine of scientific duties, and travelled with his surviving dogs or hunted bears and walrus on the ice-floes for the support of his famishing, bed-ridden comrades.



At length, the spring of the *second year* approached, and having preserved his men from demoralization and madness during two winters, it was evident that unless they were released in the summer, all hope of rescue, and perhaps of life, would be cut off. Accordingly, he made his arrangements, with sleds, dogs, boats and tents, to abandon the brig and retrace his way southward along the ice of the Sound. This portion of the narrative is full of interesting details of his devices, escapes, foresight, and personal toils in planning and starting the expedition amid continual storms, and of their final release from the living death they had endured for two years.

All this is narrated with a frank modesty, which, while it captivates by its intense truthfulness, cannot mask the fact that nearly every thing depended on the intelligence and firmness of Dr. Kane. Energy, contrivance, forethought, discretion, sympathy, confidence, humanity, a brave supporting heart, are every where evident in the details which seem almost wrung from the intrepid adventurer by the necessity of his narrative. It is an evidence *how much we are aided in the battle of life by high moral endowments and intellectual cultivation*,—and how much more valuable these qualities are than muscles of steel in herculean frames that do not possess them! This is the great lesson taught by the book.

It may have been unsatisfactory to Dr. Kane that he did not rescue his illustrious predecessor in Arctic suffering, or add much to polar geography; but the book he has given us is, we think, unequalled in our literature for its description of the moral and physical scenes incident to Arctic adventure. It is a picture in which every lineament of *ice-life*, or rather, of *ice-death*, is drawn with dramatic force. The vivid narrative,—mostly in the form of a journal,—photographs the passing event or impression. Every trial to which mind, nerve, muscle, or flesh can be subjected in the constant night of half a year or the dismal day-light of the other six months, is recorded with striking distinctness. All the contrivances and resources in dealing with such phases of nature are disclosed,—and if Dr. Kane did not enjoy the happiness of rescuing Sir John Franklin,—a happiness which we are sure would have been more delightful to him than its glory,—he has, at least, produced a memoir of noble exertions, which, in literary and personal value, will be as lasting as the fame he so richly deserves.

As Baltimoreans we are flattered by observing that Dr. Kane has called portions of his discoveries after several of our distinguished citizens. We find on his chart the names of Kenrick, Kennedy, and Taney.

We would be unjust to American Art if we concluded this imperfect notice without alluding to the style of illustration and printing. We possess many more costly works, embellished and published in the United States, but none of them can compare, in exquisite typography and engraving, with Dr. Kane's. The execution and printing of the plates are certainly unsurpassed; and perhaps nowhere has so large an edition of any work been issued in which all the impressions were equally faultless.

2. *BREAD TO MY CHILDREN*; by Mrs. *Ellen Key Blunt*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This little volume, by a lady of Maryland of taste and genius, has no doubt already afforded to many of our readers the great pleasure which we have derived, ourselves, from its perusal. It is a brief but touching story—or rather it gives us a few glimpses of one of those sad histories which are so often true records of the best and worthiest lives. The scene is laid partly in England and partly in the infant colony of St. Mary's, and some of the leading incidents of the tale are connected with the romantic experiences of the first Maryland emigrants. The whole narrative, however, is within so limited a compass, that we should only mutilate, did we endeavor to condense it. The reader will find the book itself its own pleasantest and easiest interpreter. It is full of imagination and enthusiasm, and of the most refined and elevated purity of thought. The style is always graceful and at times highly poetical. Indeed many of the occasional verses which are interspersed, indicate poetical ability of no ordinary degree.



Nothing can be more thoroughly feminine than the whole tone of the work or more suggestive of sincere and fervent piety.

But while we commend the book for its intrinsic excellence, in a literary and moral point of view, we must not fail to applaud especially the liberal and Christian spirit in which it deals with the labors of the first Proprietary and his fellow colonists. Time was, when even the bitterest sectarianism was ashamed to deny to the great founder of Maryland the homage which is due to the author of one of the noblest achievements in history. Of late years, however, it has become quite fashionable to write essays for the purpose of proving that he had nothing at all to do with it, and that the glory, if any there be, belongs altogether to the Protestant government from which the Charter was derived. We should not be at all surprised at receiving, before long, from some enlightened "American" Whately, a volume of "historic doubts" as to the existence of Lord Baltimore and the landing from the "Dove" and the "Ark." In the mean time, however, plain and unlearned people, who are content to infer a great motive from a great act, and who had rather bless the name of a benefactor of their species than exert their ingenuity to prove that he did good without intending it, will welcome with gratification such just and generous tributes as this Protestant lady has offered to the memory of Cecilus Calvert.

We give the conclusion of the volume as an attractive specimen of both its spirit and its style:

"It has been now two hundred years and more since Catholic and Protestant, in the beautiful province of Maryland, gathered their bread in peace and love from the same mill.

"At the different homes to be divided in thankfulness—at the different altars to be broken in faithfulness—no questioning of the several forms of household custom or of church discipline; they parted between them the one important substance of life, the one for ever blessed emblem of the one Christ!

"The little handful on the protecting shores of the Chesapeake were gathered together, as we shall all be when the last wave shall land the last wanderer on the shores of eternity; and of all nations, and kindred, and people, and tongues, we shall be brothers.

"Until then, dwelling together in different bands, Protestants, Catholics, Americans, Christians, let us be brothers! Let not a faction divide us! Let us pray for our daily bread together!

"Let us remember that the command is upon us, that 'he who loveth God love his brother also!'

"Let it not be that the flag of Great Britain, as it waved over a province and a prince, was more universal in its protection, more powerful in its defence, more generous in its welcome, more Christian in its faith, than the star-spangled banner\* which we proudly own!"

3. *THE HILLS OF THE SHATEMUC.* By the Author of the "Wide, Wide World." New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

With the moral of this tale we are well pleased. It fully sustains the old adage: "Where there is a will, there is a means." Mr. Landholm, the owner of a small farm, is the father of a large family; as is customary in country places, he sends his children to school during the winter. His boys show evidences of talents, and manifest a desire for learning. They entreat their father to be permitted to pursue their studies uninterruptedly for a time. The old man cannot see the necessity for such a step. They had, as he thought, learning sufficient for following the plough: moreover, he cannot spare them from the farm. Their services are more needful to him, and as he said profitable to themselves in grubbing the "roots" from new made ground, than in finding the roots of verbs and nouns, and especially, in figuring out that "square root."

The father at length is willing to gratify them, but he is in want of the means. It is suggested to him that he mortgage his little farm, to raise the amount necessary to send them to college. This he does. His two sons enter, and in a few years graduate with distinction. Winthrop, the elder, studies law, and becomes eminent in the profession.

\* It may not be amiss to state, in this connection, that Mrs. Blunt is a daughter of the late distinguished author of the national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner," whose genius and patriotism she inherits.



In the mean time old Landholm becomes involved, and is unable to pay the mortgage debt. The farm is sold, and the old man and the rest of his family are compelled to remove from the place. The sequel of the story, however is, that Winthrop marries the daughter of the mortgagee, redeems the farm, and the old man is recalled to his former homestead.

The story is sufficiently interesting to make it readable, though it possesses no brilliancy. The language is often too common-place, and the prolixity of the dialogues weary the reader.

4. **MARRYING TOO LATE; a Tale;** by *George Wood*. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A politico-religious story, destined to throw Miss Bunkley, Professor Ned Bowline, and other high authorities of the same school, quite in the shade. The author revels in the imaginary wickedness of priests and nuns, and his descriptions are so vivid that we think he must be some kind of a priest himself, a high-priest, it may be, of one or more of the numerous and zealous secret associations which now cover the land. He certainly draws his warm pictures from a fountain of impurity which is always accessible to him, and this fountain will pour out a stream of poison wherever it flows. As an attack upon Catholicity, it is virulent but impotent, for facile calumny though welcomed by the multitude, is never a substitute in any honest mind for argument. The book is calculated to do much mischief, not to Catholics indeed, but to the young and pure of both sexes, and of every creed, who will be seduced by its quasi-morality and its real corruption.

There are two points presented by the author of more significance to the religious world than he appears to comprehend. He calls modern Rome "That centre of power more widely diffused now, and more felt, than in its Augustan age." What makes it so?

And again he tells us, speaking through Mrs. D'Oyle, a New York lady transplanted to London, that her dear pastor had never said a word more true of himself and of his friends, than when he declared "That it was much easier to tell what he did not believe than what he did." And this from that riven branch of Christianity which makes salvation rest upon faith alone!"

The author has sadly misused his talents, but a sprightly style and a rancorous attack upon every thing Catholic may perhaps bring him the only reward to which he aspires. Filthy lucre may be his, and a sort of fame, but rather than have such, who would not say:

"Unblemished let me live, or die unknown:  
Oh, grant an *honest fame*, or grant me none!"

5. **THE LIFE OF MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTS.** By *M. de Marlés*. Continuator of Dr. Lingard—from the French, by *M. J. Ryan*. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

It would be a superfluous task to praise a work which like this has been so cordially and frequently welcomed in its original dress. We are glad to see so fine an English translation, and are very grateful to M. Ryan for the pains he took that the original might lose nothing of its simplicity and beauty. To all who love to see calumniated innocence restored to its right, we commend this little volume, which we assure them will interest as much as it will enlighten them on that dark spot in English history.

6. **HOURS BEFORE THE ALTAR, or Meditations on the Holy Eucharist.** By the *Abbé de la Boullerie*, Vicar-General of Paris. Translated by a religious of the order of the Visitation. New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We owe an apology for keeping this little work so long without due notice; but little works, like little folks, are too often thrust out of the way by larger and more consequential ones. This is much more the case with the pious and humble, and this little work breathes the very essence of those virtues. There are some blemishes in the translation, which betray too much the French original, and which we would advise the translator to correct before it passes to another edition. This we hope will soon be the case.



## Editors' Table.

**POETS AND POETRY.**—The fame of poets dwells not in the profusion, but in the perfection of their labors. The world sometimes bestows immortality on certain favored sons of the Muses for a single offering, while others are suffered to sink into oblivion with the productions of a life-time. Wolfe by his "Burial of Sir John Moore," has acquired an imperishable name; the "Elegy" of Gray has given to its author a fame that will endure while poetry is read. The author of the beautiful lyric, "My Life is like the Summer Rose," which is so universally admired, like Wolfe and Gray, has immortalized his name by a single production. The piece is usually attributed to the late Hon. Richard H. Wilde, a native of Baltimore, but for many years a resident of Georgia, which he represented in Congress. It was written about the year 1813, and first printed in 1818. Since then it has passed into almost every land and graced the columns of almost every journal and periodical published since that period. It has been clothed in most of the modern languages, and we have read it with much interest in the classic languages of Greece and Rome.

But how little is publicly known of the author, apart from this single piece of poetry! His politics are no longer remembered; his *Life of Tasso* encumbers the shelves of the booksellers, while this gem, passing current every where as true poetry, embalms his memory in literary immortality. We subjoin the original of Wilde, with a response of almost equal force and beauty—said to have been written by a lady of our own city.

**WILDE.**—My life is like the summer rose  
That opens to the morning sky,  
But ere the shades of evening close,  
Is scattered on the ground to die.  
Yet on that rose's humble bed,  
The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
As if she wept such waste to see;  
But none shall *weep a tear* for me.

**LADY.**—The dews of night may fall from Heaven  
Upon the withered rose's bed,  
And tears of fond regret be given,  
To mourn the virtues of the dead.  
Yet morning's sun the dews will dry,  
And tears will fade from sorrow's eye,  
Affection's pangs lulled to sleep;  
And even love forget to *weep*.

**WILDE.**—My life is like the autumn leaf  
That trembles in the moon's pale ray—  
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,  
Restless, and soon to pass away.  
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree shall mourn its shade:  
The winds bewail the leafless tree,  
But none shall *breathe a sigh* for me.

**LADY.**—The tree may mourn its fallen leaf,  
And autumn winds bewail its bloom,  
And friends may heave a sigh of grief  
O'er those who sleep within the tomb,  
Yet soon will spring renew the flowers;  
And time will bring more smiling hours;  
In friendship's heart all grief will die,  
And even love forget to *sigh*.

**WILDE.**—My life is like the prints which feet  
Have left on Tampa's desert strand—  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
All trace shall vanish from the strand.



Yet, as if grieving to efface  
 All vestige of the human race  
 And that lone shore, loud moans the sea;  
 But none, alas! shall mourn for me.

LADY.—The sea may on the desert shore  
 Lament each trace it bears away;  
 The lonely heart its grief may pour  
 O'er cherish'd friendship's fast decay,  
 Yet when all track is lost and gone,  
 The waves dance bright and gaily on;  
 Thus soon affection's bonds are torn,  
 And even love forgets to mourn.

A FREE LIBRARY.—In a country like our own, whose government and institutions depend mainly for their support and perpetuity on the intelligence of the people, every movement tending to give increased facilities to the acquisition of knowledge, to encourage genius and foster talent, to elevate, refine and expand the popular mind, is worthy of the deepest consideration of every citizen. Our exertions in the cause of education have been great, and worthy of high commendation, but half our labor will be lost, if those for whose intellectual advancement we have made so many sacrifices, are left in after life without the facilities of maturing their earlier studies. Their classics will be consigned to the grave of oblivion; their mathematics will be forgotten; their lessons of philosophy and history will fade from their memories, if the germs of early education be not fostered and cherished, and refreshed through the medium of a good, select library. They may be merchants, or mechanics, or members of the legal or medical professions, and eminently successful in their particular callings, but without drawing deeply at the fountain-head of literature and science, they will never become, in the true sense of the word, *literary men*.

Baltimore, so distinguished for her prosperity, the wealth and enterprise of her citizens, is far behind her sister cities in her literary and scientific resources. If, however, the project of establishing a *Free Library*, at present so earnestly recommended by a number of our most prominent citizens—men distinguished alike for their liberality, refined taste, and high literary attainments, meet with a corresponding encouragement on the part of the public, the reproach that has so long hung over Baltimore will be removed.

The old Library Company of our city has recently transferred its valuable collection of books to the Maryland Historical Society, stipulating as a condition that the union of the two should form the basis of a *free library*. The Historical Society having accepted the trust and consented to the condition, have thrown open its collection to all who desire to consult the volumes in the rooms of the institution, and now appeal to the citizens of Baltimore for such assistance as they may feel disposed to render in order to promote the object of the transfer. The committee appointed in behalf of the Historical Society have addressed a circular to the public, in which they strenuously urge the subject on the attention of their fellow citizens. They draw particular attention to the fact that the contemplated library is not intended for any particular class, but for students of every description—"for those who may be called to investigate any subject of science, or literature, *for scholars generally and the public at large*." That the library "is not a matter of luxury, intended for the gratification of the wealthy and well educated, but is a necessity in every highly civilized community."

Again, in allusion to the beneficial influences of the enterprise the committee justly remark:

"A good Library is an ever active power in a community. It sends forth its refreshing and never failing streams of knowledge into every walk of life. It tends to establish the great equality among men which it is the glory of our free institutions to foster. On its shelves are accumulated the intellectual wealth of all the ages. The poor scholar, by its aid, stands on the same intellectual level with the most favored children of fortune."



Free libraries, free access to the avenues of science, free institutions of learning properly organized and controlled, where the children of all classes, the rich and poor may meet and contend upon the same platform for the golden prize of literary fame; where the young are taught to esteem virtue and morality as the highest ornaments of a Christian and a citizen; where obedience to parental authority, respect for the laws, and reverence for religion, are inculcated with the lessons of secular sciences. These are absolutely essential to a right administration of the government. They are the most efficient safeguards of our liberty and social order, for through them we are taught to appreciate our own rights and to respect the rights of others. The history of the human race clearly proves that ignorance and vice are almost inseparable companions; while knowledge, chastened by virtue, expands the mind, cultivates the affections of the heart, controls the passions, leads to a higher and purer range of thought, to noble and grand conceptions. It is, therefore, hoped that the citizens of Baltimore will respond to the appeal of the Historical Society in a manner that will prove that they appreciate the importance of the movement. It is to subserve a great public purpose, to rear a monument which will endure and be associated to the name of Baltimore, when monuments of brick and marble shall have crumbled into dust. "The glory of a great city is after all in its scholars, writers, artists, men of genius, learning and science. Their fame lingers around and ennobles the place where they have lived, long after its grandeur and wealth have departed forever. Florence, Venice, Genoa and other Italian cities which flourished in the middle ages, are rendered classic ground by the surviving works and fame of the great men whom they fostered. The names of Dante, Galileo, Petrarch, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and many others, are fresh in the memories of all, though their bodies have for centuries been mingled with the dust."

**MARYLAND INSTITUTE LIBRARY.**—We are much pleased to learn that renewed exertions are now making to increase the literary resources of the library attached to the Maryland Institute. The foregoing remarks, touching the beneficial influences of a free library, apply with equal force to this institution. It is a library mainly of circulation, and designed to benefit more especially the youth of our city, by supplying them with a collection of choice and wholesome reading. Large additions have lately been made to the library by purchase, and by liberal donations from many of our most distinguished citizens.

**THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.**—The result of the Presidential Election affords an ample subject for deep and serious reflection, while it offers at the same time, a subject of congratulation to every right-minded citizen. We have seen elements thrown into the contest, heretofore unknown in our national elections. We have seen parties in years gone by enter the political arena divided on principles of state, or national policy; differing on subjects touching our domestic or foreign relations, but it was the first time we were called to witness in a presidential canvass, a party aiming at the sovereignty of the land, which sought to deprive a man of his rights as an American citizen, by reason of his religion or his country. It was the first time too, that we beheld a party openly arrayed against the recognized constitutional rights of a large section of our country. But the strife is over; the *fiat* of the nation has been uttered; the result is before us. The great conservative and liberal principles which lie at the foundation of our institutions, and govern the people as a nation, have triumphed over the faction on the one hand, that would menace the Union, and the *Order* on the other, that dared to make religion or country a test of American citizenship.

We rejoice at the result, not as Catholics, but as citizens. We rejoice in common with those who wish the perpetuity of the Union; who wish to transmit it to their children with the one flag floating over its vast domain; with its vigor undiminished, its laws unimpaired, with power to maintain the rights of its citizens without respect to their country or religion.



# Record of Events.

From October 20, to November 20, 1856.

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## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—On the 25th of September the Holy Father entertained at dinner, in the Vatican, a large number of students and professors belonging to the various seminaries and colleges of Rome. The variety of costumes of these ecclesiastical students formed one of the most interesting features of the scene. The prevailing color of the *soutane* was black, but habits of other colors were worn by the representatives of different nations. "Those of the Germanic College were habited in red; the members of the Greek College in blue; the Vatican students in violet; the House of the Orphanage in white; and some others, like the Propaganda, wore costumes of different colors. The Seminarial College of the Benedictines of St. Paul wore the habit of the order. The variety of these types and the colors of the countenances were not the less remarkable from the Englishman with the ruddy face and the German with light hair, up to the ebony tint of the Nubian and the brass-colored face of the Chinese. The twelve students of the Propaganda represented well the five parts of the world, showing the various contrasts of the human race, and also showing that the Catholic clergy of the whole world were there waiting on the Vicar of Christ. His Holiness had also prepared a surprise to his young visitors by a lottery, tickets for which were distributed to them, and one of the scholars of the orphanage drew the numbers, and His Holiness deigned to distribute the various prizes to the fortunate winners—such as crucifixes, Madonnas, etc. At six o'clock His Holiness gave his parting benediction to his guests, and addressed them in these words: 'Mementote hujus dieie omnibus diebus vitæ vestræ:' 'remember during your life this day,' 'not because you have dined and been amused, but that your father has wished to show the interest and affection he bears you, and desires to encourage you in your studies.' It should be mentioned that after the lottery was over the students of the different colleges addressed His Holiness, thanking him for his benignant kindness; and those belonging to the College of the Propaganda did so in not less than fifteen different languages—the Chinese, Hindoo, Russian, English, German, etc. Indeed, down to the negro, in his black *soutane*, was the Holy Father thanked, and he was visibly moved by this mark of affection."—As matter of interest as well as of information, we record with pleasure what one of the Roman journals says in reference to the universities of the Roman States:

"Among the universities of the Pontifical States, the most frequented are those of Rome and Bologna. During the last scholastic year, the first-named reckoned eight hundred and seventy-six students, and the latter four hundred and eighty-seven. The other universities have been attended by four hundred and thirty young men. This gives a total of one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three students in the universities of a state the population of which is three million one hundred thousand souls."

An ecclesiastical college is to be formed at Rome for the subjects of the Italian provinces of the Austrian empire.—The Holy Father has appointed the Abbé Vesque, a native of Honfleur, but at present Chaplain of the Catholic Orphanage at Norwood, Bishop of the Island of Dominica, and of two small islands in the West Indies.—Much satisfaction has been expressed at the manner in which the ambassador from the Holy See, M. Chiggi, has been received at the court of Russia, and of the happy impression that has been produced by his presence. It has awakened everywhere throughout the empire the hopes of the Catholics. The Emperor has been pleased to bestow on the Roman embassy particular marks of attention. His Excellency M. Chiggi has been decorated with the Grand Cross of the White Eagle, while his atten-



dants have been honored with similar marks of favor.—The *Univers* announces that His Holiness the Pope has signed an amnesty, comprising about thirty persons, for the most part condemned for the affair of November 16, 1849. This act of grace is to be published on the occasion of the inauguration of the monument in memory of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The same journal confirms the intelligence that the Sultan has presented to the Emperor of the French the sanctuary and church of St. Anne, detained by the Turks since the capture of Jerusalem by Sultan Saladin.—The *Augsburg Gazette* states that three ecclesiastics have arrived in Rome from Wurtemberg, with a view of negotiating a concordat between that country and the Holy See. The Holy Father had accorded them a most kind reception.

**SARDINIA.**—During the last month nothing of special importance has transpired in this kingdom. Persecution against the ecclesiastical bodies still continues, while encouragement and pardon are extended to rebels. On this subject the *Northern Times* has the following language:

“The words of heavy import have been heard in Piedmont—the one of pardon, the other of persecution. The minister has said to the exiled rebels of Genoa, *return*; but to a number of monks and nuns he has said, *begone*. This inhuman order has been intimated to the Fathers of Scuole Pie, to the Benedictines of Asti, to the Augustinians of Genoa, to the nuns of the Sacred Heart of Chambery, and to divers other religious communities throughout the state. It would be difficult to imagine the sufferings and privations which this barbarous decree is sure to entail upon these unoffending religious, who now behold themselves without a home, and forced to seek in other lands a shelter as they best may. Certain it is, that it will cost the lives of many. And what an amount of maudlin philanthropy is there not current in this world of ours at the present time. France and England project an expedition to the Bay of Naples, which is joined in by Piedmont, for the purpose of teaching the king humanity in his treatment of conspirators and rebels, who have only received their deserts in chains and dungeons; yet whole communities of helpless men and women can be tossed out upon the world, and exposed some of them to certain death; all of them, more or less, to privations, and not a whisper of reproach is heard from the *humane nations*. The embarrassments of a miserable Tuscan bible-reader were sufficient, some years ago, to rouse our country to strenuous interposition—but England approves of ejections, and monks and nuns are not fit objects for her to waste humanity upon.”

**FRANCE.**—Six Trappist Monks lately arrived at Marseilles, accompanied by the Rev. Francis of Assisium, titular prior of the convent of Aigubelle, Department of Drome. These monks embarked immediately for Algeria, where they will join the company of about one hundred of their Order who are engaged in carrying out the agricultural establishment of Staseulli, which has acquired a wide-spread reputation. Five brothers of the Christian Schools left by the same steamer for Algiers to join those of that order already established in that colony. The Rev. Abbe Ratisbonne has also embarked, accompanying several nuns of the Order of Sion, who are going to Jerusalem to direct the Schools of Charity and Instruction which that ecclesiastic has founded near the holy places.

“We rejoice,” says the *Univers*, “at now being able to announce that the hopes we expressed the other day have been fulfilled. His Majesty, the Sultan, has made a present to France of the sanctuary and the church of St. Anne, at Jerusalem, which are built in the very place on which were the house and the cradle of the Queen of Heaven. Saladin had converted it into a Mussulman school, and it had long been deserted. The Turks, nevertheless, deserve great credit for having ceded it to us; in the eyes of the Moslems, in the first place, it is an alienation of a spot almost of as rich religious character, and invested with the reminiscence of their greatest monarchs; secondly, in the eyes of the schismatics of the empire, and of the Russians, it is a cruel favor accorded to their adversaries, and consequently according to the ideas of the Orientalists, a great check to themselves. The donation is presented to the Emperor of the French. This will cause a great sensation throughout the East, and above all in the Holy Land. In Europe also, and over the entire world, the prayers of Catholics will ascend to God for the sovereign who desired, and who knew how to obtain it from the chief of the Mussulmen, to be restored to the Church the venerable *sanctuary* where was accomplished the Immaculate Conception of Mary.”



ENGLAND.—The Queen and her Court have returned from Balmoral, Scotland, to London. The chief subjects of discussion in the English journals are the Neapolitan question, and the policy of the French and Russian governments. The course adopted by Her Majesty's Government towards Naples does not, it would seem, meet the approbation of the people, especially of the manufacturing districts. In Sheffield an association has been formed with the design of informing the Government of the opinions of the manufacturing classes on the subject. This association has addressed a letter to Lord Clarendon on "the present convulsive movements in Naples," in which it tells the minister very plainly that, for England to engage in a revolutionary struggle with Naples would be tantamount to murder—that by no law or right can this country, which refused to assist the Hungarians and the Poles, interfere forcibly in the internal affairs of Naples. To the threatened occupation of the Bay of Naples by an English and French squadron, the Sheffield Committee give the proper name "piracy," and they earnestly entreat the noble Foreign Secretary to take no further step in the matter previous to the publication of the correspondence of the British Government with France, Austria, and Naples, with reference to the present convulsed state of the Neapolitan territory.

It is rumored that England seeks a close alliance with Austria, with a view of counteracting the friendship that exists between France and Russia. The English journals are beginning to speak in harsh and disparaging terms of the French government; this has called forth sharp rejoinders on the part of the journals of France.

Dr. Manning, the distinguished convert, formerly Archdeacon of Chichester, is about to build a very handsome church in London, close to Victoria street, Pimlico, and nearer to Buckingham Palace, to be served by a new religious order, of which Dr. Manning is to be superior. The exclusive duties of the order will be to supply the places of those priests in the archdiocese of Westminster, who may be incapacitated for duty by sickness or over work. It is at first to consist of about eight members, and gradually to be increased from converts to Catholicism. Dr. Manning is brother-in-law to the Bishop of Oxford, and to Henry Wilberforce, editor of the *Weekly Register* and *Catholic Standard*. He is very much esteemed by those who know him. It is necessary to get the sanction of His Holiness the Pope to his new project, and for the attainment of that end he is shortly to start for Rome with some of his future colleagues.

IRELAND.—The work of building churches and other sacred edifices still progresses in Ireland with a zeal worthy of the true children of the Church. Recently a spacious and beautiful church was dedicated in Dublin under the patronage of St. Joseph. The ceremony was performed by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Dublin. Another new church was dedicated to St. Patrick at Magheracloone, by the Most Rev. Archbishop MacNally. At Fairview, near Dublin, a handsome church was dedicated to the service of God, under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, on the 12th of October; and subsequently the new church of St. Mary, at Clonmel, was solemnly consecrated. The most active zeal is also manifested for the completion of the beautiful Cathedral of Ossory. A collection was lately taken up for that purpose throughout the diocese of Ossory, which showed a liberality almost unprecedented even in Ireland. In the city of Kilkenny alone it amounted to £1,800. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh contributed £600 towards the same laudable purpose. The Irish journals make mention of many conversions recently, and among them is Mr. Cliffe, of Belview, with his son and two daughters.

HALIFAX, N. S.—From the Halifax Catholic we learn that the Very Rev. Jas. Dunphy, of Dartmouth, during his recent visit to Europe, was appointed Dean of the Archdiocese of Halifax, by His Holiness Pope Pius IX, and that within the last few days he has made his solemn profession of faith in the hands of the Archbishop at St. Mary's, according to the injunction of the papal rescript. Dean Dunphy is one of the oldest missionaries in this part of North America, having commenced his ministerial career in Halifax nearly forty years ago; visiting his native country once in that time.



## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

1. **ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.**—*Redemptorist Mission at Washington, D. C.*—The exercises of this Mission commenced on Sunday, 2d of November, in St. Patrick's church in Washington, and embraced the services usual upon such occasions. The mission was conducted by the Rev. Fathers Walworth, Hewitt, Deshon, Baker, Butler and Bradley. Members of the other congregations were not allowed to participate in the mission in this church, yet at the morning and evening exercises the church was filled to its utmost extent, and the piety, zeal, and eloquence of these holy fathers brought many negligent Catholics to the discharge of their duties, and many converts were made to our religion. The fruits of the mission were too evident to pass unnoticed, and the gratitude of the congregation was substantially exhibited to the fathers. It was a source of universal regret that the church was not large enough to accommodate half of those who desired to attend the mission, and the necessity of a new church in Washington, of great size and magnificence, was never before so plainly shown, and it is now understood that an immediate beginning will be made for the erection of a mammoth church there upon the site already selected, and presented for that purpose by the late Father Matthews. It does seem proper that there should be at the seat of government of this great republic, a church edifice to compare favorably with the national public buildings at Washington, and every Catholic in the country will be glad to give something towards the erection of such a building, to which he could look and point with pride and pleasure.—*A Correspondent.*

2. **DIOCESE OF DUBUQUE.**—A new church was dedicated at Eddyville, Iowa, on the 28th of October, by the Rev. John Kreckel, of Ottumwa, who is pastor of that place. Until recently there was no church in Eddyville, and the Catholics in the town and vicinity were but few, but through the strenuous exertions of the zealous pastor and the liberality of the faithful, a neat frame church is now erected, which is attended by a comparatively numerous congregation.

3. **DIOCESE OF BROOKLYN.**—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Laughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn, aided by the clergy of his diocese, is now collecting a fund for the purpose of erecting an asylum in that city for male orphans, where they will receive a sound and practical education, in connection with thorough moral and religious instruction; and where also they will be taught useful trades, whereby they will be able to support themselves independently, on leaving the institution. The enterprise is one that cannot be too highly commended; it appeals to the sympathies of all who wish well to religion and who feel an interest in the spiritual as well as the temporal well-being of the friendless orphan.

4. **DIOCESE OF NEWARK.**—On the 1st of November, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Bayley laid the corner-stone of the new German Catholic Church of St. Mary, corner of William and High streets, Newark. The Rev. Father Haslinger is the present pastor.

5. **DIOCESE OF PORTLAND.**—On Sunday the 12th of October, St. John's church, at Bangor, Me., being nearly completed, was solemnly dedicated as an altar of the living God, in the presence of about four thousand, including many respectable and intelligent Protestants, whose reverential demeanor on the occasion spoke well for their hearts and understandings. The dedication ceremonies were performed by the Right Rev. Bishop Bacon, of the diocese of Portland, assisted by several other clergymen.—On Tuesday the 14th, Bishop Bacon administered confirmation to about one hundred at the Indian Mission, Old Town, Me. He also preached to them in French and English, and Father Bapst addressed them in the Indian language.

6. **ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.**—*Ordination.*—From the *Telegraph* we learn that on the feast of the Most Holy Redeemer, 23d October, at an ordination held in the Seminary chapel by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, Mr. Bartholomew Langlois, of the diocese of New Orleans, received the four minor orders; and Rev. Mr. John M. Duffy, of this diocese, subdeaconship. On the following day, feast of the Archangel Raphael, Mr. Langlois was ordained subdeacon; Rev. Mr. Anthony Durier, also of the diocese of New Orleans, and Rev. Mr. Duffy were ordained deacons; and on the feast of the holy Apostles Simon and Jude, the two last mentioned were ordained priests in the Ca-



thedral.—A new orphan asylum has just been completed about four miles from Cincinnati. It is on a farm belonging to the St. Aloysius Society, and under the care of the Germans. There is a fine chapel connected with it.

7. **ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK.**—A fair upon a magnificent and extensive scale is now being held in the Crystal Palace, New York, for the benefit of St. Vincent's Hospital. Seventeen churches are represented, having together about fifty tables. The scene is enlivened each evening by a concert from Dodsworth's celebrated band.

8. **DIOCESE OF RICHMOND.**—A fair was recently held at Portsmouth, which realized twelve hundred dollars. The money is to be applied to the building of a parochial residence.—A monument is to be erected to the memory of the Rev. Father Devlin by the citizens of Portsmouth, without distinction of party or creed. It is to be nineteen feet high and of Italian marble.

*For the want of space we have been obliged to curtail our Record for the present month. The most important omitted items will appear in the next number.*

**OBITUARY.**—It is with feelings of deep regret that we record the death of the Rev. JOSEPH O'MEALY, who departed this life at Springfield, Ohio, on the 20th of October, in the 47th year of his age. The lamented deceased was born in Limerick, Ireland, and came to this country while yet a youth. He pursued his ecclesiastical studies first at Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, then at Cincinnati, and afterwards at the Propaganda, Rome. After his ordination he labored zealously for eighteen years in the duties of the holy ministry. Not only did he discharge the duties of an exemplary priest, in watching over the spiritual welfare of those committed to his care, but his pen was also employed to edify and instruct them. For years he was editor of the *Pittsburg Catholic*, and the readers of the *Metropolitan* are indebted to the deceased for many edifying and instructive articles. He has therefore a special claim upon our gratitude and our prayers, and upon those of our readers, which we are sure will be cheerfully and fervently given.

On the 26th of October, the Rev. D. DOLAN, of Portageville, N. Y., departed this life in the 28th year of his age. The deceased was a native of Mount Jennings, County Mayo, Ireland.

Brother JOSEPH TRIEDLE, a member of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, died at the house of the order in Pittsburg on the 25th of October.

**DEATH OF M. R. McNALLY, Esq.**—This esteemed and venerable man departed this life on the 28th of October, at his residence in this city, in the 72d year of his age. The deceased was one of the oldest and most respected of our adopted citizens. In early life he took a prominent part in the rebellion of '98; and after that unsuccessful effort to free his country from oppression, he departed for France, and held an important position in the army under Napoleon I. As an Irishman, he was devoted to the interests of his native country;—as an American citizen, he was warmly attached to the land of his adoption;—as a Catholic, he honored his religion by the practice of its precepts. *May they rest in peace.*

#### SECULAR AFFAIRS.

1. The most important event in a national point of view, that has taken place within the last month, is the Presidential Election. The three candidates were Messrs. BUCHANAN, FREMONT and FILLMORE. The contest was warm and exciting, but finally terminated in the election of Messrs. BUCHANAN and BRECKENRIDGE to the office of President and Vice-President of the United States. The vote in the electoral college stands (all the States except California being heard from) Buchanan, 170; Fremont, 114; and Fillmore, 8. The latter gentleman received the support of only a single State, that of Maryland. The election was comparatively quiet; there was no unusual excitement and but few scenes of riot and disorder except in the city of Baltimore. Here rioting prevailed to considerable extent, and fire arms were freely used. During the reign of disorder several persons were killed, or have since died of their wounds, and over one hundred and forty were wounded, and many of them severely.

2. *Terrible Collision at Sea.*—The French steamer *Le Lyonnais* left the city of New York on the first of November, having on board a valuable cargo, and over one hundred and thirty persons, including the crew. On the night of the second, when about sixty miles northward from the light on Nantucket Shoals, the steamer was run into by an American Clipper and more than one hundred of those on board met with a watery grave, or perished with cold and hunger.



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POLITICO-RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF THE TIMES.

Now that the election is over, we shall not be accused of any partisan design, if we call attention to some of the elements which have been evolved out of its antecedent struggles. In meteorological phenomena, the calm is said to precede the storm and to indicate its advent. In political affairs, the reverse of this order obtains. The shock of contending parties is felt on the day of a popular election. All the devices known to political tactics are previously used in framing the popular mind to meet the exigency, supposed to be involved in the ballot-box. As the day of election approaches, the fervor of partisan zeal intensifies; and at last finds its culmination at the polls. Victory and defeat alike combine to calm down the fearful energies that had been evoked out of the struggle, in the same manner as opposite currents of water, rushing wildly into contact, recoil for the moment and produce the comparatively tranquil eddy. It is during the prevalence of this calm that we address ourselves to the duty of considering some of the antecedents of the late election, and especially of the religious element with which it was intimately connected.

Hitherto the movements of parties in this country indicated, besides the struggle for power, some line of separation between contending forces, on issues of political principles and maxims of government. The frame of our polity rears itself too distinctly out of the constitution to admit of much disputation on questions of fundamental law. Variances of political creeds were, therefore, the reflex of opinion seeking through theory the truth of certain political ideas, rather than problems of government whose solution might necessarily innovate on constitutional rights and immunities. Hence, though the contest might appear fearful for the time, and violence and disorder portend serious political disaster; still, the triumph achieved, victor and vanquished alike felt and yielded to the restraining and beneficent influences of the constitution. The victor durst not go beyond it; and the vanquished, covered by its panoply, could rest inviolate in his person, his property, and in all the cherished rights secured by it.

It remained for the present times to inaugurate and give form and consistency to an order of ideas sectional in politics, aggressive and intolerant. The late election revolved on these ideas. In some form or other, either of dissent or approval,



they were wrought into the platforms of political parties. They were inscribed on banners; advocated and approved from rostrum and pulpit; and made the rallying cry of every conceivable intonation of popular passion. The fierce struggle is indeed over, and victory, for the time, has perched herself exultingly on the banner of conservatism: but whose prescience is equal to the task of measuring the future demoralization to the popular instincts, which must follow the substitution of factional and fanatic strifes, which involve the life of the constitution, for the peaceful contests at the ballot-box, where, if hope was radiant with anticipated triumph, defeat brought no dismal terror for the vanquished?

The rise, power, decline, and fall of the American party, would be a problem difficult of solution in a country less free than ours. And even with the freedom from which public opinion springs, it is difficult to imagine how a party so organized and composed, could have reached such a giddy height of power, without crushing in its fall much that is noble and venerable in our social and political institutions. He has looked superficially indeed into the movements of this party, who dares claim for its origin the spirit of American nationality. The nationality of the American character is derived from the patriotism that clings to the constitution of the country. This constitution differs from all others in this, that the individuality of citizen so underlies its entire foundation that it cannot be touched injuriously without weakening every part of the social and political structure which has been reared upon it. Into the frame work of this constitution is so skilfully wrought the blended principles of liberty *to do* that which the law allows, and of equality *to enjoy* that which the same law guarantees, that the denial of either, whether directly or indirectly, strips that instrument of all beauty of proportion and of all efficiency for good. These principles are not simply engrafted on the constitution, and therefore subject to the whims of party, the ignorance of faction, or the usurpations of power. They are not "inoculated scions alien to the nature of the original plant." They are its essence, its life; and as well might you look for vital motion in the human muscle, vibration in the nerve, palpitation in the heart, or thought in the brain, when the body which enshrined them is exhausted of its blood, as hope to find any vitality in that constitution with these principles abstracted from it. It would be but a "corpse only awaiting interment." Again, these principles radiate rights and privileges which fall with equal beneficence on each and every citizen of the *whole* country. It is not alone the *society*, as an aggregation of individuals, which this constitution proposes to elevate and ennoble, but it is *the individual as such*, whom it bears aloft and invokes to honor, and prepares for usefulness. Other governments—even the most absolute—provide for the exigences of the society, the family, the class, whence it derives its principal support; but it is the proud distinction of the American constitution, that while it ignores no one interest of society as a classified and organized order, it besides nurtures a political and social individual life, circumscribed by no disqualification of birth, and determined by no shade of religious opinion.

The American party movement struck directly at the heart of this individual life; and would have raised against thousands of citizens social and political barriers, which could have been leveled to them only through apostacy and contempt. This was that intensified type of nationality which was to impress upon the heart of Americans the *patriotic motto*, "*America must be ruled by Americans.*" This type, though exaggerated, as has been deprecatingly alleged, was to find its great original in the pure patriotism of those Americans who could trace their name and lineage to the Puritans who landed on Plymouth Rock, but whose amplitude of



charity covered no such individuals as those who illustrated Maryland by erecting first on this continent the standard of religious liberty.

It is impossible to consider this movement in any other than the two-fold aspect of a political and religious movement. It was religious, because of the intolerance it sought to establish; and it was political, because of the means which it looked to in order to accomplish its purposes and objects. To secure the power of the general and state governments, in order through them to disfranchise the Catholic citizen, was its real aim, however attempted to be concealed by the enunciation of other issues. It had no other bond of unity but this. Without the rallying cry of the "Pope," the efforts of its leaders would have attained to no significance. Not a few of those who headed this crusade against Catholicity professed to be ministers of the gospel. They were found in the midnight conclaves of this secret party, aiding by their presence and stimulating by their zeal the co-workers in this great movement, which was to compass the downfall of the Catholic Church. Their art and the influence which they possessed made them powerful auxiliaries to the politicians who had projected the organization. In every hamlet, in the purlieus of every city, at every farmstead in the country, these men were found ready to poison the ear of ignorance, inflame the passions of fanaticism, and thus secure proselytes to the new order.

As the members of this order worked in secrecy and were bound by oaths to the fell spirit which inspired its councils and guided its movements, nothing of its potency was felt until, dashing at a bound into the arena of politics, it stood revealed to the country as a political power drilled to discipline, determined to unity by the nature of its organization, and sustained by the combined influence of numbers and common purpose. Its victories at the fall elections two years ago gave it a momentum which, for a time, seemed destined to be irresistible. The eclat of these triumphs soon brought thousands of neophytes to worship at the same shrine. Disappointed politicians of every type of political creed; fanatics of every religious sect; the representative of every grade of urban vice and bullyism; and, in some localities, men of irreproachable purity of private life and high order of intellectual endowment, were found mingling in this turbid stream of political proscription and religious intolerance, and swelling its vanquishing tide. In a venal and corrupted press it found a ready instrument to enforce its power, as well as a befitting medium for the dissemination of its calumnies. The effete stream of perverted history was explored in its filthiest depths, in order to drag thence the disgusting depositories of ribaldry and mendacity, so well suited to editorial depravity and clerical uncharitableness. For a time state legislation lent it influence, and the national councils were not free from its invasion. Its affiliations ramified every conceivable place and embraced every considerable shade of personality. On the uninitiated fell an uneasy, undefined, irrepressible apprehension in every walk of life. Political partisans, standing on the same platform yesterday, were separated on the morrow by a gulph seemingly impassable, but bridged over by oaths which made duplicity a virtue and treachery the most amiable, because the most successful of vices. Your friend of the morning bound himself by an oath at night to wrest from you and your children the political and religious inheritance which your ancestors and his had equally fought and bled to secure; and yet his bearing towards you on the morrow was the same as it had been the day previous. To-night he glides with a smooth brow and a courteous step into your drawing-room, partakes of your hospitality, emulates your liberality in discussing the various topics of general interest, warms you by his eloquence in



behalf of "liberty and equality," enlarges your range of ideas by his intelligence, and leaves you to go to his secret conclave—there to spit on the symbol of your faith and aid in stamping on you and your children the polluting stain of a political Pariah.

In the nature and fitness of things, it was scarcely conceivable that a power so constituted could long hold together without running into the follies that engender contempt, or into the crimes which, by their infamy, induce their own retribution. Still, it is more easy to unchain the tiger, than escape his ferocity when once in the unrestrained enjoyment of his savage power. A Foquier Tinville was no necessary product of any especial state of society—a triumvirate, like that of Robespierre, Danton and Marat, sprang out of no normal condition of political life;—a period like that of the Reign of Terror, belongs essentially to no given era,—yet all these excesses find their types in the movements of individuals who first combine to obtain power by overstriding law and vested rights, and are then compelled to resort to violence and bloodshed in order to screen themselves from the victims whom despair had made dangerous, or whom vengeance had hurried into phrenzy.

This revolution of political ideas, as indicated in the triumphs of the American party, was brought about by the prestige imparted to it by a very large portion of the Protestant clergy. It was their influence which induced many conscientious persons to join that proscriptive order. They thus lent themselves to political demagogues; and in doing so, chained themselves to the chariot of a revolution which was designed to break down the constitutional privileges of Catholics, but which, in the end, would have left erect only the passions which riot in anarchy, in order to be punished in despotism. "The signals for revolution," as Burke has remarked, "have often been given from the pulpit;" but when yet did Christianity derive benefit from that species of revolution which begins in violation of law, and ends in usurpation of political and ecclesiastical power?

From the secret conclave of their order to the canvass for political promotion, was an easy transition for ministers of the gospel. It might be a perilous one in the end, but the avenue opened up in a vista of flowers: it might reek of ultimate disaster, but this was compensated for in present notoriety; it had the painted sweets of patriotism, and seemed like *saving* the country from the Devil, "who when he had succeeded in getting politics out of the hands of religious men (ministers?) was sure of his triumph."—(*Sermon of Rev. Dr. Stowe.*) The step was taken and the pulpit now lends a doubtful lustre to legislation—the pulpit is henceforth a political power; and its ministers are simply—*politicians*, seeking the position to become legislators. If, however, the success of their career, so far, as legislators, can be assumed as the measure of their efficiency in the duties of their holy calling, it is scarcely to be wondered at, that we find the congregations over whom these political preachers were wont to preside, uttering no protest against this unseemly admixture of avocations. In Massachusetts, the American legislature immortalized itself by its heroism in frightening and insulting a few defenceless women; and in practically nullifying a law of congress and stigmatising as criminal, those of its constituents who would dare aid in maintaining the constitution of the country. In Maryland and Pennsylvania the attempts of the successful party to impress any durable feature on the policy or interests of these states, were so abjectly negative as to entail on the states themselves no other evil consequences than those which spring from a rebuking public conscience, lashed into penitence by well-merited ridicule and contempt. In the national councils the consequences



of the American movement were more serious; but in attempting to achieve at a blow the power its leaders so much coveted, the party found itself, like satan in Milton's Allegory, confronted with a power superior to it in strength, having the same goal in view, and guided by similar political ethics. The onset was full of epic incident; but in the struggle anarchy had well-nigh strangled out the life of liberty; and despotism was already gloating over the harvests of power which his workmen were preparing, in the fallowed future, for his greedy sickle. The new order was defeated, and the abolitionists remained masters of the field. Here was the beginning of the end of the know nothing movement. The fangs of the reptile had been extracted; its life indeed might be prolonged; it might still hiss in the halls of legislation, or fling furtive glances into the bed-rooms of timid, shrinking women;—but its poison was lost—its power for vital injury gone, only in so far as its spirit has transmigrated into the body of modern infidelity to aid in the nurture of new errors and darker crimes.

It is not our purpose to contrast these parties, with a view to show how and where their principles have common points of resemblance. 'Tis enough for us to see that in the evil they would do to Catholicity, they are identical; and that however antagonistical they may be, one to the other, in contests after power, they would, in *power*, logically and practically attain the same anti-Catholic result. This is evidenced in the fact, that Protestant clergymen have added fury to the passions which lead both these parties to trample on the constitution,—to disregard its most sacred provisions,—to refuse to sanction its most solemn guarantees—and thus aid in plunging the country into a revolution, which must rend the Union into fragments and bring despair to the heart of Liberty everywhere.

It is however the extent and character of this clerical influence to which we direct attention, and which we deplore, because of the demoralizing tendencies which must inevitably ensue. Whatever of a "fond election of evil" political preachers may show, in obtruding themselves into the passionate political conflicts of the times, it cannot be denied that the impulse to this tendency, if not first given, was greatly accelerated by the organization of the know nothing party. The religious elements of that party found in a large portion of the Protestant clergy, the affinities that were necessary to establish a homogeneous combination. This element presented in a more condensed form, that negative totality of Protestantism, which compresses dogma and philosophy into a simple negation of Catholicity. It had this quality besides, that it seemed to have the power necessary to begin the work of pulling down, though it was not made a duty to enquire what were its capacities for building up,—of evoking order out of confusion,—of recasting civilization, when the moulds of civil and religious authority were defaced or broken up.

The separation of these two parties—American and Republican, so called—into distinct organization, will be found to have produced no modification of the anti-Catholic element which pervades both parties. A slight examination will show, that in those localities where the Republican movement has been strongest, its power was derived from accessions to its ranks from the American party. This defection was more superficial than real. In many instances the clergy were first to set the example, without, as may readily be imagined, leaving behind them any of the intolerant ideas and principles they had fostered in their recent connexions with the American order. The change from one party to the other, simply weakened the numerical force of the party abandoned, without modifying the characteristics of the party enforced. With instinctive sagacity the political clergy



saw that opposition to slavery struck a chord in the public sympathies more responsive to agitation, than either opposition to foreigners, or hostility to Catholics. Besides, the question of slavery brought up but little local antagonism. The evils consequent upon its discussion were remote,—they did not touch any *monied* interest of the listener,—and hence neither preacher nor patron would likely suffer in that most sensitive locality—the pocket—by extreme agitation. True, the South might be forced into that sort of fraternal discord, which is removed from civil war only by the forbearance which, for a time, stifles the expansiveness of that necessity which explodes in revolution. But even this result was too dimly delineated on the future to arrest present attention; and the mysterious chain of relation which binds effects to their causes, was too subtle to be traced out, link by link, by minds bent on the present triumph of their principles, rather than the correctness of the principles themselves, or the evils which might ensue as logical sequences to them. The slavery question was admirably adapted to the kind of agitation sought to be produced, for the reason that it proposed nothing in the shape of a practical issue, which in the nature of things, might not have been solved in a quiet, orderly, sensible and legal manner. It admitted of that kind of speculation in which hypocrisy wins its triumphs, for the reason that uncultivated masses submit to leading strings more readily, when their way is clouded in mist, than when the road is illumed by the light of common sense, or ordinary experience. Politicians were bent on agitation, and the clergy lent themselves and their pulpits to swell the deepening roar.

In this *furor* of clerical interposition some strange anomalies were defined, some singular affiliations solemnized. The socialist press hushed its infidel teachings for the time, to whisper flattering didactics into the willing ears of militant Christian doctors. Political antipodes veered from their pedal antagonism, and *gravitated upward*, through the aid of electro-affinity, in order to mingle in fraternal embrace and cement their union by the kiss of love. Theologians of infidelity and theologians of Christianity—one from the Bible of Nature, and the other from the Bible of Christianity—taught each other the lessons of divine charity, amid the flash of sabres, the click of Sharpe's rifles, and the stirring sound of martial drum and fife. The *laureled* knight of the rostrum and the humble Palmer of the pulpit shook hands fraternally, and compacted for a sort of exchange of duty, so that from the rostrum the people might learn biblico-political truths, while from the pulpit resounded the thundering tones of a new politico-biblical morality.

Besides the affiliations which seem so singular, the ideas evolved from them are not less new and complex. A "*higher law*" than the constitution, is made to loom up on the political statute-book and absorb every species of legal enactment. We are promised "*a new order of the ages.*"—(*Speech of Mr. Seward.*) Whether this foreshadows a new order of cosmogony not laid down in Genesis; whether it be an addition to the metallic ages sung of by Ovid; or only some trifling addition to the natural category enumerated by Shakespeare, it may be difficult to determine. Again we are told that "the drums of God's words are muffled, and they beat a funeral march instead of a *gospel onset.*"—(*Rev. Dr. Cheever's sermon.*) This "*gospel onset*" may have all the fury of Don Quixote's Knight errantry: but dare we flatter ourselves that this onset from the political pulpit, however prolific of silliness on the part of the actors or provocation of smiles on the part of sensible listeners, will terminate in consequences so innoxious as the feats of La Mancha's Knight. We earnestly fear it will not. The religious instincts of the community must become blunted by a contact with the unseemly



violence that protrudes itself from the pulpit, to play the parts assigned in political warfare to political mountebanks and demagogues. Instead of learning to prize the value of our institutions, the youth of the country "with the confused jargon of the pulpits" on their lips, will swagger indifference to every salutary restraint, and gradually lapse into infidelity—the fruitful mother of anarchical revolution all over the world. We cannot shirk the conviction that this infidelity is spreading rapidly in high places and in low. It is patent on the surface of society everywhere. It protrudes itself from every thoroughfare—in steamboat and rail-road car. It stares at you from the marbled hotels of the city and the filthy inns of the hamlet. It is the daily pabulum of a portion of the press; and is courted by *litterateurs* of every grade and calibre. It confronts you in the forum; and boldly usurps the pulpit. It sports the habiliments of manhood, but flaunts equally the bodice and gown of the gentler sex.

The two parties we have referred to have done much to aid in the propagation of this infidelity, and to develop its worst and most fearful energies. And in this crime the political preachers of our day have deeply and culpably participated in their crusade against Catholics, and against that which is the life of the state—authority;—they conjure up from the depths of human passion, the demon of discord and violence; but will the power which evoked it be sufficient to exorcise it at will? We fear not; and our own national experience will be but a superadded lesson to history to pile up for future ages her accretions of solemn warnings.

The connexion of the pulpit with politics in this country is indicative of a decline of that public virtue which is necessary to the sustenance of a patriot love of the liberty we enjoy. These two forces united, create a power for evil which no liberal institutions can withstand; while the mutually reflected action of one upon the other, in the absence of any authority to restrain the influences of the conjunction, must produce reciprocal corruption through the seductions of power. In the strong language of Burke, "Politics and the pulpit are terms that have but little agreement. No sound ought to be heard in the Church but the healing voice of Christianity. The cause of civil liberty and civil government gains as little as that of religion from this confusion of duties. Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them, are for the great part ignorant of the character they leave, and the character they assume. Wholly unacquainted with the world in which they are so fond of meddling, and inexperienced in all its affairs, on which they pronounce with so much confidence, *they have nothing of politics but the passions they excite.* Surely the Church is a place where one day's truce might be allowed to the dissensions and animosities of mankind."

In bringing our remarks to a close we may say in all sincerity that in what we have written, we have been actuated by no uncharitable spirit. We see in the agitations of society the *lees* coming upward, and floating triumphantly on the surface. We find the worst passions of discord and violence refreshing themselves from the sanctuary. We see the restraints of legitimate authority snapping asunder, as though woven of cobwebs; and the rule of every man's action assumed to be the estimate he may choose to give of the value and binding force of the constitutions and laws. Such husbandry of evil must fructify a teeming harvest of crime. The experienced mariner will watch all the signs of the gathering tempest; and ere its fury burst upon his vessel, he will have taken all the precautions indicated by wisdom to save it from the surging waters.



## THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

I HAVE carefully considered Dr. Brownson's views on this subject—"Irish in America,"—and the several theories therewith connected and maintained by him during the past two or three years. It is to be regretted that the learned gentleman has again broached these topics in a late number of his Review; for it is not apparent that any good has come from the discussion of them, or that any is likely to come from pressing them further. Candor exacts the concession that his first article on this subject was too roughly assailed; but waiving for the present all consideration as to the justice of the complaints which he so frequently reiterates against his Irish fellow-Catholics, his remarks irritate them, and have justly or unjustly failed of their intended effect upon those to whom they were addressed. I had hoped that the wound which his pointed strictures had inflicted upon the Irish Catholics in America would be allowed to cicatrize, and would not be again rent open, but it has seemed to Dr. Brownson expedient to pursue a different course.

I propose to examine briefly, and in a spirit of candor, how much of simple justice there is in the principal complaints he makes against them; they may be mainly reduced to the following heads: 1. The Irish cling pertinaciously to their nationality, and form a body in this country having distinct interests from Americans and from American Catholics—nay, they are more Irish than the Irish in Ireland. 2. Their press is foreign, and their Catholic literature is rather Irish than Catholic. 3. Sufficient efforts are not made to rear native clergy.

It may be granted with certain qualifications that the Irish are very tenacious of their nationality. This then is the fact—it would be extraordinary indeed if it were not so; the question is how we are to deal with it. In appreciating such facts we must take men as they are, and not as they ought to be, according to adventurous theories which it may suit our purpose to propound. Following this principle then, are there not some peculiar circumstances which ought not to be omitted in treating the one which we are now considering? It is a fact to be sure that the Irish think, talk, write and feel as Irishmen, though they are in America, but it is natural that it should be so—indeed it is not in human power that it should be otherwise, except under certain extraordinary circumstances unconnected with their actual condition. Men's feelings are alienated from home and country by wrongs, base ingratitude and perfidy from their own countrymen and brethren; the Irish have endured all this and worse from England, and they hate England; but the more they detest England, the more they love Ireland. Despite the precepts of a cynical philosophy, men will still love the home of their childhood; the recluse and anchorite may, after long exercise of self-abnegation, weaken or deaden those natural feelings, but such are not ordinary facts from which any conclusions can be deduced pertinent to our present subject. The affections and attachments with which we have grown up are eradicated with difficulty, even when the indulgence of them is criminal; but when those attachments are indifferent as to their moral character, as it happens in the present case, they cannot be systematically set aside, though they may yield to the force of circumstances in peculiar cases. Identity of religion and a community of sufferings which their nation has endured for three centuries on account of that religion, have had the natural effect of uniting the Irish in a brotherhood of misery, if you will, but of fidelity to the church of their fathers. Their nationality had much to do, under



God's providence, in preserving them from the great Anglo-Saxon heresy. Their English oppressors, who for three centuries have been tossed about by every wind of doctrine, do not on coming to this country band together nor publish British periodicals; the English as a people have no faith, and consequently no genuine love for one another. There is no holy cause in which a ruthless persecution has united them; hence they become individualized, and stand aloof from all questions that have not reference to material interests, to the affairs of this world: and therefore the Englishman is independent of his neighbor, reliant upon self, distrustful of others, and his heart is cold, selfish and solitary. The writer of this is not an Irishman either by birth or extraction, nor is he devising the plea of an apologist with which to augment the insults already accumulated upon them; he does not deny that the Irish, in common with other men, have faults; they themselves neither deny nor conceal them. But if their faults are great—it happens that they are such as are generally most patent—it must be conceded that their redeeming virtues are great also; and it does not follow that because their failings are different from ours, they are greater than ours. Characteristic faults are the last that should be censured unkindly, for depending more or less upon idiosyncrasy, they are the last that are corrected even in saints. That recollections of Ireland should teem in their writings, that they should sing the songs of their native land, and tell over and over again the story of their sufferings for the last three centuries, it appears to me it would be cruel to forbid, unjust to censure, and impossible to prevent. It were to some extent as reasonable to censure the Jews, who, standing upon the banks of the Euphrates, their harps hung upon its willows and their faces turned towards Jerusalem, the home of their fathers, poured out in tears the feelings of their hearts oppressed with the sorrows of painful exile. Indeed the parity is almost complete, for the Irish too are to all intents and purposes expatriated. It has been the policy of that government, which, on losing its faith lost also its Christian civilization, to wield against this defenceless people the polemical weapons of pagan Rome. Is it proper, is it manly, is it just, then, to rebuke them because they sigh and groan under the scourge? If it be our aim to benefit them, it is not expedient perpetually to revert to topics when our opinions upon them, how logical soever they may be, irritate without changing, mortify without convincing those in whose supposed interest they are painfully elaborated. It were certainly more rational and more charitable patiently to tolerate evils which neither they nor ourselves can remedy. The poverty of most Irish emigrants, their faith and early education, form insuperable barriers to their immediate assimilation to the people of the country; this is an inconvenience if you please to the native Catholics, but time alone can remove it, and time will infallibly remove it when the emigrants have passed away and their children take their place, and this fraternization with the natives of the country will happen in respect to the Irish long before a similar result is effected for the Germans, who, along with other obstacles, have that of speaking a different tongue. The predilections of Irishmen, and their intense nationality, are not as a general thing transmitted; their children are American—whatever they know of Ireland is from hearsay; their feelings, and sentiments, and patriotism are mainly American. Witness how speedily and completely this result was brought about in Maryland, a part of whose Catholic settlers were Irish. Few of their descendants are now able to tell whence their ancestors came. Such things cannot be forced, and any mere system to hasten their consummation will prove abortive. There is a natural and normal manner in which all foreigners will be gradually absorbed and become Americanized, but



the effect cannot be accomplished before its time by any theory, any more than a process of physicking, dieting and cramming, or any possible combination of gruels and sweetmeats, can ever force the growth of a child and bring it to manhood before the time elapses which nature has assigned. This is one of that class of evils, if I may so call it, which in their own good time cure themselves, and in regard to which our only wise policy is patient expectation. Yet it cannot be reasonably denied that circumstances may hasten or retard the work of identifying foreigners with the people of the country; the action of the American party has retarded the work, and Dr. Brownson has incautiously contributed to the same result. The same party has singled out the Irish and treated them with peculiar harshness, I had almost said with ferocity; and from his selecting this unpropitious time to address them, they suspected that the Doctor had ranged himself with their assailants, and may be like Mr. Burchell in the Vicar of Wakefield, he was pronounced by some to be an enemy because he had the confidence to give advice. It is in human nature that such treatment should unite them into a body—this is a legitimate and invariable effect of persecution; on what principles of fairness or justice then can they be censured for yielding to a kind of necessity which no class of people under the circumstances could scarcely resist? But if the cause is perfectly excusable and natural as to their connection with it, the effects are so likewise, how vexatious soever they may be.

The aim of Dr. Brownson in the articles in which he touches upon these matters is obvious; he is sanguine that much could be done to allay the prejudices of the American people, and ultimately to convert them, if they could see Catholicity the religion of a respectable body of their own countrymen, and for this purpose he is anxious to have all Catholics in America considered as American Catholics. This is a plausible view, since natural aids may promote the work of conversion, at least negatively, and I admire the zeal with which he labors to effect the object; but I have endeavored to show that this must be mainly the work of time and cannot be directly or immediately effected by any system, and hence that the further agitation of the subject is inexpedient, if for no other reason, on the ground that it will be ineffectual in bringing about the result proposed. Dr. Brownson's whole mistake is in not basing the realization of his pious hopes for the Church in America upon the children of emigrants, rather than upon the emigrants.

As to the advantages of there being native clergy there are probably no differences of opinion, but it may be said that this too will come in its proper time, naturally and easily; it cannot be forced, how much soever judicious efforts may facilitate it, for vocations to the priesthood after all come from God. The native Catholics of Maryland and Kentucky furnish their full quota of priests and religious, and before there is an increase in the number of native priests there must be an increase in the number of native Catholics. As a general thing Irish priests, *ceteris paribus*, are the best for the Irish people, and it will be found most likely that the relative numbers of native priests and native Catholics will, under God's providence, augment in proper ratio.

In disputes of this kind it seldom happens that both parties are free from blame. I could not conscientiously defend either the tone or the spirit of some articles in reference to these matters; but it is to be born in mind that wronged men are sour and complaining, and these are ebullitions of passion in the mind of a *long injured people*. In standing quarrels it will likewise rarely be the case that both sides could not, without demanding explanation or apology, and without self-compromise, consent to make a child's bargain and be silent as to the past and be



friends for the future. It were to be wished that the present difficulty could be so simply arranged. There is in certain cases such a thing as "a wise and masterly inactivity," in which prudence bides its time in order to escape the errors of indecent haste; and both parties in the difficulty before us would consult their dignity and the interests of Christian charity by weighing the wisdom of such policy. *Cedat sapientior*—let the wiser party yield, and this must always be the case if there is to be peace in the world. Demagogues may try for partisan purposes to keep up agitation, but when a subject is dropped by those who give it importance it will lose its weight as a disturbing influence, and it will soon be buried with many other great questions that are now fossils, but whose formidable dimensions made them terrible when above the soil. Recklessness or personal aims may prompt certain individuals who have nothing at stake, should even the worst consequences result, to defend ultra views with all the extravagance of misdirected earnestness; but it is to be hoped that an enlightened Catholic community will not permit its peace and harmony to be interrupted by the empty declamation and puerile sophistry of men whom mere human considerations may induce to seek the honors of championship on either side.

A nation has a right under the law of nature, and immediately deductible from the right of self-preservation, to impose the conditions upon which foreigners shall receive the advantages of citizenship, or if its own interests demand it to refuse them; this right is exercised throughout the world, and has been exercised in all ages. But when the conditions proposed have been accepted and the compact is ratified, neither party can set aside that compact without the consent of the other. Want of due attention to these principles may cause certain extreme men on the one side not to respect the rights of the naturalized citizen, and on the other there may be those who argue that the title to citizenship and its privileges are original rights which could not have been withheld or denied. Dr. Brownson, without having fallen into either error, has innocently given occasion to the commission of both; yet we cannot impute to him either the folly or the malice of those who may misunderstand or misrepresent his statements.

If the foregoing considerations are well founded, it would seem obvious that such topics should be dropped; it is painful even to imagine what may be the disastrous consequences to the Catholic peace in this country of longer entertaining these disputes. So far as the writer has heard an expression of sentiment, the whole affair is universally deprecated by good and dispassionate men. Any legitimate purpose which the Doctor may wish to effect by agitating these subjects—and we have not impugned his intention—will be most surely accomplished if left to time and the gentle yet powerful operation of divine grace as directed and dispensed by a sweetly controlling Providence. All that has happened in the last three years has made it manifest that silence is now the only conservative course in reference to this matter.

M.



## OUR CONVENTS.—X.

### THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

"Thus many years she lived a Sister of Mercy; frequenting  
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,  
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight;  
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected."—*Longfellow*.

IRELAND, which has given the Church in this country the majority of its devoted clergy, and so many of its learned and holy bishops, has not contributed less towards peopling the land with the holy communities, which, true salt of the earth, will preserve it by perpetuating truth and charity and religion undefiled before God. In Alice Lalor, Ireland gave us the mother of the many convents that follow the rule of St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane Frances de Chantal; in the Ryan family, the foundresses of the Charlestown convent; in the holy women who created the Convent of Mercy in Charleston; she has, besides, sent her colonies of Ursulines from Blackrock, her Sisters of St. Bridget from Kildare, her Sisters of Loretto; but most generously of all, her frequent colonies of her new and ardent Institute of Mercy, that living realization of the plans of the holy foundress of the Irish Ursulines and Presentation nuns.

The want of an order devoted to the relief of the spiritual and temporal necessities of the poor, had been, under God, the cause which impelled Miss Nago Nagle to raise up the first house of Ursulines in Ireland, and when that failed to carry out her design by meeting the want, the cause which led her to found the Presentation order, soon diverted too from its general object to particular duties. She became what God had willed, the mother of the teaching orders in her native isle, Providence having reserved to another the founding of an order whose end is the fulfilment of all the corporal and spiritual works of mercy.

Born a few years after the first Ursuline convent had been organized by the sister of an aid-de-camp of Washington,\* Miss McAuley, the foundress of the Sisters of Mercy, was, at the period of Miss Nagle's death, an orphan, and the inmate of a Protestant family, one who humanly speaking seemed destined rather to be lost to the true fold, than to become one of its ornaments and glories, by accomplishing what Miss Nagle conceived but failed to execute. So far however are the ways of God above our limited comprehension, that this forsaken orphan was the one whom he had chosen for the work.

Catharine McAuley was born at Stormanstown House, in the neighborhood of Dublin, on the 17th day of September, 1778, of Catholic parents, her father having been remarkable for his piety and his zealous efforts in instructing the children of the poor. While Catharine was still of a tender age, she and her two younger sisters were left orphans, having lost both father and mother. A Protestant gentleman in Dublin, a friend of her father, took upon himself the care of Catharine and her sisters. As they grew up, Catharine's mind turned to religious matters: Protestantism she examined but could not embrace: of Catholicity she had but vague recollections. On reading Catholic works, however, her mind became convinced and consoled. It only remained to carry out those convictions, in spite of all the promptings of nature, which at that moment raise before the mind all the opposition of friends, the contempt of worldlings, the enmity of sectaries, with all

\* Miss Moylan.



that indefinable irresolution that will come over one on the eve of a great step that is to determine a whole future career. While this struggle was going on in the heart of Miss McAuley, she became the adopted daughter of an aged pair, members of the Society of Quakers. Soon after entering their house she resolved to take the decisive step, and one day drove into Dublin ostensibly for some trifles. Leaving her carriage at the door of a millinery she hastened to the Catholic chapel and was introduced to the holy and reverend Father Betagh of the Society of Jesus. A few conferences with that distinguished ecclesiastic removed all doubts and overcame all obstacles,—she became with the approval of her foster parents, a practical Catholic, assiduous in fulfilling the duties of her religion and indefatigable in her exertions to relieve the wants and necessities of the poor. Like her father she added to her sympathy advice and such material aid as she could afford, the boon of instruction, and early began to teach the children of poverty. Her life was not without its effect on her venerable protectors: Catholicity appeared to them in a new light, and they closed their eyes amid all the consolations and with all the sacraments of the Church.

Left a second time orphaned, Miss McAuley rejected the suitors whom her virtues and position drew to her feet. Her choice was made: she would become the spouse of Christ, and while awaiting the summons of her heavenly Bridegroom to enter in his celestial halls, she would devote herself to the care and company of the poor, his especial friends and favorites, that in her constant love she might gather a wreath of merits to adorn her in her celestial bridal. Directed in her plans by the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, she resolved to establish a permanent institution for the alleviation of human misery, and there devote herself with such pious ladies as God might send to join her. On the 24th of September, 1827, the little chapel of her newly erected house in Baggott street was blessed by the Most Rev. Dr. Murray and placed under the protection of Our Lady of Mercy. A few ladies joined her: their mode of life met the approval of Archbishop Murray, who authorised the sisters to assume a distinct religious dress and visit the sick in private houses or public hospitals. This was not, however, their only work of mercy: they opened a school, received orphans, and homeless girls. Great opposition was made, but the foundress persevered; and when the Archbishop decided that it would be better to form an order distinct from all others and adapted to the field which they had chosen, she readily acceded. In order to imbibe the religious spirit, she entered the Presentation Convent of George's Hill with two of her companions, in the month of December, 1829, and there after a novitiate of a year, pronounced the three vows of religion, with a fourth devoting themselves for life to the service of the sick and poor. Meanwhile a rule of life based chiefly on that of St. Augustine had been drawn up and approved by the Archbishop, to be on the 5th of July, 1841, formally sanctioned by the Holy See. According to these documents, the object of the new Institute is to labor for their own perfection, and to apply themselves most seriously to the instruction of poor girls, to the visitation of the sick, and the protection of distressed women of good character.

In January, 1831, six sisters who had directed the house during the novitiate of Mother McAuley, received the habit. The next year the terrible cholera swept over Ireland; the archbishop called upon his little community to fly to the care of the sick; thenceforward the hospitals were their home: one and all, young and old, left their convent and hung over the infected, making their beds, lavishing every care, and regaining them to health or arraying them for the grave. Generous as was their offering, God as generously restored the lives they periled: amid



the thousands who died the sisters walked unscathed, the Almighty reserving his spouses for future labors.\*

The Order now spread: the holy foundress established the second convent of her institute at Tullamore in 1835; another at Charleville in 1836. In the following year Cork and Carlow had each their Convent of Mercy and sisters to toil and pray for the poor. The fame of the incalculable good achieved by this new institute attracted the attention of Catholic England, and in 1839 a Convent of Mercy was founded at Bermondsey, London, receiving among its first postulants Miss Agnew, whose writings, issued both in Europe and America, have tended so much to make known the admirable society into which she entered.†

Two years after the commencement of the order in England, the holy foundress, worn down by her devoted labors, and her frequent journeys, required in the founding and organizing her various houses, was overtaken by a fatal disorder. Death had no terrors for her: "If this be death," she exclaimed, "it is easy indeed." Calmly and cheerfully she prepared by devoutly receiving the sacraments of the Church, and expired in the year 1841, amid the prayers of the sisterhood whom she had formed by her counsels and example.

The death of the foundress did not check the progress of the Order of Mercy. Two years later, in 1843, the Right Rev. Michael O'Connor, just consecrated at Rome first Bishop of Pittsburg, visited Ireland on his way to his see, where he had labored for some years as a zealous missionary, after previously directing the theological seminary of the diocese of Philadelphia. Thus aware by personal knowledge of the wants of his diocese, he saw the immense advantage that would accrue from the introduction of the Sisters of Mercy at Pittsburg. His application to the Superior was not unsuccessful: a colony of seven sisters under the guidance of Mother Francis Xavier Warde, set out for Pittsburg. There, meanwhile, God had prepared a most valuable accession to the sisterhood in the person of Miss Eliza Jane Tiernan, a pupil of the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg, who had resolved to join the Sisters of Mercy. This determination she took on the 3d of December, 1843, the feast of St. Francis Xavier, although unaware how she should carry out her resolve: what was her thankfulness to God, when on her return home she heard that Dr. O'Connor was on his way to Pittsburg with seven Sisters of Mercy, a fact which appeared in the newspaper of the day! The first American postulant, she became, under the name of Sister Xavier, the first sister and greatest benefactress of the house, having bestowed on it the large property bequeathed her by her father, a wealthy merchant.

Thus welcomed to their new home, the Sisters of Mercy began their labor of love in America, and being joined by other sisters from Ireland, opened in 1847 their Mercy Hospital, an institution greatly needed; as till then, the sick and poor of the city had no shelter but an abandoned coal shed, which had formerly been part of the water-works. The typhus of 1848 called out all the devotedness of the sisters at Pittsburg, and no doubt inspired the muse of Longfellow, who, in his *Evangeline*, so beautifully depicts the Sister of Mercy in the house of pestilence:

"Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,  
Pressaged by wondrous signs and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,  
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their claws but an acorn,  
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,  
Flooding some silver stream till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,

\* The Order of Mercy and its foundress. *Dublin Review*, pp. 2-25. (March, 1847).

† Geraldine; The Young Communicants; Tales of the Sacraments, &c.



So death flooded life, and o'erflowing its natural margin,  
Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of existence.  
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm the oppressor;  
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;  
Only alas! the poor who had neither friends nor attendants,  
Crept away to die in the alms-house, home of the homeless.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thither by day and by night came the Sister of Mercy. The dying  
Looked up into her face and thought indeed to behold there  
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,  
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,  
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance;  
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial  
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter."

Several of the sisters of Pittsburg fell victims to the fatal scourge, the first martyrs of charity of the Order of Mercy in America, and among the most regretted was the sister whom we have named, the pious and humble Sister Xavier, not with the typhus, indeed, but by an equally insidious disease, resulting from her attendance on the sick.\*

The house at Pittsburg having thus gloriously begun its career, soon extended its sphere of usefulness under the care of the superioress, Mother Josephine Cullen, a niece of the Archbishop of Dublin, and ere long had charge of an Orphan Asylum and house of industry in Pittsburg, with the Academies of St. Xavier at Latrobe, and St. Aloysius at Loretto.†

Nor were their filiations confined to Western Pennsylvania; the Rt. Rev. William Quarter, the first Bishop of Chicago, desiring to enrich his diocese with a foundation of Miss Macauley's order, applied to Bishop O'Connor. and not in vain. In the month of September, 1846, Mother Mary Frances Ward led to Chicago a colony consisting of Sisters Mary Agatha O'Brien, Mary Vincent McGirr, Mary Gertrude Maguire, Mary Eliza Corbitt and Mary Eva Smidt. The new convent of Chicago prospered to such a degree that it has since covered the face of Illinois with its filiations: besides the mother house, which has connected with it the Academy of St. Francis Xavier, the sisters conduct two Orphan Asylums and the Mercy Hospital at Chicago; at Galena, they have another Convent and the Academy of St. Joseph, as well as a female Orphan Asylum; conducting free-schools moreover in both cities.‡ The whole number of sisters in this diocese is forty-six, viz. thirty-one professed, eleven novices, and four postulants.

Although Pittsburg had given the example, and supplied another diocese with this noble order, it could not suffice for the wants of the country. Other prelates too turned to Ireland for colonies of the devoted Sisters of our Lady of Mercy. In December, 1845, the Most Rev. John Hughes, now archbishop, but then bishop of New York, proceeded to Europe to procure among other religious bodies, some of the sisters of the institute of Miss McAuley. His application was not unsuccessful: the superioress gladly offered to aid in the salvation of souls, and a colony of Sisters of Mercy landed at New York on the 15th of May, 1846. A house of protection was soon opened, where the poor servant girl finds a shelter from temptation and encouragement in virtue, with instruction such as she needs. The sisters besides this visit the poor and the sick at their homes and in the public

\* *DE COURCY*.—The Catholic Church in the United States, pp. 299-301.

† Catholic Almanac, 1856, p. 237.

‡ U. S. Catholic Magazine, p. 567; Catholic Almanac, 1856, p. 95.



hospitals, instruct the ignorant, and in the prisons endeavor to rouse to a sense of virtue the unfortunate women whom vice has led to a career ending in disgrace. Untiring in their efforts the sisters have recently instituted among the girls in the house of protection and others, a sodality in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the ever Blessed Virgin, to which the Holy Father has deigned to grant his approval and numerous indulgences.\* The community at this convent of St. Catharine's now numbers thirty-eight, twenty-four being choir sisters.† This house too has extended; in 1855, a number of sisters commenced a new convent in the city of Brooklyn, to which they had been invited by the zealous bishop of that city. Still in its infancy, this community numbering six professed and two lay sisters, directs schools and a house of protection.‡

The Rt. Rev. Andrew Byrne, bishop of Little Rock, also desired to obtain this order to aid him, and visiting Ireland for the purpose in 1851, succeeded in his expectations. A colony of five sisters, five novices and one postulant, under the direction of Mother Teresa Farrell, proceeded to Little Rock, and in September, 1851, founded the first convent of their order west of the Mississippi. Another convent soon rose at Fort Smith, and it is now the mother house, having a novitiate attached to it; while at this very moment, a third house is about to be founded at Helena on the banks of the great river of the West. |

In 1851 the late Rt. Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, bishop of Hartford, established a house of Sisters of Mercy at Providence, where they opened an academy, and undertook the care of the orphan asylum and free schools for girls: in the next year they founded another convent at New Haven. § In 1854 the cities of Hartford and Newport could each boast of convents of this order. The mother house and novitiate in the diocese of Hartford is Providence, the convent there now containing a community of seventeen professed choir sisters, fourteen novices, four postulants and seventeen lay sisters. ¶

The most recent of all the convents of the order are those of Baltimore and San Francisco, founded in 1855. Young as the order is we thus see its rapid diffusion over the country almost unequalled in the history of religious communities among us: thirteen years only have elapsed since the first Sisters of Mercy arrived on our shores, and now we find them in eight dioceses, and numbering no less than twenty-one different establishments. Few orders too have been equally blessed with vocations, which seem never to be wanting, the grace of God leading the young and gentle to prefer serving Christ in the person of Lazarus, to dining with Dives in earthly pomp and ease.

\* De Courcy and Shea.—The Catholic Church in the United States, p. 437.

† Catholic Almanac for 1856, p. 176.

‡ De Courcy, p. 494; Catholic Almanac, p. 227.

§ Catholic Almanac, 1856, p. 220; 1852, p. 166.

¶ Almanac, 1852, p. 173; 1853, p. 133; 1855, p. 157.

¶ Almanac, 1856, p. 231.

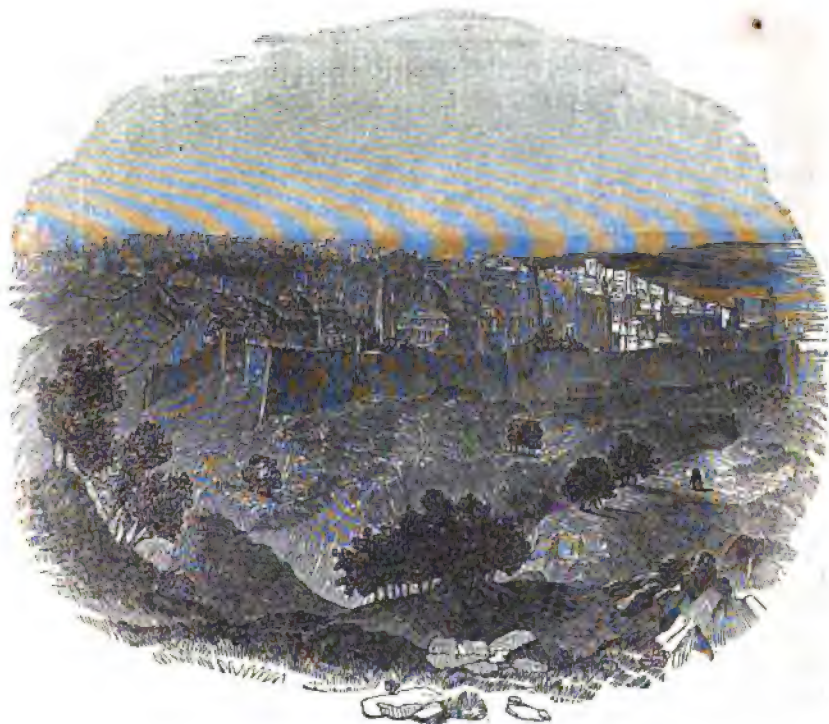


## SCENES IN THE LIVES OF THE APOSTLES.

### ST. PAUL, (*Continued.*)

WHILE Saint Paul was at the proud capital of Greece announcing those gospel truths, which, simple and clear, had never been attained by the sages who had taught in that seat of learning, Saint Timothy came from Berea to inform the apostle of the persecution endured by the faithful at Thessalonica: anxious to strengthen the neophytes in the faith, the apostle of the Gentiles sent Timothy to the Thessalonians, as he expresses it, to exhort them "that no man should be moved in these tribulations; for yourselves know that we are appointed thereunto. For even when we were with you, we foretold you that we should suffer tribulations." \*

After the departure of Saint Timothy, Saint Paul left Athens to continue the work upon which he had been sent. Still tending westward he came to Corinth.



*Modern Corinth.*

This city, beautifully situated on the slope of a hill between two seas, was then a seat of luxury, wealth and voluptuousness, rivalling Cyprus itself in its debauchery.

\* 1 Thess. iii, 3.



Many Jews had gathered here especially from Rome, whence the Emperor Claudius had banished all of their race. Among these were two excellent persons, Aquila and his wife Priscilla, whose house became the home of the apostle. There with them he plied for a time his trade as a tent-maker, repairing every sabbath to the synagogue to preach the gospel and show his countrymen how the scriptures had been fulfilled. Nor did he neglect the Gentiles; them too he taught and not in vain. Of those whom he here converted and baptized, we know only of Crispus, ruler of the synagogue and his family; Caius, and Stephanas with all his family; but he generally left the more particular instruction and the admin-



*Oriental Hebrew Feast. — After Picart.*

istration of the sacrament of regeneration to his associates. "I have planted, Apollo watered: but God gave the increase."\* While at Corinth St. Paul was rejoiced by the arrival of Silas and Timothy who brought consoling tidings from Thessalonica. This induced the apostle to address the Thessalonians the two epistles which we still have, instructing them to avoid sloth, to suffer persecution patiently, to beware of false teachers, and imparting instruction as to marriage, funerals and other points.

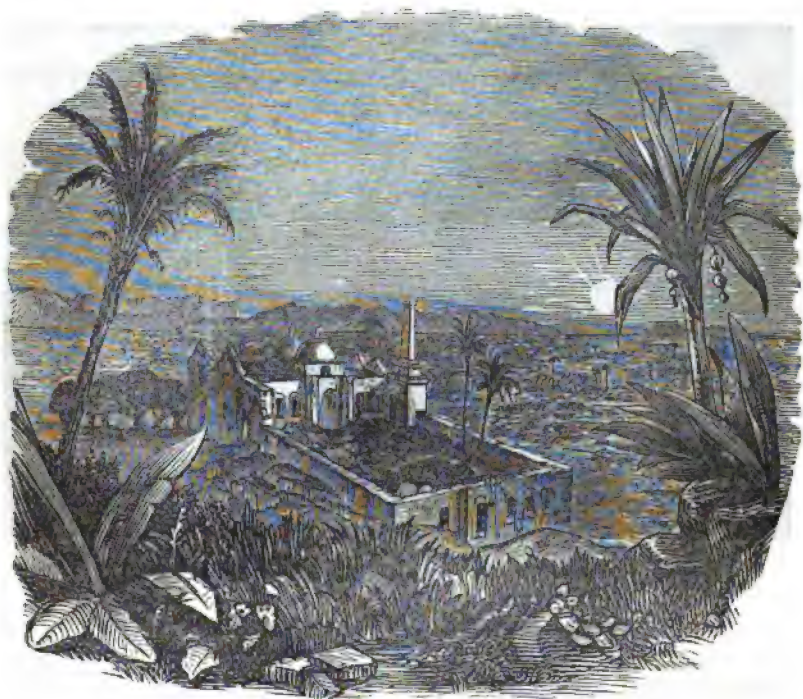
Strengthened by the presence of Saint Silas and Saint Timothy, Saint Paul preached more earnestly than ever, but as the Jews remained obstinate, he left them, and going to the house of Titus Justus, a Gentile convert, turned his care to the Gentiles, many of whom he gained during his stay in the city, which was prolonged to nearly eighteen months. The Jews, exasperated with rage dragged the holy apostle before the tribunal of Gallio, pro-consul of Achaia, but the

\* 1 Cor. iii, 6.



indifferent Roman dismissed them saying: "If it were some matter of injustice or a heinous deed, O Jews, it would be reasonable I should bear with you; but if they be questions of a word, and of names, and of your law, look you to it, I will not be judge of such matters." St. Paul remained unhurt, as the Lord had told him in a vision: "Do not fear, but speak and hold not thy peace, because I am with thee, and no man shall set upon thee to hurt thee, for I have much people in this city." In fact the holy apostle beheld his accuser Sosthenes beaten by the mob before the very eyes of Gallio.

Soon after this Saint Paul resolved to visit Jerusalem, and setting out with Aquila, and Priscilla, stopped at Cenchra, the port of Corinth, where in fulfilment of a vow he cut his hair. Halting at Ephesus, in Ionia, the city that boasted in its



*Modern Ephesus.*

temple of Diana, one of the wonders of the world, the Jews to whom he preached urged him to stay, but he declined and proceeded to the Holy City by the way of Cesarea. Having satisfied his devotion at Jerusalem he once more visited Antioch and all the churches of Galatia and Phrygia. After this he returned to the city of Ephesus. Here meanwhile St. Apollo of Alexandria, an eloquent man, deeply versed in the scriptures and full of fervor, had preached the name of Jesus boldly and with effect. He had not however as yet been ordained to the ministry, nor was fully instructed in all points, and conferred only on such as believed the baptism of St. John. Finding the way thus prepared, St. Paul baptized them, and administered the sacrament of confirmation, which was accompanied with the gift of



tongues and of prophecy. In order to carry on the good work so ably begun by St. Apollo, the holy apostle for three months preached in the synagogues, till wearied by the opposition and contradiction of the factious, he formed the disciples into a flock by themselves, making the school of Tyrannus the first Christian Church in Ephesus. Over this little church the apostle of the Gentiles presided, working extraordinary miracles, so that sickness and even the evil spirits fled from those who applied handkerchiefs and aprons that had touched the body of the saint. So universally was his power over evil spirits recognized that even those who believed not, sought in his name to cast out evil spirits. The sons of Sceva, a priest, attempted to exorcise one possessed, saying : " I conjure you by Jesus whom Paul preacheth," but the devil replied : " Jesus I know and Paul I know, but who are you ? " and the



*St. Paul Preaching at Ephesus.*

demoniacs leaping on them drove them out naked and wounded. This prodigy as it became known produced a great effect on Jews and Gentiles; and many addicted to magic brought their impious books, which St. Paul consumed to the extent of fifty thousand pieces of silver.

Yet the progress of the faith was not unembarrassed, and from an expression of the apostle's, many of the holy Fathers, St. Chrysostom, St. Cyprian and St. Hilary, among the rest, believe that he was about this time exposed to the wild beasts in the amphitheatre. But we know nothing of the circumstances, the sacred historian dwelling only on the troubles caused by Demetrius, the silversmith. Ephesus contained a celebrated temple of Diana, to which worshippers came as to a pilgrimage, and each on departing carried off to secure the favor of the goddess a silver model of the temple. The silversmiths were accordingly numerous, and their trade bound them to the support of idolatry. St. Paul by his preaching had begun to diminish the votaries of Diana, and Demetrius calling together the silversmiths, easily excited them against the foreign teacher and his new creed. "Sirs," said he, "you know that our gain is by this trade now you see and hear that this



Paul by persuasion hath drawn away a great multitude, not only at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, saying that there are no gods which are made by hands; so that not only our craft is in danger of being vilified, but also the temple of the great Diana shall be set at naught; yea, and her majesty shall begin to be destroyed, whom all Asia and the world worshippeth." At these words, so like many modern addresses against the Church of Christ, the silversmiths cried out in anger: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians; and the whole city was filled with confusion; and having caught Caius and Aristarchus, men of Macedonia, Paul's companions, they rushed with one accord into the theatre. And when Paul would have entered in unto the people, the disciples suffered him not. And some also of the rulers of Asia, who were his friends, sent unto him, desiring that he would not venture himself into the theatre: now some cried one thing, some another; for the assembly was confused, and the greater part knew not for what cause they were come together. And they drew forth Alexander out of the multitude, the Jews thrusting him forward. And Alexander beckoning with his hand for silence, would have given the people satisfaction. But as soon as they perceived him to be a Jew, all with one voice, for the space of two hours, cried out: Great is Diana of the Ephesians. And when the town-clerk had appeased the multitudes, he said: Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there that knoweth not that the city of the Ephesians is a worshipper of the great Diana, and of Jupiter's offspring. Forasmuch therefore as these things cannot be gainsayed, you ought to be quiet and do nothing rashly. For you have brought hither these men, who are neither guilty of sacrilege nor of blasphemy against your goddess. But if Demetrius, and the craftsmen that are with him, have a matter against any man, the courts of justice are open, and there are pro-consuls; let them accuse one another. And if you enquire after any other matter, it may be decided in a lawful assembly. For we are even in danger to be called in question for this day's uproar: there being no man guilty (of whom we may give account) of this concourse. And when he had said these things, he dismissed the assembly."

At the time of this riot, St. Paul was on the point of leaving Ephesus, whence he had written his epistle to the Galatians, warning them against false teachers. He had sent St. Timothy with Erastus into Macedonia, proposing himself to go to Jerusalem, and saying in the spirit: "After I have been there I must see Rome also." He now set out once more for the Holy City. (A. D. 57).\*

\* Acts, xviii.

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**SYMPATHY FOR THE FALLEN.**—For my part, I confess I have not the heart to take an offending man or woman from the general crowd of sinful, erring beings, and judge them harshly. The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed, the brief pulsation of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, the scorn of the world that has but little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and the threatening voice within, health gone, even hope, that stays longest with us, gone, I have little heart for aught else but thankfulness, that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-being with Him from whose hands it came.



# MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.\**

BY PETER PINKIE.

*Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.*

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

"Miss Lee I fear you must satisfy the gentleman in this matter," said the Captain. "According to the rules of the court the witness should uncover the face during examination."

Mary then slowly raised the veil and laid it gently over her shoulder. As she did a murmur of admiration broke from the audience, like that we have heard in public assemblies when the covering is taken from the face of a beautiful statue. The effect was instantaneous; every beholder seemed at the same moment to have felt the influence of her charms.

"God bless me! how beautiful she is," exclaimed one of the magistrates on the bench, entirely unconscious of being heard, and gazing on her face as if he had been looking at a vision.

And well he might gaze, for never saw he such a face before. Yet it was not in the features so perfectly moulded by the plastic hand of nature that her beauty lay, but in the angelic blush and unaffected modesty with which her pure soul had so radiantly suffused them.

Gentle reader, this beautiful creature was a child of Mary—an humble, gentle servant of the mother of God. The perfection of her features she had from nature, but that which defies all the art of the painter or the sculptor—that inexpressible charm which animated them—was the gift of religion.

"Miss Lee, pray look at this and see if you can recognize it?" resumed the Captain, handing the rosary to a policeman.

It was a silver beaded rosary, with a gold crucifix attached.

"This is not mine, sir," replied Mary, after a moment's examination.

"What reason have you to think so?"

"Mine had the initials of my mother's name engraved on the back; this one has the letters W. F."

"Any other marks by which you can distinguish it?"

"The one I lost looked much more worn than this, and the letters more illegible."

"Just so—from constant use, I suppose," said the Captain good-humoredly, turning to the priest.

Mary kept her eyes cast down, but said nothing in reply.

"Don't blush, my child—don't blush; you love your religion, and you practice it. I wish to heaven we could all say as much. As to the devotion of the



rosary—I mean the Catholic practice of praying to the Virgin Mary—I look upon it, though I'm very far from being a Catholic myself, as the most beautiful devotion in the world."

"Thank you, Captain," said the priest; "thank you for your generous testimony. You'll find," he added, "before very long, there's a charm in the rosary you little suspected. The immaculate virgin, whom that spotless creature has so long served with such tender affection, will not suffer her love to go unrequited."

"I don't know, but by the lord Harry," responded the burly Captain, "I'm beginning to think there's some mysterious influence at work;" and he hitched his chair a little closer to the desk, as if he felt an increasing interest in the investigation.

"And now, Miss Lee, can you inform the bench when you missed the rosary?"

"On the 12th of ——"

"From what place?"

"I always kept it in an old family bible, to mark the page I had been reading last, and when I went to look for it there it was gone."

"Did you acquaint the members of your family of the loss?"

"I told my uncle of it immediately."

"Did you make a thorough search for it?"

"Yes, sir; we searched everywhere through the house."

"Did you see Mr. Ephraim Weeks, here present, at the light-house on that day?"

"I did, sir."

"Where—in what part of the house?"

"In the parlor, looking out of the window."

"Was it in that room you kept the bible in which the rosary was?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did any other person visit the light-house on that day?"

"A gentleman called to see us about the same time, but did not enter the parlor."

"I have but one more question to ask, Miss Lee. Are you of opinion that some one not a member of your family took the rosary?"

"I am, sir."

"Whom do you suspect?"

"I know of no one who could have taken it but the gentleman I saw in the parlor, Mr. Weeks."

"That's enough, Miss Lee—you may retire," said the Captain, leaning back in his chair. "Gentlemen," he continued, addressing his associates, "the case is a pretty clear one against Weeks; and as it comes within our jurisdiction, being but a case of petty theft, we must commit him, and send the forgery affair up to a higher court."

"Hold on a minit," exclaimed the Yankee. "Ye ain't agoin to commit me, I expect, without hearing me in my own defence?"

"Well, sir, go on," replied the chairman; "proceed, but don't be long about it, for we haven't much time to spare. This trial has taken up too much of our time already."

"Well," said Weeks, gathering in his legs and rising to his feet, "I can't say I know much of English law, though I do think I'm pretty well posted up in law of the States. But, gents, I've got a sorter notion—well, I may be mistaken, ye know—but still I've got a sorter notion that there's no law to be found in any



civilized country in the world to punish a man when he hain't committed no crime. I guess that's a point won't admit of much dispute, any how. Well, let's see now what injustice I have committed—there's Miss Lee to begin with; I hain't stolen her rosary. I took it, I allow, inadvertently put it in my pocket; but I had no intention of stealing it, not a mite. We Yankees ain't a given to hooking as a general thing; it ain't in our nature. We speckle once in a while beyond our capital, and come it over green-horns now and then in the way of trade, but hooking ain't a Yankee trick, no how, specially such a tid-re-eye consarn as that. I acknowledge I took it, gents, and you may do what you're a mind to about it; but as for hooking the affair, I swonnie I never thought of it from the time I left the light-house till cousin Rebecca showed me the damned thing a day or two after, and called me a papist in disguise for having it in my possession. Now as to this old lady here, she hain't got nothing to complain of that I know of. The hull amount of the matter is, she did nothing for me, and I paid her nothing; ain't that so, gents? Ha! ha! the old thing thought she was smart—and so she is a darn'd sight smarter than I took her for—but she forgot she had a Yankee to deal with;" and Weeks shut one eye as he spoke and thrust his hands down into his breeches pockets—"she forgot she'd a Yankee to deal with, a live Yankee, with his eye peeled, and fresh from Connecticut. Ha! ha!"

Here the magistrates, after commanding silence several times (for the audience got so tickled at Weeks' language and gestures they could no longer restrain themselves), at length broke out into a loud laugh, the Captain's fat sides shaking as he turned to and fro to say a merry word to the priest or his next neighbor on the bench.

"Silence, you rascals down below there," he cried, when he recovered himself. "Can't a man speak without a brogue on his tongue but you must laugh at him? Silence, and let the man be heard."

"Stand him up, Captain, jewel; stand him up on the table—we can't hear him," shouted several voices in the crowd.

"Up with him! up with him!" now became the general cry, and Weeks in the midst of the uproar mounted the table, and trusting to his own resources to elicit sympathy from the audience, boldly resumed his defence.

"Well," said he, pulling up his shirt collar and pushing back his long sandy hair behind his ears, as he looked around the hall—"well, ladies and gents, I guess I hain't got a great deal more to say. All of you know pretty much by this time that I'm a stranger in these parts, and I know on the other hand you're Irish to a man. Well, I ain't a goin to make the inference—no, I leave that to yourselves. All I shall say is, the Irish at hum and abroad are famous for their hospitality to the stranger."

"Be aisy, avourneen," said somebody near the door; "be aisy now, and don't be tryin to soft soap us that way. Don't ye remimber the weddin at Ballymahy?"

"Well, there!" exclaimed Weeks, suddenly turning as the voice reached his ear.

"Who's that?" demanded the Captain.

"By thunder! if it ain't the tarnal rascal again. Well, I swow!"

"Who? who is he?"

"Lanty Hanlon, if he's alive," responded Weeks.

"Impossible—the police are now in pursuit of him."

"Well, pursuit or not," replied Weeks, "if he's out of h—ll that's he, or I ain't Ephraim C. B. Weeks."



"Police, see who that fellow is," cried the Captain.

"Lanty Hanlon's the man, and no mistake," repeated Weeks. "I could swear to his voice on the top of Mount Tom."

"Ho there! at the door below, has the detachment from Milfred arrived?" demanded Hardwinkle.

The answer came up in the affirmative.

"Then let search be made instantly for Lanty Hanlon. You, sergeant, hold a warrant for his arrest—see that he escape not, at your peril."

"What! how's this?" demanded Captain Petersham—"a reinforcement without my knowledge or consent?"

"I ordered it, sir, I repeat. I apprehended a riot and rescue of the prisoner," replied Hardwinkle.

"Ha! a rescue!" and the Captain turned to look at the young outlaw.

"He's a bold, daring fellow," pleaded Hardwinkle, "and I feared he might attempt to escape."

"Psaugh! psaugh! sir, your explanation only makes the matter worse. Your conduct's a disgrace to this bench, sir, and an outrage to the feelings of your brother magistrates."

"Hush! hush! Captain," remonstrated the priest, laying his hand on his arm and speaking low. "You must take another time and place to rebuke Mr. Hardwinkle."

"No, sir, I shall not," replied the indignant Captain. "This is the proper time and place to rebuke him; and I tell him now, here in open court, that his conduct throughout this whole affair has been both unchristian and ungentlemanly."

"Captain Petersham, you know I'm a man of peace," said Hardwinkle, "or you would hardly dare to utter such language here."

"Peace—ay, the peace of the serpent;" and the Captain turned on him such a look as might have withered him up.

"I shall quit the court under protest," said Hardwinkle, rising, "since neither the law nor the feelings of a gentleman are respected here."

"Not an inch," ejaculated the Captain. "Move but one step from where you stand, and I commit you."

"What! commit me?"

"Ay, you, sir, for conspiring with your worthy cousin there to carry off by force and violence the person of Mary Lee in an open boat from Araheera-Head to Malinmore, in the event of her not consenting to the marriage. I have now, sir, in my possession due information to that effect, sworn to by two of the very men you engaged to execute that damnable design."

"The charge is false, sir," exclaimed Hardwinkle, but in tones so low and husky that the very sounds spoke his guilt.

"And that no time might be lost," pursued the Captain, without noticing Hardwinkle's denial—"that no time might be lost, the young lady was to be carried off this very night, as soon as the sheriff had removed her uncle, and no one left to protect her in that remote and desolate spot but her old and feeble servant, Rodger O'Shaughnessy."

Here a murmur of indignation ran through the audience, and every eye turned on Hardwinkle. That gentleman made no reply, however, but after a moment's reflection quietly resumed his seat, as if he had made up his mind to bear his sufferings with the patience and humility of a martyr.



During this interruption Weeks stood on the table, or platform rather, with his hands driven down into his breeches pockets, and apparently as little concerned at what was passing as if Hardwinkle had not been 'a drop's blood to him in the world.' Even when the charge of conspiring to carry off Mary Lee was made against that respectable relation, he hitched up his shoulders and jingled the silver as usual, but showed no sign of either surprise or resentment. At length, however, silence was restored, and at a nod from the chairman Weeks again pulled up his shirt collar and resumed his defence.

"Well, ladies and gents, I ain't a goin to detain you long. No; speech-making ain't in my line; but still, you know, every man should be able to tell his own story. Well, as to this darn'd old critter here, half devil, half catamount, I guess I have given a pretty considerable fair account of my transaction with her—well, enough to show I hain't done her no wrong, any how. Then as to the dry goods man, let him produce his bill, and if I hain't paid him the full value of his goods already in pure gold, independent of the fifty dollar note, why I'm ready to suffer the consequences, that's all. I calklate, gents, to give every man his due, but hang a copper more, and if I find a man tryin to impose on me, I manage some how or other to pay him off in his own coin. I repeat it, gents, let this dry goods man who supplied me with fishing tackle and all that sorter thing, let him stand up here and produce his bill; that's plain talk, ain't it, gents? Well, then, all that remains now is to account for my transaction with Mr. Hardwinkle here about that note. It goes agin me to do it, it does, that's a fact; but considering the fix I've got into, I feel bound to go through with it. Mr. Hardwinkle may feel a little put out about it, I guess, but he's here, you know, on his own soil, while I'm a stranger, and nothing to depend on but the bare truth. Besides, this is about the last day, I reckon, I can spend conveniently in this section of the country, and for the sake of New England, should like to leave it with a good name."

"And why wudn't ye, *asthore*—by the powers ye earned it richly," said some one close by, in a stage whisper. "Faith, yer a credit to the country ye came from, *avourneen*."

"Silence, there," commanded the chairman, hardly able to suppress a laugh; "silence, there, and respect the court."

"Go ahead," cried Weeks, whoever you be; "go ahead, I'll wait till you've got through. I ain't in no hurry."

"Proceed, Mr. Weeks, and don't mind the fellow."

"Well, the hull amount of the matter is, the note cost Mr. Hardwinkle nothing, not a cent; he got it from a Dublin attorney on commission, to make the most he could on't."

Hardwinkle here attempted to interrupt him, but the Captain interposed, and the speaker continued.

"I ain't surprised at Mr. Hardwinkle's gettin riled, not a mite, for I swonnie it looks kinder mean in me to talk so after enjoying his hospitality; but I've got into a sorter snarl, gents, you see, about this here marriage concern, and I must tell the truth, for I don't see any other chance of getting out of it. Well, then, to be plain about it, we had an understanding—Mr. Hardwinkle and I had—well, it was just like this: if we succeeded in getting rid of Lee by means of the note, and could then induce the young lady to marry right straight off, or if she refused, to carry her off to the nearest place we could catch a vessel bound for the States; I say if we succeeded in this, Mr. Hardwinkle was to have \$10,000 cash, and I run the risk of the note, succeed or fail."



"Scoundrel!" ejaculated Hardwinkle, hissing the words between his teeth.  
 "Gentlemen, this is the most outrageous falsehood ——"

"Psaugh! hold on a bit—don't get riled, cousin Robert."

"But what could I expect," continued the latter, "when you're ignorant of the very first principles of religion?"

"Do say. Well, I never made much pretension about it, you know, cousin, and so you couldn't expect much from me in that line; but for you, who's praying and reading the bible most part the time through the week and sabbath especially, why it was going it a leetle mite too strong to try do me out that note, worn't it now, cousin Robert? By crackie, Bob, for a pious, God-fearing man, you're about as smart a one as I've met since I left Connecticut—you are, I swow, no mistake about it. But, gents, I don't see no use now in talking over the matter further. I was a goin to produce Mr. Hardwinkle's letters to me before I left the States about this here marriage, to show you I ain't the only one to blame in the transaction; but I guess it's just as well let the matter drop as it is. As regards the speculation I came here on, why all can be said about it is *I failed*—that's the amount of it. The fact is, gents, I always heard the Irish were an almighty green sort of folks, both at hum and abroad, and thought a Yankee, specially a Connecticut Yankee, had nothing to do but go right straight along soon's he got among them; but I find now I made a mistake in that respect. It ain't so, gents; the Irish at hum ain't so green by a long chalk as some I've met in the States."

"Nor all the Yankees so smart as they think," added the Captain, smiling.

"Well, sometimes we get sniggled, you know, like the rest of folks. Well, it's just like this: we hain't got to our full growth yet, but give us fifty years more to get our eye-teeth cut, and I tell you what, Captain, should like to see the foreigner then could come the blind side of us; that man'd be a caution, I tell ye. As for Mr. Hardwinkle here, I don't wonder he's smart, for he belongs to a pretty considerable smart kinder family. Well, he's got a cousin in Ducksville name of Weeks, said to be about as smart a man as you can scare up in that section of the country, and still he hain't been a hundred miles from home, I guess, all his life time."

"Brother of yours, I suppose?" said the Captain.

"Well, no; he ain't any relation of mine that I know of—an acquaintance, that's all."

"I thought being a Duckville man and a cousin of Mr. Hardwinkle's here, he might be your brother, or cousin at least."

"No, not exactly; he's much about the same though, we've always been so intimate. It was he first told me of his relations here, the Hardwinkles."

"First told you," repeated the Captain. "What, did not you know that yourself already?"

"No, can't say I did."

"Why, are you not Mr. Hardwinkle's cousin?"

"Not that I know of," quietly responded Weeks.

"And now to the prisoner in the dock—who demands his committal?" inquired the Captain.

"I do," responded Hardwinkle; "I demand it in the name of the State. Clerk, call sergeant Joseph Muller."

As the latter came up to the stand Hardwinkle pointed to the prisoner. "Have you ever seen that man before?"

"I have."



"What is his name?"

"Randall Joseph Barry."

"Do you swear that?" said the Captain.

"I do."

"What! did you see him baptized?"

"No; but I was brought up within a stone's throw of his father's house."

"Gentlemen," said the prisoner, "it's quite unnecessary to proceed further in this examination. My name is Randall Joseph Barry; I am a rebel to the British government, and the same individual for whose capture the reward of three hundred pounds is offered by the crown. I have no defence to make, and I ask no favors. Proceed, if it so please you, to make out my committal."

"Fool!" ejaculated Else Curley—"yer pride has ruined ye."

"Young man, the court does not expect you to make admissions likely to criminate yourself," said the chairman, casting a reproachful look at the prisoner.

"He has avowed himself a rebel," said Hardwinkle; "he is therefore unbailable, and now I demand he be committed forthwith to Lifford jail."

"Have you any thing to say in your vindication," said the Captain; "if you have, we shall hear you patiently."

"Nothing," promptly responded the young outlaw. "I have deliberately done that which British law declares to be a crime, and having done it I am willing to suffer the punishment. Had I effected my escape to a foreign land, as was my purpose (and whilst he uttered the words his eyes involuntarily turned in the direction of Mary Lee, the sole cause of his detention); had I effected my escape, I should have been *there* no less an enemy and a rebel to the British government than I am here on my native soil, nor cease for one single day of my life to compass its overthrow. After having failed in the attempt, I have but one thing to regret—I should not speak of it now, perhaps—but ——" here his words seemed choked in the utterance—"one thing only, that I can never ——"

A scream from under the bench interrupted him.

Every eye turned in the direction of the sound. It was poor Mary Lee—she had fainted in the arms of Kate Petersham.

At a single bound the prisoner cleared the dock and clasped her fainting form to his heart.

Instantly the uproar and confusion became so great that Hardwinkle again rose and called on the police to enter the court-house and keep order.

"Not an inch, sir," cried the Captain—"I command here. Constables, remain in your places."

"Mary," whispered Randall, "listen to me—one word in your ear, and then we part forever."

The gentle girl opened her eyes at length and looked lovingly into his, while the tears bedewed her pale cheeks. "O, Randall, Randall," she murmured, "has it come to this at last. Mother of Mercy, save him—save him."

"Hush! hush! dear Mary," whispered Kate, affectionately kissing her fair forehead, "all may be well. The end has not come yet—this is but the beginning—wait, be patient awhile."

"God bless you! Mary, God bless you!" and the fine young fellow's face quivered with emotion as he spoke. "Farewell, we can never meet again. You have at length found a father, who will love and protect you as I would have done."

"O, dear Randall, do not speak so. You shall not leave me: let us both go to my father together—he will ——"



"It cannot be," said Randall—"I shall never sue for pardon, never."

"But I have prayed to the Blessed Virgin for you," said Mary, "and she——"

"Back with ye! back with ye! hell hounds, give way," now came ringing out as clear as a trumpet from a stout, curly-headed fellow, at the head of some dozen others, clearing their way through the crowd, and smashing heads and bayonets with their black thorns in their stormy passage. "Give way, ye dogs, give way. To the rescue—*corp au dhoul*, to the rescue."

"By the lord Harry," exclaimed the Captain, speaking to the priest, "there comes Lanty Hanlon; I vow to heaven it is. Well done! my gallant fellow, well done!"

"O, Lanty, you never failed me yet," said Kate, proudly. "My life on you for a million—now comes the tug o' war."

"Police, do your duty," cried Hardwinkle, his face no longer wearing its demure aspect, but fired with passion at the danger of losing his victim, after whose blood he had thirsted so long. "Do your duty, I command you."

For a moment the outlaw looked round the court, as if to calculate his chances of escape—in the next he was driven forward in the centre of a group towards the door.

"Shoot them down!" vociferated Hardwinkle, springing to his feet—"shoot down the rebel and his rescuers."

"Hold! hold!" commanded the chairman in a voice of thunder. "The first man fires dies; he's not yet committed—hold your fire."

By this time Lanty and his men had gained the side of the dock where Else Curley stood, her arms folded as usual, and her keen, deep-sunken eye fixed on Hardwinkle. As they did, the whole detachment of police rushed from the door, despite the Captain's orders, and charged the rioters with fixed bayonets.

"Surrender the prisoner or we fire," cried the lieutenant. "I order you to surrender in the queen's name, instantly."

"Cudn't ye wait till th' morrow?" said Lanty, sneeringly.

"I again command you to surrender the prisoner," repeated the officer.

But hardly had the words escaped his lips when a blow from behind felled him to the ground, and then the riot commenced in good earnest.

"Down with the Sassenach dogs!" shouted Lanty, making his staff play round him in true Celtic fashion. Down with them—*corp au dhoul*—drive them before ye."

Else Curley at this moment by some chance or other succeeded in forcing her way in amongst the combatants, and thrusting the silver mounted pistol she carried into Randall's breast, then drew forth herself the old Spanish dagger, which the reader saw once before at her cabin on the Cairn, and waived it in her brown skeleton hand high over the heads of the rioters. "Ha!" she cried, "the young lion is now with his dam, and see who'll dar injure a hair of his head. Ha! ha! now let the enemy of my house and home come on, and see how soon this good steel 'll drink his heart's blood. Away with him to the door, there, and baulk the tiger of his prey—away with him!"

Hardwinkle now jumped from the bench, and calling on the police to stab the prisoner and his rescuers, forced his way also in amongst the rioters, his eyes flashing fire and his face flushed with intense passion. At this moment Randall Barry, after breaking bayonet after bayonet with the pistol which he held still undischarged in his hand, turned to defend himself from those in the rear, and met Hardwinkle face to face.



"Rebel!" cried the latter, snatching a carbine from the next constable—"rebel, traitor, enemy of your religion and your country, take now the punishment you deserve," and as he spoke he attempted to pull the trigger, but his hands trembled so in the fury of his passion that he missed the spring. Next instant Elae Curley's long bony fingers had grasped him by the throat, and he fell backwards on the flags of the court-house, the musket exploding as it reached the floor.

Lanty and his comrades had now fought their way bravely on step by step, Randall defending himself with his single arm against the repeated assaults of the constables, and still reserving his fire, as if for a last emergency; but now came the moment that was to decide his fate.

They had succeeded indeed at last in driving the police before them out through the court-house door, but here the danger and difficulty increased, from the fact that once beyond the threshold, Captain Petersham's authority ceased as presiding magistrate, and Hardwinkle was at liberty to give what orders he pleased, if he only assumed the responsibility. How he extricated himself from the hands of Elae Curley it is impossible to say, but certain it is, that, much to the surprise of the beholders, he was suddenly seen jumping from one of the windows of the building down on the low wall that enclosed the yard, like one demented.

"Fire!" he cried, as he alighted and glanced at the preparations made for Barry's escape, his quick eye detecting in an instant the reason of Moll Pitcher being kept there standing at the gate. "Fire!" he repeated; "on your lives let not the prisoner escape—fire!"

But he had come too late: Randall had already gained the outside of the yard, borne on by his trusty defenders, foremost amongst whom fought Lanty, his head and arms bleeding profusely from the bayonet wounds of the constables, whilst Randall's own were hardly in a better condition.

Hardwinkle now saw there was but once chance remaining, namely: to intercept the fugitive and detain him till the police could come up and arrest him; and making all possible speed to where his horse stood in the hands of his groom, he mounted and rushed past the gate in order to head the prisoner off.

Randall, however, was already in the saddle. He had sprung into it by the strength of his single arm, and instantly gathering up the reins, gave Moll the word. The splendid creature knowing well that something more than usual was expected of her, reared for an instant, and then shot forward like an arrow, making the fire fly from the pavement.

"Glorious Moll Pitcher," cried Lanty, "now for it! If horse-flesh can save ye, Randall Barry, it's Moll Pitcher."

"Shoot him down! shoot him down!" vociferated Hardwinkle, as he rode on before the fugitive with the intention of wheeling round and intercepting him in his flight.

The words were hardly spoken, when three shots came in quick succession. They did no mischief, however,—one of them but slightly grazing Barry's cheek, while the others went wide of their mark.

The crowd now rushed through the gate and over the wall in wild confusion; some pelting stones at the police, and others venting curses loud and deep against Hardwinkle and his *Sassenach* crew.

Randall saw, as Hardwinkle wheeled his horse to intercept him, that if he happened to be detained but a second, he should in all probability fall by a bullet from the police, before he could get out of musket range, and so drawing his pistol from his breast, he let the reins drop on his horse's neck, and prepared himself



for the worst. As he did so, Hardwinkle was up within ten yards of him. "Keep off! keep off!" cried Randall, "or I fire. If you value your coward life, keep off."

But Hardwinkle took no notice of the warning, and as he rushed on to seize the reins, Randall dropped the muzzle of his pistol and shot his horse right through the head. "There, take your life," he cried, "I shall never have such dastard blood on *my* hands."

The horse dropped instantly, for the ball had passed through his brain.

And then rose a cheer wild and loud that made the very heavens ring again, as Randall was seen flying up the hill on Moll Pitcher, clear of all danger, his long black hair floating on the breeze, and his broken arm still visible in the sling.

Whilst the crowd stood cheering and gazing after the young outlaw, Else Curley followed by several of the constables hurried up to where Hardwinkle had fallen. Else was first on the ground. "Hah!" she cried, about to utter some malediction, but suddenly stopped and bent down to gaze on the face of the fallen man. He was lying under the horse.

"What's the matter—is he hurt?" demanded the constables.

"Ay, he's hurt," responded Else, dryly.

"He don't move—how's that?"

"He's dead!"

"The horse, you mean."

"Horse and man," said Else, "they're both dead."

The police, assisted by the country people, soon succeeded in relieving the body from the weight which had fallen on it—but life was gone. The clay, indeed, was still warm, but the soul had left it, to give in its account at another tribunal.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

SOON after the fatal accident related above had occurred, Captain Petersham accompanied by his friends reached the spot, and finding no life in the body, ordered it to be taken back to the court house and there await the pleasure of the family.

"How sudden and how shocking," exclaimed the priest, "already gone to meet his God."

"It's a very deplorable accident, I must confess," said the Captain, "very indeed: and now that he's gone, I protest, sir, I'm sorry for him. The unfortunate man sat many a long day with me on the bench here—and though he often provoked me, still by the lord Harry, I could never wish him dead. But this regret is useless now," he added. "Where is Lanty Hanlon?"

"Haven't seen him," replied the priest. "I hope the mad fellow has escaped the fire."

"Hope so—and where is Else Curley, too? I wonder is she alive."

"There she is, plase yer honor," answered somebody at his side, "there she is, spakin to the ladies."

"The very woman, by George it is! But has no one seen Lanty? I fear he's hurt or killed."

"Divil a fear of him, Captain, darlin, he's as sound as a throut," said the same voice.



The Captain turned and saw an old woman in a blue cloak and night-cap (both rather worse for the wear), leaning on a staff, and apparently old and sickly, to judge from her cough and the stoop of her shoulders.

"Where is he—when did you see him last?"

"Ugh! ugh! oh dear, this cough's killin me! When did I see him last, is it? Well, I didn't see him since ye seen him last yerself, Captain," and the speaker laughed as if there was something very amusing in the question.

"What!" exclaimed the Captain, "what! eh! whom have we here?"

"Whisht, wisht, the constable's beside ye, there. Don't minton my name for yer life. Don't ye remimber the warrint ye sent afther me fôr taking the loan of Miss Hardwrinkle?"

"I do—and I tell you now, Lanty, what you may rest assured of."

"Well, sir?"

"That you'll be hung if you stay here—you will, sir. By the lord Harry youwill."

"Me?"

"Ay, you, sir!"

"That rope's not made yit, Captain, dear. No, no, my pride niver carried me that high yet."

"Quit the country, sir; quit the country—that's my advice to you—and quit it immediately, too, for I can save you no longer."

"Cudn't ye hould out for another year, Captain?"

"No, sir, nor for another week, either. Are you not aware that the abduction of Miss Hardwrinkle is a transportable offence? But why another year, pray?"

"Well, there's a sort of a sacret in that," responded Lanty, wiping the blood from his face.

"And what's the secret?"

"Why, then, it isn't much to spake of, Captain, only in regard of a bit of a girl up here, that I had a kind of a notion of, and she tells me she's not just to say ready yit."

"Ho! ho! that's it—well, never mind, I'll make her ready—who is she?"

"A girl of the Kelly's of Minadreen, sir."

"A daughter of one of my tenants—very well, send her up to Castle Gregory to-morrow or next day, I'll give her her outfit. Send her up, and prepare yourself to leave, for you're not safe here an hour."

"Captain," said a policeman, touching his cap, "Lanty Hanlon, I fear, has escaped."

"Shouldn't doubt it, sir, in the least," replied the Captain. "By the lord Harry, sir, you should every man of you be drummed out for a set of poltroons. Ten constables and couldn't make a single arrest. I shall see to it, sir. You have the Yankee still in custody, I trust."

"No, sir, he has escaped also, in the confusion."

"What! gone!"

"Sir, he's no where to be found. This, I suspect, belongs to him, but —"

"What's that? Ah! his silver card case. Well, sir, you needn't mind looking after him now. His detection at present would answer no purpose. Let him go. He has seen enough of Ireland without visiting our jails, I suspect, by this time," and so saying, the Captain advanced to the ladies and suggested that all, including the priest and Dr. Horseman, should spend the night at Castle Gregory.

"You must excuse me," said Horseman, "I purpose leaving Derry to-morrow by the first boat for Liverpool."



"That can't be," interrupted Kate, "you must give me an opportunity to make up our quarrel. I shan't listen to such a thing."

"Impossible;" said Horseman, "I shall quit Ireland to-morrow, without fail."

"With very bad impressions of the country, I fear," said the Captain.

"Humph!" responded the Doctor, shrugging his shoulders, "that's as it may be," and thanking the several parties for their hospitality during his short stay, bade them farewell, and pursued his way in the direction of the little inn of the village.

Father John now begged to be excused also, but Kate and Mary soon prevailed on him to bear them company, and taking the light-keeper's arm he followed the Captain, supporting Mary and Kate on either side, light-hearted and happy, to pay a visit to Uncle Jerry, and bring him also with them if possible to Castle Gregory where no doubt they should find Randall Barry, impatiently awaiting their return.

As they wended their way to Greenmount, the Captain suddenly inquired of Kate where Else Curley had gone, and how she felt after the death of her old enemy, Robert Hardwinkle.

"She's gone to Benraven," answered Kate, "and gone never to return till her body be carried to her sister's grave in the old church-yard at Mossmount. Her parting with Mary Lee, her foster child, was a melancholy one, and yet, though I thought her heart would break, she never shed a tear."

"What an extraordinary woman she is—so relentless; so full of wild, ungovernable passion at her years," observed the Captain.

"Ah, she is no longer so now, Captain," replied Mary, "a child this moment could lead her round the world. The instant she saw Mr. Hardwinkle dead, every fibre relaxed, and every feeling of passion and resentment left her heart. May the Comforter of the afflicted, and the Help of the weak, guide and guard her steps to the tomb. She was kind to me, Captain, in my infancy—kind to me as a mother, and I would not her soul were lost for the wealth of worlds."

"It shall not be lost, Mary, if I can help it," said the priest, catching the words.

"God bless you, dear father, for that kind word—it relieves my heart of a load of doubt and fear which has long oppressed it."

"Had you seen the old solitary, Captain," said Kate, looking up in her brother's face, "had you seen her gazing over at the dead body and shaking her head so slowly and solemnly, you would have thought at once of these glorious words: *He is dead and so is mine enemy.*"

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#### POSTSCRIPT.

DEAR READER.—We have carried you through a long—and perhaps in the main, a weary, tedious narration. At length, however, it has come to a close, and such as it is, you have it; or to borrow the words of Lord Byron:

What is writ is writ;  
Would it were worthier! but I am not now  
What I have been—and my visions flit  
Less palpably before me—and the glow  
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint and low.



## SECOND POSTSCRIPT.

THE above is the story of MARY LEE as it came into our hands.

Mr. Pinkie it seems had not finished it when he left Ireland, and was never afterwards able, on account of the rheumatism, to finish it here. We suppose this must have been the way of it. Whether he actually intended to make the end of *Childe Harold* the end of *Mary Lee* also, it's of course now very difficult to tell—though, indeed, for ourselves, we must confess, we have a strong inclination to think in the affirmative, especially as being brought up together, we remember well many personal proofs of his short and snappy disposition. But be that as it may, 'tis evident the tale wants another joint to finish it, and so being appointed his legatee, we have considered it no more than our duty to make up the little deficiency in the best way we can. For that purpose we wrote to a faithful correspondent at Rosnakill for information respecting the fate of some of the principal actors in the drama, and the following is the result:

“In reply to your favor of recent date, I have the pleasure to acquaint you with the following facts. They have been obtained after very considerable trouble and inquiry, and therefore I shall expect you to put them to my credit in the old account.

“First then, it seems the meeting between Mr. Guirkie and Mary Lee was very affecting—so much so, indeed, that the Captain, stout-hearted and all as he is, after rubbing up his grizzly hair two or three times in quick succession, and plucking down his waistcoat as many more, was finally obliged to turn his face to the window and whistle against the glass. Uncle Jerry's joy knew no bounds—he made Miss Lee sit on his knee, and he smoothed down her hair, and looked up in her face, and wept, and vowed and declared she was the very picture of her that was gone. Mrs. Motherly, poor woman, is said to have entered the parlor just at that time with her master's leggings to button them on, but seeing what she did see, turned short on her step, and drawing the door after her with a bang, quit the house instantly and was never heard of since. For the last fact I cannot vouch exactly—my own impression being that she did return once more, and even had a pension granted her by Mr. Guirkie for her faithful and matronly services.

“As you are already aware the Captain entertained the party, Mr. Guirkie of course included, that night at Castle Gregory, and so far as I can learn, a merry night they had of it. Mary Lee and Randall Barry were married, as you might have expected, by the good Father Brennan; and Uncle Jerry, curious enough, is reported to have given away the bride. It is further asserted, and on excellent authority, too, that the same said gentleman, after slipping a check on the bank of Londonderry for £2,000 into Mary Lee's hand as a marriage portion, instantly called on Kate to play the ‘Sailor's Hornpipe,’ and danced with his hands on his sides till he fell back on the sofa, and there actually went to sleep from sheer exhaustion.

“Ten days after the wedding the Captain's yacht was seen weighing anchor at Ballymastocken, and slowly moving up to the landing place under the castle. Presently a party of ladies and gentlemen issued from the vestibule of the old mansion and crossing the lawn, descended the bank of the rabbit-warren and stepped aboard. The party consisted of the Captain and Kate, Randall and Mrs. Barry, Mr. Lee, Mr. Guirkie and Father Brennan. After a few minutes the latter came ashore, and waving his hat in adieu, the little Water Hen moved off gently from the wharf. She had not cleared it a cable's length, however, when a brown water spaniel, followed by a tall old gray haired man, in a long skirted coat, was seen running down to the beach. The old man kept waving his hand as he hobbled along, but the dog who had reached the shore before him, sprang into the water and made for the little vessel, howling most piteously as he buffeted the waves. The yacht hove to for a moment, the dog was lifted aboard, and then the old man apparently satisfied with what had taken place, fell on his knees and with uplifted hands seemed to pray fervently for a happy voyage.



"Next day the Water Hen returned, but none of the party was seen to step ashore but Kate and the Captain. Where the others went to, no one here can tell. It is generally surmised, however, that the United States was their destination, and that Lanty Hanlon and his winsome wife, Mary Kelly of the black hair, went out with them, having been snugly ensconced under the Water Hen's hatches before she weighed anchor on the evening of her departure from Castle Gregory.

"Rodger O'Shaughnessy, now too infirm to venture on so long a voyage, remains at the castle at his old occupation. Once or twice a week he burnishes up the old silver salver as usual, and tells how often it has served wine to the lads and ladies at Castle Talbot.

"With respect to Ephraim C. B. Weeks—he was never seen but once after the trial, and that was at the Liverpool Packet Office in Derry. A friend of mine who was present at the time, assures me, he did nothing but curse Ireland 'and all the darn'd Irish in it' from the time he entered the office to buy his ticket till he left it. He swore 'you couldn't find such a tarnation set of varmint in all almighty creation, and when he got t'other side of the big pond, if he worn't agoin to give them jessie in the newspapers,' and so lighting a cigar," adds my friend, "he took his valise in the one hand and umbrella in the other and started for the boat."

THE END.

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## Evening Hours.

THE human heart has hidden treasures,  
 In secret kept, in silence sealed;  
 The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures,  
 Whose charms were broken, if revealed.  
 And days may pass in gay confusion,  
 And nights in noisy riot fly,  
 While, lost in fame's or wealth's illusion,  
 The memory of the past may die.

But there are hours of lonely musing,  
 Such as in the evening silence come,  
 When soft as birds their pinions closing,  
 The heart's best feelings gather home.  
 Then, in our souls there seems to languish  
 A tender grief that is not woe;  
 And thoughts that once wrung groans of anguish,  
 Now cause some melting tears to flow.

And feelings, once as strong as passions,  
 Float softly back—a faded dream;  
 Our own sharp griefs and wild sensations,  
 The taste of other's suffering seem;  
 Oh! when the heart is freshly bleeding,  
 How it longs for that time to be,  
 When through the mist of years receding,  
 Its woes but live in reverie.

And it can dwell on moonlight glimmer,  
 On evening shades and loneliness,  
 And while the sky grows dim and dimmer,  
 Heed no untold woes of distress—  
 Only a deeper impulse given  
 By lonely hour and darkened room,  
 To solemn thoughts that soar to heaven,  
 Seeking a life and world to come.

*Cur. Bell.*



## Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

**THE SIGNS OF PREDESTINATION.**—If we can know nothing about the future, we can at least know a great deal about the present. In spiritual matters God is pleased to instruct His Church by His Saints, and the Church, before canonizing them, sets her seal upon their writings. Now the saints mention things, which they call the signs of predestination. This means something more than that they are symptoms of our being at present in a state of grace and the way of holiness. It means that they are to a certain extent prophecies of the future, not infallibly true but spontaneously hopeful. It means that they are the sort of things to be expected in the elect, and not to be expected in others; things essential to the elect, and which through all the centuries of the Church have distinguished the elect. Hence if we find all, many, or a few of them, in ourselves, we are legitimately entitled to proportionate consolation. They are, the imitation of Christ, devotion to our Blessed Lady, works of mercy, love of prayer, self distrust, the gift of faith, and past mercies from God. We must also bear in mind of all these things, that it is not the plenary possession of them which counts with God, and so is a sign of predestination, but the earnest desire of them and the sincere endeavor after them. What wonder that theologians should make the number of the saved so large, and the Saint of Geneva almost doubt if any Catholics were lost!

*Dr. Faber.*

**DISCIPLINE OF THE MIND.**—It is not by mere study, by mere accumulation of knowledge, that you can hope for eminence. Mental discipline, the exercise of the faculties of the mind, the quickening of your apprehension, the strengthening of your memory, the forming of a sound, rapid and discriminating judgment, are of even more importance than the store of learning. Practice the economy of time. Consider time like the faculties of your mind, a precious estate; that every moment of it well applied is put to an exorbitant interest. The zeal of amusement itself, and the successful result of application, depend, in a great measure, upon the economy of time. Estimate also the force of habit. Exercise a constant, and unremitting vigilance of acquirement of habit, in matters that are apparently of indifference—that perhaps are really so, independent of the habits that they engender. It is by the neglect of such trifles that bad habits are acquired, and that the mind by total negligence and procrastination in matters of small account but frequent occurrence—matters of which the world takes no notice—becomes accustomed to the same defects in matter of high importance. By motives yet more urgent, by higher and purer aspirations, by the duty of obedience to the will of God, by the awful account you will have to render not merely of moral actions, but of faculties entrusted to you for improvement—by all these high arguments do I conjure you “so to number your days that you may apply your heart unto wisdom,” unto that wisdom which, directing your ambition to the noble end of benefiting mankind, and teaching humble reliance on the merits and on the mercy of your Redeemer, may support you in the “time of your wealth;” and in “the hour of death, and in the day of judgment,” may comfort you with the hope of deliverance.

*Sir Robert Peel.*

**WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMAN CATHOLICS OF THE UNITED STATES, 1790.**—As mankind become more liberal, they will be more apt to allow, that all those who conduct themselves as worthy members of the community are equally entitled to the protection of civil government. I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution, and the establishment of their government—or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed. *Life of Washington*, p. 197.



LOUIS NAPOLEON'S FAITH IN A DESTINY.—The idea of a destiny, and his having a mission to perform, was throughout a fixed one in Louis Napoleon's mind. No disasters shook his confidence in his star, or his belief in the ultimate fulfilment of his destiny. This is well known to all who were intimate with him in this country after he returned from America, in 1837. Among other noble houses, the hospitality of which he shared, was that of the Duke of Montrose, at Buchanan, at Loch Lomond, and the Duke of Hamilton, at Brodrick Castle, in the island of Arran. His manner in both was, in general, grave and taciturn; he was wrapt in the contemplation of the future, and indifferent to the present. In 1839, the present Earl of W——, then Lord B——, came to visit the author, after being some days with Louis Napoleon at Buchanan House. One of the first things he said was, "Only think of that young man, Louis Napoleon; nothing can persuade him he is not to be Emperor of France; the Strasburg affair has not in the least shaken him; he is constantly thinking of what he is to do when on the throne." The Duke of N—— also said to the author, in 1854, "Several years ago, before the Revolution of 1848, I met Louis Napoleon often at Brodrick Castle, in Arran. We frequently went out to shoot together; neither cared much for the sport, and we soon sat down on a heathery brow of Goatfell, and began to speak seriously. He always opened the conferences by discoursing on what he would do when he was Emperor of France. Among the other things, he said he would obtain a grant from the Chambers to drain the marshes of the Bries, which, you know, once fully cultivated, became flooded when the inhabitants, who were chiefly Protestants, left the country on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and, what is very curious, I see in the newspapers of the day that he has got a grant of two millions of francs from the Chambers to begin the draining of these very marshes." All that belongs to Louis Napoleon is now public property, and those noble persons will forgive the author if he endeavors to rescue from oblivion anecdotes so eminently illustrative of the fixity of purpose which is the most remarkable feature in that very eminent man's character.

*Alison.*

#### MISNOMERS OF THE DAY.—

Miss Fortune's no fortune at all,  
Miss Rich cannot muster a guinea,  
Miss Little's a little too tall,  
Miss Wise is completely a ninny.  
Miss Black is as white as the snow,  
Miss Green is as red as a cherry,  
Miss Brown is rather greenish or so,  
Whilst Miss White is as brown as a berry.

Miss Inchbald's a fine head of hair,  
Miss Hare has got none on her noddle;  
Miss Young is old, wrinkled, and spare,  
Miss Lightbody scarcely can waddle;  
Miss Heavyside bounds like a roe,  
Miss Wild is grave, dull and uncheery;  
Miss Still is accounted the go,  
And Miss Grave is excessively merry.

Miss Sharp has got blunt, as they say,  
Miss Dark is prodigiously bright;  
Miss Night has been turned into day,  
And Miss Day is to marry a knight.  
Then here is a health to them all,  
Good luck to them sleeping and waking;  
If 'tis wrong a fair maid to Mis-call,  
Yet there's surely no sin in Miss-taking.

FREDERICK THE GREAT saw one day from his window, a number of people reading a paper that was pasted up, and directed one of his pages to see what were its contents. The page, on his return, told him that it was a satirical writing against himself. "It is too high," said he, "go and take it down, and place it lower, that they may read it more at their ease."



## Review of Current Literature.

1. **THE LIFE OF THE VENERABLE SERVANT OF GOD, MONSIEUR DUMOULIN BORIE**, Bishop of Acanthus, Vicar Apostolic of Western Tonquin, martyr. By *Augustine Francis Hewit*. New York: P. O'Shea. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

No works contribute more to strengthen our faith and enkindle our devotion, than those which exhibit to our view the lives and actions of the faithful servants of God. Example has a powerful influence over us, even in our maturer years. When we see those who have gone before us becoming saints in the discharge, it may be, of the very avocations of life, which we are called on to discharge; when we see them strewing the pathway that leads to heaven with the flowers of every virtue, how great is the incentive they hold out to us to follow in their footsteps. In reading their lives we become familiar with the fact, which we sometimes forget, that they were men like ourselves, subject to the same trials, the same passions, the same temptations; and that if they became saints, it was not because they had any prerogatives superior to those possessed by ourselves, but because they possessed and practised superior virtues. They have bequeathed to us the legacy of their example; they have left behind them their footprints in the desert of life, and sweetly invite us to follow therein if we would gain the crown that awaits us on the shores of a blissful eternity.

We were led to these reflections from the perusal of the interesting and edifying life of the illustrious Dumoulin Borie, who, even in our own day, gloriously confirmed the doctrines he taught by the effusion of his blood, and obtained a martyr's crown as the reward of his heroism and his faith. The trials and sufferings endured by the holy martyr and his companions, in their noble efforts to spread the light of Christianity among the benighted inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, are conveyed in a style at once pleasing and entertaining. But the chief object of Father Hewit in preparing the work seems to have been to awaken the attention of the Catholic body of this country to the importance of the Catholic Missions—a subject that cannot be too strongly urged upon the attention of Catholics, at all times, and in every locality.

2. **SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY**. By the Rev. *Titus Joslin*. New York: P. O'Shea. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The little volume presents us with a collection of the choicest gems from the life of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven. It is intended especially for children, and its perusal cannot fail but to inspire their youthful hearts with love, respect and veneration for that amiable mother, and unite them more closely to her maternal heart.

3. **THE PARADISE OF THE SOUL**. By *James Merlo Horstius*; a new translation. New York: P. O'Shea. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is another work from the same publishers, and embodies a most excellent devotion to the Most Holy Trinity. The prayers, instructions and meditations contained in it cannot be too highly recommended.

4. **MANUAL OF PIETY** for the use of Seminaries. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The object of this excellent little book is to aid the inmates of Seminaries to enter fully into the spirit of their rule, and to facilitate for them the practice of their daily exercises. It is admirably adapted to the end for which it is designed—containing a series of prayers, meditations, precepts and instructions, all tending to mould the mind and heart of the young aspirant to the sanctuary to the practise of those exalted virtues, which should adorn him, when he is called to stand at the altar of religion.

5. **THE O'BRIENS AND THE O'FLAHERTYS: a National Tale**, in two volumes. By *Lady Morgan*. Annotated by *R. Shelton Mackenzie*, D. C. L. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The national tales of Lady Morgan carry the reader through the darkest period of Irish history. They point disapprovingly to the sanguinary statutes framed and en-



forced by British rule against the Catholics of Ireland—to the period when the exercise of Catholicity was held as a crime, the education of Catholic children a misdemeanor—when the son of a Catholic was encouraged by law to betray his father, and the child rewarded by the ruin of his parent—when the house of God was declared a public nuisance; the priest proclaimed an outlaw; the acquisition of property by Catholics prohibited; the exercise of trades restrained; the Irish Catholic excluded from office or occupation in the state, the law, the army and municipal bodies—when the Catholic priest from his hiding place heard it proclaimed, “if a Catholic clergyman happens, *though inadvertently*, to celebrate marriage between a Catholic and a Protestant not previously married by a Protestant minister, he is liable by law to suffer death.”

Though we are compelled to admire the boldness with which the fair authoress denounces the persecution of the Catholics of Ireland, and the flashes of her wit, still we would be very far from giving her works a general recommendation. They possess, beneath a fascinating style, passages of coarse morality, which render them objectionable, especially for the young.

6. **LITTLE DORRIT.** By *Charles Dickens*. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The name of the author is sufficient recommendation to this work. Few writers of fiction ever exhibited more intimate knowledge of human nature than Charles Dickens. Scott, Fielding, and others, have studied man in particular phases, but Dickens seems to have studied man in his general character. He shows himself familiarly acquainted with the secret springs of the human heart, and analyses its affections, its passions and its desires, with the utmost precision. His writings, moreover, are pure and elevated in their tone; he uses the form of fiction merely as a pleasing medium of conveying moral and philanthropic instruction. *Little Dorrit* is equal in style, in purity and in entertainment to any of his former writings, partaking largely of that beauty of conception and those deep touches of nature for which his works are so remarkable.

7. **DICKENS' LITTLE FOLKS.** New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is a series of charming little books, suitable for youth, selected from the works of the same celebrated author; they are six in number. The first is from the “*Pickwick Papers*,” under the title of “*The Boy Joe and Sam Weller*.” “*Sissy Jupe*” and “*The Two Daughters*” are two exceedingly interesting stories. The fourth of the series, and perhaps the most entertaining, is “*Tiny, Tim and Dot, and the Fairy Cricket*,” from the “*Christmas Stories*.” “*Dame Durden*,” and “*Dolly Varden, the Little Coquette*,” complete the series.

We know of but few books of the kind, apart from those that are Catholic, which we can more freely recommend. They are entertaining, moral and instructive.

8. **ROZELLA OF LACONIA; or, the Legends of the White Mountains.** By *J. W. Scribner*. Boston: James French & Co.

This is a spirited and well written Indian story, abounding in thrilling incidents. The scene is laid in the vicinity of the White Mountains, and at a period when the early settlers were exposed to the attacks and fearful incursions of the savages.

A family of several persons is made captive by the Indians and led into the depth of the wilderness, and after enduring a long and painful captivity, the sufferers are rescued by their friends, under circumstances that awaken the deepest interest.

The book, however, is marred and deprived of all its merits in the estimation of every lover of truth, by the introduction of several passages casting the foulest imputations on the moral character of the Catholic missionaries who labored among the Indians on the borders of Canada about the period in which the author has laid his plot. The story he tells us about “*Father Ralle*” endeavoring to force a young Protestant lady, one of those captured by the Indians, to go to confession to him and then marry one of the chiefs, and on her refusal to order her to be bound in chains and cast into the dungeon beneath the chapel, is a sheer fabrication, an invention of his own perverted imagination. The slightest inquiry into Catholic principles and practices would have informed



the author that Catholic priests have never in the history of religion attempted to coerce any one to confession, not even their own, much less those who differ from them in belief. Confession, to be of any avail, must be voluntary.

But the truth or falsehood of the matter, we apprehend, was of little concern to Mr. Scribner. It is fashionable, particularly at the present time, to misrepresent Catholicity, to defame our clergy, to traduce our doctrines; and it would seem that no work is acceptable—not even an Indian story, with all its exciting materials, is considered readable, unless it is well seasoned with anti-Catholic sentiments; unless the pope is abused, bishops and priests slandered, sisters and nuns maligned, and our religious tenets ridiculed and scoffed at.

9. *FACA: an Army Memoir.* By *Major March*. From the same publishers.

This is a badly written sea-faring story, without plot and without interest. Its language is coarse, and even profane. Like the above work, it has an under-current of hostility to Catholicity. A mutiny, or rather a conspiracy takes place on board the ship, and a Catholic priest is made the leading character among the conspirators. The following short extract will be sufficient to reveal the character of the book:

"The design of the conspirators was to poison all the officers—this was the Jesuit's proposition. The ex-doctor reported that in his search after brandy among the medical stores, he took up a bottle labeled 'poison,' and the priest seized upon the idea."

That such a depraved taste should exist, reflects but little credit upon the community by which it is sustained, and discreditable alike to the authors and publishers who cater to such taste, for the sake of a little filthy lucre.

10. *ELEMENTS OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY—ANALYTICAL, SYNTHETICAL AND PRACTICAL.* By *Hubbard Winslow*, author of *Intellectual Philosophy*. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Not trusting to our own philosophical acumen, and fearful of expressing our judgment in matters we have been accustomed to consider above us, we gave this work to a friend more conversant with its subject, and from his testimony can say it is more harmless than any work that he has read which claims a Protestant for its author. He admired indeed the absence of all prejudice, which so often disfigures the scientific works of Protestants; but farther than that he could not think of praising it. For ourselves, we had been taught that moral philosophy and theology are two different sciences—the former of which is the handmaid of the latter, having its habitation in man as a being whose very nature required of him certain *manners*; according to which, by that freedom of action which his will possessed, he might fashion himself, as he thought best, but still in all be accountable, because he is possessed of reason, the ruler and guide of his will. We were confirmed in this by the testimony of a St. Paul, who did not require a knowledge of revelation, or as we call it, of theology, in the Gentiles, who "not having the law are a law to themselves: who shew the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience bearing witness unto them, and their thoughts between themselves accusing or also defending one another."—*Rom. ii, 14*. The reference, therefore, continually made to revelation, which is under the domain of theology, we thought altogether wrong in a professedly philosophical work, and this gave us but a poor idea of Mr. Winslow's philosophy. The slur, too, at "metaphysical speculations and logical deductions," which he gives in his preface, confirmed us in the opinion that nothing truly satisfactory could be derived from the perusal of his work, even if we felt otherwise disposed to enter on such a labor. It was like the mechanic throwing aside with contempt the instruments of his trade and expecting to create a master-piece of workmanship. Hence the discussive method, which Mr. Winslow adopts, although more pleasing to the fancy, is not so satisfactory to the reason as the metaphysical and logical, which he rejects, and on this account prevents us from giving him a more favorable notice. That philosophy is certainly undeserving the name which is afraid of speculation or logical deduction, and betrays in its very face the unsatisfactory nature of its foundations, and should, therefore, be rejected as an imposture.

11. *THE METROPOLITAN CATHOLIC ALMANAC AND LAITY'S DIRECTORY* for the year of our Lord 1857. Baltimore: Lucas Brothers.

We have received from the publishers a copy of this useful annual, containing its usual amount of valuable current and statistical information.



## Editors' Table.

"WHAT, Father Carroll! you do not intend to insert this article—'The Irish in America'?"—said Mr. Oliver, holding up the document, and looking earnestly across the table.

"Why not? Mr. Oliver. Has it any thing in it against morals or religion?"

"Certainly not. On the contrary, it breathes a spirit of mildness and charity, in happy unison with the religion of its distinguished author. The views, moreover, which it maintains, are so conservative and so consistent with reason and justice, that the most captious, we feel assured, cannot find in it cause for offence. But you know, that since we have had charge of the Magazine we have uniformly avoided the insertion of any article touching this subject, not being willing to be drawn into the discussion of a topic which has aroused so much bitter feeling in the country."

"True, Mr. Oliver, we have been conservative. Our course has uniformly been to edify and instruct, to inculcate harmony, and peace, and fraternal charity among the members of the Christian family, rather than to throw among them the most distant elements of strife or discord. But I do not conceive, that we will be drawn from our course, by giving place to the article in question, emanating as it does from a source so worthy of our esteem. On the contrary, it will tend to calm the troubled waters, rather than excite the angry surge. It has the merit of an honest attempt, at least, to close the agitation of a subject, 'from the discussion of which, no good has arisen.'"

"And none likely to arise"—added O'Moore, who had not previously taken part in the conversation. "My poor countrymen, God bless them! what is to become of them?" continued O'Moore, as he carelessly turned the leaves of a book before him. "Forced by poverty and oppression to leave the soil of their fathers, and to fight life's battle among strangers in strange lands, they seem; in those latter days, to be unwelcome visitors the world over. But unfortunately, Father Carroll, the Irish have faults! great, astounding faults; faults unknown to the rest of mankind. They love their religion, the love Old Ireland, and they tell us so. This is their unpardonable offence!"

"Yes, Mr. O'Moore," replied Father Carroll. "This seems to be a sufficient cause for offence on the part of some. The Irish love the soil that gave them birth; they love it fondly; 'In their dreams they revisit its sea-beaten shore,' and in waking they love to talk over the scenes of by-gone days; scenes fraught with so many fond associations. They love the spot—it rises fresh in their memories after long years of absence—where they dwelt in childhood; where they sported in youth; where they learned the religion of their fathers; where they stood, when they waved the last adieu to parents, to friends and kindred, on parting from their own native isle to seek a home and shelter among strangers. It is no wonder if they look back to the soil that calls up so many sad and pleasing emotions. The love of country is a sacred principle, indelibly impressed by the hand of the Creator on the heart of man. No matter how rugged, how inhospitable, or how ill governed, his native soil may be, still he loves it; and other things equal, he prefers it to any other land on the earth.

"The Irish love their country, and God forbid that we should wish to deprive them, even if it were in our power, of a right, which they share in common with the rest of the human race. But here let me ask, who among us has been wronged; who has received the slightest injury in his person or property by the love they bear to their native land? Has a single institution of our country been weakened by the love they cherish for the soil of their birth? Has the intensity, if you please, of their love for Ireland, in a single instance detracted from their loyalty as American citizens, or from their fidelity as Catholics? or has it caused them in the hour of trial, to dishonor the flag of their adopted country, or to swerve from the precepts of their religion? Has it detracted from their merits as men, in any of the social relations of life, or rendered them untrustworthy in any of the civil positions which have been committed to their keeping?



Let the history of the country answer these interrogatories. Its ample page will disclose to view a long list of Ireland's distinguished sons, who have reflected honor on their adopted country; who have guided her armies to victory, and carried her flag in triumph on the ocean; and who have stood conspicuous in her national councils; while the Cross that is reflected from a thousand spires, adorning every hill-top and valley in the country, and marking the spot as a house of prayer, bears ample testimony that the 'Irish in America,' be their love of native isle ever so intense, have lost none of their fervor or zeal for the honor of the religion of their fathers! And if they will assemble on the return of the festival of Ireland's national Saint, even here beneath the broad blaze of freedom, and make merry, and sing and talk of the wrongs of their country, and whisper a prayer for her emancipation from mis-rule and injustice, it is not incompatible with their duty as good citizens and good Catholics. It is not inconsistent with their loyalty to their adopted country, nor in conflict with a single obligation they owe to the State, to society, or to their Church.

"If, then, no wrong has been committed, or injury sustained by their love for their country, or from those national characteristics which time alone must remove, why has the question of their dwelling among us been broached at all? and why has it been made the subject of discussion, especially among Catholics? Reproach them for their faults, but coin not imaginary crimes, and then hurl your denunciations against the baseless fabric.

"In the natural order, the faithful wife leaves the parental roof to dwell with the stranger of her choice; she plights to her husband her heart and affections, and clings to his fortunes under every vicissitude; but she loses not the love which nature has planted in her bosom for the parents she left behind. She still rejoices with their joy, and weeps with their sorrow, while the fidelity to the partner of her life remains unimpaired. So with our adopted citizens. They renounce all civil allegiance to the governments wielded over the land of their birth, and solemnly pledge their support to the land of their adoption; to obey her laws, to uphold her institutions, and to sustain the honor of her flag; but they are neither asked nor required to sever those spontaneous affections, which arise in their hearts for the soil of their nativity. And indeed, I would trust but slightly the fidelity of that man as a citizen of this commonwealth, whose heart warms not with affection for his native country. If he bears in his bosom no sentiments of affectionate regard, no patriotic aspirations, no filial devotion for the land of his birth, depend upon it, he will cherish none towards the soil of his adoption.

"The spirit of our institutions forbids all distinction among our citizens, except that which merit creates: the chart of our rights recognizes no man by his country. Neither does the Catholic Church reckon her children by nations; their nationality is absorbed in their Catholicity. In this there is a beautiful parallel between the laws of our country and the genius of Catholicity. The one teaches the members of the political family to recognize each other by no other distinction than that of fellow citizen: the other, with maternal tenderness, enjoins on her children, no matter what may be their country or their condition, to regard each other as brothers; to know each other only by the endearing names of fellow-Catholic, fellow-Christian. While, therefore, we are enjoined by the example of the State and the voice of religion, to banish for ever all those distinctions which difference of country might create among our citizens as dangerous to the commonwealth, it is folly—it is little less than insanity—for us as individuals to generate and foster different sentiments.

"But it is the close of the year. Let the past be forgotten. Let the bright page of its good deeds alone be remembered—let its follies be buried in the grave of oblivion. The New Year dawns upon us. As we enter it, let us shake from our feet the dust of past follies. Let not the bright page of '57, that lies open before us, be soiled by a single element which would breathe discord among us as citizens, or dissension as Catholics." At the conclusion of these remarks by Father Carroll, Mr. Oliver and O'Moore united in the declaration, that they expressed the sentiments of every right minded American citizen, whatever be his country or his creed.



"But, gentlemen," said O'Moore, drawing his chair up to the table, "our readers must have something in the way of poetry to begin the year with. Well, here's the very piece for the season," he added, as he read the following lines:

TO THE NEW YEAR.

A messenger of good and ill  
 Thou comest, new-born year!  
 Crying aloud in thunder tones,  
 Though few thy voice will hear.  
 The youth in sportive mood beholds  
 Thy advent: in thy mien  
 He sees the bloom of his own age,  
 That griefless yet hath been.  
 The heart that roams in earthly bliss,  
 Salutes thee too a friend:  
 For fancy revels in the joys  
 That may thy course attend.  
 E'en they who here are doomed to drink  
 Affliction's bitterest cup,  
 Greet thee: thy flight but speeds the hour  
 To yield their spirit up.  
 But dark delusion mocks the hope,  
 That thus thy mission bends  
 To earth and present vanity,  
 Denying thy nobler ends.  
 Thou art, indeed, a child of time,  
 And brief thy mortal span;  
 Yet thou begett'st eternity  
 - For weal or woe of man.

"Permit me, Mr. O'Moore," said Father Carroll, "to present the following selection. It is suggestive of many salutary reflections. The *past* is gone, never to be recalled. It has borne with it the record of our merits, our follies, and crimes, to register them for or against us, when time shall be no more. The *present* only is ours. The *future*! delusive future! Who can count upon thy coming!"

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

As on the rugged mountain's topmost height  
 The wearied traveller turns awhile to gaze,  
 Viewing below the landscape's gladdening sight,  
 On smiling fields and nature's peaceful ways:  
 So the fond memory of departed years,  
 When time's receding current man beholds,  
 To things of earth his troubled heart endears,  
 And brighter visions of the Past unfolds.  
 What of the Present? In meridian glow  
 Soon to its zenith shall life's sun attain;  
 For the great reaper death's unerring blow  
 In ripened age now droops the golden grain;  
 When at thy feet the gathered harvest lies,  
 And death his spoil is garnering away,  
 A still small voice within thee whispering, cries,  
 "'Tis harvest time: what hast thou gleaned to-day?"  
 O'er mountain top and lowly valley creeps  
 The gloomy terror of night's darksome shade;  
 Life's sun hath set; the way-worn traveller sleeps,  
 While in oblivion Past and Present fade:  
 But to his waking view the beauteous sight  
 Shall from the risen sun enchantments borrow;  
 The brighter day succeeding darkest night,  
 Weep then no more: Joy cometh with the morrow!"



"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Oliver, "that I might not be thought discourteous to the muse, so near the close of the year, accept the following from our friend, Mr. W., who has so frequently favored us with his contribution. It neither refers to the past nor the future; but I think its caption might be freely translated 'Take time by the horns, and make the best of it!'"

"CARPE DIEM."—*Respectfully inscribed to H. T. B.*

' Time is flying swift, my lad!  
     Carpe diem, Hugh!  
 Let no sorrow make you sad,  
     Carpe diem, do;  
 You enjoy a good time now,  
     Dark and sad hours may ensue,  
 Wreath the sunshine 'round your brow,  
     Carpe diem, do.

You are getting, though not old,  
     Gray hairs not a few,  
 You will soon be stiff, and cold,  
     Carpe diem, do.  
 There is wine, and here's a bowl,  
     Fill the golden cup anew,  
 Drive the winter from your soul,  
     Carpe diem, do.

Graves, my lad, will soon be made  
     For your friend and you,  
 Where all grief shall low be laid,  
     Carpe diem, do.  
 Keep the ghastly grave away,  
     Hide, oh! hide the mournful yew,  
 Be alive, not dead—Hurrah!  
     Carpe diem, do.

Carpe diem!—yes, but tell,  
     What shall be my view?  
 Make the words a Christian spell,  
     Carpe diem, do.  
 Had he views—that heathen rake?  
     I have others, better, too,  
 Yes, for Virtue's own sweet sake,  
     Carpe diem, do.

For some high and holy aim,  
     For the bright, the true,  
 Let us ever all proclaim  
     Carpe diem, do.  
 Let us understand it well,  
     What it dictates, then pursue,  
 Fight for Heav'n, conquer Hell,  
     Carpe diem, do.

M. A. W.

Wallingford, 1866.



# Record of Events.

From November 20, to December 20, 1856.

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## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—On the 16th of November the Holy Father left the Quirinal Palace to return to the Vatican, where extensive alterations and improvements have lately been made. The inhabitants of Rome expressed their extreme joy at the return of the venerable pontiff among them by the most sincere and affectionate demonstrations. The streets were decorated, and the houses hung with tapestry as on a grand festival, and in the evening the whole quarter was illuminated. And if during the day a question was asked of one of the inhabitants of the "Borgo," the cause of those demonstrations, the ready and delighted answer was that "the Holy Father is again among us;" thus proving that the traditional affection of this poor quarter of the city towards the Sovereign Pontiff, remains uncontaminated and unchanged by the disturbances of the last few years.—Since the departure of his Eminence Cardinal Brunelli, for his diocese, the Pope has appointed his Eminence Cardinal Santucci, his successor as Prefect of Studies. Cardinal Santucci was formerly, before being created a cardinal, Under Secretary of State and Secretary of the Congregation of Ecclesiastical Affairs. His nomination has been very well received.—It is gratifying to see that the financial condition of the government is favorable, compared with former years. The Holy Father recently gave an audience to the deputies of the provinces, and appealed to them for their support for settling the forthcoming budget. In concluding his address to them, His Holiness congratulated himself on being able to present to the commission a budget, the very small deficit of which gave reason to hope that a perfect balance might soon be expected. The weight of the budget for 1856, which has just been published, shows a deficit which does not amount to one-twentieth of the revenue of the Pontifical States. Subtracting the sinking of the debt and unforeseen expenses, there would be a surplus. The indirect taxes, especially the customs, exceed the expectations of the government by the returns already made, and by those they still promise. The sum of these results is eminently satisfactory, and speaks well for the real resources of the country.—By an arrangement lately effected with the cabinet of Vienna for the evacuation of a certain point of the Pontifical territory hitherto occupied by the Austrian troops, they have recrossed the Po to proceed to Padua. They are replaced by a detachment of the second Swiss regiment in the service of the Holy Father. Ancona and Bologna are now the only two points that continue to be occupied by the Austrians. Thus a combination has been effected by diminishing the corps of occupation, which lessens at the same time the expenses of the Pontifical administration.—The French general, Allouveau de Montréal, left Rome on the 13th of November for Civita Vecchia, and from thence he embarked for France. He was surrounded at the moment of his departure by officers, both of the French and Papal troops, who were anxious to show him the most marked expressions of respect and regret. His successor, Count de Goyon, is an aid-de-camp of the emperor, and is a man of fine commanding presence.—On Saturday, November 15th, St. Leopold's Day, the *fete* of his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke of Tuscany, was celebrated in the national Church of St. John of the Florentines, in the presence of the Tuscan legation. This fine church, which is familiar to many from its connection with the history of St. Philip Neri, was very fully attended by the Grand Duke's subjects in Rome, and many others of other nations, who wished to express their sense of the courtesy and kindness they had received from his court. In the evening the Marchese Bargagli gave a ball at the embassy,



at which all the notables of Roman Society, Italian and foreign, were present.—It is said that strangers are arriving in the city in great numbers; and among those who are announced to arrive shortly, is Queen Maria Christina of Spain, who it is thought is about to take a permanent residence in the Papal States.—F. Secchi, S. J., the celebrated astronomer, has recently published in Rome the “Memoirs of his Observations from the Roman College, 1852–’55.” His services to science are of European reputation, and are sufficient to disprove the calumny that the government of the Holy See discourages physical science. By the munificence of the Holy Father the observatory has been placed in the highest state of efficiency, and will bear comparison with any other in the world for the excellence of its arrangements and the ability of its conductors. F. Secchi published in the *Giornale* of the 13th October full particulars of the lunar eclipse, which was to take place that evening.

The famous palace of the Cancelleria has lately changed its occupants. It has been evacuated by the French troops who were quartered in it since 1849, and has been assigned to ten of the great ecclesiastical congregations for the use of their secretaries. This union of the different offices in one building, is said to be a measure of great convenience. “This palace,” says a correspondent of the *Tablet*, “is one of the remarkable monuments in Rome of the mutability of human affairs. When it was built Protestantism was unknown, and America was undiscovered; England was Catholic. When the Roman Parliament was convened by the Holy Father, in June, 1848, this palace was assigned to it, and became the centre of the hopes both of the sovereign and the people. In July, 1848, the mob burst in here, and extracted from the deputies the declaration of war against Austria. At the very vestibule, in Nov’r, 1848, Count Rossi, the first minister of the State, was assassinated, on his way to the Chambers. In this palace the Roman republic was decreed; and, since the return of the Pope, it has been occupied by French soldiers.”

**NAPLES.**—The affairs of this kingdom have undergone little or no change during the last month. The king has granted the pardon of a few political prisoners, but still maintains the high and independent position he assumed in reference to the threatened interference on the part of France and England. A royal decree has been issued authorizing the construction of a railway from Naples to the Gulf of Taranto.

**SPAIN.**—By a royal decree, the state of siege throughout Spain has been raised. General Narvaez still maintains his power, and exercises it with much judgment and tact. It is stated that recently Lord Howden paid a visit to Narvaez with a view of ascertaining the political programme of his cabinet. The General replied to his strange question by saying, that the cabinet would follow the policy that seemed to it best adapted to the interest of Spain. His Lordship after some moments silence, expressed a wish to have the answer in writing; to this the General replied: “Tell your Government to put the demand you have made of me, in writing, and I shall undertake to reply in writing.” It was rumored in Madrid, that the younger sons of Don Carlos are about to acknowledge the Queen of Spain, a matter that seems to give some uneasiness in political circles.—Despatches have been received at Madrid from Rome, which state that the conditions of reconciliation between Spain and the Holy See require, if not an absolute restoration of the Church property which has been sold, at least a large indemnity.—A republican movement was made at Malaga. The attempt was weak, and it was soon suppressed.

**FRANCE.**—The political news of this country is not important. The Emperor and Empress, with a select party, were to leave Paris for Fontainebleau.—A treaty of commerce has been concluded between France and the Sandwich Islands.—The monetary crisis had passed by and a vigorous reaction had taken place in French funds.

The *Univers* contains an interesting account of a brilliant *fete* that recently took place at St. Paul-trois-Chateaux, the native town of Mgr. Sibour, Archbishop of Paris, on the occasion of the inauguration of the beautiful statue of the Immaculate Virgin, which



the faithful have placed at the entrance of their town, on one of the principal gateways, which is already named "the Gate of Our Lady." His grace, who has contributed to the erection of this pious monument, was pleased to come in and bless the statue. The whole population, and a numerous crowd from the adjoining localities, were assembled."

The French journal *L'Esperance* gives an account of the Synod of the diocese of Nancy and Toul since the last fifty years. Various circumstances have prevented these useful meetings; but now that religion enjoys more freedom, and that it is felt that without religion there cannot be order or security, the Church, resuming the ancient practice, met within the last few years in provincial councils; and now, in community with the ancient canons, and the known wish of the Holy Father, the bishop of Nancy and Toul called together the clergy of the diocese.

ENGLAND.—The British government, at the request of Mr. Fielding, of New York, has ordered a steamer to be fitted out under efficient officers, to examine the coasts of Ireland and Newfoundland, and across the Atlantic between these two countries, with a view of ascertaining the best place for laying and landing the submarine cable. The government has further agreed to guarantee four per cent. interest on the capital required to manufacture and lay down the cable between Newfoundland and Ireland. Contracts for the whole extent of the Atlantic cable were signed in London on Tuesday, the 19th ult., one-half to be manufactured by Messrs. W. Kuper, Glass & Co., of London, and the other by R. S. Nowell & Co., of Liverpool. It is all to be completed and placed on board of two steamers ready for sea on or before the 31st of May next, and by the 4th of July next it is confidently expected that Great Britain and the United States will be in telegraphic communication.—Lord Walpole, the son and heir of Lord Oxford, has recently been received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. Dr. Manning, at the Catholic chapel, Farm street, London. According to some statements, Lord Walpole has been a Catholic for some time, though the fact has not been made public until recently.—The moral condition of the great metropolis of England is very little above par, judging from a recent letter from the London correspondent of the *Boston Pilot*, who thus pictures the present state of things in that great city:

"I will wind up my letter by giving you the state of London at this moment. Garotting in the streets and burglary in houses, take place every night. Stabbing has become quite common; four of the Foreign Legion being tried for the crime at various police offices in one day. Starvation and suicides every day. Murders four or five per week. Railway accidents by collision every day. Enormous frauds constantly—one on the Great Northern Railway of England being discovered yesterday, which puts Robson's at the Crystal Palace in the shade; this was for some one hundred thousand dollars, but the fraud by Leopold Redpath on the Great Northern, is for one million dollars. Nice state of things for 'this great country,' as Lord Palmerston styles it, is it not?"

SCOTLAND.—The Right Rev. Dr. Gillis, Bishop of Edinburgh, lately preached a sermon at St. Mungo's church, Glasgow, in aid of the schools of St. Mungo's parish. The *Northern Times* contains the following interesting particulars concerning these schools:

"The scholars will be taught by the Marist Brothers, who have promised to send a colony from France in the course of next summer. It will cost about £2,400. There is a promise of a building grant from the Privy Council, amounting to £1,000. This is the first successful appeal to the Privy Council in behalf of a Scottish Catholic school. Notwithstanding generous contributions from the devout and fervent congregation of St. Mungo's, from a few friends at a distance, the zealous and indefatigable pastors still want over £500 of the sum required before they can profit by the Privy Council grant. The whole cost must be paid in cash (not with borrowed money) on receipt of the grant. The school is a lofty hall, seventy-four feet long by twenty-five, lighted from the roof, with ample play ground, and situated in a respectable and healthy locality."

*Catholic Reformatory in the West of Scotland.*—A deputation from the Glasgow Electoral Association recently called on his Lordship Bishop Murdoch to ascertain the views and wishes of that venerated prelate for their guidance and information with respect to



the proposed establishment of a Catholic Reformatory in Scotland. His Lordship received the deputation with his accustomed condescension and urbanity, and was pleased to intimate that the founding of so desirable an establishment had long occupied his anxious attention. He was already in communication with other bishops on the important subject, and would duly announce the result of the inquiry. He feared, however, as the establishment of such an institution would require eight or ten thousand pounds, it could not be immediately accomplished in his district for want of adequate funds.

**IRELAND.**—There is a scarcity of news from this country. The Tenant Right movement, which had remained dormant for some time, has been again revived in certain sections.—A meeting was recently held at Monaghan, of influential personages, with a view of considering the best means of having a railway constructed between the Derry and Enniskillen line at Fintona, and the Ulster Extension at Glasslogh.—The emigration still continues. Thousands of the lower and middle classes seem dissatisfied with their present condition, and show a disposition to try their fortunes in another land. Though a large number of those emigrating are bound for our own country, or Canada, still there is feeling rapidly increasing in favor of Australia.

**The Death of Mayor McNamara.**—The gallant and venerable McNamara recently died at an advanced age. We clip from our foreign file, the following in reference the lamented deceased: "He was the type of a race that dignified our country—generous of spirit, intrepid of heart, honest of purpose, associate of O'Connell, true to his country. The Irish gentleman whose life has just closed, lived in stormy periods of politics, and bore himself in them with the courage and dignity that became well his Irish blood and belonged to his noble and vigorous form. What he was as an advocate of popular liberty, the era of the emancipation of his fellow subjects can tell; and how firmly yet courageously he could face faction, and side with, to save the great object of its rancor, his bearing as second to O'Connell, in the duel which was meant to be deadly to him, but which only was fatal to their ill-starred champion D'Esterre, will prove, whilst the history of the struggle, of which this was a memorable but melancholy incident, is read and remembered."

**RUSSIA.**—Extensive internal improvements are about being made in Russia. The government has confirmed its grant of the "Russian Railways" to the *Credit Mobilier*, and the company have undertaken four different routes of new road. The first from St. Petersburg to Warsaw, repaying the government for the portion already constructed. The second, from Moscow to Theodosia. The third, from Moscow to Novgorod; and the fourth, from Koursk to the port of Libau. These lines must be completed in ten years, and the Russian government guarantees five per cent. One-third of the shares will be allotted to Russia. The shares will not be quoted on the Paris Bourse. The capital of the company is two hundred and seventy million silver roubles.

The Emperor is holding out very favorable terms for proselytes to the Greek Church. Turkish deserters and prisoners who pass over to the orthodox Greek Church are to be most especially favored. They will be exempt from the obrok and the poll tax, and other government taxes, from all contributions in kind, and also recruitment, to which they will not be liable for ten years. All such as make a settlement are free from all rates and taxes in general. Such as enter the peasant class of the crown estates will be aided to set up their domicile, half the sum to be paid to them as soon as they shall have received baptism; they are permitted to enlist for twenty-five years. Such as refuse to become Russian subjects are forthwith to be conducted beyond the frontier, in whatever direction they themselves desire. In like manner, those Turkish prisoners that are not willing to acknowledge the Russian Church are to be sent to Odessa, and delivered over to the Turkish government.

The Emperor has repealed the regulation that every child born to a soldier while in service should be the property of the army.



**DENMARK.**—The abdication of the King of Denmark is spoken of as an event shortly to take place. Thrones, it would seem, are less comfortable to their occupants than the world is generally aware of. The king of Denmark is unpleasantly situated between Russia, Prussia, Sweden, England and France. The real importance of all events which touch Denmark is derived from the claims of the House of Romanoff to the succession, in the event of certain far from improbable conjunctures. The interest of Europe, and especially of England, requires the restoration of the Union of Colmar between the three Scandinavian kingdoms, if it could be obtained without war. To divide and dictate to them, is the no less obvious policy of Russia.

**POLAND.**—His excellency, the Right Rev. Prince Chigi, ambassador from the Holy See to the Emperor of Russia, on his return from his embassy passed through Poland. The *Univers* thus speaks of the event: "Mgr. Chigi left St. Petersburg on October 16th and arrived at Warsaw on the 20th. His first halt was at Valcomin, a small town in Lithuania, where he was received and complimented by Mgr. the archbishop of Mohilew and the bishop of Samogitia, accompanied by the most distinguished ecclesiastics of their dioceses.

"Next morning after receiving the visits of the civil and military authorities, Mgr. Chigi repaired to the Catholic church, where a crowd of the faithful were waiting to assist at his mass and receive his blessing. He was received at the entrance by the bishop of Samogitia, surrounded by his clergy. Proceeding thence to the house of the marshal of the noblesse, who is a Catholic, he received the visits of a great number of personages of distinction, who, in spite of the unfavorable season, had come from great distances to express the joy which it would have given to the inhabitants of Wilna and Lithuania to have been honored by the presence of the representative of the Holy See. At all the stations on his route Mgr. Chigi was met by great crowds, preceded by the clergy, with banners and the cross. At their request he quitted his carriage, and surrounded by people who kneeled to kiss his hand, repaired to the nearest church to satisfy the wishes of those who invoked his blessing. Similar scenes took place at Knowne and Alexandrowski. At the gates of Warsaw the Papal envoy was met by an officer charged to inform him that the Villa Leczienki was prepared to receive him and his suite, and that General Abramostich was there to welcome him. Mgr. Chigi declined this mark of honor, as the villa being two miles distant from the city, he would have a difficulty in saying Mass, and would inconvenience the many persons who desired to visit him.

"At Warsaw he received the congratulations of the archbishop, of Mgr. Lubienski, suffragan of Wladislaw, of the greater part of the secular and regular clergy, of the governor, and other civil and military authorities, and a deputation of thirty ladies of the highest rank.

"On Sunday, 26th, Mgr. Chigi celebrated mass in the metropolitan church, where he was received on the threshold by the archbishop and the clergy, and where he distributed holy communion to a multitude of the faithful. At the moment of imparting his benediction one of the canons, in the name of the flock, addressed him in Latin, to express their sentiments of fidelity, veneration, and filial love for the Sovereign Pontiff, and to beg Mgr. Chigi to convey them to His Holiness."

**PRUSSIA.**—The government of Prussia professes to allow equal rights and privileges to Catholics. The following, however, will show how far this profession is carried out in practice:

"The provincial states of the Lower Rhine, in which Catholics are largely in the majority, recently presented three requests by petition to the government—first, that the Steinfeld House of Correction should be committed to the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and that the Protestant children should be directed by the Hamburg Brothers. The reply was as follows: 'As to the \$20,000 for a House of Correction for Protestant children in the ancient Monastery of St. Martin, at Boppard, we give our royal consent. As to our faithful states, who demand to entrust the children of the Catholic House of Correction, in the ancient Abbey of Steinfeld, to the Brothers of the Christian Schools,



we cannot consent to this, as the order depends on foreign superiors.' Second, that the insane women in the hospital at Siegburgh, near Bonn, should be entrusted to Sisters of Charity. The government replied: 'The desire expressed by our faithful states to entrust the insane patients in the Siegburgh establishment to Sisters of Charity, and in favor of which were alleged the economical advantages which would result from this combination, have been examined. This reason has proved unfounded. We cannot, therefore, grant this request.' Thirdly, the states demand the admission of the Sisters into the Mendicity Institution at Treves. The reply was: 'To the demand of our faithful states, that the care of the poor and sick, as well as the economical arrangements of the Mendicity Depot at Treves, should be confided to the Sisters of St. Charles, and the care of the poor Protestants to Deaconesses, we grant this demand in this sense, that Catholics shall be confided to the Sisters, and Protestants to the Deaconesses; and measures have been already taken to effect the separation of the two confessions, which has thus become necessary.'"

**HANOVER.**—The province of Osnabruck in this kingdom, is about to be erected into a new bishoprick. It is one of the most important provinces of the whole kingdom. It numbers no less than 150,000 Catholics among its population, a very large proportion of the whole bulk of its inhabitants. These Catholics have long demanded the creation of a bishopric. The old king obstinately refused to grant it. The present government has, however, yielded to the solicitations of nearly the entire population, and have entered into negotiations with the Holy See for the definitive appointment of a bishop of Osnabruck. The late Duke of York, a Protestant, bore as one of his titles, "Bishop of Osnaburgh," no doubt the same place.

**BELGIUM.**—The Belgian legislature was opened on the 11th of November by a speech from the king. Late advices state that the Very Rev. Canon Scheppers, of Malines, founder of "L'Institute des Fieres de la Misericorde et de L'Institut des Sœurs de la Misericorde," has just been appointed by our Holy Father Pope Pius IX, private Chamberlain to his Holiness. The Very Rev. Canon Kinet, of Namur, has also been appointed to the dignity of private Chamberlain to his Holiness. The Canon Kinet is the founder of the Congregation of the Sisters of Providence, who serve in the prisons and educate poor children, and have eighty schools under their care. They also devote themselves to the service of the female penitentiary of Namur, and further they devote their services to the care of old people.

**JERUSALEM.**—On the 8th of September, the festival of the nativity of our Blessed Lady, the Franciscan Fathers of that city received at their Convent a magnificent bell, which was inaugurated with much solemnity. The bell was a gift from the King of Naples. At the same moment that the bell of the Franciscan Convent sounded in the air, a similar sound called the faithful of Bethlehem around the Grotto of the birth place of our Divine Saviour. In the meantime, a string of camels loaded with heavy cases enclosing a magnificent marble altar, were wending their way into the interior of the Holy City by the way which leads to the place of the scourging of our Lord. These precious gifts from the munificence of King Ferdinand had just arrived in the Holy Land, under the care of the Franciscan Brother Seraphin de Rocascalegne.

**AUSTRALIA.**—It is gratifying to learn that Catholicity is daily increasing, and acquiring a firm footing in this far distant land. An Australian paper contains the following interesting account of the laying the foundation stone of a new church at Campbelltown. "Campbelltown was enlivened on Wednesday, the 25th of June, by a considerable influx of visitors on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of the new Roman Catholic Church, dedicated in honor of Almighty God, under the patronage of St. Michael the Archangel. The interesting ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. the Catholic bishop, assisted by clergymen from various parts of the island. An eloquent and impressive address was delivered by the bishop, describing the fact of Jacob, after his dream, setting up a stone and pouring oil thereon, as a 'title' or mark of its being erected to the Almighty. Towards the close of the ceremony the bishop exhorted all who felt disposed to aid in the erection of this church to come forth, and, in God's



name, place their offerings upon that stone, and that parents should permit their children to put something upon it with their own little hands,' 126l 17s 6d was immediately laid on the stone, and other contributions were received. The church is to be built in the early English style of architecture, from a design by Mr. Henry Hunter, Hobart Town, of ironstone, with Ross stone quoins and dressings."

#### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

1. **ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.**—*Religious Reception.*—At the Visitation Convent in this city, on the 25th of November, Miss Mary Thalhimer received the holy habit of religion, and assumed the name of Sister Mary Josephine. The Rev. Father Ward, of Loyola College, performed the ceremony and preached on the occasion.

2. **DIOCESE OF RICHMOND.**—The Catholics of Norfolk have sustained a severe loss in the destruction of St. Patrick's church by fire. The fire is supposed to have been the result of accident. The loss is estimated at about \$20,000, but the church was insured for \$12,000. Through the strenuous exertions of the fire companies and the citizens generally, a large portion of the furniture of the church was saved. The Organ was destroyed, but was insured for \$1500. The esteemed pastor, the Rev. Father O'Keef, will have the sympathy not only of Catholics, but of the generous and liberal minded of every class of our citizens, in the serious loss which has befallen himself and his congregation.

3. **DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA.**—The vast increase of Catholicity in this diocese is a subject worthy of remark. "Within the last five years," says the *Catholic Herald*, "the Rt. Rev. Bishop has solemnly blessed and dedicated over fifty new churches within this diocese. Such is the anxiety of Catholic settlers for churches in the neighborhood of their residence that wherever from twenty to twenty-five Catholic families are settled near each other in the interior, their first desire is to commence the erection of one. In some cases a little gentle interference even has been necessary to postpone the beginning until a better prospect of bringing the design to a happy conclusion may be expected from an increase in the number of settlers." New churches are shortly to be dedicated at Berlinsville, Tremont, Sykanstown, Hazetton, Janesville and at Bethlehem, and two others are soon to be erected, one at Snoeshoe, and the other at McVeytown. On the 23d of November a new church of St. Mary's of Mount Carmel, at Doylestown, was dedicated by the zealous bishop of the diocese.

*Religious Reception.*—The solemn ceremony of conferring the habit of religion took place in the house of the sisters of St. Joseph, McSherrystown, Pa., on the 13th of November, the feast of St. Stanislaus Kostka. The following are the names of the young ladies who were consecrated to the service of God:—Miss J. Dynan (Sister Mary Ursula), Miss E. Patton (Sister Mary Delphina), Miss A. Crowley (Sister Mary Hermann), Miss C. Morris (Sister Mary Frances), Miss M. McLaughlin (Sister Mary Paul), Miss E. Quinlan (Sister Mary Chrysostom), Miss M. Leonard (Sister Mary Elizabeth)—Rev. Father Enders, S.J., of Connewago chapel, presided, assisted by Rev. Fathers Dougherty, Creighton and Reiter; and more recently Miss Margaret McGrath was received into the order of the Good Shepherd in Philadelphia, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Neumann, and took the name in religion of Sister Mary Theresa.

*Confirmation.*—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Neumann conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on seventy-one persons in St. Patrick's church, Pottsville, on the 30th November; and at the church of the Immaculate Conception, Mauch Chunk, ninety-one persons were confirmed by the same Right Rev. Prelate, on the 3d of December.

4. **ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK.**—The great fair conducted by the ladies of the different Catholic churches in the city of New York for the benefit of St. Vincent's Hospital, is an event, whether we consider the result or the magnitude of the scale on which



it was conducted, worthy of being perpetuated in the history of this diocese. After the payment of all expenses, the ladies in charge of it announce that the net proceeds of the fair amount to *thirty-four thousand dollars*.—The Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes has gone to Charleston, and perhaps further south, for the benefit of his health. His absence will not be of long duration.

5. **DIOCESE OF BOSTON.**—It was recently announced that the Hadley Falls Company generously gave a lot of ground at Holyoke, Mass., for the site of a Catholic church. Since then the church has been erected, and on the 16th inst. was blessed by the venerable Father McElroy. The Catholics of Holyoke, assisted by their Protestant brethren, deserve much credit for their zeal in contributing to the erection of this beautiful structure. The church is under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Father O'Callaghan.—A committee, appointed by the Catholics of Springfield, waited on the Rev. Father Blinkensop on Sunday, November 16th, and presented to him a chalice, ciborium and cruets, all of solid silver, thickly gilded, and beautifully worked. They were enclosed in a splendid box, with the following inscription engraved on the cover: "Presented by the Catholics of Springfield to the Rev. William N. Blinkensop, Chicopee, Mass., November, A. D. 1856." The gifts were accompanied by an appropriate address.

6. **DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG.**—We learn with sincere regret that the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor has been obliged by ill health to make a voyage to Europe; he sailed for Liverpool in the Persia. May the prayers of all good Catholics be offered for his speedy recovery and for his safe return.—A mission was lately given by the Passionist Fathers at St. Peter's church, in Alleghany, and attended by the happiest results.—At a meeting of the Catholic Young Men's Society of Pittsburg, held on the 24th of November, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing six months: President, John J. Mitchel; Vice-President, Dr. George Keyser; Secretary, Charles McDewitt; Treasurer, Dr. L. Oldshue; Executive Committee, Michael McCann, James B. Dodge, Martin Donohue, John Kelly, jr., Patrick A. Sherry.

7. **DIOCESE OF LOUISVILLE.**—On the 9th of November the Right Rev. Bishop of Louisville visited St. Mary's church, Marion county, and administered the sacrament of confirmation to one hundred and three persons; and on the following day confirmed forty-eight at the chapel of St. Francis de Sales, in Taylor county. On the 13th, the same Right Rev. Prelate confirmed forty-five persons at St. Bernard's, on Casey's Creek. This is one of the oldest congregations in the diocese, having been established nearly half a century ago.

On the 15th of November the bishop confirmed twenty-one persons at St. Mary's College, ninety-seven at the church of St. Charles, and sixty-one at the church of St. Francis Xavier, in Raywick county.

8. **ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.**—*Ordination.*—Francis Fallot, of the diocese of New Orleans, and Mr. Peter Habarthier, of the community P.R.S. in this diocese, received tonsure and minor orders, in the Cathedral, on the 27th November. On the 28th Mr. Habarthier was ordained subdeacon; on the 29th, deacon; and on the following Sunday, priest, by the Most Rev. Archbishop.

*Catholic Telegraph.*

9. **DIOCESE OF VINCENNES.**—A most interesting and touching ceremony, the blessing a set of chime bells, took place on the 12th of Nov'r, at Notre Dame, St. Joseph's county, Indiana. The ceremony was performed by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati, assisted by the Right Rev. Bishop Henni, the Rev. Mr. Wood, of Cincinnati, and several other clergymen. The following particulars, from a correspondent of the *St. Louis Leader*, will be read with interest:

"At 10 o'clock the Most Rev. Archbishop sung High Mass, and then after an eloquent sermon proceeded to the solemn blessing of the bells, twenty-three in number, which had been placed in a temporary tower erected for the purpose in front of the church. Around this tower a platform had been constructed with suitable seats for the sponsors or their proxies.



"The bells were blessed respectively under the patronage of the following Saints, the persons whose names are annexed acting as sponsors in *propria persona* or by proxy.

| Names of the Bells.                   | Names of the Sponsors.                                    |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Mary of the Annunciation</i> ..... | The Emperor and Empress of France.                        |
| <i>Mary of the Visitation</i> .....   | Col. Diversey, of Chicago; Mrs. Reynolds, of Madison.     |
| <i>Mary of the Seven Dolors</i> ..... | Mr. P. B. Ewing, Mrs. Thos. Ewing, Lancaster, Ohio.       |
| <i>Mary of the Im. Conception</i> ... | Mr. Hu. Ewing, St. Louis; Mrs. Phelan, Lancaster, Ohio.   |
| <i>Mary of the Resurrection</i> ..... | Mr. Metzger, So. Bend, Ind.; Mr. Fitzpatrick, Lockport.   |
| <i>Mary of the Assumption</i> .....   | Capt. Gleeson, Miss Poncelenc, Chicago.                   |
| <i>Mary of the Presentation</i> ..... | Mr. Dillon, Joliet; Mrs. McNallia, Morris.                |
| <i>Mary of the Nativity</i> .....     | Mr. B. M. Thomas, Mrs. Devlin, Chicago.                   |
| <i>Mary of the Holy Angels</i> .....  | Dr. Bigelow, Lancaster; Mrs. Sherman, San Francisco.      |
| <i>St. Peter</i> .....                | Mr. Forrester, La Porte; Mrs. Slevin, Cincinnati.         |
| <i>St. Paul</i> .....                 | Mr. Keegan, Joliet; Mrs. Drake, Indianapolis.             |
| <i>St. John</i> .....                 | Mr. Lynch, Chicago; Mrs. Murray, Beloit, Wisconsin.       |
| <i>St. Louis</i> .....                | Mr. Bouvier, Philad'a, Pa.; Mrs. Harney, Milwaukee.       |
| <i>St. Basil</i> .....                | Mr. G. Edwards, Philadelphia, Pa.                         |
| <i>St. Edward</i> .....               | Mr. James Slevin, Philad'a, Pa.; Mrs. Bracken, Chicago.   |
| <i>St. Cecilia</i> .....              | Mr. Coleric, Fort Wayne; Mrs. Taylor, South Bend.         |
| <i>St. Teresa</i> .....               | Mr. McElroy, Mrs. Carlin, Chicago.                        |
| <i>St. Elizabeth</i> .....            | Mr. R. Elliott, Detroit; Mrs. O'Neil, Chicago.            |
| <i>St. Agnes</i> .....                | Mr. Riopelle, Detroit; Mrs. Collier, South Bend.          |
| <i>St. Rose</i> .....                 | Mr. Chas. McDonald, Chicago; Mrs. McFaul, St. Louis.      |
| <i>St. Philomena</i> .....            | Mr. A. Chapiton, Detroit; Mrs. Dougherty, Chicago.        |
| <i>St. Patrick</i> .....              | Mr. P. Irwin, New Orleans; Mrs. M. Bonfield, Chicago.     |
| <i>St. Joseph</i> .....               | Mr. J. R. Chandler, Phil'a, Pa.; Mrs. Redman, St. Mary's. |

"The names of the bells and the names of the sponsors were inscribed on the rim of each bell. An interesting little deaf mute, from Baltimore, Md. (one of the pupils from the deaf and dumb class opened at St. Mary's by the Sisters of the Holy Cross), acted as proxy for the Empress of France, eloquently recalling, by her bright face, the debt of gratitude which the deaf and dumb of all nations owe to Catholic France, for the zealous labors of her sons the Abbés de l'Epee and Sicard.

"These bells, as a work of art, are perfect. They were moulded in the city of Mans, France. Although they are as yet only placed in a temporary position, yet their silvery sound and perfect harmony mark the hours of the day with the most exquisite music, causing the heart involuntarily to thank God for the beautiful expression of faith contained in the blessing and anointing of those silver-toned heralds of the joys and sorrows of earth, tempered by the consolations and hopes of heaven, giving, as it were, a spiritual existence to the dull heavy metal that long lay imbedded in the soil, and placing it between heaven and earth to sound the birth and death, the Te Deum, the Miserere, and the De profundis, of many a generation."

**OBITUARY.**—Died, on the 23d of November, at Astoria, Queen's county, N. Y., the Rev. MICHAEL CURRAN, after an illness of a few days. The venerable deceased was a native of Errigal Truagh, county Monaghan, Ireland, and for many years one of the most active and zealous priests of the American Church.

Died, also, on the 23d of November, at the residence of his brother-in-law, Dr. Jos. Smith, near Clearspring, Washington county, Md., the Rev. THOMAS McCLEARY, in the 28th year of his age.

Died, on the 13th of December, at the Redemptorist Convent, New York city, the Rev. GABRIEL RUMPLER, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.

Died, at Providence, R. I., Sister MARY GURTRUCE, of the Order of Mercy, daughter of Dr. Hugh Bradley, of Rochester, N. Y.

Died, on the 18th of Nov'r, at Hartford, Conn., Mother, MARY CAMILLUS XAVIER, (Miss Elizabeth O'Neill). The deceased was among the first who established a branch of the Order of Mercy in Providence. *May they rest in peace.*



## SECULAR AFFAIRS.

The Congress of the United States met at the national capitol on the first Monday in December, and on the second of the month, the fourth and last annual message of President Pierce was read in the Senate. The document is firm and statesman-like in its tone, and contains a vast fund of useful information. After congratulating Congress on the prosperous condition of the country, the President refers to the late election, expresses his satisfaction at the result, and administers a severe rebuke to the leaders of the republican party, and charges that while they pretend only to prevent the spread of slavery into the unorganized sections of the country, really aimed at changing the domestic institutions of existing States. For this purpose, they had assumed the odious task of depreciating the government organizations which stand in their way, and of calumniating with indiscriminate invective, not only the citizens of particular States, but all others who do not participate with them in their assaults on the institution of slavery.

"I confidently believe," he says, "that the great body of those who inconsiderately took this fatal step, are sincerely attached to the constitution and the Union. They would, upon deliberation, shrink with unaffected horror from any conscious act of disunion or civil war. But they have entered into a path which leads nowhere, unless it be to civil war and disunion, and which has no other possible outlet."

After speaking of the affairs of Kansas, he proceeds to make the financial statement. The public debt has been reduced from \$69,127,937 to \$30,737,127; forty-five millions of dollars and over having been paid off. The revenue from customs has exceeded \$64,000,000; on the strength of which, and in view of the probability that forty-eight millions will cover the annual expenditure for the next four years, the President reiterates his recommendation that the tariff be remodelled and the duties reduced. The receipts from public lands have been \$8,821,414, on sales of 9,227,878 acres. The deficiency in the Post Office is \$2,787,046, being a larger deficiency than last year by three quarters of a million.

With respect to our foreign policy, the President announces that we enjoy amicable relations with all foreign powers. Mr. Dallas has concluded a treaty settling the Central American question; and all the other points in dispute with Great Britain will soon be settled. No allusion is made in the message to the non-appointment of a British Minister. The Danish Sound dues question will soon be settled in an amicable manner. At present Denmark has requested the United States not to press an adjustment of the question, until the arrangement proposed to the European powers be completed; a request which has been acceded to; Russia has agreed to Mr. Marcy's proposition in reference to maritime warfare; the Emperor of France has expressed his general approval of it; and the Congress of Paris may possibly lead to its general adoption. At the former Paris conference the principle submitted by this government two years ago, that "Privateering is and remains abolished," was admitted, and the President has expressed his readiness to assent to that admission, provided the following amendment be added thereto: "And that the private property of subjects and citizens of a belligerent on the high seas shall be exempt from seizure by the public armed vessels of the other belligerent except it be contraband."

He reviews at length the condition of affairs in Nicaragua and New Granada, and our relations with these two governments, and concludes by reminding us that "We have at length reached that stage of the national career, in which the dangers to be encountered, and the exertions to be made, are the incidents, not of weakness but of strength. In our foreign relations we have to attempt our power to the less happy condition of other republics in America, and to place ourselves in the calmness and conscious dignity of right by the side of the greatest and wealthiest of the empires of Europe. In our domestic relations we have to guard against the shock of the discontents, the ambitious interests, and the exuberant, and therefore, sometimes irregular impulses of opinion or of action, which are the natural product of the present political elevation, the self-reliance and the restless spirit of enterprise of the people of the United States."















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